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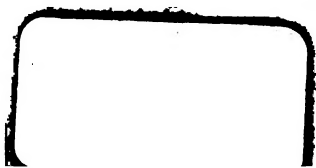
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FRANK LESLIE'S PLEASANT HOURS.

Dedicated to Light and Entertaining Literature.

223872

VOL. XXII..

NEW YORK:

FRANK LESLIE, 537 PEARL STREET.

1877

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FRANK LESLIE'S PLEASANT HOURS

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PEARL.—“ SHE FELT, RATHER THAN SAW, THE BOLD GAZE OF THE EYES THAT DWELT UPON HER WITH MAGNETIC POWER.”

A Song from the Hills.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TREITSCHKE.

If but a bird were I,
And I had wings, to thee,
Dear love, I'd fly.
But, no, that cannot be;
In vain I sigh!

If but a star were I,
And twinkled in the night
High in the sky,
Thou wouldst gaze at my light,
And wish me nigh!

If but a brook were I,
That rippled 'neath the sun,
I'd ne'er be shy;
I'd kiss thy feet when none
Were passing by!

Were I the evening breeze,
In Spring I'd breathe on thee
From balmy west;
Thy bosom and thy lips to me
Would be sweet rest!

The livelong night I wake
To think of thy dear face;
Oft as I take
In thought one loving gaze
My heart doth break!

The brook, the star, the wind,
And birds all haste away
My love to find;
But I alone must stay—
Banished!—behind!

Pearl.

MANY years ago, in the old fishing town of Marblehead, close to the waterside, stood a dingy little inn, known as the Gray Gull. It was kept by one Simon Goelet, a retired sailor, with a wooden leg and a face as round and merry as a full Summer moon.

At the time of which I write, Marblehead had somehow acquired throughout the colony a reputation for lawlessness. To the lords of trade it was represented as a smuggling port for Boston, and it frequently furnished pilots for the latter place. Its population was thoroughly seafaring, and noted for a singularly adventurous and daring spirit.

The coast swarmed with freebooters, who continually harassed the fishermen, and, in spite of the province law against piracy, not unfrequently appeared in the streets of the town, where the discreet inhabitants received their gold and silver in open trade, and asked no questions.

It was a dubious night. Rain was falling, and a wild wind raged through the craggy, irregular byways of the old port, which did not then contain above four hundred houses—all built of wood, "the generality miserable," says an old historian, "and mostly close in with the rocks." In the inn of the Gray Gull the tallow dips were lighted, and a drift-wood-fire shone on the low black rafter, the sanded floor, and the pewter vessels of the bar where old Goelet dispensed hospitality, assisted sometimes by his niece, Susannah, or his only daughter, Pearl, the handsomest girl in the Bay Colony.

"Where's Andy Hull to-night?" cried old Goelet, stamping to the window to stare out into the darkness.

"How should I know?" answered Pearl, from the chimney-corner. "I am not his keeper."

She sat where the light of the driftwood shone full upon her—a girl of seventeen, with skin like strawberries-and-cream, and masses of fair hair tumbling down her milky neck over the square bodice of her brown stuff dress.

"Indeed you are, Pearl, for he has given himself to you," said the quiet voice of Susannah Goelet, who was just entering at the door, with her home-

spun skirts pinned up around her, and some pewter-platters in her hand.

She was older than Pearl, and she had none of the latter's beauty; her face was sallow and wan, and her gray eyes seemed never to have looked on anything happy in life. Betwixt the beautiful petted daughter of the house and the dependant niece and drudge there was a great gulf fixed.

"It's a gift I never sought," said Pearl, tossing her fair, flippant head.

Susannah put down her platters on the oak dresser. "Fie!" she murmured. "To speak like that of your promised husband!"

"And a lad like Andy!" cried old Goelet, "does not fall to every girl's lot."

Pearl shrugged her full white shoulders.

"He's an awkward, rough-handed lout," she laughed. "Nothing more, as you both know."

"Nay," protested old Goelet, "there's no better fisherman in all Marblehead."

"And I'm sure his face is comely," muttered poor Susannah. "Ah, Pearl, if your love was like his you would see no fault in him—he sees none in you."

Pearl opened her lazy, violet eyes.

"Because there's none to see, Susannah! Plenty of lovers have told me that."

Susannah turned on her angrily.

"Pride and vanity have blinded you to your own good luck," she cried. "Many a woman in the town would give years of her life for a lover like Andy Hull."

"I know of only one," answered Pearl, mockingly, "and that's yourself, Susannah. I'm afraid you care more for Andy than is good for you."

Susannah's thin cheek grew red, then pale.

"You are a cruel girl, Pearl; you will come to no good end," she faltered, and turned and went out of the room.

Pearl was left alone in the fire-light. Across the passage was the bar-room, to which old Goelet had stumped off to mix toddy and julp for sundry brown fishermen who began to drop in to smoke an evening pipe and gossip with the one-legged innkeeper.

The girl made an enchanting picture, lounging there on the high-backed settle, her round arms raised above her head, her fair hair streaming down her bosom, her violet eyes fixed on the ruddy blaze. Of what was she thinking that she gazed so steadily? Of her lover, Andy Hull? No, Pearl never wasted dreams upon him. From the bar-room the voices of the fishermen floated fitfully to her ears.

"There be stories," said one, "that the sloop *Dolphin* has been captured by pirates. My nephew, Joe Bagley, wor aboard of her. You remember Joe, don't ye, Goelet? He wor sweet always on your daughter. Pirates be as thick in New England waters now as codfish."

"True," replied another, "and some of 'em be fine gentlemen, too, scattering their ducats like princes."

"I saw Fly and his gang hung in Boston last year," put in old Goelet. "Dooctor Colman preached their death-sermon in Old Brattle Street Church. Fly wor a bold one; he wouldn't come inside the door to hear about the fiery pit—not he! He stood outside, with a nosegay in his hand, handsome and gay as a lord, smiling and bowing to everybody. He wor hung in chains."

A gust of wind and rain blew the soot suddenly down the chimney and scattered the brands on the hearth. At the same moment Pearl Goelet turned her fair head and saw a man standing on the threshold of the old keeping-room, gazing in at her.

He was a stranger, young, handsome, with something in his look and air that smacked strongly of blue water. His figure was tall and supple, his face dark and pale, with straight features and melancholy eyes, as black as night. His black hair was slightly powdered, and he wore a long sea-cloak of blue cloth, under which one could see a suit of velvet, rich with embroidery, ruffles of fine lace and handsome side-arms.

"Is this the Gray Gull Inn, my pretty maid?" he said, letting his eyes dwell boldly on Pearl Goelet's face.

She started up from her settle and dropped a deep courtesy.

"Ay, sir," she answered, coloring; "shall I call my father?"

The stranger stepped into the room with a smile on his lips.

"Then you are Simon Goelet's daughter? By my soul! report, for once, hath not lied! Yes, we will call your father, Mistress Pearl—don't start, I know your name. Halloo, innkeeper!"

Old Goelet stumped quickly in from the bar. At sight of the handsome, well-dressed figure he pulled his gay forelock with the deference due to a guest and a gentleman, and bowed half-way to the floor.

"Your servant, sir!" cried he. "Welcome to the Gray Gull Inn. What's your will?"

The stranger tossed off his cocked hat and long sea-cloak.

"Supper, man!" he answered; "the best that the house affords, and your daughter here to serve me!"

"Ay, ay, honored sir. We're all at your service. You're a stranger in the town, I take it!"

"True. Bring me a glass of wine; I am faint with scrambling over your infernal rocks."

"Run, Pearl!" cried the innkeeper, "for a bottle of that Spanish vintage. Pardon, honored sir! by what name shall I call you?"

The stranger flung himself down upon the settle and spread his white hands, covered with rings, to the fire.

"My name is Captain Beverly," he answered, briefly.

"Ah," said Goelet, ducking his gray head again, "an officer of the Crown, I venture to guess."

"You may guess whatever you please, innkeeper," replied the stranger, "and I shall answer all questions in like fashion. So you lost your leg twenty years ago by a cable getting a twist round it, eh, man?"

"Lord have mercy!" cried Goelet, in amazement, "how do you know that, sir?"

"A bird of the air whispered it to me," replied Beverly, with a provoking laugh, and at that moment Pearl entered with a bottle of wine and a long-necked glass, which she put down demurely at the stranger's elbow. Away limped old Goelet to call Susannah.

"By my faith, girl," quoth he, "we've a live gentleman in the keeping-room—a lord, for all that I know. Lucky there's a fowl in the pot. Spread the table with old china and the best damask. He has a foreign look, like the master of that Cadiz ship which came here last from Bilbao."

Susannah had a woman's curiosity. While the pot was boiling she crept to the keeping-room door, and peering covertly in, saw the stranger sitting on the settle, just in the act of pledging Pearl Goelet in a glass of Spanish wine. His handsome head was thrown back, his dark eyes glowed ardently as they dwelt upon her fair, flower-like face. She stood beside him on the hearth with downcast lashes, and fingers plucking bashfully at her apron. Something in the picture gave Susannah a sudden chill.

"Why are you so shy, lovely child?" she heard him say, in a voice that was like a caress. "Have you not before met men who called you fair?"

"Indeed, yes," she answered; "plenty of them." He laughed.

"Now listen to a confession, Mistress Pearl. What think you brought me to this inn to-night? A week ago I did not know there was such a place in the universe, or such a being as yourself. But you have lovers everywhere, and one fell by chance in my way, and raved of your beauty so mightily that I determined to see you with my own eyes; and so I came here through such dangers as I will not speak of now. But I am amply repaid; the

knave did not lie, for one look in such a face I would be well content to travel further and fare worse."

"Ah, sir," said Pearl, tossing her coquettish head, "you must not talk like this to me. My father says you are a gentleman."

"May not I speak the truth?" he murmured. "I will tell you what I am—your devoted slave, henceforth and forever."

Susannah turned and stole away.

"Ah, Andy, Andy," she muttered to herself, "God help you! You have pinned your faith to vanity."

The passage was narrow and dark. As she groped along it toward the kitchen, a strong arm was cast suddenly around her, a warm mouth fell upon her own, and in her ear a voice whispered:

"Stop, stop, my darling! Why do you run from me, my Pearl?"

An involuntary prisoner, she lay for one breathless instant against his breast, then she pushed him away, with a cry.

"Andy, Andy!" she gasped, "it is not Pearl. It is I—Susannah."

The embracing arm fell, swift as lightning.

"Good Heaven!" muttered Andy Hull, pushing her from him, "how could I make such a mistake?"

"How, indeed?" thought poor Susannah.

"Confound this darkness! Open the door, that's a good girl!"

Susannah flung back the door of the kitchen, and a flood of light poured into the passage, showing the rugged, good-natured face and gawky figure of Andy Hull, his fisherman's jacket wet with rain, his lank hair streaming about his tanned cheeks.

"I hope you'll forgive me?" gasped Susannah, deadly pale, and speaking with an effort.

"Forgive you?" said Andy. "Bless my soul! 'Twas my own stupid blunder. Where's Pearl?"

"In the keeping-room. There's a guest with her—a gentleman, maybe a lord; at least, he looks like one. I must go spread the cloth. Uncle Simon will berate me if he is not well entertained."

Andy, a fisherman born and bred, knew little of gentlemen or their ways. He cast one glance into the keeping-room and retreated in hot haste at sight of the elegant figure lounging there, with the firelight playing on his embroidered waistcoat and flashing from the gold buckles in his shoes. Andy beckoned Pearl to come out.

She obeyed, but with reluctance.

"Who is yon fellow?" he whispered, sullenly.

"A gentleman—Captain Beverly," she answered, with a saucy pout. "Go and hide yourself with father; you are not fit to be seen."

"That is kind! Well, kiss me once, Pearl!"

"What! and the gentleman looking at us through the door! Not I!"

"Let him look. It is no matter of his. You are my promised wife."

"Fie! leave me alone," she flouted; "go and make love to Susannah!"

"Susannah! What do you mean? Have I done anything to vex you, Pearl? Are you jealous?"

"No, it is you who are that. Go, go!" urged Pearl, and Andy turned and walked gloomily away.

Supper was spread for Captain Beverly.

Susannah brought in the boiled fowl and the wine, and Pearl stood beside his chair and served him. As she stretched out her hand to fill his glass, his jeweled fingers caught her own and held them fast.

"Come, tell me," he cried, his bright dark eyes searching her face with inquisitive ardor, "is the lout that I saw just now your lover, Mistress Pearl?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, reluctantly.

"Go on, tell me more."

"We are betrothed," she murmured, compelled to speak by the look in his eyes. "Our bans were published last Sabbath, sir."

"So serious as that?" he said, lightly. "And is

that clown to your taste? I would never have thought it. You love him very much, I suppose?"

She grew burning red, but did not answer.

"Far better than you loved poor Joe Bagley, of the sloop *Dolphin*, eh?—the unlucky fellow that the pirates gobbled up. And this Andy Hull loves you? No doubt of that! Do you see this ring?" He slipped from off his hand a big, luminous pearl, set in a band of red gold. "It is like yourself—a jewel of price. Will you keep it till we meet again? Answer me—*will* you?"

His voice sank to an indefinitely tender whisper. The blood raged in and out of Pearl's soft cheek. The clusters of flaxen hair on her bosom rose and fell wildly. She felt, rather than saw, the bold gaze of the eyes that dwelt upon her with magnetic power; he took her unresisting hand, with a strange smile, placed the ring in its hollowed palm, and closed her fingers lightly over it.

When the meal was done Beverly called his host and paid his reckoning with princely generosity. His purse was bursting with gold, as Simon Goelet could see.

"It is blowing great guns," said the old inn-keeper, "and the night is dark, honored sir. Better stay at the Gray Gull Inn till morning!"

"Impossible," answered Beverly; "wind and weather are small matters to me. At parting let us drink the health of your fair daughter."

It was done. Then Goelet in his turn proposed a second bumper to King George. A smile flitted over Beverly's lips. He drank the toast, but as he set down his glass on the board, he hummed under his breath, the following stave:

"Go, tell the King of England —
Go, tell him thus from me,
Though he reigns King o'er all the land,
I will reign King at sea."

Then he flung his blue cloak over his shoulders, and kissing his hand to Pearl Goelet, who stood pale and speechless in the background, he walked out of the Gray Gull Inn, and disappeared straightway in the darkness and storm of the night.

Hours after, when the house was still, Susannah Goelet, who always exercised a motherly care over her younger and fairer cousin, stole softly to Pearl's bedside to see that all was well with her before she herself retired to her hard-earned rest.

The girl was tossing in a feverish sleep, her cheek flushed, her disheveled curls streaming over the pillow. She held Beverly's ring pressed tightly to her heart.

"Pearl, Pearl!" cried Susannah, leaning over her: "what is it, dear? Are you sick?"

With a cry Pearl started up in bed, and looked wildly around.

"Where is he?" she cried, "Is he come again?" and then, as she recognized Susannah: "Go away! What are you doing here? Who sent you to watch me in my sleep?" And she pushed her fiercely off, and flinging herself face downward on the pillow, fell to sobbing bitterly. The ring rolled from her hand and fell at Susannah's feet.

She picked it up.

"Pearl!" she cried, in mingled sorrow and anger, "what is this? How dared you take gifts from that man? I will go this moment and call Uncle Simon."

"Will you, indeed?" flashed Pearl, starting up again, and snatching the ring from Susannah. "I, too, can tell tales. I can say to Andy Hull, 'Susannah loves you with all her heart! She has loved you a long time! She envies me my good fortune —'"

"Hush! hush!" Susannah clapped her hands to her ears. "I do not envy you, Pearl. I want you to be happy with Andy, but you can never be that if you let the free tongue of every gallant you meet turn your head. Freebooters are plenty enough along the coast. How do you know that Captain Beverly is not one? Where was he going in the

storm to-night? Show this ring to Andy to-morrow, and ask him what you shall do with it."

Pearl thrust out one hand to the door.

"You have no right to dictate to me; you are nothing but a dependent here," she said, scornfully. "Go!" and poor Susannah, with a downcast face, went meekly out.

She was never the same after that fatal night—beautiful Pearl Goelet. She had a trick of wandering by herself among the wild rocks of the shore; of being absent from the inn for hours at a time. With her lover she was fretful and capricious, with Susannah morose and forbidding. When Andy Hull dropped in of an evening for a chat in the chimney-corner, Pearl's chair was sure to be vacant. On the second Sunday, when her name was called with her lover's in church, she sat with blank eyes and a face like the dead, staring straight into vacancy.

One night Andy Hull, with a lover's ardor, was hurrying along the shore from his mother's cottage to the inn of the Gray Gull. There was a heavy sea tumbling, and a thick fog, creeping like a cold death, upon land and water. In the sky hung a wild, watery moon, its disk showing faintly through the rolling banks of vapor. With his horny hands thrust into the pockets of his home-spun jacket, Andy plodded along the rough way, his head and heart alike full of his betrothed, when lo! in the lee of a rock, dimly defined by the uncertain light of that shrouded moon, he saw two human figures standing together.

The first was a man in a long cloak; the second, a woman with loose hair streaming out from under a hood knotted under her chin.

She was leaning on the breast of the man, her waist encircled by his arm, his face bent down to hers.

Lovers, surely! Andy stopped short and looked at them. Something about the female figure—the graceful outline, the streaming hair—struck him with strange—ay, awful familiarity! And the man, also—verily, he had somewhere seen one like him! He listened, but if they were speaking, their voices were lost in the roar of the sea. Stung by an irresistible terror, Andy Hull shouted aloud: "Pearl, Pearl! Are you there, Pearl?"

A billow of fog engulfed the moon, the figures vanished as if by magic. Andy ran to the spot, but saw nothing. He dashed up and down the rocks like a madman, calling Pearl and receiving no answer save the sullen murmur of the sea. Was it, indeed, his betrothed—that spectral shape, embraced by the arm of the cloaked figure? He could not tell. He was angry, bewildered. He hurried on to the Gray Gull Inn, and there, in the chimney-nook, found Pearl at her wheel, spinning like some beautiful spider. He stole behind her, and touched her hair. Its long curls, darkened and disordered, lay curled in drenched masses against her stiff, high-backed chair.

"Where have you been, Pearl?" said Andy Hull. "Your hair is wet with the mist."

She looked at him from the corners of her eyes.

"Yes," she answered; "I was leaning long from the window to-night, watching for you."

He stood awhile, looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"Thank God!" he said, at last, in a queer, solemn voice. "In three days, Pearl, you will be my wife. It will be a happy hour for me when you are mine beyond recall."

She drew a skein of wool softly through her hand.

"Yes," she murmured, never once looking at her lover; "in three days."

The night before the wedding Susannah Goelet, on her way to her own loft, knocked at her cousin's door.

"Good-night, Pearl," she called out, cheerfully, "and pleasant dreams."

There was no answer. She lifted the latch and looked in. At an open window sat Pearl, staring out on the wild, moonlit sea. Her face was as white

and stony as the dead. She did not turn or look till Susannah touched her shoulder.

"Come," said the patient handmaid of the house, "if you do not sleep, how can you expect bright eyes to-morrow?"

A shudder shook the girl's slight figure.

"Susannah," she cried, with sudden solemnity, "I have been cross and cruel with you ever since you came here to live. I wish you would take my hand and say, 'I forgive you, Pearl.'"

Susannah did as requested.

"Now kiss me," said Pearl, "and leave me alone—no, stay! Say this, also, Susannah: 'Wherever you may be when another night comes on, however undeserving you may be, God send you peace and happiness, you false, treacherous little Pearl!'"

"No, no—not that!" protested Susannah; but Pearl was determined, and so she said the words and went away.

Her sleep that night was fitful and broken. Fantastic dreams of Andy Hull, of Pearl—yes, of the stranger Beverly, trooped through her brain. At dawn she awoke, oppressed with a vague sense of something wrong. She dressed hastily and ran to Pearl's chamber. The morning light streamed brightly in at the window, but no living thing was there. The little white bed was untouched. In the wardrobe hung Pearl's wedding dress, all in place—nothing was missing but her hood and cloak. With a shriek Susannah ran into the passage and called to old Goelet, "She's gone, Uncle Simon—gone! Flew on her wedding-day!"

Yes, left lover, father, home—for what—for whom? Old Goelet cursed and tore his hair. Andy Hull, the forsaken lover, came stalking up from his mother's cottage with bloodless lips and desperate eyes.

"She has gone with that fellow Beverly," he hissed; "freebooter—pirate! It was he that I saw with her a few nights ago on the shore. It was he that captured the sloop *Dolphin*, and forced her sailors to join his gang. Word has come to the town this very morning that the Bay Colony is fitting out a ship to go in pursuit of him. He was seen at the cove last night, putting off with a woman in a boat. His cursed vessel has hovered about this coast a good deal of late, and at midnight she set sail and bore away."

There was no wedding at the Gray Gull Inn that day—only trouble and black sorrow.

"Henceforth she's no daughter of mine," cried old Goelet; "I wash my hands of her for ever."

"Ah, don't say that, Uncle Simon," pleaded Susannah, weeping. "Some day she may come back to you penitent."

"She'll find but a closed door," answered Goelet; "from this time, Susannah, you shall be my daughter. Stay on with me here, and at my death all I have shall be yours."

As for the forsaken lover, he was well-nigh distracted. All day he wandered up and down the shore, searching in vain for news of the erring girl and her lover. All night he lay stretched on the ragged rocks, staring across the sea. When the second morning dawned, he made up his bundle, bade farewell to his old mother, wrung Susannah Goelet's trembling hand, and with a haggard, despairing face, shipped aboard an outward bound merchantman, and sailed away to the far port of Cadiz.

"When will you come back?" quavered Susannah, at parting.

"Never—I hope—never!" he answered.

Time passed. The sign of the Gray Gull still creaked in the sea-wind, and old Goelet, morose and gloomy, still limped about the bar, mixing toddy and flip for the fishermen. In and out of the low, dark rooms flitted Susannah at her countless tasks—altogether unchanged, save for an unwonted pallor and a yearning, wistful look which constantly filled her sad gray eyes. She was now the chief stay of the inn, and the only comfort of its sorrowful and scoured old keeper.

Two years after Pearl's disappearance, Andy Hull came back to Marblehead. As Susannah was plodding along the rocks one day on some errand for old Goelet, he came behind her unawares and touched her shoulder. She gave a shriek and would have fallen, but he caught her on his arm.

"What! have I frightened you so much?" he cried. "Did you think it my ghost, Susannah?"

He had grown brown and old. His honest eyes smiled down at her in a troubled way. "Shake hands, will you not?" said he.

"Yes, with all my heart, she answered. "I'm glad to see you back again, Andy; I've worried much about you since you went away."

He walked slowly beside her over the rocks.

"I needn't ask, I suppose, if any word has come from her?" he said.

Susannah shook her head.

"None! You've brought a sore heart back with you, I dare say."

"Not like the one I took away," he answered, looking thoughtfully out on the gray sea. "She's dead to me for ever, Susannah—I shall think of her no more. I'm tired of roving—tired, too, of sorrow. You and I have known each other all our lives. I don't pretend to love you as I loved Pearl, but if you'll marry me I'll try to make you a good husband—I will, so help me Heaven!"

She had loved him too long to quarrel with words like these; had hungered too long to refuse even a crust. She lifted her sweet, patient face and held out to him her hand.

"It was kind of you to remember me, Andy," she said, simply; "I am not like Pearl—I can't expect you to love me as you loved her. With whatever you may give me I will be content, Andy—I will be to you a faithful wife."

Then the two hastened to the inn to tell old Goelet, and a month after they were married.

Before Susannah's honeymoon had waned, the innkeeper died—heart-broken, the town folks said. All his earthly possessions passed to his niece and her husband. In peace and plenty they kept the inn together.

One Autumn night a terrific storm burst upon the savage coast. The sea lashed the Marblehead rocks with unprecedented fury. A mighty gale roared through the craggy streets, driving the rain in pelting, blinding sheets before it.

No guests could be expected at the Gray Gull in such weather—no, not even a gossiping fisherman. Andy Hull closed door and shutters, and sat down with his wife in the chimney-corner.

A bright-eyed baby lay on Susannah's knee. She herself had grown round and rosy with happiness. Her eyes wandered from husband to child with a tender content touching to see.

Andy reached and took one of her brown hands. His own face was grave and troubled.

"I've a bit of news to tell you, Susannah," he said, slowly. "Something that I heard to-day in the town. Some Marblehead folks went up to Boston yesterday to see the hanging of a pirate crew, taken lately in the Isles of Shoals."

She gave a great start and nearly dropped her baby.

"There was one among them—oh, Lord! hear that gale roar!—a handsome fellow, dressed like a prince; he was the captain of the gang."

She grasped his arm, growing white to her lips.

"You don't mean, Andy—"

"Yes."

"Not him?"

"The very man!"

They sat in dead silence for a while.

"Oh, Andy, what has become of her?" groaned Susannah, at last.

"God only knows!" he answered, gloomily.

A mighty blast of wind and rain swept around the inn and roared in great gusts down the wide-mouthed chimney. It tore loose the shutter of a window opening seaward, and Andy started up to

close it. As he did so, he saw pressed against the dripping pane without a human face.

It was wild, ghastly, pale as the dead. Masses of drenched hair swept about it like a cloud. With distended eyes it stared for a moment into the keeping-room of the Gray Gull, as a lost soul might gaze into a forfeited Paradise. Then it vanished, and only the loose shutter slammed in the wind.

With a scream Susannah sprang from her chair. She rushed to the window and flung it open.

"Pearl, Pearl!" she cried, "is it you, Pearl!"

No voice answered; no human thing was in sight. Andy snatched an old dreadnaught from a peg, opened the inn door, and dashed out into the darkness.

The wind blew and the rain beat, and Susannah, trembling in every limb, begged her baby to her breast and waited. An hour passed, and then Andy came back, haggard, drenched to the skin, and—alone.

"There's not a living thing to be seen anywhere," he said. "I've been all about the town. It was either her ghost, Susannah, or she is hiding somewhere in the darkness."

They put a lighted candle in the window, piled the driftwood high on the fire, and sat down to watch the night out.

Hour after hour went by. The storm increased steadily till midnight, then began to die away. In the gray dawn of the morning, just as the east was turning red, Andy Hull opened the inn door, and found prone against its threshold the figure of a woman, lying in a drenched, motionless heap. He lifted her up and carried her into the keeping-room.

She was dressed in some rich foreign stuff, with a mantle of gray cloth flung around her shoulders. Her fair hair swept long and wet about her face—the face itself was wan with remorse and sorrow, but its marvellous loveliness seemed to have suffered little change.

"Oh, Pearl, Pearl!" sobbed Susannah, "have you come back to us at last?"

Andy placed her on the old settle; they bent over her. No breath warmed the colorless lips, the lashes lay heavily on her thin, white cheeks. She had been stiff and cold for hours. Husband and wife looked at each other in silence. It was too late now to unravel the mystery of that short, sad life—too late to offer forgiveness or pity—for there, under the eyes of the man she had deceived and forsaken, in the home she had once made desolate, blown hither by some great tempest of anguish and despair, lay Pearl Goelet, dead.

Flotsam and Jetsam; Or, Sunken Rocks.

TO HAVE a heart that is unoccupied is to be in form and the eyes of one's kind—a coquette. In all the petty ambitions that may disfigure the life of woman, the furthest from me was that of winning that for which I had no desire; but I was young, alone, or nearly alone in the world, and there was a barrenness and continual hunger throughout my existence that led me to welcome all things new, in the hope of those grand possibilities of loving and being loved, which in turn ravished and stormed my passionate nature.

The silly moths fluttering in and out the flame of my discontent suffered nothing in their foolish flittings, and I had settled down into the conviction that the thing of my desire was but an extravagance of the visionary force, and in so settling had committed myself to a future of which I had little hope, and which ended my history in the same chapter of marriage, respectability and endurance up to which the lives of nine girls out of ten are written, and in which they are ended.

I, being an orphan, had gravitated from one relative to another, picking up a scrappy, superficial education by the way, and at sixteen, having grown heartily tired of my migratory existence, was halting between a position as nursery-governess and school-teaching in a barefoot country district for a settlement in life, when Aunt Althea—my rich aunt—sent for me to make her a visit.

Aunt Althea was a widow and childless. I chanced to please her, and so my visit grew into a permanency, and my fortune was considered made.

Of course we saw a great deal of society, for my aunt, besides being surrounded with all the elegancies of living, was really a very amiable kind of person, and popular in her set; but I did not marry at once, for all that.

Even at eighteen, one is not in haste, and I had an ideal—a substantial one, it is true; for my sixteen years of poverty-stricken gravitation had taught me that it was a most uncomfortable struggle, this living without money. Still, I had an ideal, and so searched eagerly among the poor men, fearing to find one with whom I might dare poverty, disdaining the few rich ones who came across my path, because of some fatal lack that brought them no higher than the feet of my Hero, who must stand a Saul—head and shoulders above all other men.

And while I waited and longed for the romantic impossible, Philip Floyd learned to love me, and, alas! was neither rich nor handsome, nor yet a polished man, only a thorough gentleman, incapable of a mean action, and grand in thought, health and courage.

I wondered then—I wonder more now—how it came that I won this man to me, or any man, in fact, for I was neither "wholly dark nor wholly fair," I had neither genius nor wealth, and in mind and temper I was utterly irregular; but such as I was, Philip Floyd loved me, and because this love approximated most nearly to the ideal toward which I groped, it touched me.

It was as if a mother-voice had spoken to me out of the unseen world of spirits, and said:

"You need this man, my child. He is strong and brave. He will be patient with your waywardness. Your puerile weight will never drag his broad and liberal nature down, but he is powerful to raise you up to heights of true womanliness!"

And while I yet struggled to receive this uttered, but half-heard, message within my weakling intelligence, he told me of himself the old, sad, sweet tale of wooing manhood.

And what answer could one make whose mind had formed in sixteen narrowing years of poverty, who saw in its shortened annals all the discomfort flesh is heir to, and who hungered and thirsted after an ideal romance? Only this:

"You are mistaken in me, Mr. Floyd; my idea of marriage would shock you. I should be miserable as the wife of a poor man, and I should murder love—yes, respect, even—by vain sighings after the daintinesses of living and attire that are the luxuries of wealth. I am not exactly heartless—I fully intend to have a regard for the man I marry—but I do not think love exists in the grand fashion that you and I dream of. Our mutual poverty would wear such sentiment threadbare; then you would find me unequal to happiness, and you would end by hating the tie which now seems desirable. No, Mr. Floyd; I am not woman enough for such a man as you—I say it in all soberness and humility—I wish I were!"

"Do you mean that?" he asked, earnestly, turning my face to the light.

"Yes, I mean it," I answered; "for if I were worthy to be your wife, I should not have this mean craving after wealth and position that now stands between us."

Then I thought it was all over, and the man would go his ways as others had done—disappointed, but unsaddened—instead of which he took both my hands in his strong, firm grasp, and said:

"Then, Achsa, if that is all that stands between us, I claim your troth. If you had been a different girl I should not have loved you. I do not believe that I could endure a poor, pinched, married life better than you. I want a pretty house, and ease and art, and all that goes to make life enjoyable. I want, besides this, a life rich in romance, in love, in sun-colors; and because I want all these things, I am going away to the diamond-fields of Brazil, and I want you to wait for me five years, at the end of which time, if I do not return with a fortune equal to our desires, I will give you back your freedom!"

"Can you trust me for five years? Why, I could hardly trust myself for that length of time," I asked, my voice grown strangely husky.

And Philip, looking searchingly into my face, answered:

"Yes. I could trust you for ten years, if you loved me!"

All at once there came a feeling over me that I was destined to love more fondly than most women, and that the man to whom I gave my love, and who trusted me, might be fearfully tried in the trusting, and I said, slowly:

"I think I belong to the kind that need a master?"

And his tone was still slower and very grave, as he replied:

"I think so, too!" and, for the first time, I realized that this man already possessed a certain power over me, and that it were better a woman should elect her master, if so be her fate. That I should never again be loved in this generous, princely way, I knew, and, building upon my own uncertainty, I put Floyd's ring upon my finger, and he sailed away over the sea, leaving me bound in only this one promise—should my loyalty swerve, he should hear the story first from me.

This was in the early June time, when all the world is lovely, and, a little later, Aunt Althea and I went down to the seashore for the Summer. The place was a quiet one, with just visitors enough to make it cheerful; but the scenery was wild and romantic, in every way suited to my unhealthy fancies, and here, for the first time, I met Tracey Wolcott.

I had heard the story of his life, as far as the world knew it, and I had wondered with the rest that he, having married an heiress, should separate himself from her; that she, having wedded so elegant a man, should have found it impossible to live with him; but when I met him and saw for myself, how like unto a Greek god the Lord had created this man, my wonder grew to curiosity which insensibly led me to cultivate him for his secret's sake; and, as it was easy to give one's sympathy to this husband, because of his personal recommendations, there was a possibility that, right or wrong, his wife might suffer blame, and the sympathizer unconsciously court danger.

I never stopped to consider how nearly Tracey Wolcott approached the ideal for which I had been looking to find my life through, in those early days. His position piqued my inquisitiveness; I found him a pleasant companion. There seemed perfect safety in the society of a married man, even if his wife was living apart from him for some unknown reasons, and circumstances favored an intimacy that would have been impossible elsewhere. And so I drifted—ah, whither?

Presently, some careful friend said to Aunt Althea, as I stood looking out upon the ocean:

"Of course, you know Mr. Wolcott's history. Not that I do not consider him too much of a gentleman to be entirely to blame in his domestic unhappiness, but he is such an unavoidably attractive man, that one might find him dangerous if one were young and fancy free."

Something in the sight of these far-off, crested ocean waves gave me honest impulses toward the generous gentleman who, sailing away, had left me a stainless honor of love, and I said, with a faint laugh:

"Your consideration is beyond the measure of thanks, madam; but, as I am not fancy free, there cannot be the slightest possible danger for me in this too fascinating Benedict!"

And my aunt sighed a long sigh of relief that I had, even so tactfully, acknowledged my engagement, and helped the rumor to spread even to Tracey Wolcott's ears.

Perhaps the man congratulated himself significantly upon knowing that I, too, was in leading-strings. At any rate, feeling both safe and strong, we ventured confidently upon a treacherous path of pleasure that took a deeper tone of interest while we carelessly pursued it.

To me this man became a wonderful revelation. Was he utterly impassive, or were bonds really an enduring barrier against love?—became an ever-unanswered question in my mind; and, perhaps, there were times when he wondered also if this absent lover of mine had ever aroused the now slumbering fires of my nature. But there was nothing as yet to startle consciousness, as still I drifted.

The first awakening came to me when we two went sailing in a tiny boat close under the long, low beach, where the ocean beat ceaselessly with its voice of unrest—its under-sough of longing.

The small bays, beating into the shore with audacious, foamy waves—the woods, dwarfed by the strong salt air, but shining golden in the sun—the beach, with its diamond sands—the salt marshes, rolling away, dun and hazy, like another wind-swept sea—all passed me by as figments of the imagination, and I fell in with the brooding silence that sometimes hangs over the midsummer.

The waves rippled softly over my hand, dipping idly over the side of the boat, and my heart took up the burden of Barry Cornwall's songs as my eyes wandered away over the yielding barrier to the near horizon—my thought to the absent. And Wolcott, watching my face, must have guessed it, for he said, half fiercely:

"You are always in dreamland!"

"You are mistaken. There are too many certainties in life to waste oneself on dreams. I am simply lazy, Mr. Wolcott. It is you who indulge in romance."

"Romance being another name for love."

I could feel the air grow dangerous about me; the sky seemed vague, the sun only a melting cloud; yet I would not seem frightened, and still toyed idly with the waves.

"But love dies, and romance has an end," I said, shrinking half away from my own daring.

"There you are mistaken. You do not know this one passion that never dies, else your knowledge would teach you that you may resolve upon its murder. You may bury it—put it out of sight as you will—still it lives, as the poppy lives, in broken fragments, and comes back to you, like well-spent curses, when you least expect it."

Just then a little island came in sight, glittering with vegetation, glowing with gorgeous flower-coloring, and I, haply seeing it, exclaimed:

"Moore's island, without the fairy bowers!"

"Or Hinda with her wish," said Wolcott, bending his face so near to mine that his hot breath swept my cheek. "It is well that you are strong, else we might 'meet on peril's brink.' But Hinda loved and—"

"I do not," I said, steadily.

But the man had mastered, somehow, my mood, and I weakly yielded to that perilous magnetism of time and place and stronger will.

The wind, that had lain in such a breathless calm, now cut the Seabird's wings with quivering touch, and, spreading them whitely, she skimmed the waters like a thing of life.

We had been too much absorbed with ourselves to note the heavy clouds driving noiselessly up from the south. The sun sank out of sight, leaving a crimson glory over the ocean, and a hissing of white

vapors rolling inland. Then there came a sudden lull in wind and tide. We stood quite still upon a pulseless ocean, and I said, my voice sounding strange in that hollow calm:

"You must tack."

"No, we must wait for the tide. You are not afraid to wait here?"

"Afraid! No," I answered, hotly; "but I wish I were home!"

What was this sudden something flaming up in this man's face, bending closer and closer toward mine? He had forgotten himself—everything. The touch of his hand was as fire to flame. He saw my weakness, and exulted in it. I could hear his heart beating—nay, I felt its throb against my hand. Some fatal spell enchained me, and then his lips touched mine.

All this time the clouds, turning from blue to indigo, had been driving up the heavens like fierce war-horses, and a breath from their mighty nostrils flapped in the sail, the waves ran in upon us like crested hills, and out upon the ocean great swells piled up to mountain heights.

Wolcott gave all his energy to the management of the boat, and I sat there, faint and white with terror, where he had loosed me from his arms, not because of the storm, but because of this wave of fire that had engulfed me.

The Gray Point, long and barrep, was in sight, but a great swell came like a hungry monster in upon us, and again Wolcott encircled me with his arm.

"You are mine," he whispered in my ear. "If we never reach yonder shore alive, my arms shall coffin you, my kisses drain the last sweetness from your mouth. You are mine, Achsa—you love me—you are mine!"

Was this thing true? I had broken faith with another, with one who loved, who trusted me; but must I go down to death with this man's sinful arms around me—with his evil kisses burning my mouth? Ten thousand times—no!

I had been weak, but God's pity was in this angry sea—its fury might lash me clean and pure. I broke away from that passionate embrace. There was spray in my eyes and a choking in my throat. A great chill swept over me with the waves, and I struggled madly for life. Then there came a momentary sense of strangulation, and a ringing as of millions of far-off bells in my ears—places, people and events, came an instant photographically between two periods of consciousness, then there was a delicious sensation of floating and lightness, then a heavy, thundering crash, and then infin to peace.

When I again opened my eyes it were as if a whole lifetime had elapsed, and I had entered some strange existence most heavenly still.

There was some faint stir, and, looking about, I saw an old woman nodding by the wide chimney, where a log-fire smoldered, and above which, upon the high mantel, there was a yellow flare of candles, and I knew that I was not dead!

The scene in the boat came vividly before me. I had been saved. I groaned aloud.

"She'll dew well enough neow; it's the Lord's marcy that one on 'em's saved!" said a voice, and I knew that Tracey Wolcott, so little time ago strong in his pride and passion, would never more sail over these Summer seas—never more tempt woman with his wicked beauty, drifting over sunken rocks.

Well, it was my own half-reckless work—the first miserable sixteen years of my life had somewhat to answer for. I was poor and motherless and wrong-thinking, but my worship of the ideal had betrayed me; and with what of youth and spirit and dream-life I left it for ever, with the wreck of the Seabird, at the bottom of the ocean, some who have so entered upon the actual may know. I had broken faith with Philip Floyd, and now there was left me only the bitter task of confession, and so I, "faithful over a few things," kept my pact.

A letter came, in answer to mine, across which I

wrote, "No forgiveness can mend a broken faith. Farewell!" and sent it back to the man in far-off Brazil, and the Winter set in cold and dreary.

Aunt Althea's health was delicate, and somehow my cup of pleasure held only dregs; and so we lived on, quietly growing to know each other better in those ice-bound, home-spent days.

It was a March night that I left my cozy fireside and my tempered thoughts to go to a gentleman in the reception-room who declined to send up his name.

I felt irritated by the call, and its strangeness; but all this gave place to a trembling numbness as, opening the door, I confronted Philip Floyd, who only said to me, in tones of mingled entreaty and regret:

"Achsa! Is it grief for this dead man that has so lined your face with pain and struggling?" he asked, after a sad silence, taking my hand.

"No. I was weak and wild, and, if he had lived, I might have married him; but he was neither brave nor true, and my life would have been one unavailing regret!"

"I think I won you at first against your will, Achsa; but still I won you. If you do not love me, you still could never have loved that man, else you would not have chosen death by throwing yourself into the sea rather than the chance of life with him. I am not afraid of the dead, Achsa; will you be my wife?"

And I consented, hesitating, perhaps, in deference to honor, but saying Yes to my master, knowing that some sudden fortune had returned him prematurely to his country—that he would care for me, and accepting it all as the treasure drifting in from wrecks, never asking, in my turn, for faith or loyalty; for why make terms when one is poor?

A Community of Hindoo Hours.

DURING the time we remained at Goa, we made an excursion along the coast to the neighboring village of Seroda, inhabited by a remarkable race of women, who are celebrated throughout the western part of India for their great beauty and unusually fair complexion. They are Hindoos of the Conkany caste, but differ in many respects from any other tribe. They are not allowed to marry, nor are any men, except the priests belonging to the pagodas—of which there are several in the village—allowed to reside within the precincts. Their origin is shrouded in mystery. They never leave their native village—which they appear to think the most delightful spot on earth—and have a superstitious belief that, if they were to ascend above the Ghauts, they would immediately die. On landing near the village, we pitched tents near the beach, and dispatched a messenger to announce our arrival.

We were soon after waited upon by a deputation of smiling nymphs who, in the most graceful manner, expressed their thanks for the honor we had done them, and informed us they were charged with a message from the matron of the village, requesting the pleasure of our company to nautch (dance); and, after throwing a garland of flowers around each of our necks, they returned to the village.

I was much struck with the grace and beauty of these young creatures. They were nearly as fair as Europeans, with beautifully regular features; and their deep-blue, melting eyes, with their long, silken eyelashes, were perfectly bewitching. Their figures were more stately, and their limbs fuller and better rounded than those of the Indian female generally are; and their peculiar dress—a flowing robe, confined round the waist by a silver zone, and looped up on the side so as to expose the leg to a little above the knee—closely resembles the drapery of an ancient Greek statue. The hair, simply braided, was entwined with wreaths of jasmine, and secured with a golden bodkin; and the general effect of their charms was not a little heightened by the unaffected sweetness and simple modesty of their demeanor.



THE GREAT HOPE MINE.—"IT SEEMED LIKE COMING BACK FROM ETERNITY WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES GAIN, AND LOOKED WITH UTMOST AMAZEMENT INTO RUBY'S FACE."

The Great Hope Mine.

CHAPTER I.

"GIVE you my daughter! Give you Ruby, sir! I'll see you confounded first!"

Mr. Trelawney turned short about, and glared fiercely upon the young man who had addressed him. The latter was not annihilated; there was even a mirthful expression lingering about his mustached mouth as he regarded the swelling pomposity before him.

"You did not understand me quite, I think. I was not bold enough to hope you would grant me the boon I crave at once. I love Miss Trelawney; I believe I am honored by her love in return. It is your

approval of our engagement simply I would ask of you now. I trust the time may not be long until I can claim her worthily before the world."

"By Jove, sir! whatever else you lack, you've a deuced amount of cheek!" cried Mr. Trelawney, hotly. He had just been dining, and every one knows even a bear is better-natured after eating. Perhaps the post-prandial state of placidity had not been overlooked by Mr. Randal Seabroke in his choice of an opportunity to speak for himself, but the influence of table-cheer and the mellow Californian vintage, liberally quaffed, was not enough to calm the ire of the human bear in question. "What grounds have you to expect my approval?"

"Only my devotion to your daughter, sir, and my belief in myself."

"Umph—bosh! Get out of my way, young man, and let me hear no more of this nonsense!"

The young man stood his ground, however, firmly.

"I have obtained Ruby's promise, sir; I hoped to gain your consent to our ultimate marriage. With it or without, I shall not relinquish my expectation of eventually claiming her."

"You won't, sir? With my consent or without it, eh! People of your condition generally do resort to threats when thwarted, I believe. I decline to give my daughter to such a mercenary rascal, and my word shall be her law in this, if in nothing else—I tell you that."

A red flush rose over the suitor's face, staining through the golden bronze of his skin, but he restrained any indication of the anger he might have felt.

"My motives are not mercenary, Mr. Trelawney—you know that. It is Ruby I want, not one penny of your fortune. I am not a beggar. I would scorn to ask for a wife without the means of supporting her in comfort."

"One raised as Ruby has been would hardly be content with ordinary comfort," said the elder man, dryly. "I don't want to hear any of your mutual protestations, fool's arguments, and the like. Suppose I was inclined to take you at your word, and let you have her without a penny, what then?"

"I would work for her like an honest man, and trust to her love to bear with me until fortune should come. My dear sir, if anything can induce you to relent, if you will take me either on the hardest probation or at my word, I promise you you shall never regret it."

The bear turned again with a warning growl.

"What have I said to give you that assurance, sir? I'll listen to no more of this nonsense, I say! Be off, and don't let me find you hanging about my premises again! One word first: make your vaunt good, work for her until you have a fair showing of success, and then I'll hear what you have to say."

The pompous Mr. Trelawney stalked away at that, leaving his late companion uncertain whether he had gained or lost anything of his point by this application. While he stood there, a noiseless step crossed the path, and Ruby was beside him.

What shall I say of her? That she was the rarest, fairest, wildest little madcap of a Ruby that ever blessed life with being—that in her heart of hearts she was true as gold—that under all her wayward freaks was the gentlest womanliness? She was all that, as Seabroke would have testified.

"Well, sir!" she saluted him. "What says the arbiter of our fate? I met him back yonder in a fairy, so I knew, of course, that you had spoken."

"In a black fury! Oh, Ruby! that ends my half-hope, then—only a half-hope it was, you see. You will be forced to choose between us, after all."

Briefly he told her what had passed.

"Do the work first, come for me afterward—that sounds reasonable enough," commented Ruby. "I should be perfectly satisfied, if only I had not seen the thundercloud lowering on my respected progenitor's brow. It wasn't grief at the prospect of losing me, I suppose. He sets a world of store by me, but not in that way."

"Ah, my darling! if you would come to me, with his consent or without it! If you would come now, and let it be my happiness to make yours!"

The piquant little face of the girl changed to sudden gravity.

"Not yet, Randal. I would do that as a last alternative, if all patient waiting and endeavor to win his sanction of our love should fail; never otherwise. I am all he has, remember that."

"And he does not deserve you!" broke forth Randal, irately. "A dog in the manger, who neither cares for you himself nor will give you to one who does. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for a fortune, Ruby, but if he were not your own father, nothing could give me greater pleasure than to polish off the old tyrant!"

Neither had any suspicion that a pair of basilisk eyes watched them from the screening shrubbery, nor that listening ears overheard every word.

"Look out, you, sir!" muttered the enemy who lay in wait. "If there is polishing-off to be done, I may have a hand in the job. It's not the wisest thing you two young fools might be doing, thus plotting treachery and open defiance; but look out both, now that I've got the cue!"

Then a fiat was shaken at them menacingly from the midst of the shadows, and the cumbrous form of Mr. Trelawney withdrew, making no sound to draw the attention of the lovers.

CHAPTER II.

RANDAL SEABROKE, master-miner in a small way, was pondering over certain maps in his own unostentatious apartment. This was in a respectable private hotel in Sacramento. A knock at his door broke upon his study, and it opened to disclose the last person in the world he would have expected to find there—the father of his *fiancée*. With undisguised wonder in his face, the young man started up.

"Sit still," said the visitor, with a wave of his fat hand, himself dropping into a chair which creaked in every joint under his three hundred pounds of manhood. "At work, I see! What's that you are tracing out, Seabroke?"

"The new Hamlin silver vein they are about opening. There's considerable excitement over it, and some great expectations. I think myself it promises well."

"I don't suppose you have any interest in it?"

"Certainly not—not yet, at least. I intend to offer any services, if I can make terms with their agent."

"Is that in any degree probable?"

"Quite probable. I have been in the employ of the Hamlins before, you know."

"Ah, lucky fellow, you, to have gained their good opinion, I say. They don't deal it out extensively, as a general thing. A hard-fisted set of fellows, the Hamlins!"

"Strict to the letter of a bargain, and liking to drive a close one," admitted Randal, inwardly speculating as to the probable object of this unprecedented mark of attention from Mr. Trelawney. That it indicated any relenting on his part was not probable, but the young man's heart beat faster at the thought which did not magnify itself into the dimensions of a hope.

"Then you aren't apt to grow rich in a hurry, if you do get into their service?" said Mr. Trelawney, pursuing his interrogatories easily. "How much do you expect to make out of them?"

"I expect them to offer the usual terms in wages, but what I want to stipulate for is a share in the profits. What that may amount to I cannot say, of course. I do not suppose you came to be informed of my future prospects alone, however?"

The broad, ruddy face opposite beamed upon him complacently.

"The very thing I have come for, improbable as it seems to you. The truth is, I've had an interview with Ruby, and am influenced by its result. She's a headstrong, self-willed girl, a deal too much so to suit my liking in a daughter; but the fault is in part mine. I did not check her wayward propensities when she was younger, and this is retribution. She's bound to stick to you through thick and thin, and as to oppose her would only be to precipitate matters, I have decided not to make a dunce of myself by attempting it. I don't want her either eloping with you across the plains, or marrying a poor man here and going down to his estate under my very eyes; so I have concluded to give you a chance for yourself."

"Do you mean that you withdraw your opposition to our engagement?" demanded Seabroke, eagerly, yet doubtfully.

"I mean that—precisely. I don't make any promises, or give you any encouragement for expecting more at my hands, though. It depends on yourself whether I ever do. I had other views for her; I had set my heart on having Ruby make a brilliant match; but, failing that, she at least shall not make a foolish one. Why don't you buy up a lead in some good locality on speculation, instead of plodding for men like the Hamlins? You could do it for a small amount down, and if the thing proved a success, be on the high road to fortune, while you are working your way into only a meagre income on the other hand."

"You might buy in that way, Mr. Trelawney; I could not, without incurring too heavy a risk of losing the little I have, without certainty of gaining more."

"If you were relieved of risk, what then?"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"No! Well, most young fellows with your aspirations would, I fancy. To make my meaning clear, then, I've a new purchase of my own on hand, some forty acres in the mountains, including the Great Hope Mine. If you've a mind to take it of me at the merely nominal price I gave, paying enough to bind the bargain, and binding yourself by certain conditions, I am willing to help you to that much of a start. I don't want any thanks, for I intend to let you work your own way after that."

Seabroke did not offer thanks. He looked searchingly into the other's face.

"I have heard of the Great Hope Mine," he said, thoughtfully, "and I don't recollect that I ever heard much good of it. It got its name in the first excitement over it, but it didn't turn out anything to justify the great hopes of its owners. Some claimed that it was a false show altogether; others, that the main vein was cut off by dikes of intrusive rocks, and in the end it was deserted by all parties."

"There's the chance of failure as well as success, of course," said Mr. Trelawney, dryly. "You didn't suppose I would offer you a full-fledged mine, turning out pure nuggets, did you? I have done more than I was bound to do, in offering you any aid. Take up with me or let the chance go by, it matters very little to me; but if you adopt the latter course, you need never expect anything more of me. Not my passive submission to your future intercourse with Ruby, I do assure you. I thought you cared enough for the chance of winning her, to strive for her like a man."

"Why do you wish me to take hold of this affair, Mr. Trelawney?" asked Randal, suspiciously.

"I have given one sufficient reason already; I don't want to carry the load of a poor son-in-law. If you must have another, possibly I did want to test the pluck and enterprise of which you are possessed. They are totally wanting, I see. Be kind enough to consider my answer of last evening conclusive, sir."

He rose as he spoke, and made a motion to depart. Any one observing closely might have seen a curious bluish line encircling his lips—the livid line of deadly rage.

"Stay! wait one moment. You will give me time to think of this—to consider your proposition?"

"I will take your answer now, one way or the other. By Jove, sir! do you suppose I would stoop to enslave you with a fraud? Take up the offer or let it alone; you'll please me best by the latter course, I acknowledge. Am I favored with your decision?"

"You spoke of conditions. What are they?"

They were very simple, consisting of amounts of work to be accomplished in the mine within certain limits of time. Should Seabroke accept papers, they should be drawn up immediately, setting forth those conditions, and guaranteeing him a clear deed of the forty acres including the Great Hope Mine, upon the further payment of a certain sum one year

thence; said sum being, as the gentleman had claimed, a merely nominal price.

"A dollar will bind the bargain," he concluded, stiffly. "If you make nothing within the year, you can throw it up and look out for yourself. What do you say?"

"I take up with your offer," Seabroke's mouth compressed, his face set resolutely. "I have no great faith in the Great Hope, but I will not let even such a threadbare chance go by. You will keep faith with me—you will not refuse me Ruby if I am successful at the end of the year?"

"Depend on me, my boy," said Mr. Trelawney, heartily; but next moment, while Randal brought out writing materials preparatory to drawing up the agreement, he stalked across to a window and wiped off some cold beads of perspiration which had started out upon his forehead. During that moment he looked like a man who had passed through some terrible ordeal, and conquered—but the victory had been almost hard as a defeat.

"I shall call you to account, sir! You have, a basely deceived me. If you think I am one to submit to such a breach of faith, you much mistake."

Thus Señor Lomez, favored heretofore of Papa Trelawney, his hot Spanish blood aflame at the treachery he thought he had discovered.

"My dear Lomez, you mistake."

"You encouraged my suit for your daughter. You promised your influence, and I know you have proved a traitor. You have promised as much to my rival, Seabroke."

"Ah, that affair has leaked out!" said the other, placidly. "Do you chance to know what more I have done for your rival Seabroke?"

"Is not that enough?"

"Not for your purpose or mine, Lomez. I have put the fellow in possession of the Great Hope Mine, on condition that he blasts out the rocks which cut off the lead there. Comprehend?"

"How?"

"Ah, I see you don't know the inside workings of the Great Hope. He will blast out his own destruction, that's all."

And then, in the admirably complacent strain induced by the success of his plan, Mr. Trelawney proceeded to explain.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a red glow at the inner end of the tunnel, where half a dozen flaming torches had been stuck. In the vast hollow interior the pitchy blackness was starred here and there by moving lights, which drawing nearer, disclosed the unshorn faces and rough garb of the miners. Six of them all told, and Seabroke standing just beyond the circle which the red glare of the torches described, had a thought for the weird, evil picturesqueness of the scene before one of the men came up and accosted him.

"All right, sir, so far as we can see."

"You are ready, then, to undertake the job, and to stand by our bargain as it was made?"

"Yes, sir, all of us. But it's only fair that you should know Digger Jack has his doubts as to a turnout of any account. We're sure of our wages in any event, and willin' enough to go ahead; but we'd all be tarnation sorry to see you misled, Mr. Seabroke."

"Thank you for your solicitude, Dixon; but I have made up my mind to put the thing through." There was the same stubborn resolve in his face as he said it that had been there when he first announced his decision to take the mine. His own intuition had told him then that something beyond his power to discover lay behind Mr. Trelawney's offer. Whatever it might be, he would go on and fathom it, now that he had begun.

He turned with the little crowd of miners and traversed the tunnel leading to the outer air. It was

a long passage, the outer wall of which was a sheer precipice overhanging one of those dusky cañons that are no rarity in the great Western mountain ranges. Randal looked curiously at its fretted sides as they went, and turned back to gaze into the yawning black orifice when they had stepped forth into the sunlight.

"It's an improvement on a shaft to my taste," said he; "and yet I should imagine the latter would have been found the cheapest, providing the way was clear from above, of course. It has the appearance almost of a natural channel."

"It is a natural channel," said Dixon, who had lingered behind the rest. "It'd be a crazy lot of men as would undertake to tunnel through them rocks, sir. It's the natural bed of the watercourse that's been turned down the cañon on the other side. You kin see the fall from above yonder, as purty a sight as you'll often find. It's not like most of the mountain torrents, never bein' known to go dry the whole Summer through. This way, and there she is, as bright as the day Engineer Robbins gave her that jump."

As he spoke he had led the way up the steep path. Seabroke stood still, gazing across at that silver thread which leaped from an opposite cliff, refracting a million broken rays of light where the sunshine touched it, and losing itself in the gloom of the unfathomable gulch below.

"Not so large as I expected to see," he commented. "Distance may have something to do with that, however."

"And the dry spell we've been having," Dixon added. "It does seem shrunk up considerable since I took my last look at it. Guess the drought must have some effect on it, notwithstanding the greasers hereabouts say to the contrary."

Though he said little, the long tunnel and the leaping fall had gained a strong hold in Seabroke's thoughts. They presented a problem which he found it impossible to work out during the waning afternoon, when from time to time the picture comprising the two would start up vividly in his mind.

Evening came. The full moon rose grandly in the east, showering down a silvery radiance over all the scene. A soft haze rested upon the distant peaks, the tall pines stood up like grim sentinels here and there on the mountain-slope, and the glittering thread of the waterfall seemed narrower than before to Seabroke's eye. Some irresistible fascination had drawn him back to the spot. He stood for minutes studying the broken surface which stretched back from the cliff and the inaccessible wall of rocks which rose from the ledge where he stood.

"It is as I thought," he assured himself. "The mouth of the tunnel was the original fall, therefore the natural watercourse must have been directly over the mine. What puzzles me is that the cliff there tops a considerable rise. They must have dammed up the course to make the stream clear it. A queer piece of engineering, it strikes me."

He turned to retrace his steps, dissatisfied, without knowing clearly why. At the mouth of the tunnel he hesitated for an instant, then lighting a pine-knot, entered it. In a place or two a ghostly ray of moonlight pierced some chink above, but the cavernous depths of the mine were black as Tartarus. Randal shuddered involuntarily as he looked around him. Moving about from point to point, he assured himself that everything was as it had appeared to him during the day, but despite himself a feeling of awe and dread crept over him.

"I never was troubled with nervousness before, but I confess to it now," he thought, with an effort to shake off his depression. "It's the fact of knowing myself all alone in the bowels of the earth, as it were, I suppose. Ah, what's that?"

It was a muffled murmur like distant waters.

"The fall! Odd I didn't notice the sound when I was here to-day. Where is it, I wonder? I don't quite make out."

Listening intently in his endeavor to locate the

sound, and moving cautiously, Randal suddenly became conscious of another fact which had previously escaped him.

The earthy floor-beneath his feet was slippery with damp. He flashed his light downward; a thin sheet of water spread out about him on all sides. Surely he could not have been in that spot upon his previous visit.

He turned toward the passage, but still that slippery ooze was beneath his feet; in a moment he was splashing through water an inch deep. An inch! It was double that in almost less time than it takes to tell; it was about his ankles before he had traversed the tunnel one-fourth of its length. A great thrill of horror shot through him—he realized suddenly, like a flash, what had occurred. The torrent had broken its artificial bounds and was rushing back to its natural channel. He realized his own terrible peril, too, with the force of the pent-up waters struggling behind him. His ears were full of roaring, hissing sounds as he bounded forward; the increasing current, knee-deep now, bore him on. He was swept from his feet and his torch extinguished, but was up and dashed forward again through the darkness. Stumbling on, bruised and breathless, a feeble glimmer of light broke upon his strained gaze. At the same instance a dull explosive sound shook the earth, a great wave lifted him up and bore him out into the moonlight, out upon the verge of that awful precipice which overhung the cañon. He had one sickening glimpse of the black depths below, and then sight and sense failed him.

It seemed like coming back from eternity when he opened his eyes again, and looked with utmost amazement into Ruby's face.

It was Ruby, there was no doubting that, with a face so transfigured, he might well be pardoned thinking for one instant that he had waked up in heaven. But Dixon and the other men gathered around, and the taste of brandy in his mouth, dispelled that fancy.

"I—I thought I went over," he said, gaspingly.

"You nigh about did, boss," answered Dixon, seriously. "I grabbed hold of your coat just in time, and Digger Jack grabbed me. Two minutes later on the lookout would have lost you to us, and that's a fact. Thank the young lady thar, not us."

"Ruby!" was all he could say in his bewilderment, and Ruby it was afterward who made all clear to him.

"I overheard papa telling Lomex how cleverly he had manoeuvred to put you out of the way," she said, with a shudder. "Oh, Randal! he knew all the time what danger menaced you. He knew that the mine had been sold to you because of that very danger. He cared nothing for the lives of the miners, provided you perished with them. Oh, to think such a man is my father!"

"And you, Ruby?" he asked, with a wonderful light glowing in his face.

"I ran away from home, and followed to warn you if I might. I had a horrible fear of being too late—thank heaven I was just in time. For the rest, I leave you to reward me for sounding a prompt alarm in your behalf, as you think best, sir. Oh, Randal!" with a passionate gush, "I can never go back to him—my father—never!"

She never did, you may be sure; but Mr. Trelawney sought out the young couple when he learned that the force of the confined torrent had burst through the dikes of intrusive rock and discovered one of the richest silver veins of the region. He had the good sense to realize the situation and accept it, though, it is safe to presume, the old bear raged privately when Randal persisted in holding to the very letter of the agreement which made him master of the Great Hope Mine.

As in the Alphabet, so it is always in human nature, the straight i and the crooked u.

Beauty's Toilet.

THE FINISHING TOUCH.

SHE stands before her mirror, and a flush
Of conscious triumph lightens o'er her face;
Her dark eye gathers splendor from the blush
That floods her cheek with more resistless grace;
A Queen of Beauty, she goes forth to prove
Her sovereign empire o'er the realms of Love!

SHE hath no dream of universal sway;
She seeks no conquests now for conquest's sake;
For if she bids a vassal crowd obey,
Tis but assurance doubly sure to make
That he, whose love her kingdom were alone,
May prove the foremost pillar of her throne.

THE latest touch is given; the cherished flower
Flashes its creamy whiteness in her hair;
The *negligé*, an amulet of power,
A *gaze d'amour*, upon her bosom fair
Hangs like the glove upon some knightly crest,
To show whose ensign she approveth best!

ALL that consummate taste and art can do,
To "add fresh perfume to the violet,"
To give the opening rose a lovelier hue,
And on the diamond brighter rays beget,
Is done: the rush of parting wings we hear,
That says Bellinda's sylphs have finished here!

Into the Jaws of Death.

ERASMUS STURGIS had entered upon his career, or what seemed very much the same thing, he was speeding in a railway train to the scene of future triumphs, his considerable theatrical wardrobe in the care of the Olympian Dramatic Company, and stores of useful knowledge in his head. His own success filled him with wonder. Could it be that he who had been destined for a man of business from his birth, he whose first mustache was still downy, was about to astonish the world?

On the whole, Erasmus was happy. He thought of his mother's tears, the entreaties of his sisters, the sarcasm of his father, but these, he reflected, were the thorns of the rose, the stings of ambition.

"He who ascends to mountain-tops, will find
The loftiest peaks most crowned with ice and snow,"

he murmured to himself.

The Sturgises were a pious family, not given to dissipation of any nature; yet, when Mr. Sturgis, Senior, was offered a round dozen of tickets to an amateur performance of "Romeo and Juliet," at the St. Bartholomew's Club Theatre, he did not refuse them, perhaps on the principle that amateur theatricals are not, as a rule, too seductive or apt to fire the youthful imagination to an extinguishable extent. "I knew we should be sorry," sighed Mrs. Sturgis over the breakfast-table, the morning after the revels; and so indeed they were, for Erasmus, the eldest son and pride of the family, engaged to the sweetest of girls and giving every promise of becoming a useful member of society, had, on the preceding evening, almost in the first moment of temptation, fallen an easy prey to the fearful fascinations of the stage.

In sweet Miss Eola Grey, in three yards of blue satin train, and generally ornate. Up started Erasmus, regardless of observers, and quite carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, clapped his hand to his forehead, murmured as if in a trance, "A dream of beauty!" and sunk to his seat covered with confusion as with a garment. This, though doubtless amusing to the audience, was less so to the Sturgises small and large, and least of all to the sweetest of girls, before mentioned, who formed one of the party, and who, though discreetly calm during the rest of the performance, went home in tears, vowing that she never wished to see Erasmus again.

But this was by no means the worst of the affair. From that time forth the business energy for

which Erasmus had been noted declined. He took his desk, allowed even the multiplication-table to slip through his fingers, took to reading plays and went about the house and garden "mooning," as Miss Adelaide Sturgis, in whom nature was not quite subdued by grace, expressed it, minus a shirt-collar, his fair hair dry and floating, his eyes, which the sweetest of girls described as intellectual, protruding to a frightful extent.

The crisis came when the notice of the Olympian Dramatic Company appeared conspicuously in the morning papers.

"Ladies and gentlemen possessing dramatic talent and desirous of entering upon a professional career," were requested to call upon Miss Eola Grey. Erasmus presented himself at an early hour. He was ushered in by an old lady in a soiled lace-cap and a flutter of excitement, who informed him that Eola was her daughter, and left him standing before a closed door on the first floor of the dwelling. The situation was embarrassing, but Erasmus made the best of it, received a summons to enter, and walked into the presence of the "dream of beauty." There were two persons within the apartment, Miss Eola Grey and a middle-aged gentleman of elegant and imposing appearance, with exuberant hair and beard, and attired in a showy cashmere morning-robe. On the moment of his entrance, the two persons appeared to Erasmus to be in the act of embracing, but he found that this was a mere idle suspicion on his part, for the gentleman, rolling his eyes as if with an effort of memory, exclaimed, "Off, traitress, off!" and struck an attitude expressive of scorn, while Miss Eola Grey hurried down the room with both hands extended and her draperies floating gracefully behind her.

Suddenly Erasmus received a welcome revelation. She, the creature of his adoration, remembered him. She fixed him with her dark and eloquent eyes, and said: "We have met before!"

"At the St. Bartholomew Club Theatre," answered Erasmus, blushing to the roots of his hair with delight.

"Yes," said Miss Eola Grey; "and the name—?"

"Erasmus Sturgis."

"Son of the eminent Mr. Sturgis?" insinuated Miss Grey.

"The same," said Erasmus, gratified by this recognition of his station.

"This is my master in elocution, Mr. Waldo Walpurgis, of whom you have doubtless heard. We were practicing. Arduous work! But those who love art love drudgery and all. You will take part in the lessons immediately, I hope, if you are not already perfected. Our object is to elevate the American stage. You propose to join our company?"

All this, poured out with an indescribable rapidity and eloquence, raised Erasmus to a seventh heaven of delight. His natural constraint and bashfulness disappeared. So did the professor of elocution, and he found himself seated upon a sofa beside Miss Grey, discoursing on topics of high art with an ease and fluency astonishing to himself.

He leaned back against the car-cushions now, thinking over that delightful conversation, rolling her words like sweet morsels under his tongue. She had absolutely told him that he would be sure to succeed; that he would be to the public like a bouquet of fresh wild flowers. To the public! What, then, to Miss Eola Grey? The sweetest of girls, with her pink blushes and timid monosyllables, faded into utter insignificance when it came to that!

He had recited passages of "Hamlet" and "Don Cesar de Bazan," which he had got by heart, and Miss Grey had assured him that he displayed remarkable talent; but, in the midst of this Elysium, they had been invaded by other ladies and gentlemen who wished to enter upon a professional career, and his fair companion had only time to whisper to Erasmus that he had made a fortunate choice of parts, for that the plays he had been

studying would shortly be upon the bills, and to suggest that he should purchase the necessary costumes—adding that his present dress, with perhaps another coat or two, would answer for modern plays. "But you will find," said she, "that a leading character needs a very extensive wardrobe."

It was somewhat mortifying to Erasmus to find, upon the assembling of the company for a first rehearsal and distribution of parts, that the play upon which he had been studying assiduously for three weeks under the tuition of Professor Walpurgis was to be laid aside for the present; but those cheering words of Miss Grey's—"leading character," "bouquet of wild flowers"—assured him that all would yet be well, and there certainly were pleasanter relations than Hamlet's to Ophelia.

His heart throbbed high with hope, yet he fingered the manuscript roll which had been thrust into his hand, and dared not open it.

"I wonder how this thing is going to pay us?" said a voice close by. "I didn't like to ask, she has such a way with her!"

"I can't say for the rest," said the person addressed, a seedy-looking young man. While this individual was speaking, Erasmus noticed what a very dilapidated and forlorn company it was. "I can't say for the rest, but I set a high price on my own services, and—"

"Mr. Sturgis," said Miss Grey's melodious voice, "I have such a favor to ask of you!"

The favor proved to be no less than the loan of Mr. Sturgis's everyday dress for the use of Professor Waldo Walpurgis, who, Erasmus found, was reduced to the constant use of the cashmere robe by necessity, his only coat being in the last stages of decay—this for the coming play.

Erasmus acquiesced with pleasure. There was a romance in the thing, too. He had never before known a man with only one coat, and that fast departing, nor one who would have confessed such a state of affairs.

"I am in the very vortex of Bohemianism!" he inwardly exclaimed, in a sort of rapture of delight.

His delight was less intense when he discovered that his own garments could not be unpacked for the present. He contented himself, however, with a wizard's mantle and a pair of knee-breeches, which happened to be at large, and all went merry for a while.

There were so many preparatory things to arrange that the rehearsal was postponed for another day, so that it was in his own chamber that Erasmus received a sudden and unexpected blow to his feelings, which, coming in as it did upon his high-strung state of emotion, proved wellnigh fatal.

With trembling fingers he opened his *robe*. There were in it exactly four words—"Wine, sir? Yes, sir."

He could not believe his eyes. He would not. This was some mistake. If it were not, he must have fallen from the esteem of the lovely Eola for some unaccountable reason.

It was true she had never been so attentive to him since their first memorable interview, as that interview had given him reason to expect; but he had attributed the fact to many reasons—the presence of others, her engrossing occupations, and, though he would not have whispered it to other ears, the growth of emotions which shone upon him now and then through her smiles and glances.

At that period of his meditations there was a knock at the door of his apartment, and a bundle marked "Mr. Sturgis, Pierrot," was thrust in. The bundle contained a nondescript costume, supposed, by some curious freak of imagination to be suitable for Pierrot, who was a waiter-boy in an inn on the Rhine. It consisted of a sort of shirt with red puffings and gilt stripes, green velvet breeches, reaching to the knees, and also striped with gold, red and white striped stockings, red-pointed shoes with gold laces and tassels, and a cocked hat of various colors and curious construction.

Erasmus put them on. He stood and surveyed himself in his mirror, then burst into a sardonic laugh.

"I will make no remonstrance," he said. "I will treat her with the silent contempt she merits, and when I have risen to fame, she will repent her coquetry, perhaps too late! For whom," he added, "am I thus treated?"

Under these distressing circumstances, it was doubly exasperating to learn that the case which contained, among other things, the remainder of his wardrobe had not yet arrived. While the remainder of the troupe repaired to a neighboring restaurant, Erasmus was obliged to have his supper served at his very confined quarters in the Killy Creek Opera House.

There was to be but one, and that a dress rehearsal. Nothing could exceed the suavity with which Miss Eola Grey greeted Erasmus as Pierrot.

"Ah, your costume fits you nicely!" said she.

Erasmus was painfully aware that the remark only fell short of the truth.

"Does it suit me?" he asked, in a low and meaning voice.

Miss Eola seemed staggered for a moment, but Erasmus himself did not well understand how it was—a few honeyed words from those lips took the soreness quite out of his heart for the time.

He received a vague idea that the present arrangement was one forced upon them by some unforeseen accident. Also, that Miss Eola, being a target for all eyes, was obliged to be very careful in showing no preferences, but that his time of triumph was coming.

The performances began. Waldo Walpurgis, in the faultless suit of clothes which did not belong to him, went through all sorts of thrilling scenes and adventures with the charming Eola, and Erasmus said, "Wine, sir? Yes, sir!" in a very tragic and melancholy voice.

"It's perfectly shocking." What a fool she makes of herself! "And the man's old enough to be her grandfather—all our grandfathers for that matter."

These were the remarks which Erasmus heard from a group of discontented actresses, who had each expected to be a First Lady, and had nothing much to do with the play but to stand about in attitudes. They were a sort of solace to his feelings.

On the following day he received a bill signed Waldo Walpurgis, charging him for eighteen lessons at three dollars each. He had not expected this, but it seemed quite just.

As, however, his last dollar was gone, he returned answer that the bill should be settled when his salary became due, or at some future time.

The first night passed off well. Killy Creek was enthusiastic and generous. The second was an equal success, and on the third, the house was crowded; but already there were signs of disaffection among Eola's band. Erasmus in his gay attire, chalking himself before the glass, blushed behind the whiteness with shame that he had been suspected of mercenary motives—that he had betrayed the fact that he considered himself a salaried professional, when there was no intention of salary on the part of the company.

There must have been something ambiguous, if not absolutely misleading, in the wording of Miss Grey's advertisement, for she had that day greatly astonished her little company by assuring them that she had supposed they had joined her for pure love of art. But she had added—a fine scorn playing about her mouth—if there were some whose objects were less lofty, she would make an arrangement with them in future, and, meanwhile, would be pleased to defray the expenses of their journey.

On the morrow they were to leave Killy Creek, and Erasmus was still restricted to his two grotesque suits of garments. His very heart leaped as he heard the roll of heavy wagon-wheels behind the house. The missing case of properties, at last,

he fondly hoped. The wheels rolled away. There were sounds as of suppressed whispers without, but Erasmus did not heed them.

He was waiting, not anxiously, but patiently, for the prompter's bell. It seemed to him there must be some delay. After a time, he ventured from his room and upon the stage. What did it mean? No scenes! No actors! The curtain still down, and a large and impatient audience in front of it.

He went into the small rooms at the side of the stage. Very small they were, and perfectly empty. He opened a window, and looked out across the moonlit fields. In two opposite directions he recognized two solitary figures, hangers-on of the troupe, each going his separate way with a bundle under his arm. Then, directly outside of the door, he heard a shrill female voice say: "But that won't pay my bill, sir. There was a lovely blue silk, and a—"

"All the way from New York for nothing!" said another voice.

"Is an honest man to be cheated this way?" angrily asked another.

"But what can I do about it?" expostulated a fourth.

"If there was one of them left, I'd clap him into jail to-night—"

Erasmus waited to hear no more. He thought of his attire, pictured himself going to judgment before the gaping crowd of Killy Creek, and quietly dropped from the window. There was a low archway, over a closed cellar-door, close at hand, and into this archway he crept. He heard the confused sound of many voices, the closing of the window above his head, a sudden wild hooting, which made him shudder, the reverberation of the doors shutting in the empty building. He saw the wizard's mantle—how precious it seemed now!—borne aloft on a broomstick by a mob of uproarious boys. Then followed silence and solitude.

It was midnight before he ventured to leave his hiding-place. "But why leave it?" he asked himself. "Where could he go? There was a price set, if not upon his head, upon his disreputable garments." He laughed a maniacal laugh as he surveyed his lower limbs in the moonlight.

In answer to his laugh came a low whistle. Erasmus prepared himself for flight, but a voice whispered: "Hold on. Here! Over here!"

Then he perceived that a figure stood at the door of a stable belonging to the "opera-house," and not far away, and that the figure was beckoning.

Yesterday, Erasmus would have disdained the companionship of this person—the young man, by-the-way, who had set a high price upon his services. To-day he was very glad to lie down in the straw with him.

Crouching there, he learned that Miss Grey had found the boxes to be filled with pursuing creditors, and had taken flight with Professor Walpurgis, and the bulk of the "properties," in the heavy-wheeled wagon, first warning her retinue to fly.

"Did she speak of me?" asked Erasmus, with, perhaps, a faint hope fluttering at his heart.

"Well, yes," said the other, grinning.

"What did she say?"

"Well, Professor says, 'Mr. Sturgis's light burning.' 'Sturgis,' says she. 'Oh, yes! One of the supes.' Then she nudged him. Says she, 'Let's get away. I suppose he'll have sense enough to come out, after a while.'"

Erasmus felt his face burn, but dignity was incompatible with his situation and appearance, so he held his peace.

In the morning he was alone, and alone he spent three miserable days, gnawed by hunger, shaken by fears, suffering the bitterness of indignation and blighted passion. On the fourth day came rescue. Erasmus thought he was dying, imagined his corpse in the clown's dress, and Eola looking down upon it, stricken with remorse.

No; that was ridiculous. Another face rose be-

fore his mind's eye—a sort of angel vision. It floated among a crowd of grinning visages. The face seemed to be connected in his thoughts with a sobbing voice.

There was indeed a human voice. He listened intently, and heard a welcome sound—his sister Adelaide, saying:

"A pretty caper to cut! It serves him right."

Somebody else crying:

"But where has he gone, and where are we to find him?"

He dragged himself to the stable-door, looked out, and saw the sweetest of girls sitting on the grass, her face bathed in tears, and Miss Adelaide Sturgis beside her, upright, rigid, exasperation in her countenance, and a lunch-basket in her lap.

They had learned through the newspapers the story of Miss Grey's flight, and had brought with them conciliatory messages from Mr. Sturgis, Sr.; but, as it happened, very little money besides the small change necessary for traveling expenses.

The Killy Creek inhabitants, who had been defrauded of their half-dollars, were justly indignant and on the watch. The best thing to be done was to escape as quickly and quietly as possible. Miss Sturgis donned her Dunstable straw hat of its flowers, with which she had decorated the cooked hat for her own use, giving her straw one to Erasmus. A waterproof cloak, which she had brought in a strap in case of rain, covered his dress, with the exception of the gay sleeves, the striped stockings, and the red boots.

They waited quietly until nightfall, and entered New York at early dawn, encountering much to their dismay, a party of semi-acquaintances, who looked superciliously at Miss Sturgis's hat and pityingly at Erasmus, whispering quite audibly. "What shocking taste!" and "Poor fellow!" "So young!" "Hereditary, isn't it?"

Miss Adelaide Sturgis hastened home in advance, but the sweetest of girls braved it out to the last, walking comely up the street arm-in-arm, with her remarkable-looking escort.

Erasmus stopped at the door of his own dwelling for an answer to some question he had asked.

"But you cannot have forgotten the dream of beauty all at once?" faltered his fair companion, with not the smallest sign of malice upon her face.

"Darling!" expostulated Erasmus, lifting one gayly dressed arm with an impatient gesture, while love and scorn and deep humiliation chased each other across his countenance, "I have forgotten everything but realities."

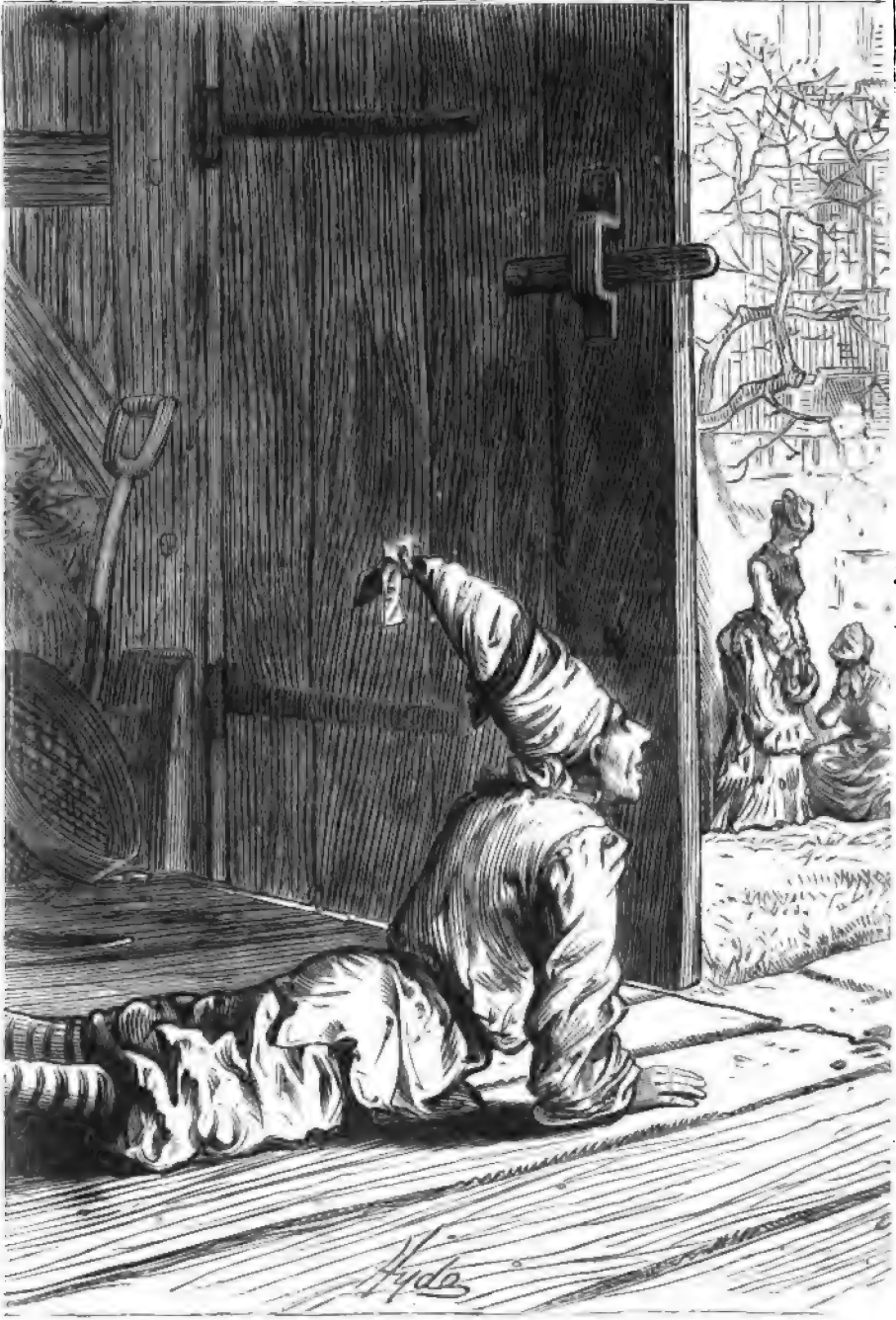
High Places.

THE highest spot on the globe inhabited by human beings is the Buddhist cloister of Hanle, in Thibet, where twenty-one priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet. The monks of St. Bernard, whose monastery is 8,117 feet high, are obliged to descend frequently to the valleys below in order to obtain relief from the asthma induced by the rarity of the atmosphere about their mountain aerie. At the end of ten years' service in the monastery they are compelled to change their exalted abode for a permanent residence at the ordinary level. When the brothers Schluginswell explored the glaciers of the Ibi Gamin, in Thibet, they once encamped at 21,000 feet—the highest altitude at which a European ever passed the night.

At the top of Mount Blanc, 15,781 feet above the level of the sea, Professor Tyndall spent a night, and with less comfort than his guide, who found it very unpleasant. In July, 1872, Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell ascended in a balloon to the enormous height of 38,600 feet. Before starting, Mr. Glaisher's pulse beat 76 strokes per minute, and Mr. Coxwell's 74. At 17,000 feet Mr. Glaisher's pulse had increased to 84, and Mr. Coxwell's to 100. At 19,000 the hands and lips of the aeronauts turned

quite blue. At 26,000 feet Mr. Glaisher could hear his heart beat, and his breathings became oppressed. At 28,000 he became senseless; notwithstanding which he still ascended another 8,000 feet, when his hands were paralyzed, and he had to open

the valve with his teeth. In the Alps, at the height of 13,000 feet, climbers suffer from the rarity of the air; yet in the Andes persons can dwell, as at Potosi, at a height of from 13,000 to 15,000 feet without inconvenience.



INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.—“HE LOOKED OUT, AND SAW THE SWEETEST OF GIRLS SITTING ON THE GRASS, HER FACE BATHED IN TEARS, AND MISS ADELAIDE STURGIS BESIDE HER.”—SEE PAGE 232.



LABAN HOLT'S SECOND WOOING.—“‘HULDAH, IF YOU LOVE ME, SHOW IT. YOU OWE IT TO ME;’ AND AS HE SPOKE HE WHEELED THE OTTOMAN TO HER FEET AND SAT DOWN.”

Laban Holt's Second Wooing.

He was lounging in a sleepy-hollow before a grate fire, his slippered feet elevated to the level of his head against the mantel-piece. He had on a velvet smoking-jacket, a cigar in his mouth, and an open book in his hand.

He had been reading a full hour, when, with sudden petulance, he flung the book to one side, tossed his cigar among the ashes of the hearth, and looked gloomily into the fire.

He had closed the book—"The Songs of the Sierras"—at these words:

"For I have given, and what have I?
Given all my youth, and years and labor,
And a love as warm as the world is cold,
For a beautiful bright and delusive lie."

It was presenting his case rather too strongly. No man likes to have his secret grief, that he has buried and put a stone over, suddenly raised and made to confront him. If the California poet had been present at that moment, he would have experienced an uncomfortable sensation by hearing himself dubbed a resurrectionist. As it was, the man spent his anger on his nether lip, which he gnawed mercilessly. At length he swore an oath under his breath, and lighted a fresh cigar.

Laban Holt had just returned from abroad, where he had spent five years. Every one knew he went away because Huldah Carning, his father's ward, had jilted him. This young girl had come to her guardian's home when she was nineteen years of age—Laban was at that time twenty-four. One year held it all. He loved her in a mad, unreasonable way, and they were engaged. Suddenly she

discovered that the immortal flame, which had completely wrapped him in its fiery embrace, had not even scorched her; that she, in fact, felt actually indifferent to him, and that her life in prospect was an insufferable bore. She coolly told him all this, without even a sorry expression on her beautiful, maddening face.

He had never seen her after that. He was young and inexperienced, and this was his first love. In his frank, generous way he had given her all; she had trifled with and insulted him; he was like one half crazed. He thus acted without judgment.

He had left his home that very night, the next week had left his native land; and ever since had been roaming the world over, trying to heal an old wound and forget.

At length he had considered himself conqueror, had said to himself that his heel was upon his emotions, his love strangled—that he had attained a state of utter and complete indifference. Then, in his letter home, he began to make mention of Huldah; and even send her an occasional message. After that his sister Nell, who had grown to be a young lady in his absence, ventured little by little to write about Huldah Carning, and tell how she was still unmarried, and had refused, at lowest computation, a dozen offers. In reply, he had jestingly asked if the whole dozen had started in desperation for "the other side;" and Nell and their father—for they three comprised the Holt family—had confidentially rejoiced with each other that at last Laban was cured, and would come home.

So he had been there a week. Huldah Carning was away on a visit when he arrived. The day on which our story opens she was expected. He had heard of her anticipated return with indifference.

then had coolly gone to his study, and spread out the past and present before him as on a moral dissecting-table. He had made one deep, sharp, incision after another, without one quiver; so had set the old feeling down as dead, and had composedly taken his cigar and book.

Then it was that Joaquin Miller gave the lie to all his proud, self-sustained indifference.

Just when he had lighted that fresh cigar, Nell called to him from the foot of the stairs that Huldah was there. "Yea, coming right along!" he sang out, but continued his smoking and fought all the five years' battle over again. Nell called once more, and got the same answer—"Coming right along!" He smoked the cigar until he had to hold it on the end of his knife to keep from burning his fingers, then tossed it into the fire, yawned once or twice, ran his fingers through his hair, and rising, went lazily down-stairs, for the time at least conqueror.

They were in the library—Mr. Holt in his easy-chair, Nell on his knee, and Huldah, with her chair drawn close beside the old gentleman's, telling them, in her bright, animated way, of her visit. Yet, a looker-on might have easily discovered that there was effort both in the talking and listening, and that all three sought to cover the fact that they were keeping a watch on the door.

Huldah Carning, accustomed as she was to queening it over society, was very perceptibly ill at ease as the tread of slippers came along the hall. As he entered the room, all three awkwardly rose; but, with the easy grace acquired by constant contact with the world, he instantly dissipated every vestige of embarrassment by going directly to Huldah, taking both her hands in his, and kissing first one cheek, then the other.

It was just such a greeting as he had given Nell. Then he looked at her and said, in a frank, natural way that was the very consummation of art:

"By my life, Huldah, you are the most beautiful woman I ever saw!"

Her sudden, vivid flush was a triumph in itself. He was the first to sit down and make himself comfortable. The old gentleman and Nell looked perfectly happy, so did Laban; but there was something of effort in Huldah's manner. He, Laban, did the talking; he did not discourse on his travels in the hackneyed style—instead of describing places he related experiences, showing constantly the ludicrous side of life, and keeping them in continual laughter.

Huldah's merriment was none the less perfect for the sense of pique she had that this man, who had gone away in desperation because she would not marry him, had managed seemingly to enjoy those years of exile intensely, and to find all the fun that was stirring. The afternoon had fairly gone when the two girls exclaimed in a breath: "Mrs. Hardy!"

"Yes, I was just thinking she must about have her nap out," remarked Mr. Holt.

Laban raised his eyebrows and waited coolly for an explanation. Nell gave it.

"She is an interesting young widow who manages to turn the gentlemen's heads generally. She and Huldah often exchange visits. Huldah brought her home with her."

"Is she positively in this house, at this minute?"

It was not the words, but the comical way in which he put them—Nell and the old gentleman laughed; so did Huldah, though her laugh held a disturbed ring, a slightly discordant note. Laban Holt, the impulsive, unreasonable boy of twenty-four, and Laban Holt, the cool, self-sustained, cultivated man of twenty-nine, were two distinct persons, and this latter had a sudden power—all the more irresistible because unexpected—over this queen of society, Huldah Carning.

"Mrs. Hardy is very beautiful and fascinating, I give you fair warning," she said, with studied gayety.

"Forewarned, forearmed," he replied, then watched her leave the room with Nell.

The two gentlemen talked until the twilight deepened into gloom and the servants brought lights. They were both lawyers, the elder eminent and wealthy; the younger had been with him before he went abroad, and now was to be taken into partnership. He had brought home with him a keen energy and an earnest desire to be up and doing, that had made the old gentleman perfectly happy. They were still talking it over when the three ladies entered.

Beautiful and fascinating quite described Mrs. Hardy. She was small and slight, and her black robe fell about her with irresistible grace, its sombre hue increasing the dazzling whiteness of her fair complexion. Her hair, a soft, rich brown, was arranged in fashion's most bewildering style. Her eyes were large, languishing and gray, with lashes that swept her cheeks, and which she had a very pretty habit of drooping.

Laban Holt had arisen to receive them, and placed chairs for them beside the grate-fire. Mrs. Hardy sank luxuriously into a sleepy-hollow. Nell took her usual place on the arm of her father's chair. Huldah unconsciously appropriated Laban's chair. In his old boyish days, before he went away, it had been his wont to sit on an ottoman at her feet. He glanced at the ottoman now with a strange sort of smile. He was standing at the corner of the hearth, his arm resting on the mantel-piece.

"Mr. Holt, it is an absolute mystery to me how you could voluntarily exile yourself from such a lovely home for five years!" said Mrs. Hardy, bringing her little jeweled hands together with a sort of girlish ecstasy, pretty to see. The old warfare was rife in Laban Holt at that minute. It had been growing in intensity all the afternoon; but now, as if determined to strike a last blow and gain a final victory over self, he glanced at Huldah, and coolly raised his eyebrows. The blood rushed to her very brow. His blue eyes were bright with triumph as he turned to Mrs. Holt, saying:

"When one finds himself on the down-track, it is hard turning back. If you remember, the prodigal son never set his face homeward until he was forced to live on husks."

"If that was your fare, you seemed rather to enjoy it, Laban," remarked Nell, arching her brows, a habit she had in common with her brother.

"One might as well live on husks as on French dishes," observed Mrs. Hardy. She had been abroad, and was rather fond of saying, "When I was in Europe."

There was a slight curve of amusement about Laban Holt's fine mouth at the widow's realistic interpretation of his words.

Huldah caught the smile, and he said to her, with that triumphant light in his blue eyes again, as if he gloried in thus sporting with the past:

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your friend's philosophy." Nell was talking to Mrs. Hardy, hence she lost the words. It was strange Huldah Carning should be thus painfully embarrassed by these references to a past which she had herself made. A few minutes later the tea-bell rang, and Laban, giving his arm to Mrs. Hardy, led the way to the dining-room.

A month had passed.

Mrs. Hardy had, at the beginning of her visit, declared her intention of remaining only a week, saying she did not positively know how to tear herself away from home so long even as that, yet now the thought of returning seemed never to occur to her. The fascinating widow was baffled, puzzled, by this Laban Holt. Never before had she met any gentleman who had not instantly succumbed to her charms. She had been able to subdue the strongest, and bring them submissive slaves to her feet; but this man, fresh from his five years' contact with the world, was wholly independent of her. She seemed not to be able to make the slightest impression

on him. Probably it was his utter indifference that gave him such power over her, and made her long for and court the flattering attention he thus withheld. At first she was surprised, then mortified, and at last determined. She would conquer, if it took her until Spring.

Nell, with her astute sense, discovered the pretty widow's intention, and watched with keenest anxiety. There is an old saying to the effect that it takes a woman to know a woman, and under the bewitching exterior Nell discovered a vain, selfish nature. Once she mentioned her fear to her father.

Well, Nellie, what of it? Laban ought to marry, and Mrs. Holt is charming," he replied.

The girl turned away with a gesture of disgust, and after that kept her trouble to herself.

In that month what had come to Huldah Carning? The gay, merry belle grew bitter and cynical. Life always before had seemed to glow with roseate hue; now it did not seem worth the living. She was a bewilderment to herself, and failed utterly to comprehend her own restless, morbid mood. That she was piqued at Laban Holt's evident happiness and entire independence of her was a fact so strong that she was obliged to give it admittance; but if any one had ventured to suggest that this pique had anything to do with her discontent, she would have indignantly denied the assertion. Surely she had nothing to complain of; his very neglect was courteous.

There is scarcely one of us can analyze his feelings without bringing himself to shame. There came a night when Huldah Carning had her willfully blinded eyes opened to this cause of which she was feeling the effect.

It was in this wise: They were in the drawing-room. Mrs. Hardy was at the piano, singing; Laban Holt was turning her music. Huldah sat directly under the chandelier, so that the light might fall on her bit of tapestry. She was shading the coloring of a rose.

Sometimes it seems as if Fate rules us, even to the raising of an eyelid. She glanced up just as Mrs. Hardy, in the midst of a love song, was giving Laban one of those looks that had proved so utterly fatal to many as strong a man as he. It came to her suddenly. She loved this man, and was jealous. It was in her dark, handsome face, and he saw it. Of this she was unconscious, for she had not met his glance; so, with woman's innate power of dissembling, she went on with the shading of her rose.

Mrs. Hardy, failing to comprehend the dash of color in Laban Holt's cheeks, saw it with a sudden burst of triumph. Nell had seen it, too, and had naturally fallen into the young widow's mistake.

From that night Huldah Carning was utterly changed. It was a just punishment; she accepted it as such. The bitterness went out of her nature. She grew a nobler woman—more thoughtful of others' comfort, gentle and unselfish. Nell unconsciously felt the change. She had always loved her; suddenly she adored her.

It was then for the first time Laban Holt stooped from his manhood. He had loved her for years with a mad sort of self-torture. In those weeks that he had been home, for all his indifferent, happy appearance, he had been like one upon the rack. Now he said to himself, "She shall drink of the cup she has poured, and taste its bitter dregs."

One less frank and earnest might have sought revenge by flirting with the young widow. Not so Laban Holt; such a plan never presented itself to him. He was his same affable self. The only noticeable change was that he spent more time at his business, coming out by later trains, for the Holt homestead was thirty miles distant from the city, and when at home, he spent more time in his own apartments.

When one has fallen into the habit of viewing anything in a false light, every act, even the smallest, tends to increase the mistake. Mrs. Hardy, since the night she had seen that dash of color in

Laban Holt's cheeks, had felt confident of her victory, and had laid the flattering unction to her vain soul that, having heard of her many conquests, he feared to declare himself, thus avoiding temptation. Huldah and Nell had much the same thought, whilst Mr. Holt was too delighted with the fine business ability his son was developing to think of aught else.

One day the subject of these many thoughts came up from the city earlier than usual. As he passed the library on the way to his own room, he glanced in. Huldah was there alone, busy with her bit of tapestry. She had wheeled an ottoman to her feet, and placed her basket full of bright rich woads on it.

Laban Holt stood in the doorway a moment, unobserved, and watched her. A look, half hungry, half cruel, flitted over his face, and was gone. He swore an oath under his breath—he would not suffer alone. Then, once more his cool, merry self, he entered the room.

Huldah glanced up, but ere she had time to speak he had come beside her, placed the basket on the floor, and sat down at her feet.

The blood rushed to her brow, then died, leaving her deathly pale.

"I did not know you had come home," she stammered, with a great effort for control, and putting stitches into the canvas that were doomed to come out.

"I was passing the door when I saw your basket in my old place. It made me jealous," he said, with a light laugh.

Just at that moment, Mrs. Hardy entered the room. There was a slight sneer of surprise on her beautiful face. Huldah felt herself first hot, then cold. If she changed her position her secret would be theirs, so she sat quite still, like one in a nightmare, working wonderfully dark hues into her bright rose.

Laban Holt acknowledged the young widow's presence with his merry laugh, saying lightly:

"This used to be my place before I went abroad, you know, Mrs. Hardy."

Woman's self-control, I think, is hardly appreciated. Mrs. Hardy had not known this, and it was a strangely unpleasant bit of news, yet her face was simply perfect in its undisturbed composure. No one would have suspected that this little fact, so lightly presented, had utterly dashed her hopes, for the wary little widow had fallen into her own trap, and in seeking to win, had been won. Huldah, too, sat quietly putting in those dark hues, though her whole being quivered from the deep incisions he was making with that keen blade and cold, unfeeling touch, quite as he had pierced himself that day, before he read those words of Joaquin Miller's.

Mrs. Hardy threw herself gracefully in a sleepy-hollow, and used one of the contemptible weapons that women are apt to handle when in warfare with women—insinuation.

"Ah, Mr. Holt, sometimes we have to lose a gem to learn its value!"

He laughed. Huldah's dark face flushed angrily. "It looks as if the gem was neither lost nor valued, since the rose on that canvas has never suffered a minute's neglect;" and as he spoke he arose and took a chair.

"Mr. Holt, at the feet of how many rare beauties did you sit in all those years you were abroad?" For all the winsome teasing the bewitching widow threw into her tone, the words were insulting.

There was something grand in the man's blue eyes as he answered:

"Mrs. Hardy, I never sat at the feet of but one woman. You saw me there."

"What devotion!" she exclaimed, gayly.

Huldah quivered to her very finger-tips, and, a few moments later, abruptly left the room. The next day Mrs. Hardy said her letters were full of demands for her return. She certainly must go on the morrow.

Nell was too much relieved and too honest to be polite; Huldah, dreading to be left alone, urged her to remain; Laban did all that courtesy required, but she was determined, and returned to the city with him and his father the next day.

A week went by. In that week, whenever Laban was at home Huldah either staid in her room or clung to Nell, as if in her alone was safety. It never occurred to her that this man might love her still; in his constant reference to the past she saw only taunts and merriment.

One night the two girls were on the way to their rooms. On the stairs they met Laban. He kissed his sister good-night, when, seized with a spirit of fun, she blocked his way, saying:

"Kiss Huldah, too. You know she is your sister now, since you have come home."

"Huldah my sister?" he said, and abruptly passed them. There was a sharp ring of pain in his voice.

"Why, I never saw Laban rude before!" exclaimed Nell, full of anger for her brother and pity for Huldah, who looked as if she was going to cry.

The next afternoon he came home much earlier than usual. Huldah was in the library, picking out the rose she had worked that afternoon a week ago. He went there directly, as if feeling her presence by intuition. He did not speak to her, but paced the room in a restless, feverish way.

Suddenly he came to a stand before her, and demanded: "Do you consider yourself my sister?"

She bowed her head low over her work and trembled.

"Tell me!"

There was that in his tone which compelled an answer. She flashed it at him, "No!" and rose in desperation to leave the room; but he gently thrust her back into her chair, and stood with his hand on her shoulder.

"Huldah Carnal, for five years I have been a starving man, living on husks. Last night Nell thoughtlessly taunted me with my lack. Now, I believe that you love me."

He loved her yet. She hid her face, pale with the intensity of joy, in her hands.

"Huldah, if you love me, show it. You owe it to me;" and as he spoke he wheeled the ottoman to her feet and sat down. "Huldah, if you love me, kiss me."

His arm rested upon her lap, his face was directly before her; he was waiting. The very silence seemed to palpitate and pulse. She uncovered her face, thinking the love that flashed all over it would satisfy him; but he was cruel—he demanded all. Another silence, then she stooped and kissed his brow.

An hour later, Nell stood transfixed in the doorway. Her brother still sat at Huldah's feet, whilst her hand rested half timidly, half caressingly on his brown curly hair. There was a dash of color in his cheeks, and his frank blue eyes were full of the glad lights eyes wear when, after long, sad searching, they are suddenly satisfied.

Huldah was the first to discover her, and drooped her handsome head in confusion. Laban called her to them and said:

"Nell, this is an odd world. You offered Huldah to me as a sister last night; now, I make the same offer to you."

Nell only staid long enough to go into raptures, then ran to tell the glad news to her father, whose step she heard in the hall.

Laura Brevoort—Her Tragedy.

THERE had been a new arrival that afternoon at Grove House, Bayport—Mrs. Senator Warmouth and her stylish niece, Miss Lagrange, and the pretty

young widow, Mrs. Sale, whose husband had died abroad on their wedding-tour, of Roman fever. She had come to purple and white, and made herself enchantingly coquettish. Miss Brevoort looked them over. She and Miss Lagrange had been rival belles last Winter. That is, two men had been very much taken with Miss Brevoort, and Miss Lagrange had tried, in a covert way, to detach them from their allegiance. There is never any declaration of war in these matters, but the black flag is hung out, nevertheless.

Miss Brevoort looked down to the end of the table, and nodded indifferently. She was a tall, slender, aristocratic-looking girl of one and twenty, perhaps, about whose beauty no two women ever agreed. Her eyes were large and fine, of a magnificent violet-gray; her complexion clear rather than fair; but the transient color made her radiant. I think it was that and her expression when she was deeply moved that made her handsome to most men.

The new group were chatting gayly, and presently the sound reached her.

"Why, no! I can't be mistaken. Kate and I saw him—didn't we, Kate? They were at the New Haven Depot, and their names are down among the list of the Asia's passengers—Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sargent."

Miss Brevoort looked steadily before her; but the name rang like a trumpet-tone through her brain.

"And his wife is ever so much older. She has been a very handsome woman in her day; belongs to the Schuylers of Mount Pleasant. There was money in it, of course. They are fabulously wealthy; and men of that stamp always surprise their dear five hundred friends in marrying."

"It was an old attachment," explained somebody else. "And the marriage was quite sudden. I believe she was to keep single for her father's sake, or something."

Miss Lagrange glanced up. At all events, Miss Brevoort had not succeeded in enchaining him, even if she had lost, and that was one point of victory scored. "For I do believe she loved him," said that generous-minded young woman.

But Miss Brevoort was not going to carry her heart in her face. She came down to the hop that evening, looking regal in some sort of gauzy-black dress, with shimmering dots of pale-blue and gold. She danced, too, much more than usual. Once she happened to be in Mrs. Warmouth's vicinity.

"Of course you've heard the news, Miss Brevoort? I wonder how many young ladies will mourn Mr. Sargent's defection?"

"Are there many to mourn it?" she asked, with charming incredulity.

"Mrs. Warmouth thinks every young lady who knew Sargent must be among the slain," added Mr. Conway. "Now, I can't see what there was so fascinating about him—a good enough fellow—"

"And it is very uncomplimentary to the gentlemen left," returned Miss Brevoort. "Is it not?" But though she smiled, she could have ground them both to powder under her feet.

Mrs. Warmouth studied her as much as her shallow nature was capable of studying anything. "If she didn't care for him last Winter, why didn't she give Beale a fair chance, then?" she thought, angrily.

But Miss Brevoort toward midnight stole away to her room, for she could endure the noise and glare and whirl of the dancing no longer. She took up the paper she had sent for, and turned eagerly to the shipping news. Yes, there it was—"Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sargent." Sailed for Europe on Wednesday, and here it was only Friday! And she was a strong, healthy young woman who might live to be seventy—both grandmothers had gone beyond that limit.

A month ago Laura Brevoort had loved and trusted this man. No hasty passion, either, for all Winter

he had been silently offering his heart for inspection, as men do when they set out to win a noble woman, a woman above the petty coquetties of society. And he had loved her. She was just as sure of it this night as she was sure of her own life that mocked her so pitilessly. She had never sought him with little arts; indeed, she had been too proud to have him speak until he was fully convinced in his own mind, until his love was entire and profound. She could have spurned herself now for the lofty satisfaction, the perfect trust.

Well, it was over. There were many such stories in books and in the world. A few weeks of dreamy, brooding bliss, and years of passionate regret, until apathy came. She felt that her love was not of the transient kind. To know that such looks and tones could deceive! No wonder she was wild with a sense of loss and betrayed trust, for she might have been so happy! Even now she could feel how they had suited, at least, her soul and the noble and chivalrous man she had fancied him.

If she could go away from Bayport! She had come with her cousin, Mrs. Wilder, for seaside air. Their pretty house was closed for the Summer, and mamma had gone to make a visit with an old friend. No, she must stay and fight it out, and listen to the comments of those women.

It was such a dreary thing to get up the next morning, see the sun shining and hear the birds caroling joyously, remembering how young she still was, how long the years would be. Dressing, eating, amusement—how bald and bare it all looked! If she were only a genius—if she could write, or paint, or compose music—if she were any one but Miss Laura Brevoort, in comfortable circumstances, she might take to the stage.

But her very consciousness forbade any cowardly retreat. She joined the groups occasionally, and heard the gossip; she walked and rode and shared the evening entertainments, for she would not have had Sophie Wilder see her sorrow—any sooner than the rest of the world. And so passed a week—a year it might have been. Remember that it was the first hard grief of her life. Is it nothing to have one's glowing ideal despoiled?

There were some tableaux one evening. A stage had been erected at one end of the spacious parlor, and the audience were gathered at the other. There was a lull between a palace scene at Holyrood with Marie Stuart and the Lady Macbeth that was to follow. A knot of girls about Miss Brevoort went to chattering.

"Just by the door. Why, I think him magnificent! Don't some of you know him? He looks this way continually. Won't some one nod at a venture?"

"It is Miss Brevoort he is watching, I do believe."

Obedying a sudden impulse, she turned to look. The stately head made a sign of recognition. A flush stole over her fair face.

"Oh, do you know him, Miss Brevoort? Is he staying here? He wants to come over, so let us make room. Please give me an introduction!"

Kate Crosby, a bewitching little blonde, who played fast and loose with everybody, but was the best-natured girl in the world, made room for him. He saw the motion, and picked his way through, reached Miss Brevoort just as the curtain was rising, and gave her hand a quiet clasp.

She was glad to see him. A true old friend in this dreary waste was not to be despised. At the first opportunity she gave the coveted introductions. Mr. Lennard—but she called him Gilbert, and he called her Laura, so they must be old friends.

There was an end to the amusement presently. Everybody was rushing behind the scenes, laughing and congratulating, and they two were left quite alone.

"How did you find me?" she asked.

"I heard you had gone to Westford, so I went there and saw your mother, and she sent me here. How beautiful you are, Laura!"

She blushed deeply. She knew, with the intuition of woman, that for the last three years Gilbert Lennard had been in love with her. They were distant cousins, and had been playmates in childhood; besides, he was a great favorite with her mother.

"When did you come east?"

"I reached New York about ten days ago. I wanted to see you so much. I should have been here by mid-afternoon but for a detention on the train."

"No accident?" and she shivered a little.

His quick eyes remarked it.

"Not for us. A down train had broken some machinery, and piled a heap of *débris* on the track. Laura, you are glad to see me?"

"Glad!"

It was so delightful to know that all men were not treacherous or dishonorable, that she let a warmth slip into her voice, a color steal up in her cheeks, and he seeing, took heart of grace.

"Isn't it very warm here? Suppose we go out in the hall. How is Mrs. Wilder? Still a victim to—"

Laura laughed gayly.

"It is her digestion this time, and sea-air has been recommended."

"Do you like it here? Is there any sport? Fishing, I suppose?"

"Yes; capital, the men say. We have been here only a fortnight."

Then a sudden shadow overspread her face.

Mrs. Sale swept up the hall, still in her royal Queen Elizabeth robes, and Miss Brevoort was gracious.

"Do you know it is positively delightful!" began Gilbert Lennard. "When you have been outside of civilization, as one may say, working hard for a year, a gay picture like this is a treat."

Then Mrs. Sale learned that he had been out with a party of surveyors, and for five years had been connected with Western railroads. He had taken a holiday now before the next move.

"I hope you will like Bayport well enough to remain a while," said the charming widow. "Although we cannot complain of scarcity of men, the general jeremiad of watering-places—can we, Miss Brevoort?"

"I think there is a fair average."

They walked up and down, meeting acquaintances, and talking between. Laura Brevoort hardly knew how many curious looks were cast upon her—in truth, she did not realize how noticeable she was, hanging on the arm of that handsome young fellow.

"I wonder if he is her lover?" said Miss Lagrange, as she was laying away her lovely blonde curls in a box, preparatory to adjusting the rest of her hair in crimping-pins. "How she did stick to him!—had a fancy that she was pretty hard hit by Largent's marriage. She is an awful flirt, though."

"I wish she would marry and get out of the way," remarked Mrs. Warmouth, pettishly. "She must be—"

"Ages are out of fashion," laughed Bessie Lagrange, with an assumption of good-nature, for she could remember Miss Brevoort in short dresses.

If he was her lover, she was very generous with him, it must be confessed—a little more than he liked. But he had come here for a purpose, and his holiday was long enough to allow of a little delay. So he went out fishing and boating, and danced half the night with pretty young girls, because Laura insisted upon it. But then she was sweeter than she had ever been before in her life. He never guessed that it came from pure weariness and sadness on her part, and the honor in which she held him.

But one day he managed to stray off alone with her. They paused at a little nook, sheltered by a high, overhanging rock. At their feet lay a plain

of golden sand, shimmering in a westward sun, edged with a tiny fringe of surf that was fast receding. Afar, like sea-gulls, were skimming some tiny boats, while overhead drifted islands of fleecy white on a sea of azure, just touched with a rosy tint.

They had been sitting quietly for some moments when he told his story. He prefaced it with an offer that had been made him to go to Russia. He was far from being poor now, but in five years' time he could make a fortune. She had not dreamed of what was to follow—of the rapid, earnest and forceful words that carried conviction to her inmost heart.

"Oh, Gilbert," she cried, with sudden pain, "how could you? Why did you? There are so many sweet and lovely women in the world who would be glad—"

"Laura, what are they to me? If my heart could waver among them, I should not have dared to ask you. My passion has been like that of Jacob's. Seven years ago—you were a little girl then, and I was just twenty—and we spent a Summer together, a long, bright, enchanting Summer that I shall never forget! Sometimes I think, if I had told you then!"

She had loved him so well as a friend, but she felt there had never been any Summer in her life when she would have cared to be more than friends. She glanced up sorrowfully. Why could she not love this handsome, manly fellow, of whom any other woman would have been proud?

"I told your mother all my plans; you were to decide everything. If you *will*, go with me—if not, I will stay with you and win a place that shall shame no woman."

"Oh, Gilbert! dear and generous friend!" she cried, "I should not have allowed you to say this, for, if ever there was a time, it is too late now!"

"Then you love another? Laura, my darling, could it ever have been me? But your mother thought you were quite free?" and his voice faltered with a tender pathos.

Her face was crimson, and her very breath seemed to strangle her; but her soul was loyal to its furthest depths. What torture could not have drawn out of her, he should know; it was his right.

"Forgive me all this pain," she said softly, reaching out her hand. "I would to God that it had not been my place to deal so cruel a blow, Gilbert! Am I different from most girls or women? I think so at times, and mother is often surprised at the strange duckling in her nest. I have had a fancy—always, it seems to me—to love some one with all my heart and strength, and no one came quite up to my ideal, though in many things they may have passed it. Last Winter—but do you want to hear the story?"

Did he want to hear about some happier man? Ah, yes—anything that concerned her. But was this the face of a woman who had come to the golden gate of content? These downcast, pathetic eyes? These pale, tremulous lips?

"Yes, I want to hear."

There was a moment's silence; the waves sent up a low monotone, and the wind swept by with a peculiar sadness. He knew by this prelude that it was not a happy story. Ah, he would comfort her, then; she should find in his love shelter, strength.

"Yes, I want to hear," he said again.

She turned her eyes away, but her pale face did not shrink outwardly from his inspection.

"I think it is given to but few, either men or women, to meet their ideals; so, when this man crossed my path, last Winter, I recognised the sign-manual, and would have shrunk in very fear. Are not all women cowards at heart? I was drawn to him by one of those irresistible impulses. I knew that he loved me, and I—no, I will not be a coward—I *did* love him. I could not imagine a man being so patiently persistent who had no right. A month ago we met, for the last time, at a party. He had been summoned from the city by some sudden

tidings, and came to give me the brief word. I will tell you the whole truth. He took me in his arms an instant and kissed me;" and, even now, the remembrance dyed her cheek crimson. "We were to meet soon, but meanwhile I had his love, his trust. But he owed his allegiance to another; a fortnight ago he married her."

"The cruel, dastardly scoundrel!"

"Well, he kept faith with her, it seems. If I had tempted him with the arts women sometimes use—but my conscience is guiltless in the matter! It is the old, old story. He took the rose and 'left the thorn wi' me.' And now you know why I could never be worthy of your love."

"But you do not mean to give him the truth and sweetness of your whole life," he said, aghast at the picture of evil thus wrought.

"Give him anything?" She rose now, and her eyes were flashing with indignation. "Gilbert, you can never know how I hate myself for having believed in him. The hand that he kissed can never be clean enough for another man to take!"

"My darling, my darling, I want you more than ever. It shall be the study of my whole life to make you forget this cruel wound;" and he would have clasped her in his arms.

"No, Gilbert, dear friend. Let me go my way alone henceforth. No woman would so insult a loyal heart. If need were, all men would be redeemed in you. I must do battle with this weakness, and I shall conquer, never fear, but such victories ruin the conqueror as well. Forgive me the pain I have caused you. It might never have been, you know. And there are sweeter women—"

"None so fair and sweet for me. Listen, Laura. In a month I am to go abroad, if I accept the position. Come with me, and begin a new life. Your mother has consented. We have been friends for so long. If you stop to brood over this passing fancy you will only strengthen it."

"I am not brooding over it. Don't think me that weak. What faith could you place in me, if I could change at a word? Forgive me, and let me go."

She rose then. He had never shown his true power and strength before. She felt strangely bewildered, almost afraid.

"I shall not let you go," he made answer. "If I had found you happy in another's love, I should have watched you a little, and then said a long, long farewell. But your very sorrow brings you nearer. I will wait, but I cannot give up hope, I cannot relinquish you. Even now you can make me happier than any other woman."

She was touched to the heart by his great love. How happy she could make him!—she had always known that. Was not this other bitterness a just punishment for passing by his regard at first, for straying into by-paths in search of a better love? Could any love be tenderer? Seven years he had waited and worshiped. It came to her now with an overwhelming force. Would she be justified in refusing him? There would never be another sweet May-time, but Summer sweetness and Autumn ripeness were not to be despised.

She tossed restlessly on her bed all night, pondering the matter over. Her mother would be so well satisfied, for she already loved Gilbert like a son. For herself, there could be nothing better in store. Should she allow Maurice Sargent's treachery to dim her future life?

"But Gilbert knows all, and still loves me," she mused. "There are the years of friendship and trust—it hardly seems like a new love—and, if I *could* make him—"

She knew well that she could. And, when she came down to breakfast the next morning, and was welcomed with his tender smile, she was won against herself, as it were.

He took out a telegram presently.

"I have been summoned to New York, and must go on the next train," he said. "Laura, may I not

feel that the dearest hope of life calls me back—that you will have a welcome for me above all other greetings?"

She was so tired, so confused with the endless tangle of thought.

"If I were worthier of you! If I could give you the first sweet love of my heart!"

"But we agreed *that* was not love. You are so proud, too, Laura, that I wonder you go on dreaming of him."

She flushed then.

"I do not dream of him, I only think how much better your reward should be. But, Gilbert, if I am so dear to you, I will not hold back one shred or fragment. With my whole heart and soul I will endeavor to make you happy."

"God bless you, my darling!"

There came over her a strange feeling of peace, rest, strength. She glanced up wistfully, as if she could hardly trust her own decision.

"I need not say that I shall hasten back, for now it is a trial to go. I wish I dared ask you to drive to the station with me. Should you mind the returning alone?"

"No," she answered, glad to do something for his sake.

Then she went for her hat and gloves.

Out there in the morning sunshine, the broad bay glistening in emerald tints, the sweet air blowing about them, and the birds answering from tree to tree, a new light shone in her eyes. Did she care more for him than she had believed, and had the other been a blind, incomprehensible passion?"

"Oh, Laura, this hour makes amends for all my waiting. I wonder if you will ever be able to realize what this hope was to me, my love, the one darling of my life!"

"Yours."

He gathered the slender hands in his, and carried them to his lips. Yes, she was his for all time. She was done dreaming of what might have been, and she met his last glance with her own proud truthfulness.

"I never did see any one flirt as Miss Brevoort does," said Miss Lagrange, as she came back alone.

"Perhaps he has gone to get married," and Mrs. Sale laughed. "She soon consoles herself for Mr. Sargent."

Miss Brevoort kept her cousin's company closely for the next few days. There came a fond letter from her mother, and frequent notes from her lover, for he was that. She was beginning to feel satisfied with her decision, and wrote to her mother that she and Gilbert were engaged. She would marry him and go to the Russian wilds. Her whole life should repay him for his noble trust and love.

One of the officers of his former company had invited a few friends out on a yachting party. The first evening was to be devoted to a little birthnight feast. Gilbert Lennard could not well decline when they offered to go a little out of their way the next day and put him ashore at Bayport. So he sent word that Thursday evening he would be with her again.

There had been a succession of oppressively hot days. Dancing languished, and rides were kept until evening. Let the others jest and laugh and fill up the idle hours with flirtation, there was something more solemn for her. Each day she brought Gilbert more completely within her heart, trying earnestly to do her whole duty.

They did not go down to dinner this day, but somewhere about mid-afternoon, when she had been driven half wild with new symptoms on Mrs. Wilder's part, and a steady campaign of them with her favorite medical work, Laura put on her hat and sauntered out for a little quiet.

There were so many cozy nooks where she could sit listening to the sea, and think how soon Gilbert was to be here! She found herself absolutely longing for him.

How long she sat there watching some dull yellow and indigo clouds drifting up from the south she

hardly knew. A step startled her at length, and a voice said:

"Miss Brevoort. What a pleasure!"

For an instant the sea surged through her brain as if she had been drowning. Then she turned, with an unbelieving bravery, and confronted Maurice Sargent. She drew herself up with a haughty grace, but her eyes were wild and her cheeks ashen.

"Good heavens!" and he took a sudden step toward her.

She thrust him away with a disdainful gesture.

"Miss Brevoort, I think I have a right to justify myself with you," and he stood there before her in the proud manliness that had so won her trust in the past. "I can endure the badinage of other women, and if that foolish gossip were the truth, I might deserve your anger and disdain. But I love you too well not to endeavor to explain the truth, for I know you are laboring under a misapprehension."

"The truth!" she gasped, staring blankly at the sheets of shining sand before her.

"Yes, the truth. It was not *my* marriage, but my uncle's. Oh, you must have guessed that I loved you, or you could not be so indignant at my supposed perfidy. But for one thing, I would have spoken that last night. I had always been considered my uncle's heir. In his youth he was engaged to a beautiful woman, who loved him devotedly. A sad accident rendered him a cripple and an invalid, and Miss Schuyler's father forbade all further thoughts of marriage. A few weeks ago he relented, since she had never been able to outlive her love. And so, having been summoned to him, I thought it best to wait until I knew whether I had anything to offer the woman I loved beside my own health and energy. But this brave and noble woman insisted upon his dividing his fortune with me, as she has a large sum in her own right. When they went to Europe, I had to remain to settle some business. It is my uncle's wish that I shall take the old homestead of the Sargents, and bring to grace it the woman I love."

His utterance had been so rapid, she could not have checked it with any effort. She turned her white, terror-stricken face toward him, and the despairing eyes pierced his soul with anguish. Did she know what her glance told him?

"Good heavens!" he cried: "how you have suffered! My darling, can you forgive? I measured your faith by my own, I loved you so well—"

"Oh, hush, hush!" and she rose, blind and despairing. "I am to marry another!"

"Since then? At least let me keep that much faith in you. Surely, such smiles were not false?"

She leaned against the corner of a rock, her hands clasped in despair. Should she justify herself?

"It was only a week ago; an old friend—" and her faltering voice died away.

"You thought me a villain. I see it all. If I had spoken before leaving you! But I was afraid of deceiving you as to my fortune. More than once I have tried to write, but letters were cold and meaningless, and I was not quite sure of your address. Oh, Laura, is it too late?"

Was it? Disguise it as she might, here was the man she loved in the depth of her soul. Yet, in her haste and faithlessness, she had lost him. If Gilbert had loved her less, or if fate had not sent him at this juncture! She made one giant effort, but it was like wrenching body and soul asunder.

"It is too late. For seven years Gilbert Lennard has loved me. When he came, a week ago, I told him the truth—that I had cared for another, and been, as I thought, trifled with. Even in my desolation I was dear to him. I found that I could make him happy, and I will not break my word, nor his heart. To me he has always been as a brother—a dear friend. In a month I shall marry and go abroad. Forget me—it is best."

"No! I cannot forget you, nor what I have lost. I cannot believe——"

There came up from the ocean a sharp cloud, while a slender fork of lightning ran down to meet it. From the south those stealthy indigo clouds had floated round to the east, and met with another skulking detachment. Now there was war. A distant rumble of thunder and another lance-like flash.

"Come!" and he drew her arm within his. She trembled so that she could hardly stand. He almost carried her over the sands. The maples and poplars turned their leaves in the bland, treacherous wind that played with them, as if touched by caressing velvet fingers, though it would soon be the hand of an unchained giant. A few large drops of rain followed, and the sky lighted up curiously.

"Oh!" she cried, with a gasp, remembering Gilbert.

"Am I rough or rude? Pardon me;" and he would have slackened his pace, but a furious gust of wind drove them on. It was well; for, just as they reached the broad porch the rain began again.

A group were standing there, looking through the glass at something down the bay. She hurried through the hall, then came back and asked, with eager, feverish eyes, what it was.

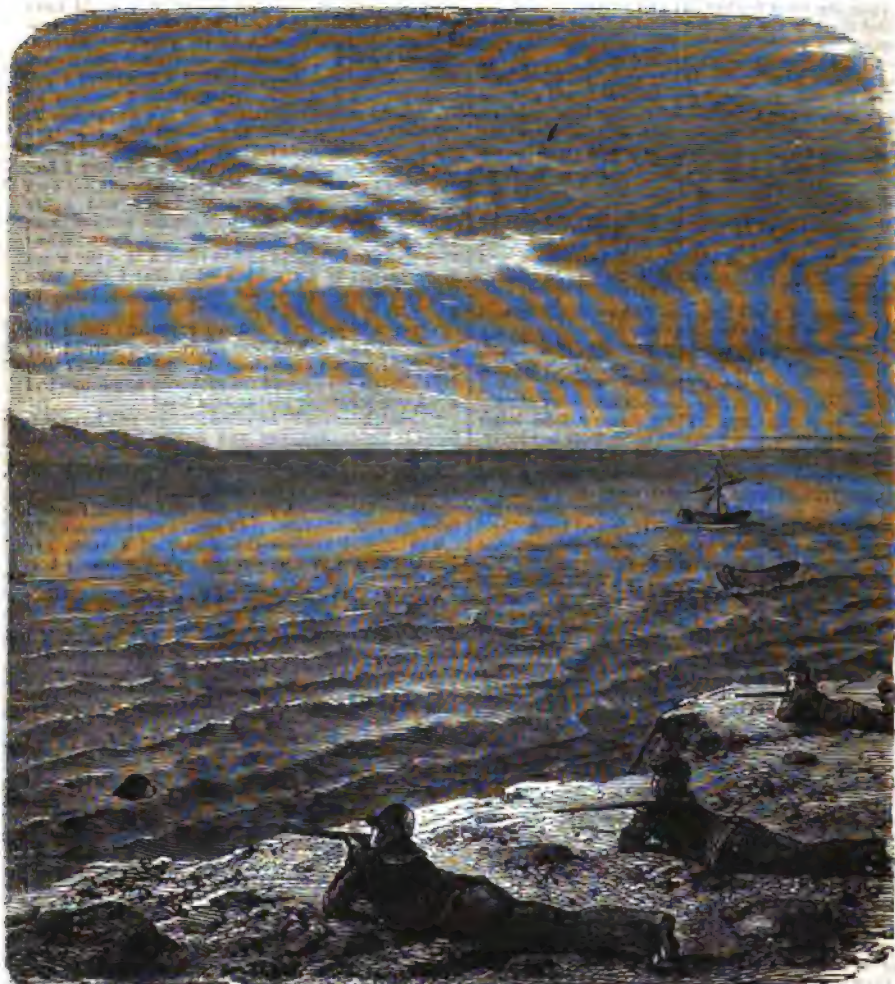
"A yacht trying to make the Point, I think. Why, they are crazy, with wind and tide against them!"

One and another looked. She stood stunned, listening to the comments. The rain was coming down fearfully now, amid the glare of lightning and crash of thunder. For a while it seemed as if the very earth would be rent asunder. She heard the voices of an eager discussion. Her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth, her lips were dry, the blood in her very veins scorching her.

"Are they in danger?" and her voice was wildly imploring. "It is a pleasure yacht on an excursion, and Mr. Lennard is on board. They were to land him here."

"And are ignorant of the rocks or the channel! Why don't they stand off? They never can live in such a sea!"

For an instant they two looked at each other with bated breath and questioning eyes, reading a



SEAL-HUNTING.—SEE PAGE 350.



COUSIN JACK.—“HUSH-SH-SH!” SAID PHILLIS, BLUSHING LIKE A ROSE. ‘HERE HE IS.’ TWO PAIR OF BRIGHT, LAUGHING EYES WATCHED THE OLD GARDENER FROM BEHIND THE BUSHES, AS HE ADVANCED CAUTIOUSLY, WITH A RAKE IN HIS HAND AS A WEAPON OF DEFENSE, AND RECONNOITERED THE GROUND.”—SEE PAGE 335.

subtle temptation. This man out there in the storm—how much was he to Miss Brevoort? It had all been a horrible mistake, and if he—

She crossed over to him and took his hand. “I want him saved,” she said, in strange, husky, passionate tones. “It is almost as if his very life

was laid in my hands. Will you not beg of them to go?”

“You want him saved?” He repeated it mechanically. For a moment he would have yielded, and hated himself bitterly for ever afterward.

A curious, flickering light flared up in her face.

"Yes," she answered sharply. "Oh, God, hear—remember! It is my prayer for the man who loves me so well."

He came close to her, and took her cold hands in his.

"Will you believe me? Will you trust in me?" he began. "I have envied him his happiness, but for your sake— Yes, I will go, and take with me the remembrance of a pure and noble woman, ready to do right at any cost. Let me say my good-by to you here and now, for, when you and he are happy, I shall be far away from it, trying hard to reconcile myself to my loss. God bless you!"

There was a great commotion among the men. Two or three of the old sailors volunteered. The boats were taken out, impromptu crews formed, but Maurice Sargent, landsman though he was, lent them an heroic energy. There was a little lull in the storm, but another cloud came scudding along, turning up yellow edges, and flinging out a blue, blinding flash.

"My God!" exclaimed the man at the glass. "She's struck! She's on fire!"

Laura Brevoort groped blindly up the stairs to her own room, and fell on her knees at the bed's side. Great chills seemed to sweep over her, their ice-cold shiver followed by more than torrid heat. But through it all she prayed, in a wild, wandering way, that God would keep her thoughts right and true, and not allow her to break faith for an instant with the man out yonder in his deadly peril.

The dusk came on as the storm died away. There was a tramp in the hall below and a confusion of voices. She still knelt and prayed.

Mrs. Wilder tried her door, then called, sharply: "Laura! Laura!"

She tottered across, and opened it.

"Oh, my dear child, how can I tell you?" was the shrill, hysterical cry.

She knew then, and for a moment her heart stopped beating.

"The only one of them all! And they say Sargent acted like a hero. They couldn't land because of the furious wind, but they meant to stand out, and did until they were struck by the lightning. It was terrible! They think Gilbert was injured by a falling timber or something, and when he sank, Sargent swam out after him, and found him, as if by a miracle. And they thought at first they could restore him, but the doctor says—"

Laura Brevoort lay in a white, senseless heap at her cousin's feet.

She did not come down-stairs until the next day, and then she looked as if she had been ill for a month. The whole house knew now that she was engaged to Gilbert Lennard, and the tragic side of romance commands sympathy. But Maurice Sargent was the hero of the day. Perhaps these women would not have been so enthusiastic if they had known the source of his inspiration.

A few of the yacht's crew were injured, but not seriously. They could have saved themselves, they thought, but for the fire. Gilbert Lennard had been struck in the temple, just as he was leaving the vessel.

The handsome face wore a smile of repose. Laura Brevoort stooped to kiss the cold forehead. For the sake of her love had this man died. Oh, why had not Providence sent some lovely, beguiling woman in his way, and given him life and happiness! He was worthy of so much. What a mystery it was! And she gave him now the tenderest love of her soul, a passion purified, something beyond earthly affection.

When she came out of the room, Maurice Sargent was waiting for her. This end of the hall was quite deserted. For a moment they glanced at each other.

"I want to thank you—" but her voice was weak and tremulous from her recent weeping.

"I did what I could. When I heard some one say that the man overboard was Lennard, I plunged in,

resolved to save him at the cost of my own life. But it was in vain."

"Yet the intent was there. God will note that. Again I thank you. As I should so soon have been his wife, it is the same to me as if I were his widow."

Sargent bowed.

A connection in the city took charge of Lennard's funeral. Mrs. Brevoort came for her daughter, and they both attended it. To the grief of the belles at Grove House, Maurice Sargent left a few days after.

Miss Lagrange met him again the next winter, determined to do her best since Laura Brevoort was not in society. But she failed signally. She knew the reason a year afterward, when she received wedding-cards, but comforted herself with the fact that he was not half as rich as every one had expected him to be.

There is a memory between Laura and Maurice Sargent that will hallow both lives. And she is glad that her love and truth to the dead were not marred by any weakness on that last day. Maurice loves her the better for her bravery.

Cousin Jack.

THE sheltered school-garden was deserted, save by one young student in a blue muslin dress, who sat on the rustic bench at the further end, under the clump of elms.

The ringing of a big bell had just called the other girls in to their various duties, but Phillis Medlicott was going to leave school next day for good, having "finished her education" in her mistress's and her own opinion, and she was in consequence granted the indulgence of an hour longer in the so-called twilight air, with an improving-book to while away the time.

"Philip had repudiated the haughty Olympias in order to espouse Cleopatra, niece of Atala, and Alexander, irritated—"

Here Phillis's blue eyes wandered from the book to a tremulous white star that was peeping through the still dark branches overhead.

"What a long day this has been!" she thought.

"It seems as if it never would come to an end! Oh, to-morrow, to-morrow! make haste, to-morrow! The carriage will come for me about twelve o'clock, I suppose. Then I shall kiss all the girls—poor things, they will be dying of envy!—and say good-by to Mrs. Shanklin, who will preach me a wise sermon, of which I shall not hear one single word. Jervis will pile my trunks on the carriage, I jump in, and off we go to the Chase! My dear old uncle will be looking out for me on the terrace, with all the dogs at his heels; so out of the carriage I tumble, and up the steps, and into his arms, and—Oh, dear, I wish it was to-morrow!"

Phillis took up the improving-book again.

"Alexander, irritated at the affront offered to his mother, conducted her— Jack won't condescend to be there, I suppose. I wonder what my future husband is like? He is a splendid unknown being to me as yet; only represented in my mind by a great big note of interrogation. Dear, how tired I am of this place!— At the affront offered to his mother, conducted her into Epirus, and proceeded himself to— Good gracious! what's that?"

Phillis started to her feet as a small white object flew over the great ivied wall near which she sat, and fell close to the hem of her blue muslin dress.

"It's a piece of paper tied around a stone," she decided, touching it cautiously with the tip of her little shoe, and looking up over her shoulder to see where it could have come from. "It can't have fallen from the sky, that's certain, so it must have been thrown over the wall. But by whom, I should like to know, and for whom? The only way to find out is to open it;" and Phillis picked up the piece of paper. "But have I any right to pry into another

person's secret?" she reflected, pausing with it in her hand. "Oh, I won't tell! And besides, what else can I do? If I let it lie on the ground, the gardener will find it, and take it to Mrs. Shanklin. If I tear it up, I shall leave one of the girls in a dreadful state of mind about it, perhaps. Whereas, if I read it—and who knows?" Phyllis thought, with a little toss of her charming asburn head. "It may be for me!"

She hesitated no longer.

"MY DARLING MINNIE," the letter began, in a frank and manly hand. ("Minnie! And my name is Phyllis. It's not for me, that's certain. What a pity!") "My darling Minnie—" ("Which of them, I wonder? There are no less than three Minnies in the first class. Perhaps I shall find out by reading the rest.") "My darling Minnie—I am here, and ready to help you out of the fix you are in—that is, if you love me as much as I love you. Your father wants you to marry your cousin, John Audley, but don't be afraid; I have found out a way to break off that odious match. Be in the garden after evening recess, and I will tell you what it is. P.S.—I beg the amiable young lady who picks this up to be kind enough to convey it secretly to my dear little Minnie, and I hereby thank her for us both."

"It is for Minnie St. John, then!" Phyllis cried, aghast. "How dreadful! She has often and often spoken to me about her cousin, Mr. Audley, but she never said a word about the other one who is waiting for her there over the wall. What a lucky girl she is to have two lovers, and I, who am 'finished,' have only one—and even he does not count! I haven't seen my cousin Jack since we were children together, and I know when my uncle proposed that he should marry me, the ungrateful fellow cried out, 'I'll be hanged if I do!' Very complimentary, I'm sure! But now about this letter. What ought I to do? I really don't know whether, in spite of the postscript, I should be justified in—"

Here Miss Medicott started again, and uttered a smothered scream as a handsome young head, with laughing dark eyes and very white teeth, suddenly popped up above the wall, and called out in a discreet whisper:

"Here I am!"

Phyllis looked at the intruder spellbound, and could not utter a word.

"By Jove, it is not Minnie!" exclaimed the stranger, with the airiest good-humor, and, raising his straw hat, he apologized politely for his intrusion. "I am in the way, I suppose?" he adlied, smiling.

"Oh, no!" Phyllis returned; "but—"

The young man was by this time sitting astride on the wall.

"But you were expecting some one else, eh?"

"No, indeed!" Phyllis declared, indignantly. "And if any one should see you—"

"You are quite right; thanks for the hint;" and, so saying, the young fellow brought his other leg over the wall, and leaped down into the garden-walk—the sacred garden-walk, where Philip and Alexander were lying forgotten in the moss.

"What are you doing?" Phyllis cried, in great distress, and with an anxious glance in the direction of the house. "You must not stay here. How can you think of such a dreadful thing?"

"Pray excuse me for presenting myself in this irregular manner," the stranger returned, approaching. He was a good-looking young fellow of about three-and-twenty, and he wore light gloves, and a dot of violets in the buttonhole of his well-made gray suit. "I assure you that I am not connected with a gang of thieves, and that my intentions are strictly honorable. Indeed, I dare say you have guessed them already, if I don't mistake the meaning of that arch smile."

"Really, sir—"

"Do you know Miss Minnie St. John?"

"Why, she is my best friend!" Phyllis cried, warmly.

"Then she has sent you here?" the young fellow went on, his dark eyes brightening eagerly. "Is she ill—or can it be possible she has given me up? Does not she love me? Has she a headache? For heaven's sake, don't keep me in suspense!"

"Don't be alarmed," Phyllis returned, smiling in spite of herself at his vehemence. "Minnie did not send me here at all, and she was quite well half an hour ago."

"That's all right," said the stranger, with a sigh of relief. "Then she is coming, of course?"

"No, she is not coming," Phyllis said, gravely.

"Why, hasn't she had my note?"

"Not yet. Here it is, you see."

And Phyllis opened her pink palm, and showed the little folded paper.

"You have not given it to her!" exclaimed the young man, reproachfully. "Then you can't have read the postscript?"

"Oh, yes, I have. I have read it all."

"Then, if Minnie is really your friend—" the handsome young fellow drew nearer, and put on a very beseeching expression—"pray don't delay any longer. She must be in the schoolroom now, and you can just slip the note into her exercise-book, you know. Dear me, friends are doing each other such little services as that every day, so why should you hesitate?"

"Because I—"

"Consider," he went on, earnestly—"consider that Minnie's happiness is at stake. Now, do make haste! I will wait for her here, behind that clump of trees, and I'll breathe a prayer meanwhile for the lucky fellow who will climb that wall some of these days to lay his heart at your feet. Egad! this is a capital spot for the purpose—I must give him a hint. Ah, you are smiling;" and, indeed, Phyllis's fresh lips were parting in spite of herself, and the dimple in her left cheek began to appear. "Victory!" cried the stranger, gayly. "You will run and tell Minnie, won't you?"

"Perhaps I will," Miss Medicott answered, looking serious again. "But it must be on one condition. Promise me—"

"Oh, anything—everything—what is it?"

"That you will tell me the whole truth about this—this love affair."

"Eh! oh, well, I suppose that's only fair; so you must know that about six months ago I came home from India on sick-leave, and I saw Minnie for the first time at Lady Racklane's juvenile party, eating a macaroon. You should just have seen how delightfully hungry she looked, holding it in her two little bare hands like a squirrel, and letting the crumbs fall on her sweet little bare shoulders! Happy crumbs! She took another and another; I really thought she would choke, and I offered her some lemonade. 'Thank you,' said she, and she drank it with the greatest relish. As for me, I was tipsey with love and happiness. That simple gastronomical feat had decided my whole future life."

Phyllis burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter; but the young man went on, undaunted:

"Since then I have sought every opportunity of meeting her, and I have spoken boldly of my love. She did not reply, certainly; but I could see that she was not in the least annoyed. I have written volumes to her, too; and though she has never answered me, I know by a certain shy glance of her great brown eyes that, in fact, I consider I was justified in presenting myself to Mr. St. John as a suitor for her hand."

"Before Minnie has left school?"

"Oh, nothing like taking time by the forelock, you know. But imagine my disgust when I heard, only yesterday, that they are going to sacrifice the poor child to her cousin, John Audley—a man old enough to be her father!"

"He is thirty-three, Minnie says," interpolated Phyllis, smiling archly.

"I was desperate, furious, and I resolved to put a stop to the match at all costs. There was only one way, and that was to climb that wall and speak to Minnie. I have got over the wall, you see, and I look to you to get me over the other difficulty. There is my story. It is short, at any rate, and that's one merit. I leave you to decide whether it's interesting or not."

"Oh, very interesting!" Phillis declared, demurely. "Especially the part about the macaroons. And so you fell in love with Minnie because she was greedy, and nearly choked herself?"

"I admit it," said the ardent lover, gayly. "A good appetite is a proof of good health, and good health is the greatest charm a girl can possess. None of your puling, sickly, sentimental women for me! When I am in love I like to laugh and dance and have fun, and how can you do that if your digestion's out of order? Love is—the laughter of the heart!" continued the brown-eyed philosopher, warming with his theme. "I know some fellows, when they are spooney on a girl, walk about sighing and making verses and thinking of suicide; but that's not my style at all. Now, aren't you going for Minnie? Do!"

"One word more," said Miss Medlicott, not unwilling, perhaps, to prolong this agreeable little chat in the twilight garden. "What do you intend to say to Minnie if I do bring her?"

"That I'm awfully fond of her, and——"

"Oh, of course—but besides that, I mean?"

"That I intend to run away with her."

Phillis opened her blue eyes in horror. "I beg your pardon?" she asked, incredulously.

"Oh, in the most proper manner," added the young gentleman, reassuringly. "I have prepared everything with that intention. I saw a ladder near the big pear-tree over yonder. By the help of that, Minnie can climb the wall; and I have a carriage waiting on the other side, which will take us to the Charing Cross Station. There we shall jump into the first train that starts for Paris, or Brussels, or anywhere. Oh, I have forgotten nothing. Look here! I have filled my pockets with all sorts of good things to amuse the little darling during our journey. Burnt almonds and chocolate creams, you know, to say nothing of several dozen of her favorite macaroons. Will you have one?"

He produced the various packages leisurely, and offered them to the astonished girl with the easiest air imaginable.

In spite of herself Phillis laughed as she declined.

"But, what will you do when you reach Paris, or Brussels?" she asked.

"I shall write at once to Mr. St. John, who will have no course left but to consent to our marriage. You see my intentions are beyond all suspicion; so you need not hesitate any longer."

"To carry the letter to Minnie, you mean? No, certainly not, if you still wish me to do so after you have heard what I have to say. It is my turn to tell you a story now—isn't it?"

"Certainly! Only—excuse me—time is precious—and——"

"I will not delay you a moment longer than is absolutely necessary," Phillis returned, with a dignified wave of her little hand. "It is quite evident that you don't know Mr. St. John's history!"

"I admit that; but——"

"No buts! Listen. Mr. St. John was never very rich, and he has always had a mania for science and chemistry, and all such dry things, which he has carried to the pitch of folly."

"Folly! I should say so. When the world is full of pretty women, like——"

"Don't interrupt me," said Phillis, with charming severity. "Mr. St. John was always neglecting his business, and puzzling his head over the solution of impossible problems, and the end of it all was, that about five years ago he lost even the little money he had, and reduced himself and his motherless girl to beggary."

"My poor little Minnie!" sighed the lover, tenderly. "I wonder how she managed without her macaroons? So, then, Mr. St. John is completely ruined?"

"Utterly," said Phillis, solemnly; "or would have been, only for his nephew, John Audley, who, pitying his unfitness to struggle with the world, invented a codicil to his own father's will, by which Mr. St. John received a legacy large enough to keep him and his daughter in ease and comfort for life. Minnie told me all this herself."

"Well, John Audley is a trump!" cried the young man, in a burst of enthusiasm. "Go on!"

"It would be too long a story to tell you how, one day, the old gentleman discovered the generous deception that had been practiced on him by his nephew, or how bitterly he reproached himself for the position to which he had reduced his daughter. But when he tried to speak some broken words of gratitude to Mr. Audley, John colored up like a girl, so Minnie told me, and confessed that he was in love with his little cousin, and that her hand was worth more to him than all his own money and estates put together."

"I should think so, indeed!"

"You love Minnie?" cried the poor old man. "Then, I can still wipe out the debt I owe you. My daughter is the only treasure left to me. Take her—she is yours!" Poor John Audley had not the courage to say "No."

"But Minnie?"

"Minnie is a good girl, and loves her father. If she had refused, he would have died of grief and shame. And so she said Yes, and made up her mind to be very happy with John Audley, who worships the very ground she walks on."

"By Jove!"

"You are not laughing now, I see?" said Phillis, gently, and the young fellow started, as if from a dream.

"No—not exactly," he stammered, passing his hand confusedly over his forehead. "No."

"Minnie has never once spoken of you," the girl went on, steadily. "Though I have sometimes suspected, when she talked about her cousin, that her heart was given elsewhere. I suppose to you."

"Dear little Minnie!"

"And now," said Phillis, after a pause, "what are you going to do? If I give her this note, the result will be one of two things: She will either resist the impulses of her heart, or she will yield to them. In the first case she will be unhappy, perhaps, for a time, but she will have done her duty. In the second, she will be guilty of disobedience to her father, and ingratitude toward his benefactor, and remorse will pursue her as long as she lives."

"That is very true."

The young man took a few paces on the gravel-walk with his hands thrust into his pockets, kicked at a stone that lay in his way, took one hand out of his pocket and ran it vexedly through his hair, and at last came back to Phillis, who had watched him in perfect silence.

"Well?" she asked, then, holding out the little note. "What is your decision? I will do whatever you ask."

"I cannot—I will not!" he exclaimed, incoherently; and, snatching the note, he tore it into bits and scattered the fragments over the garden-beds.

"You are right, and I am wrong!"

"Not now," Phillis said, coloring with pleasure.

"You have acted nobly, at last."

"Have I?" said the young fellow, with an uneasy little laugh. "But what the deuce am I supposed to have come here for now, I wonder?"

"To do your duty by going away again at once."

"And when I was so near to happiness, too!" he added, with a kind of a groan.

"Do you repent already?" asked Phillis, a dash of scorn chilling her sweet girl's voice.

"No—I do not repent! And I thank you for having spoken so plainly."

"Very well. Then you had better go, now."

"Why do you want to send me away?"

"But you can't stay here any longer," Phillis urged; "the gardener will soon be round, and if he were to surprise us talking together, I should get such a lecture and have to explain everything, besides, to Mrs. Shanklin!"

"Of course; I forgot. You have been a great deal too kind already, and I'll be off at once. Good-by."

He began to climb the wall as nimbly as a cat.

"Good-by," echoed Phillis, softly; and she turned away with a smile and a wave of her white hand.

"Will you do me one more favor?" the young man called after her, in a loud whisper; and Phillis paused and retraced her steps.

"With pleasure," she answered; "what is it?"

"When—when Miss St. John is married, will you tell her how and why Jack Medlicott failed to keep his word?"

The girl uttered a little cry and fell back, giddy and startled, against the old hosen-stained wall.

"Why—it's my Jack!" she thought; and her heart began to beat furiously. "Oh, the wicked wretch! And how he is altered! I should never have known him."

"What did you say?" inquired her Jack, as he began to descend the other side.

"N—nothing!" gasped Phillis, as calmly as she could.

"You promise to tell Minnie?"

"Yes—yes; I will tell her everything. Good-by." And Phillis ran off to hide her tears, leaving her faithless Jack still astride on the wall.

"A pretty mess I've made of it!" that young gentleman thought. "How Cabby will laugh when he sees me come back by myself!"

The dusk was falling rapidly, and a belated bird singing sadly in the leafy branches overhead. Not a sound beside was heard in the deserted garden, not a breath of wind was stirring; but the odor of the new-blown lilacs floated dreamily on the air, reminding him—as such things will—of half-forgotten days.

"By Jove!" Jack Medlicott thought, sentimentally, "love is not always such a jolly affair as I imagined. This is enough to cure me for life. By-the-way, I forgot to ask that pretty girl her name—that's a pity! She was very pretty, and I should like to have remembered her. Such big blue eyes! and that coquettish little dimple! and a lovely figure, too! I wish I knew her name. Not that she was too amiable, either—by no means! But she made me feel that I was acting dishonorably, and brought me to my senses before it was too late; and I'm bound to say I feel all the better for the scolding she gave me. Well, you disappointed Don Juan!" he continued, addressing himself somewhat dolefully; "let us be gone. If ever I meet that blue-eyed girl in society" he began to descend the wall—"how we shall laugh over this adventure! Good-night, young ladies!" he blew a kiss to the glimmering windows of the school—"sleep in peace; the wolf is going away."

By this time Mr. Medlicott's head alone was visible, and in another moment he would have disappeared, but that something arrested his attention, and he raised himself again so as to get his elbows on top of the wall.

"By Jove! it's the girl with the dimple again!" he cried, as a slender white figure came gliding down the mossy path. "What on earth brings her back, I wonder?"

The white lady was Phillis, indeed, and he saw that she proceeded to perform certain mysterious passes with her little buckled shoe on the bed beneath the wall.

"What the deuce is she up to?" he thought, while Phillis went on busily effacing the marks of his lawless feet, fancying herself alone beneath the Summer stars.

"Lucky I thought of it in time," she was saying,

inwardly. "If they had discovered my—my cousin's footsteps to-morrow, what a fuss there would have been! Oh, what a life I will lead him for this, when I go home! I am so glad I did not tell him my name! If he had known who I was, he would have run off fast enough, I know!"

"Ahem!" said a discreet voice, over her head; and Phillis started and looked up.

"Are not you gone yet?" she exclaimed, feigning annoyance, while, in reality, the dimple was coming into play again in her soft cheek, and her heart began to beat with some strange sensation.

"I have only just contrived to get over the wall," her cousin returned, mendaciously. "I was obliged to be careful so as not to break my neck, which I value a good deal. By-the-way, one last word."

"What—another?"

"I should like so much to know your name," pleaded Jack, "so that I can remember you by it when I recall this delightful evening."

"It would be useless, sir."

"You refuse me?"

"Oh, do go down—pray do!" cried Phillis; and Jack, with a sigh of resignation, began to descend the wall.

Suddenly a loud barking rose on the still air, and the young gentleman bolted up again with remarkable agility.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed; "there's an enormous dog waiting to receive me at the foot of the wall!"

"Oh, what matter!" cried Phillis, beside herself with fright, as the barking was vociferously renewed. "If they should come—"

"Well, it certainly does not matter much," Jack assented, gloomily, looking down from his perch, "only it appears to be rather a ferocious brute, and I have a strong objection to being bitten."

"But, if he goes on barking, the gardener will come, and I shall be ruined!"

"Rather than allow that," said Jack, chivalrously, "I will sacrifice my best calf. Still I confess that if there were any other means—"

"Oh, why don't you make him hush! Perhaps, if you spoke to him—"

"Well, we'll see," and, leaning over, Jack tried the effect of various blandishments. "Hi! Rover! Tray! Snap! Good dog—lie down!" he began, persuasively, but the dog would not be conciliated, and only barked the louder. "Oh, shut up, you ugly brute!" Jack burst out, then, throwing a handful of moss and mortar at him; and, addressing Phillis resignedly, he added: "Neither threats nor compliments avail."

Phillis answered with a burst of silvery laughter, in which the dark-eyed hero on the wall was fain to join from pure lightheartedness.

"You do look so comical up there!" the girl panted, hysterically. "I really beg your pardon, but—"

"Oh, don't mind me!" said the young man, his voice nearly smothered by the dog's still angrier demonstrations, hearing which, Phillis became suddenly serious again.

"Oh, dear me!" she cried, "what shall we do! He will keep on barking as long as he sees you, that is certain. Why don't you hide?"

"Oh, with the greatest pleasure, if you wish it!" the young man returned, and, without more ado, he leaped down once more into the garden.

"Good gracious!" Phillis cried, half pleased, half frightened, "what have you done now?"

"I have merely deprived that wretched animal of all further excuse for barking. You see! He does not make a sound."

"Well, I must go," the young lady said, gathering her muslin skirts round her for flight. "Good-by again! You can watch your opportunity, and climb the wall after dark," and she held out her pretty hand, all warm and trembling in the cool twilight air.

Jack seized it, and kept it in his own.

"Don't go," he urged, as she endeavored to release it. "I don't know how it is, but, though I have met you this evening for the first time, I cannot help feeling as if we were old friends."

"Neither can I," admitted Phillis, bashfully turning her head away, so that her cousin should not see the laughter in her eyes; and there is no knowing what might have been the result of this confession, if, at that very moment, they had not descried the figure of old Job, the gardener, shambling toward them leisurely along the dusky garden-alley.

"The gardener! We are lost!" cried Phillis, tragically; and not heeding Jack's generous proposal to throw Job over the wall to the dog, she seized his hand, and dragged him behind the little clump of rose-bushes, where the garden-seat was on which she had sat that very evening, reading about Alexander, and thinking about her future husband.

"Oh, this is awfully jolly!" said that impulsive gentleman, but Phillis popped her little hand over his mouth, and he was compelled to express his satisfaction in another and less audible manner.

"Hush-sh-sh!" said Phillis, blushing like a rose. "Here he is."

Two pair of bright, laughing eyes watched the old gardener from behind the bushes, as he advanced cautiously, with a rake in his hand as a weapon of defense, and reconnoitred the ground.

At the foot of the wall he paused and examined the beds and the walk; but Phillis had been there before him, and, with a puzzled shake of the head, old Job muttered an unkind ejaculation respecting the dog, whose uproar had disturbed him over his supper of tripe and onions, and departed as he came.

"He's gone," Phillis said, drawing a long breath, as she emerged into the sheltered alley, with Jack at her heels. "You can make your escape now."

"I am very happy where I am, thank you."

"But it is getting dark."

"Dark! Why, it is a lovely moonlight night. Don't go, I have so much to say to you."

"About Minnie St. John?" inquired Miss Medicott, maliciously, and the young Don Juan in the gray suit was about to utter an indignant protest, when he suddenly recollected himself, coloring frankly the while to the very roots of his dark hair.

"By Jove!" he cried. "It may seem very absurd, but I was not thinking of Minnie then, at all."

"Of whom, then?"

"Of you."

Phillis blushed now in her turn.

"I dare say," she said, bitterly. "And if I were to go away and send one of the other girls to take my place, you would say the same to her."

"No, no—not so bad as that!" Jack protested; but Phillis would not relent.

"You never were serious for five minutes in your whole life," she retorted, "and I don't believe you ever will be."

"I never was serious?" echoed Jack. "Why, do you know me, then?"

Miss Medicott bit her lip, and caught herself up hastily.

"No—no!" she stammered. "But I have heard of you from your cousin."

"What, Phillis!" cried Jack, carelessly; "is she at school here?"

"Yes; of course. Didn't you know?"

"I suppose I did, but I had forgotten the interesting fact."

"Really!"

Miss Medicott began to tap the ground restlessly with her small foot.

"And so she often speaks of me?" Jack went on. "Does she know I have refused to marry her?"

"Yes"—such a cruel little Yes!

"And is she very indignant with me?"

"What girl wouldn't be indignant at such a slight, I should like to know?" Phillis returned, hotly, and then the prettiest little tremble came into her voice, and she added, as her head drooped and her long

lashes fell over her eyes, "Why didn't you like her? What fault had you to find with her?"

"None in the world!" the young man exclaimed, heartily. "Except that we were brought up together at old Uncle Medicott's place in the country. We were orphans both, and the dear old boy was awfully fond of us. He used to tell us, often and often, as we ate our bread-and-jam in the nursery, that we were to be married as soon as we grew up, and that bothered me somehow. I did not want to be disposed of beforehand, without having my fling and seeing the world."

"Well?"

"Well, when I came back from college—Phillis was still at school, so we did not meet—and found that the governor was more determined than ever about the match, I simply declined my cousin's hand once for all. My uncle kicked me out, naturally, and I enlisted and set off for India."

"So, then, you have never seen your cousin since she was a child?"

"Egad! I've taken good care not to see her. I was afraid she might marry me in spite of myself. I remember she always had a great knack of making me give in to all her whims and fancies. It used to humiliate me profoundly; but I could not help myself."

Phillis stooped to pick up a large purple pansy from the border.

"Should—should you know her if you saw her?" she asked, with elaborate carelessness.

"Know her! I should say so," returned Jack, supremely indifferent. "Why, I can see her before me now. A little, plump, red-haired thing—with pretty eyes, though, I remember. What has she told you about me—eh? Those red-haired girls are always deceitful."

Miss Phillis put her hand up to the royal braid of rich auburn hair that crowned her pretty head, and her blue eyes shone with archest mischief.

"All sorts of bad things," she answered, demurely nodding.

"Very bad things?"

"Horrid!"

"The deuce she has!" The young man gave a dandified touch of his collar, and adjusted his waistcoat with a rather uneasy laugh.

"She says you have neither head nor heart—to begin with."

"To begin with? What the deuce is there left to go on with, I should like to know!"

"She declares you never know your own mind for five minutes together, but that you turn and twist just like a weathercock."

"Indeed! What next, pray?"

"If ever you meet him in the world," she has told me, often and often, 'avoid him as you would the plague; and if ever he should, by any possibility, fall in love with you, just hide your hand in your pocket.'"

"Well, of all the spiteful——" Jack burst forth, but Phillis checked him coldly.

"Phillis Medicott always tells the truth," she said, firmly, "and I believe what she told me."

"Oh, yes—I know! But when one is angry with a fellow, one says all sorts of horrid things. You don't mean to lie, but you do all the same. If my cousin doesn't care for me herself, that's no reason why she should prevent——"

"Your cousin doesn't care for you because you don't care for her," Phillis returned, and her nervous little fingers were plucking the poor pansy's painted petals all to pieces. "Phillis told me she was very fond of you—once."

"I dare say! When she was a little dot of five years old, and I a young urchin of ten. But that is no reason why we should be condemned to marry each other."

"But Phillis would have refused you herself, if you had only asked her kindly." The sweet voice was trembling again, and Jack thought once more that this girl was wonderfully pretty, as she stood there

in her simple school-dress, looking at him with her blue, earnest eyes dilated in the twilight. "What she desired above everything, was to see you again, and have a talk about old times; and she meant to offer you a warm friendship and affection, instead of the old childish love which you despised."

"Why didn't the little goose write to me, then?" said Jack, who was beginning to feel very uncomfortable. "I'm sure I should have been willing enough to be friends."

"She waited a very long time for the least word from you, so that she might have the excuse of answering it."

"And I never wrote!" said Jack, ruefully running his hand through his hair. "By Jove! that comes of my habit of putting everything off till to-morrow."

Phillis drew a little nearer.

"The poor girl did not deserve to be so utterly neglected, now, did she?" she asked, softly.

"No, indeed! I acknowledge that; but——"

"She was so fond of you long ago—you don't know! Although she was the youngest, she was always the best-behaved, and she saved you from getting into many a scrape, and took many a scolding that belonged to you by right!"

"So she did!"

"When you broke your toys, she gave you hers, and when you had eaten all your cake up like a greedy boy, she gave you her share, too."

"So she did. She was a little brick!"

"If you were sick, she used to cry, and——"

"Dear little Phillis!" cried Jack, sincerely touched. "It is a shame not to see her again and make friends with her. After all, it can't blind me to anything."

"Of course not," assented Phillis, softly.

"And even if it did!" continued the young man, enthusiastically. "Now that I think of it, Phillis must have grown into a charming girl. I declare, I feel half in love with her already."

"Oh, you great goose, you!" laughed Jack's pretty cousin, clapping her hands in a burst of innocent triumph. "How about the white rabbit Uncle Meddett found in the library?"

"Phillis!" exclaimed Jack, wildly, and catching her in his arms. "Phillis, is it really you?"

And Phillis, covered with smiles and blushes, nodded her head and said: "It was about time to ask me, I think. Oh, Jack, Jack! Oh, you dreadful flirt!"

"I never was so happy in all my life!" that excitable hero answered, snatching a kiss in the dusky moonshine from the shrinking, laughing girl. "How pretty you have grown! Do you love me a little still, Phillis? When shall we be married? I know I don't deserve you, but I shall take the first train down to The Chase and—What's that?"

A bell rang out sharply on the perfumed air.

"That is for supper," said Phillis, hastily smoothing her hair with both hands, "and I must go."

"I wish you a good appetite!" cried Jack; and Phillis answered gayly:

"I wish you safe over the wall! Mind you don't hurt yourself!" she added, with a sudden thrill of tenderness that Jack thought inexpressibly delightful.

"Never fear!" he returned, beginning to climb the wall for the last time. "I'll take good care of your husband, you may be sure, dear."

But, as before, no sooner was he astride on the wall than the dog began to bark again, more angrily than ever.

"Oh, dear me!" said Phillis; "another dog!"

"No," said Jack, "it's the same old beast; I know the peculiar wag of his tail."

"Oh, do make him stop!" the girl cried, in an eager whisper, as lights were seen moving in the school-windows. "If any one should come!"

"My dear air," Jack began, addressing the dog with suave politeness, "a few minutes ago you were undoubtedly fulfilling your duty by kicking up a

deuce of a row; but at present, after what has just happened in that blessed old garden, you are only making a fool of yourself, I assure you.—He doesn't take the least notice," he observed, looking tenderly down at Phillis's pretty upturned face; "he is evidently a dog of very limited ideas. What's to be done? Ah!—happy thought! My macaroons! There you are, Cerberus!"

The young gentleman emptied his pockets of the various paper bags they contained and threw them down to the dog, who was immediately appeased.

"Good-night, my darling, and good-by, but only till to-morrow," whispered Jack, as he at last disappeared.

And Phillis, blowing a kiss from the tips of her happy little fingers, repeated with a smile: "Yes, only till to-morrow."

The Arrebol.

THE arrebol, one of the most surprising optical phenomena, is peculiar to the tropics, and, though differing in many respects from the redness of the evening sky, seems closely related to it; for the physical conditions under which both phenomena take place are virtually the same, viz.: a transparent atmosphere, moist with condensed aqueous vapors, a temperature lower than that of the preceding afternoon, and the position of the sun beneath the horizon.

The arrebol does not occur very often, and its general appearance is as follows: The sun has disappeared under the horizon, the tropical night has set in with its usual rapidity, and stars of the third and fourth magnitude become visible. Suddenly a weird, fantastic and extremely powerful light appears, and night is turned into day. The human eye is bewildered and overcome by the suddenness of the gleams of light hurled against it from all points of the western sky, and eagerly seeks a spot in the darker regions of the east on which to rest itself, and to render the transition more gradual. The light-fashes, and everything touched by them, seem to quiver and tremble. It is not white sunlight, but all the colors of the rainbow, which strike the observer's eye in quick succession. The vivid rays seem to flash from the branches and leaves of the trees down to the blades of grass on the ground, while varying through all colors, and then to skip from one blade to another. Dark red-blue, golden purple, olive-green and scarlet-red, interwoven with violet, alternate in multifarious, ever-changing flashes of wonderful rapidity. Gradually Nature's apparent excitement seems to subside, the floods of light show a less rapid succession, and the western sky, which has shone in a hazy or foglike medley of white, green and gold gleams of light, now becomes transparent, and sends forth a luminous flood, glowing in an orange or red *nuance*, which soon passes through all the intermediate hues between purple, scarlet and yellow. The landscape is lit up with a resplendent gold tinge, and looks as if viewed through a gold-colored glass. Opaque woods appear in a bluish-green shade; bushes in the foreground in a mixture of red and green; grassy plains in a greenish gold; stems of trees and house-tops in reddish yellow. One minute after, dusky shadows will lower themselves upon the enlivened scenery, descending in broad horizontal bands upon the woods and plains. This is the commencement of the end; the eastward slopes of acclivities wrap themselves in darkness, and soon these shadowed parts increase and envelop the flames of the burning sky, which are moldering down to a faded yellow, then to a watery-looking streak near the horizon, and this is finally dissolved into nothing.

Although this description of the tropical phenomenon might appear rather poetical, it is nevertheless much below the reality; for observers are unanimous in saying that the magnificence of the arrebol is far beyond the descriptive powers of pen or

pencil. Many of us are aware that the splendors of the *arrehbol*, as best observed from craggy, precipitous heights on Summer evenings, are also beyond description. One of the closest observers of the *arrehbol*, Burkard-Tesler, saw it on several successive evenings on the coast and in the wilds of Brazil, between the 26th and 29th parallel, when the sky had been previously cleared by strong dew-falls, rains or storms. The quivering or tremulous light-flashes commenced fifteen minutes after sunset, and lasted from eight to nine minutes, when the orange-red became visible for four minutes. A second *arrehbol* sometimes follows the first, about one hour after the setting of the sun; but Mr. Burkhardt only saw it between the first and last quarter of the moon. He afterwards removed from this sub-tropical region and settled in Bahia, whose southern latitude is twelve and a half degrees; he spent three years there, but never saw the *arrehbol*. This he ascribed to the exceeding dryness of the season, which was almost entirely deprived of rainfall. In its stead he sometimes perceived an ocean of diffused orange-colored light which covered the western sky, without any admixture of red, for seventy minutes after sunset. He supposes that the *arrehbol* and the ruddy evening sky are one and the same thing—the only difference being that the latter phenomenon does not attain its full development in our latitudes; both are dependent upon the daily changes of atmospheric transparency near the horizon, and in both the succession of the colors takes place in the same order as the exponent of light-refraction increases. But all this does not explain why the *arrehbol* appears so late after sunset, and why the second *arrehbol* is never observed before the sun has reached eighteen degrees beneath the horizon, which is the crepuscular limit. To solve this difficult problem, some have supposed, very unscientifically, that the *arrehbol* is of cosmical origin, and in some way connected with the zodiacal light. It would be certainly less out of place to compare it with the evening glow of the highest Alpine peaks, which the Germans call "*Alpengold-See*," and is generally followed by a weaker repetition or after-glance, long after sunset.

A Curious Custom.—It was the custom in Babylon, five hundred years before the Christian era, to have an annual auction of the unmarried ladies. In every year on a certain stated day, each district assembled all its virgins of marriageable age. The most beautiful were put up first, and the man who paid the highest gained possession of her. The second in personal charms followed her, and so on, so that bidders might gratify themselves with handsome wives, according to the length of their purses. There may yet remain in Babylon some for whom no money was offered, but the provident Babylonians managed that. When all the comely ones are sold, the criers order the most deformed one to stand up, and after demanding who will marry her for a small sum, she is adjudged to him who is satisfied with the least; and in this manner the money raised from the sale of the handsome, serves as a portion for those who are either of disagreeable looks, or that have any other imperfection.

A Useful Hint.—If a finger-ring becomes too tight to pass the joint of the finger, the finger should first be held in cold water to reduce any swelling or inflammation. Then wrap a rag, soaked in hot water, around the ring to expand the metal, and lastly soap the finger. A needle threaded with strong silk can then be passed between the ring and finger, and a person holding the two ends, and pulling the silk, while sliding it around the periphery of the ring, will readily remove the latter. Another method is to pass a piece of sewing-silk under the ring, and wind the thread in pretty close spirals closely around the finger to the end—that below the ring—and begin unwinding.

Seal-Hunting.

THE Greenland Esquimaux, whose ice-bound fatherland affords no food but berries, is obliged to look to the sea for his subsistence; and the seal plays as important a part in his humble existence as the reindeer among the Laplanders or the camel among the Bedouins of the desert. Its flesh and fat form his principal food; from its skin he makes his boat, his tent, his dress; from its sinews and bones, his thread and needles, his fishing-line and his bow-strings.

Thus on the frozen confines of the Polar Sea, as in many other parts of the world, we find the existence of man almost entirely depending upon that of a single class of animals. But the Bedouin who tends the patient dromedary, or the Laplander who feeds on the flesh and milk of the domesticated reindeer, enjoys an easy life when compared to the Esquimaux, who, to satisfy the cravings of his sharp appetite, is in all seasons obliged to brave all the perils of the Arctic Ocean. Sometimes he waits patiently for hours in the cold fog until a seal rises to the surface, or else he warily approaches a herd basking or sleeping on the ice-blocks—for the least noise awakens the watchful animals. Sometimes he has recourse to stratagem, covers himself with a sealskin, and, imitating the movements and gestures of the deceived phoece, introduces himself into the midst of the unsuspecting troop.

We read in the "*Odyssey*" how the "dark-featured hero," Menelaus, designed to conceal his royal limbs under a fresh sealskin in order to surprise Proteus, the infallible seer; and what sufferings his olfactory organs underwent from the

"Unsavory stench of oil and brackish ooze,"

until the fair sea-nymph Eidothea, whom the gallant chief implored in his distress,

"With nectar'd drops the sickening sense restor'd."

Fortunately for the Esquimaux, his nose is less sensitive than that of the son of Atreus, and, without ambrosia, he willingly dons a disguise which affords his unsophisticated taste the pleasure of a theatrical entertainment combined with the profit of a savory prize. Physical strength, dexterity, caution, quickness of eye and acuteness of hearing are the indispensable qualities of the Esquimaux, and require to be exercised and developed from his tenderest years.

The boy of fifteen must be as perfect a seal-catcher as his father, and be able to make all the instruments necessary for the chase. In those inhospitable regions every one is obliged to rely upon himself alone; there, where all the powers of the body and mind are tasked to the utmost for the mere sustenance of life, weakness and want of dexterity must inevitably succumb.

Besides the savages of the North, the civilized nations also give chase to the seals, or, rather, wage a barbarous war of extermination against these helpless creatures. On the Labrador coast and some parts of the Pacific there are spots well-known as resorts of the seal, and seal-shooting here partakes more of the nature of genuine sport. The seal-hunter must be well and warmly clad, and have no part of his dress liable to flutter in the wind, as the seals have grown very shy, and easily take alarm. The hunters prostrate themselves on the beach, within range of the rocks frequented by the seals, and wait silently for them to appear and present a fair shot. When the weather is cold and the air from the sea keen, it requires nerve, patience and endurance; but the game is worth it. When a good shot can be had, the rifle does the work, and the light boat kept close at hand is at once pushed out to secure the prize. Then that spot is left for a time, till the frightened creatures, reassured by the silence around, return to their haunt and again offer a mark to man's destructive missiles.



THE LOST GUINEA.—“WE SPENT THE NEXT HALF-HOUR IN FULLY DISCUSSING THE PROS AND CONS, SHE, MEANWHILE, PLAYING WITH THE GUINEA, TWIRLING IT ON THE BACK OF MY HAND-GLASS AND WATCHING IT IN THE LOOKING-GLASS; I STEPPING THIS WAY AND THAT WITH MY SKIRTS PULLED UP FROM MY ANKLES, ADMIRING MY BOOTS

The Lost Guinea.

“I HAVE often wondered,” said Mrs. Primrose to her neighbor, Mrs. Wingood, into whose house she had brought her sewing for a morning chat, “what you keep so carefully put away in that inlaid rose-wood box.”

“Have you? Well, I would just as lief show you the treasure as not; in fact, rather.”

“Do, please. Why, is that all?”

“That is all.”

“Now I am more curious than ever. Is it a relic?”

“Yes, a relic; and it serves also as a reminder to help me to correct a certain bad habit of mine.”

“You speak mystically.”

“Do I? Would you like to hear the story of this bit of merocco?”

“Yes, by all means, if you would kindly tell it.”

“Very well, then:

When my brother George returned from Paris, some years ago, he brought me a pair of the prettiest kid-boots that ever adorned the feet of an American girl. Ah! but they were beauties! and just what I needed, too, for the afternoon promenade on the avenue.

How the girls did envy me! especially Belle Raymond, who thought that “Cousin George might have given her a pair of boots, instead of only

gloves”—which I noticed she seemed quite willing to accept—“for, although they were the daintiest, nicest-fitting little gloves in the world, some *almost* as good could be got in New York; but nowhere outside of Paris could such a pair of boots be found.”

In vain did I remind her that “a lover is not so apt to know exactly what one would like as a brother. Besides, had I not said boots, sung boots, and written French boots, from the day George announced his intention of spending his vacations in Europe till he set sail for home again, that I had even sent him the size I wore of Jeffrey’s make! So, you see, he could not very well come home without them. I dare say, had I been less persevering, the boots would not have been forthcoming.”

When I saw how dissatisfied Belle was with the gloves, I proposed an exchange of the boots for a gold coin she wore on her watch-chain. She at once accepted the offer—detaching the coin and laying it on my dressing-table, before which she stood, alternately looking at herself in the glass and watching me, as I fitted on the boots.

Now, this bit of gold was very dear to her, I knew, for it had been George’s gift one Christmas long ago, before they were engaged. On it were his initials neatly cut with his own boyish hand. Besides this, it was an old-fashioned guinea that had traveled far and had quite a history of its own.

I was not surprised when, a moment after she un-

fastened it, Belle took up the trinket again, saying: "No, I can't part with it, even for the boots; and yet I should so like to have them!"

We spent the next half-hour in fully discussing the *pros* and *cons*, she, meanwhile, playing with the guinea, twirling it on the back of my hand-glass and watching it in the looking-glass; I, stepping this way and that with my skirts pulled up from my ankles, admiring my boots.

At last we agreed to leave the matter till evening, when papa would be at home, and get him to settle it for us. Just then a servant came to say that Mr. Wingood was down-stairs, and had asked for the ladies.

"That means me, too," said Belle, all in a twitter, snatching up the glass to take a look at her *chignon*; while I hastily draw the boots toward me, quickly push the cork-soles into them, without which they are just a trifle large for me, placing them in the wardrobe with one hand while I take down from its hook my prettiest dotted Swiss morning-dress with the other.

Mr. Wingood was not at that early stage of our acquaintance a very great favorite of mine; and yet I always found myself taking the greatest care to be well and neatly dressed whenever there was the least chance of my seeing him. For his opinions on general topics I had no undue regard; but I feared his criticism in the matter of dress. So, as a matter of course, I was a very long time in following Belle to the parlor. Being some years older than myself, and having lived in our family since childhood, and her engagement to my brother being generally known, it devolved upon her to play the part of elder sister and chaperon to me.

I had been but a few minutes in the room when the subject of my brother's return came up, that led to the presents he brought for each. Of course, the boots were touched upon. Why Belle should have mentioned them at all was a matter of some wonder to me. However, on she rattled till out came the whole story, and the contemplated exchange: "And what did he think of it? Would he give a genuine old English guinea for a pair of French boots, even if they were ever so pretty?"

"He could not tell, but if he saw the boots and the coin, he *might* be able to give judgment."

I refused to produce the boots, but said he might see the guinea, as Belle had it in her pocket.

Belle looked surprised at this assertion; she was, however, too well bred to contradict me; so, obediently, put her hand into her pocket, only to draw it out again minus the coin.

"What made you think I had it?" she said.

"Because, when I looked for it after you came down, not deeming it safe to leave temptation in the way of a new, untied servant, it was gone, so I supposed you had taken it."

There was nothing more said at the time, but when our visitor had taken leave, we both set ourselves vigorously to work to find the missing treasure.

We ransacked every nook and corner of my room; we searched every cranny in Belle's room, whither she had flown to run her dressing-comb through her crimps, that would have been spoiled by the unaccustomed touch of mine. We took counsel of mamma, who kindly came to our aid with every kind of suggestion that could, even in the remotest degree, throw light on the mystery; but all was vain. The guinea never was seen from that day. Belle declared the last she saw of it was when she threw it down and caught up the hand-glass to see that her *chignon* was properly fastened on. She saw it roll off the glass, but not hearing it fall, thought it safe on the table, and so let it pass out of her mind, in the hurry to get down and have a few words with Mr. Wingood before I should come.

I felt equally certain that she *must* have seen it after that, for it was missing when I looked for it a few minutes later.

So we "agreed to disagree."

In course of time an unpleasant feeling sprang up between us on this subject; then, by mutual consent, it was dropped. I never knew what was in my cousin's mind toward me, but I had a clearly defined suspicion that she knew quite well what became of the guinea, and, to serve some purpose of her own, kept the knowledge to herself. I could see no other explanation, as I had been careful to lock the door of my room before going down-stairs, lest by any chance she might not have taken the guinea, and fearing to leave a temptation in the way of the servant, in whom we did not feel perfect confidence.

My mother was both grieved and surprised when one day, as we sat quietly at work together, I admitted my suspicion of Belle, and of course took me roundly to task for my want of charity. All her remonstrances to the contrary, I still persisted in believing her guilty.

What possible motive she could have for such an act I could not understand. That which at first was but a faint foreshadowing of an unpleasant feeling came at last to end in a settled distrust.

Then came an open rupture, in which Belle and I used some rather rude expressions to each other.

In the course of the discussion I boldly accused her of having hid the guinea for some wicked purpose of her own—perhaps to delude George into the belief that I had taken it, in order to mar his brotherly confidence, which I had long been aware was a source of much trouble to her. My cousin seemed dreadfully shocked when, in a violent tone and manner, I made this accusation. Turning very pale, she left the room without another word.

The next day Belle asked permission to pay a visit to her stepmother, from whom she had been taken by my mother at her father's death while yet quite a child.

Mamma was surprised, very naturally, for this was the first time in all these years that she had manifested the least desire to visit her stepmother. She of course would not deny the request, but rather rejoiced at the prospect of a better state of feeling between them.

In a few days she left us. We bade her good-by: mamma, with a fond, affectionate reluctance; I, with a warmth, I fear, she too well understood; George, with a clinging unwillingness, as if he had a sort of presentiment she might never come back again.

Papa's last words were, "Come home soon, my girl; we cannot spare you."

Lightly she waved her hand from the carriage as we stood together on the veranda. And that was the last we ever saw of Belle Raymond.

A short time afterward she sailed for England, from whence she wrote to George, asking to be released from her engagement to him, declining to give any reasons, merely stating that she could no longer entertain the thought of being his wife.

My brother was inconsolable. He sprang frantically from this conjecture to the other, never seeming to arrive at any solid conclusion. I was painfully conscious that he in some way mixed me up with his trouble, but he never gave me an opportunity to vindicate myself, or by any chance to withdraw from the uncomfortable dilemma.

The stepmother, having married again, went with her husband to Australia. They took Belle with them; whether by her own request, or as a matter of convenience, that she might act the elder sister and preceptress to the younger children, we could not give even a guess. But the cold, bare fact that she was gone from us was there, staring us in the face every day of our lives.

I could not rid myself of an unpleasant fear that she had been driven to seek a home with these people, to whom she did not belong so much as to us, by my unkind suspicion. Still, I never for a moment relented, or sought other explanation of the mystery of the missing guinea than the one that

first suggested itself to me on the day we searched together for it so earnestly.

Two years passed away without further word from Belle. I was beginning to cherish a hope that George had partially forgotten his disappointment, and that perhaps, like myself, he was harboring a secret longing that must in the end bring her, when one day there came a Melbourne paper, announcing the marriage of "Hugh Bramley, Esq., barrister, to Isabella Raymond, adopted daughter of James Armstrong, Esq., all of Melbourne."

We were grieved and sadly disappointed. Since the morning Belle left us, we had never ceased to look for her return. The residence in a far distant land was no barrier to our hope.

But now she was for ever lost to us; and it was just here that I realized fully—now, when the last shred was snapped—the great evil that had been permitted to shed its baneful influence over our lives, darkening and embittering them.

My brother sank gradually into a sort of morose melancholy, refused society, lived quite to himself, and became altogether one of the crustiest and most forbidding of young-old bachelors.

But for my engagement with Mr. Wingood I should have moped to death in those days. Even the preparations for my approaching marriage were robbed of their interest and brightness by the certain knowledge I was the cause of Belle's absence from our fireside. A certain something in my father's voice when he referred—as he very frequently did—to the "days when Belle was at home," showed that the sweet remembrance of her former presence by his side was embittered by the unwelcome truth that she never could be to him again as of old. She was to have been his daughter—his "very own" child. He at least did not believe her guilty.

That my cousin Belle should act as my bridesmaid had been a pet wish of mine, providing, of course, I should be married ere George carried her off to the cottage on the hill, which he had planned with such care, taking me into his confidence even long before he dared extend the honor to Belle. Now I must be married without her, and, worst of all, by my own fault, too.

When the twinges of remorse bore heavily upon me—as often they did—I still fell back upon the old question, and so soothed my conscience:

"If Belle did not take the guinea, where did it go?"

At last came my wedding-day.

All that morning my absent cousin had been in my mind; do what I might to banish her, she still would rise up before me, as if on that day, at least, she had a perfect right to claim the justice so long denied her. It came, though in a way most unexpected. The breakfast—which had been rather a grand affair—was over; the guests were gone, all but the few intimate friends and my bridesmaids, who remained to see us off.

While the girls were assisting me in preparing for the journey, my brother amused himself and some of the friends in getting together all the old shoes he could find, to throw after us—among them my old French boots.

No sooner had the horses started, than thud, thud, came boots, shoes and slippers, one, two, three at a time. One, striking the coachman on the shoulder, tumbled into my lap, to be quickly picked up by my husband. He was about to pitch it out as I caught sight of it, and, reaching out my hand, begged to take it with me, as it was an old friend.

"Have you very pleasant associations with it?" asked he, in just the very faintest tone of pique.

"Yes, the very dearest; for I have walked miles and miles with you in these boots; and have I not stated in them, even danced in them to please you? Do you remember the night we were snowed in at Belleville, when Alfred Gay and Minnie Wright challenged us to keep the floor as long as they?"

"Ah, yes! and I danced in my cowhide."

"And what other agreeable recollections have you in connection with these old friends? Many, perhaps, in which I take no part?"

"No, I can scarcely say that there is any part of their history in which you are not mixed up; even while I was trying them on the first time, you came between me and a very good bargain I was making with my cousin Belle."

"Ah! how was that?"

"Why, you see she thought that George showed partiality in giving me the boots, while he brought her only a pair of gloves. When I saw her so dissatisfied, I proposed giving them to her for an old guinea she wore as a trinket, a keepsake of George's. We were in the midst of bargaining when you were announced. Belle asked your advice, which you, as I thought, very ungenerously refused till you could see the articles in question. I refused to bring the boots—quite properly, I think—do not you?"

"Yes, possibly. But there can be no objection to my looking at this one now. You have interested me in it. Poor old thing, how battered and shabby it is, to be sure!"

"There is no denying that it has seen its brightest days. Let us keep it, just for the old times' sake, you know," I said, coaxingly.

"Very well. But tell me why you did not conclude the bargain with your cousin?"

"Oh, because the guinea was lost that day in our haste to come down to you, and the matter ended there."

"Did it end there?"

"What a strange question! Of course it did—what do you mean?" I asked, feeling suddenly guilty and confused, as the whole story rose up before me.

"Had this anything to do with your cousin's visit to her stepmother, from which, as I have often heard you lament, she never returned?"

"I fear it had, for she and I said sharp words to each other one day; and in my anger I accused her of knowing what became of the guinea."

"Did it ever occur to you that you might have done her just the smallest bit of injustice?"

"Yes, it frequently has; but my first impression has always come up again as the only solution of the whole affair."

"What sort of inner arrangement is this?" asked he, pulling from its bed the inner sole.

"A cork sole. Did you never see one?"

"Yes, often, but wondered to see it in a thin boot like this. How long have you worn it?"

"Ever since the boots were new. They were rather large without the soles. So I never took them out; especially as having them in enabled me to wear them at all seasons, and for every purpose, as I have already intimated."

"What are you looking for?" said I, seeing him grope about on the carriage-floor.

"I thought something dropped."

"Probably the tongue of the boot," I suggested.

"Perhaps the old guinea," said my husband, with a quiet little chuckle.

"No hope of that." The words were scarcely escaped my lips, ere he reached his hand toward me, and there in the broad open palm lay the guinea. It had dropped from the boot, where it had lain under the inner sole ever since the day it must have rolled off my dressing-table into the boot, as it stood just in front of it.

And I have done my cousin this great, great wrong, that all the years of my life spent in penitential sorrow cannot undo, or even palliate.

It was a Connecticut Editor who wrote, "Is there a balm in Gilead?" and read next day, "Is there a barn in Guilford?"

In the Candle.

CHAPTER I.—MILDRED'S SECRET.

JOHN ELLERTON had returned from Texas very brown and big, very rough—though very gentle, too—altogether very handsome, and undeniably rich. Report—which generally magnifies things already great, and *vice versa*—said John had sold out a stock of cattle numbering pretty well on to a quarter of a million. However true this may have been, it was at least certain that he possessed a very large fortune, that he had come North to invest it, and that it was his immediate intention to marry that beautiful young lady, Miss Mildred Landon.

Mildred was an orphan, and lived with John's family. Out of his earnings on the dreary cattle-ranges he had, as time went on, done a great many generous things. For instance, he had bought, through his lawyers, that splendid old farm and mansion known as "Seaford's Division," as a home for the old folks and his sister Emma, and also, during a little while, for Mildred. He had also sent Mildred to the great young ladies' boarding academy near New York, whence she had returned but a brief while since, thoroughly "finished." And, now, here was big old John himself at home once more, and impatient for the wedding.

The three figures on the smooth lawn, casting long shadows in the sunlight, are Mildred, Emma and John. John, in the middle, is talking the greatest nonsense imaginable, and the two young ladies are laughing very much; and altogether the picture is as pretty as can be.

"There is just this one thing about it," says John, summing up; "you don't care a pin for any man alive but me, do you, Mildred? Now, that's an unspeakable comfort! Somehow or other, I should feel desperately miserable if I were going to marry a girl who had once loved somebody else. First love for me, or none!"

"But," says Emma, "a flirtation wouldn't count?"

"Oh, yes, it would!" he corrects, gravely.

"There is sometimes a good deal more real love in a flirtation than people imagine—even the flirts themselves. But this is no matter in our case, because I have never cared for any one but Mildred, and she has never cared for any one but me. By-the-way," he said, stopping suddenly and taking out his watch, "what time is it? Ten o'clock and nineteen minutes. My friend Harcourt will be here somewhere in the neighbourhood of eleven, and I must get my papers in order. More business, you see, girls; and you can't think how I do hate it!"

"Mr. Harcourt is some dry old nut of a lawyer, isn't he, John?" asked Emma.

"No, indeed, sis—quite the contrary. He is a dashing New Yorker, and I should think rather a catch, if he be not already married. He is the president of the Samoset and Conawanga Mining Company, and comes to me with shares for investment. I shouldn't wonder if I were to put a good deal of money in the thing; it seems to be an immense—a speculation."

"But is it safe?"

"Safe! Oh, safe as the Bank of England, I should fancy. Harcourt seems to have enormous confidence in it."

"Have you met him often?"

"Only once, and that was in his New York office. He was very busy, and hadn't time to talk much. It seems there's an immense run upon the shares, but he very kindly consented to give me a chance if I wished to invest. And so good-by, girls, for a little while," said John, hurriedly. "I shall see you again when Harcourt has gone."

Whistling to his big black dog, he strode away toward the house with the tread of a giant. Mildred Landon looked pale and perplexed. Emma noticed it.

"What is the matter, Mildred?" she asked. "You are very quiet!"

Mildred took her hand. "Emma, I have a secret from your brother; to keep it longer would kill me!"

"A secret!" cried the other young lady, amazed.

"Yes; and I must confide it, for it seems to burn my bosom like a ball of fire there. Let us sit under that tree, and I will tell you what a wretch I am."

Emma was evidently frightened. Both made their way to a great oak, nearer the house, and sat side by side on the little bench that ran round the lustrous trunk.

"Your brother has been everything to me," said Miss Landon; "I was poor and friendless, and what I might have come to but for him I dare not think. A little while ago he said he felt so glad because I had never loved, never even flirted with any man—that I had always been his alone! You will never know how those words smote me!"

"Why, you never loved anybody but John, did you, Mildred?" exclaimed Emma, astounded.

"No—but please listen. When I was at Madame L'Amour's academy in New York, we were at times allowed (by special permission) to walk out. One snowy day I obtained this leave, and, with a school-mate, went out to make some little purchases—such things as schoolgirls buy—candies, etc. I slipped on the ice and hurt my foot. A young man came to my assistance—the handsomest man I ever saw, not excepting John. He was more than agreeable—fascinating, delightful! We were very soon well acquainted. I and my friend remained in his company at least an hour, and he attended us back to our—our prison, as I fear we then thought it. He passed the place for several days in succession, and we exchanged signals; and then I contrived to meet him again. This went on for some time, and finally he began to write me love-letters. At first I did not answer them, but he seemed so distressed, that, in a weak moment, I sent him a single letter in return. I would have given worlds to have it back after it had gone, but that was not to be. You can imagine what kind of a letter it was—more ardent even than the most impassioned of his own. Our correspondence was discovered; I learned the cruel but natural truth that I had been writing to a person who was trifling with me—who had not even given me his real name. I had known him as Mr. Victor Thornleigh, but he was not so known to his friends. I was cured, and had no desire to see him again; but the fatal truth still remained that he had my unhappy letter. Now, Emma, you know all, and you see what an unworthy creature I am!"

She hid her face for a moment on her friend's shoulder. They were both roused by a footstep. Looking up, they saw a gentleman approaching—dark, slender, the quintessence of manly grace and beauty.

"Ladies," he said, lifting his hat, "I fear I have lost my way. Is this Mr. John Ellerton's place?"

He caught sight of Mildred Landon's ghastly face and fixed stare of horror and astonishment. For a second he was plumped. Then a light broke over his own exquisitely chiseled features, and he smiled.

"Miss Landon, I believe," he said. "Surely she has not forgotten her old friend, Mr. Harcourt?" he added, with a very meaning accentuation upon the name.

Mildred could not yet speak. In Mr. Harcourt she recognized the man she had once known as Victor Thornleigh, and to whom she had written that fatal love-letter.

CHAPTER II.—A PROPOSITION.

SHE recovered herself, and introduced Miss Ellerton to the stranger. After a little chat, he again begged to be directed upon his way, and, having obtained the information he desired, he bowed once more, with a very odd look at Mildred, and sauntered toward the house.

Emma had understood from the first moment,

She was frightened, but Mildred, on the contrary, was now quite self-possessed.

"Milly," said Emma, "that is Mr. Thornleigh. I know it."

"Yes. How strange that he should come here at such a moment!" replied the young lady, thoughtfully. "What will be the end of it?"

"You are afraid of him, darling?"

"I don't know—but I think not," she replied, still dreamily, looking on, perhaps, through the future which a moment ago was so bright and sunny, and now had become suddenly so dark and sinister. "What motive could he have for injuring me?"

"John loves you, Milly. He would not listen to a word against you."

"He loves me because he has confidence in me. Take away that, and he would despise me—for you know, Emma, I have been so false to him. Oh, if I had never written that dreadful letter!" she moaned, clasping her hands in acute distress.

"Don't be afraid, dear. It is destroyed long ago. I dare say the young man has had thousands like it," said Emma, wisely; "and he would never think of keeping such foolish records."

"But he has kept mine; I am sure of it."

"Well, let us go to the house and see what he is doing. You remain outside, and I shall just run upstairs to John's study and peep—and I don't care whether it's dishonorable or not!"

Mildred protested, but without avail. She presently found herself alone by the little gate of the front garden. The uncertainty was agonizing. "The unknown," says some one, "is the most dangerous and the most feared." Had this Mr. Harcourt mentioned his secret at once, or was he waiting to use it in some way?

"My sweet friend, how enraptured I am to meet you again!"

He was suddenly there again at her side. She did not even turn to look at him.

"I have seen our friend, Mr. Ellerton," he continued. "Has he told you that I was to see him about a business matter? He gave me a great surprise, Mildred. I suppose you guess its nature."

"Why should you address me so familiarly, sir?" she said, now turning and looking courageously into his smiling and handsome, though rather wicked, face. "What occurred between us once is over now. I was a foolish schoolgirl then, but I am a woman now."

"And a beautiful woman, too!" he replied. "Mr. Ellerton is to marry you, I understand. I congratulated him upon his good taste, though I felt a twinge of envy, too. I took care, however, to state that I had met you quite as a stranger in the grounds, and did not mention a word about any previous episode. You have forgotten your old love altogether, haven't you?"

"I remember my folly but too well."

"Folly! Now, that is cruel—too cruel. Once you wrote me, 'My love for you is my life! I should die if I thought you did not love me as deeply in return. I am yours, to do with as you please. I will even leave this dungeon and forsake everything at one word, Victor, from the lips I so madly love.' How well I remember those lines! And now you call that wild passion 'folly'!"

"You still have the letter?" she asked, quickly.

"I shall part with it only with my existence!" he replied, wondering at the same time whether he really had it or not.

In the course of a wide career of gallantry it is necessary to destroy one's letters sometimes, to prevent uncomfortable accumulation. Mr. Harcourt could not quite recollect whether he had burned Mildred's, or whether it was still among that charming collection of feminine missives in the corner of the little valise which the servant had recently taken to the room he was to occupy during his visit. He assumed, however, that he had it.

"Oh, sir, if you have a heart," she entreated,

"pity me, and return me that miserable record of my deceit and madness! Mr. Ellerton has told you that I am to marry him. What would he do, did he but know how wicked I have been? Give me back the letter, Victor—I will call you by the old name—for the sake of the old time. I was only a foolish girl, and I thought I loved you. Have mercy—have mercy!" she sobbed.

"There—there! Don't cry, Mildred. I don't wish to injure you," he replied, more gravely. "I came here on a matter of business; not to interfere with any matrimonial arrangements whatsoever. A thought has just struck me. You can do me a great service if you will."

He was looking at her very sharply and shrewdly now.

"A service?"

"Yes! I am president of the 'Samoset and Conawanga Mining Co.' Your affianced husband is a rich man with a great deal of loose money which he wishes to invest. I want him to take some of the shares I have for sale, and you are the very person to effect the arrangement. A word from you and the bargain is made."

"But he should be able to judge for himself."

"Yes; but—hem!—he is suspicious. He is, in fact, a little afraid. I left him thinking over the matter a while ago, and the more he reflected the more disinclined he seemed to invest."

"Are the shares valuable? You should have been able to prove that, if they are so, in five minutes."

Mr. Harcourt smiled in spite of himself.

"I gave him the maps, and an arithmetic full of figures, and all that; but somehow he did not nibble hungrily, as we call it, and I'm afraid, without some fresh device, he won't bite at all."

"I see, sir—this is a swindle?"

"Nonsense! It is a speculation, some hazard, like all others; but not absolutely a swindle; Mildred, dear. If he should lose a few thousands, the experience would be worth the money."

At this point a person came upon the piazza but a few yards away. It was John Ellerton. At sight of his new friend, Harcourt engaged in such close conversation with Mildred, he stopped short, dumb-founded. He listened.

"You can aid me, Mildred, darling," continued the unconscious president of that airy fabric, the Mining Company. "I'm awfully hard-up, and must have some money, and I don't care particularly whose it is or how I get it."

John heard this speech in full. It was a revelation. He saw Harcourt's exact character—a swindler, come here to deliberately rob him. But that was nothing. It hardly made an impression upon his mind. He heard the woman who was to be his wife soon addressed as "Mildred, darling," by this scamp—apparently a co-conspirator! He was almost stunned. Like a man in a dream he turned and softly made his way back into the house, to sit down and recover some part of his senses.

"Now," said Harcourt, "induce Allerton to invest, and never a word of our flirtation shall he hear from me. The letter shall be returned; and the whole past sponged out. I must go to him now—and so think over it, and when you make up your mind just let me know. Be a friend to me, and I'll be to you the best friend you ever had, for I'll save you from ruinous exposure!"

CHAPTER III.—THE FATAL LETTER.

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"We shall discuss our business later," Harcourt,

he remarked, "I must do a bit more thinking. I've glanced over the figures there. They confuse me a little, but I never was much at arithmetic. One can't be deceived by figures, I suppose."

"Except the female figure, which is sometimes a deception," replied Mr. Harcourt, pleasantly. "But take your own time. There's, of course, an immense rush for shares in this thing; but I am so certain you will interest, that I shall hold the opportunity open for your convenience."

"Thank you," said John, a little dryly.

Dinner passed off pleasantly, and at this meal Mr. Harcourt and the young ladies were formally introduced. The gentleman acted his part very well, but Mildred not so well. John, however, seemed to notice nothing out of the way, and she was glad, indeed, when the repast was done.

After tea Mr. Harcourt had some letters to write. He was shown to his room and provided with two candles in handsome silver sticks, and left to himself. Once alone, he threw himself into a chair and enjoyed a long fit of suppressed laughter. This over, he went to his valise and unpacked it, and found, after a short search, a packet of letters. Shuffling these, his eye lighted upon a dainty pink envelope, which he instantly plucked from the rest, in a chuckling triumph, and then tossed the others back whence they had come. And now, with a shy smile, he proceeded to read this composition from beginning to end. It was Mildred's love-letter.

He had just finished, when there came a tap at the door. He glanced at his watch. It was half-past nine o'clock—almost too late for John to have come on business. Nor was the visitor John, as the next moment proved, for he admitted Mildred London.

"What a surprise, and what an honor!" he exclaimed. "You have come to me with your answer, Mildred—is it not so?"

"Yes; and you know at what risk; but I could not sleep this night and leave my answer in doubt. I decline to aid you, Mr. Harcourt, in your infamous scheme—decline most positively."

"Decline! You seem to forget *this* little affair," and rather forcibly he spread her letter open on the desk.

"No. I am prepared for the worst. You may show it to Mr. Ellerton. I cannot bear the burden of secrecy any longer."

"It will be a dreadful shock to him—more terrible than the loss of whatever money he might invest in my mining scheme. If you love him, you will spare him that shock."

"I deceived him once, and I see what it has cost me. I shall never deceive him again."

"You will not use your influence, then, to induce him to invest in the shares?"

"Deliberately aid you to rob him? Never!"

"Very well, my lady. He has only to read this letter—and he shall read it, by heaven! Not to-night—no! You may change your mind—all women do—and so I shall wait until this time to-morrow. A long respite, you see—take care you employ it well."

There was a knock at the door, sharp and characteristic. They both recognised it. Mildred turned pale, and even Harcourt looked disconcerted.

"It is Ellerton," he said, softly.

"He will find me here! What shall I do? How fate seems to close around and enmesh me!"

She was nearly distracted. Harcourt suddenly opened the other door leading into his bedchamber. She drew back, but with his finger warningly on his lips he pushed her in, and closed the door again. Then, with a dark smile, he said aloud:

"Open locks whoever knocks! Ah, Ellerton, I was just thinking of you, old fellow! Sit down. By-the-way, I've some jolly brandy in my valise—try a little."

John was cool and quiet as usual, and he declined. As he entered, he had seen something on

the floor—a small lace handkerchief; but he did not betray his knowledge of this important fact just yet. He merely seated himself, and crossed his legs.

"Well, Mr. Harcourt, I've made up my mind about investing in the mining shares, at last, I believe."

"I knew you would soon come to a conclusion!" cried Harcourt, surprised and delighted. "I was well aware that you were too shrewd a man to let a chance like this pass. I have been giving you plenty of time, because I foresaw exactly what you would do in the end. And now the question is, old fellow, how many shares will you take?"

"Yes, old fellow," said John, gravely as possible, "that is the question; and the answer is, that I shall take—none."

"Eh? What? What do you mean? I don't understand you!" replied Harcourt, astonished.

"None! There's such a rush, you know, for shares, that you can dispose of them very easily. You say everybody is frantic to get them. I waive my claim. Let everybody pitch in."

"This is odd conduct, Mr. Ellerton, to detain me down here, when business is so pressing, leading me to believe—"

"Pardon me. I have not detained you, and I never led you to believe anything that was not true, except, perhaps, that I was a greenhorn," said John.

"I believe the law would give me damages for this. I do, by Jove!" cried Harcourt, in high wrath.

"Try the law, Mr. Harcourt. Perhaps that's a game both might play at. You have been having a tolerably pleasant visit, I think—at no loss for agreeable society, even at this time of night. I perceive a lady has lately called upon you."

John suddenly snatched the handkerchief. In the corner was Mildred's name.

Harcourt sprang to his feet. He could not tell what might occur next, and it is the rule of gentlemen of his stamp to be prepared always for emergencies. Perhaps he was beginning to be a little afraid of the greenhorn he had caught.

"Yes," continued John, "pleasant society, as I well know. There are few handsomer girls than my affianced wife, Miss London. I see, too, that she has written you a letter!"

The next instant the fatal letter was in his hands! He had plucked it from the desk.

"Give me back that letter!" cried Harcourt, imperiously, stepping back, a phosphoric rage in his dangerous eyes.

"Neither the letter nor the handkerchief, Mr. Harcourt."

"Then, you scoundrel, take the consequences. I owe you one for my disappointment, and I shall pay my debt if I hang for it."

From his coat, Harcourt drew a pistol, and at the instant he fired there was a shriek—a figure passed between the bullet and its deadly aim—something white and quiet lay in John's brawny arms.

He had dropped the handkerchief and the letter. He only knew one thing now—that Mildred London was wounded—that she had received the bullet intended for him.

Some one else entered—Emma, pale and frightened. Even horrified as she was, she understood something of the situation. She stooped, and secured the fatal letter!

Harcourt stood back in dismal fright. He saw to what a length his temper had led him—and he had failed of his object after all! John Ellerton was still unhurt.

CHAPTER IV.—IN THE CANDLE.

UPON this picture there was a moment of dreary silence.

"I am afraid you are seriously hurt, Mildred," said John.

"No," she said, standing erect, after a slight effort; "only much shocked—and I think the pistol-ball must have grazed my ear, for it stings, and—"

He examined quickly. There was, indeed, a small flesh wound there—happily, only a scratch. She was uninjured otherwise.

The pallor instantly left Harcourt's face, and his self-possession returned. Things were not quite so bad as he had feared.

"I congratulate you, Miss Landon, on your escape," he said. "I should never have forgiven myself had I injured you. I suppose, Mr. John Ellerton, you have no objection to my taking leave of you, late as the hour is. If I have been a little in fault, owing to a hasty temper, remember that you gave me great provocation. Let us cry quits and not trouble each other with intercourse in future."

John laughed—perhaps a little unpleasantly.

"I knew you were a cool one, Mr. Harcourt, but had no idea that your temperature was so perfectly Arctic. You shall not go—just yet. Mildred, to-day I overheard an interview between you and this gentleman. He addressed you as his darling, and gave you some information of his intention to rob me by means of those mining-shares—am I right?"

"Yes, John," she murmured, sinking into a chair.

"Then you had known Mr. Harcourt before his visit of to-day?"

"I became acquainted with him by accident while I was at boarding-school. He was arful and silly, and it was the old story. I thought I loved him. I am unworthy of you, John, and I confess all."

"You wrote him a letter at that time?"

"Yes."

"My sister has the letter in her hand," continued John. "Mildred, I share the usual lot of men who trust women blindly—it is nothing strange—I have only been deceived." He was speaking very gently, but so coldly that he was not like himself. "I denied myself many a comfort—many a necessity, Mildred, to send you to that school. I thought the ripe fruit that I should one day pluck would be sweet to my lips—not bitterness and ashes."

"I deserve these reproaches, John. You have only to read that letter. It will give you dreadful pain, but you will see what I am. I do not ask for mercy—I merit none."

"To read that letter is to end for ever all between us. I am only a man; but, like a ship on the lonely deep, I guide my course by a single star—my honor. Sister, give me the letter."

"Never, John!" cried Emma, bursting into great sobs. "You sha'n't read it. It's not your property."

"It is my property," said Harcourt.

"Emma, in a crisis like this, where should your duty lie but toward me?" said John Ellerton, still calmly but earnestly. "I have been more than a brother to you—be, at least, a sister to me."

"I won't!" she replied, choking and sobbing and stamping her pretty foot. "I intend to burn the vile thing. Oh, you wretch!" she said, shaking a tiny fist at Harcourt, "you are the cause of all this! I do wish I was a man—wouldn't I pay you for it!" Harcourt pulled his mustache, amused.

"Emma, give the letter to me," said Mildred, starting up.

"Well, I'll give it to you, darling, because nobody else has any right to it," said the young lady, surrendering it; "and take my advice, Mildred: never write another as long as you live—never have anything to do with a man—and, as for love—ugh! don't ever talk to me of love again. I hate the very name."

"John, you may read the letter," said Mildred Landon, transferring it to him. "I can bear the worst now."

He took the letter, and gazed sadly at it for a moment. Not many words on those two pages, and

yet a deadly record. Her name was at the end—the awful signature to a death-warrant!

There was a gloomy pause, and they all stood watching him—Mildred nerved for the inevitable, Emma white and frightened, Harcourt smiling sarcastically and pulling at his mustache.

"The room is dim," said John Ellerton. "More light."

He went over to one of the candles. At the blaze he held the letter. In a little while it had perished.

"Mildred!" he said, turning to her, the old gentleness on his comely face, "we are none of us too wise in this world, none of us exempt from folly. I expected perfection and have not found it; but the lesson is golden. I love you, my girl, and meant all things I have for you. They are yours still—first of all, my darling, forgiveness."

Her head was upon his shoulder now, and there was nothing more to stand between them henceforth. It was a happy moment—one of those moments so rare in this poor life—and those two stood for that little while in the blessed sunshine of the other life, where peace and reconciliation gild the happiness of every day. And now, for ever, the darkness of the past was done with, and their existence from this point had begun again.

"Oh, John, John!" cried poor little Emma, nearly hugging him to death; "there never was anybody like you!"

"And yet," he said, "you do not take back what you said about the cruelty and wickedness of men?"

"Not a syllable, John—not one—because you are not a man, you are an angel!"

After this delightful episode was over, the angel turned to the only sinister figure in the group.

"Well," he said, "what is so to be done with the demon?"

Harcourt looked rather uncomfortable. He was sometimes apt to view life from a dramatic standpoint, and the present situation struck him as one of decided interest.

"The little play seems to have ended very happily for everybody but me," he said, striving to be cheerful. "For once bring down the curtain without punishing the—ah—villain. Let me get out of this, Ellerton, and I promise you shall not be troubled with my society again."

"Go, then, sir," replied John, sternly, "and beware of greenhorns hereafter. A fool is sometimes a match even for a knave like you."

The 12:33 that night took up a passenger. When it stopped at the village-station, the conductor thought he looked ill. I suspect Mr. Harcourt felt somewhat so.

A Modern Samson.

THOMAS, or Tom Gardner, as he was familiarly called, was born on the River St. John, one mile above the mouth of the Mactaquack stream, in the year 1798. Viewed casually, Gardner gave no evidence of unusual power, but when stripped his muscular development was tremendous, and it is affirmed that, instead of the ordinary ribs, he possessed a solid bony wall on either side, and that there was no separation whatever. He stood five feet ten and half inches, erect and full-chested, and never exceeded one hundred and ninety pounds in weight.

The late Charles Long informed us that at one time he saw Gardner lift from a towboat a puncheon of cern, containing at least twelve bushels, and, swinging around, deposit it on the sand. In so doing, he tore off the sole of his boot. On another occasion a number of men were trying to lift a stick of timber. In all the crowd, only one man could raise it about two inches from the skids. Gardner told four men to sit upon it, and then lifted it so high that the men jumped off to save themselves from the fall. Mr. McKee has frequently known him, in lifting, to break boom-poles six inches thick. H

has known him also, with one hand, to lift, by the rung of a chair, the chair itself and a man weighing nearly two hundred weight. Once, in attempting to lift a very heavy man, he wrenched the rung entirely from the chair.

Gardner at one time was possessed of a balky horse, with which he exercised a great patience; but when patience ceased to be a virtue, he would fell him to the ground with his clinched fist, striking him behind the ear. It is related of Gardner's sister that on one occasion, a famous wrestler traveled all the way from Miramichi to Tom's home, in order to "try a fall with him." Tom was absent, but the sister, looking contemptuously upon the intruder, declared she could throw him herself, and, suiting the action to the word, in a fair trial, threw him fairly three times in succession. The

stranger's experience with the sister was sufficient; he never sought a future interview with the brother.

The greatest feat which Gardner was ever known to perform, was on one of the wharves in St. John. Mr. McKeen saw him lift and carry an anchor weighing 1,200 pounds, numbers of other witnesses standing by, some of whom are yet alive. Frequently he has been seen carrying a barrel of pork under each arm, and once he saw him shoulder a barrel of pork while standing in an ordinary brandy-box. When about forty years of age, Gardner removed to the United States, and never returned to his native province.

It is commonly reported and believed that he met with a sad adventure on board a Mississippi steamer. A heavy bell was on board as a portion



A MODERN SAMSON.



ROSES AND LILIES.—“ ‘WHICH DO YOU LOVE BEST NOW—COME, BE HONEST—THE ROSES OR THE LILIES?’ ”

of the freight, and the captain, a great, powerful fellow, was concerned as to how he should remove it from its place in order to make more room on deck. While captain and passengers were at dinner, Tom, in the presence of the crew, to their utter amazement, lifted the bell, and carried it to the opposite side of the boat. When the captain returned, he asked how that had been accomplished, and, when Gardner laughingly remarked that he carried it there, the former gave him the lie, and, as one word brought on another, he presently struck Tom in the face. This was too much, and for the first time in his life the strong man gave blow for blow; but one buffet was sufficient. The captain never spoke again—killed dead on the instant. Tom made his escape, went West, and has never been heard of since.

Roses and Lilies.

“HALLO! going out for a walk, Miss Pearl?”

“Yes; my head aches.”

“Which of your slaves is it to get rid of this time?”

“It can scarcely be you, since I heard you whistling when I went for my hat.”

They were both standing on the top steps of the porch of a farmer's cottage, and the sunset glow lighted up each face into unreal beauty. Both were young and radiant and full of mischievous glee, and the cottage-door was shut behind them, and they were alone with each other.

Was that why she laid her soft hand caressingly on his arm, and pointing across the glistening lake, starred with water-lilies and girdled with a bank of wild roses, to the belt of dark firs and beach—boulders which walled it in from the sea half a mile distant—exclaimed, in a tone of playful mockery:

“Don't you wish you were rowing me to the beach to bid good-night to the dear old ocean?”

“I wish it, if you do,” returned Vivian, flushing with pleasure. “Come, and I will fill your lap with the lilies you love so much.”

“Not the lilies. No, no, you dare not pluck me them?” she cried. “They are *his* flowers, and, no hand but his may offer them to me.”

She nodded slightly toward the half-open window, shrugged her shoulders, and then, leaning a little of her slight weight on the youth's arm, continued, dreamingly:

“But the roses—the beautiful, sweet red roses! Oh, you must pluck me them, Vivian! I love them so!”

'Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blooming.'

She went down the steps, singing in a soft undertone, while the young man paced at her side, laughing, admiring, pleased, yet scarcely at ease, for was not Colonel Carrington, her betrothed, sitting in a deep invalid-chair by the window, and following her with worshipping eyes as she tripped away from him? And was she not going away from him with a fellow who she knew—surely she knew—was already more than half in love with her?

Miss Pearl and her mother were enjoying the Summer at "The Beach," the most obscure bathing-place that could be imagined. Here young Vivian had chanced to make her acquaintance not many weeks ago, having come from college at the neighboring town for his holidays. Here also Colonel Carrington had followed her, partly for love of her society, and partly to re-establish his broken health.

He had been one of the victorious expedition to the Gold Coast, had been severely wounded, promoted, and returned a hero to his Pearl, who, before he went, had been ready to link her fate with his.

They walked down the grassy lane, Pearl and Vivian, laughing, singing and jibing, as was usual with them.

Oh, she was so gay—so gay! Could it be that she forgot the white face at the window, and the wasted hand which late had clasped hers?

"Which do you love best now—come, be honest—the roses or the lilies?" said Vivian, as he filled her outstretched hands with the ruby-fringed, golden-hearted, scented blossoms.

By this time she was sitting in the stern of the boat, and the lilies were crowding close on either side, and sending up their apple-sweet perfume, a mate memory of the love which had been lavished on her.

She looked at the flowers in her hands, and she looked at the flowers in the water, and the gladness crept out of her eyes, the smile from her face.

"I wish I knew!" she almost gasped.

Vivian shoved off the boat and sprang in, and, having seated himself opposite her, gazed at her in fiery expectation.

"You wish you know?" echoed he, at last, seeing that she added nothing more. "The colonel should hear you say that!"

"Hold your tongue!" retorted she, laughing with restored gaiety. "Let sleeping dogs lie!"

"You mean, let no such awkward questions be asked?" said he.

"I mean that the world is so beautiful!—so beautiful, so full of joy and things to love!—that one cannot pour all one's admiration, delight and affection upon one object to the exclusion of all the rest. Can one?"

"He does!" answered Vivian, with rather a hard laugh. "And so should I, if I were in love with you."

"Heaven forefend you should ever be taken in by such a trifle!" she cried, almost between her teeth.

"Oh, why are some women's hearts framed so?" And she fixed her eyes reproachfully on the wide, cloudless heavens which flushed as with delight at the beauty of Mother Earth.

Then there was silence, save for the long sweep of the oars and the swish of the tall, bright sedges against the sides of the boat.

The wooded banks glided by the yellow corn-fields and the spented haystacks; the boom of the ocean came nearer and nearer, and the sea-breeze blew on their crimson cheeks.

"Sing!" said she, breaking the pause in her playful, peremptory way, looking up with an untroubled gaze as if she had left her sad thoughts behind with the water-lilies.

And he sang, keeping time with his oars, this old song:

"When other lips and other hearts,

Their tale of love shall tell;

In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well.
There may, perhaps, in such a scene
Some recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been.
And you'll remember me."

He sang the refrain over and over again, looking at her passionately, as a man looks but once at a woman.

With her chin in her hand and her eyes on the roses, she listened, faintly smiling, as if in a trance of languorous pleasure; but she neither rebuked nor praised the singer.

The boat touched the shore; he took her cool white hand—his own burning—and led her up the rocky path through the trees to the beach, a hundred yards beyond.

And while hand in hand they threaded the dusky forest road, he still kept softly singing in her ear.

"You'll remember—you'll remember—you'll remember me!"

until all at once she stopped, and, as she put her hand to her heart, a shiver ran through her and the tears gushed down her cheeks in a moment.

"Good heavens!" she burst forth, "when I am an old woman, am I to look back on this—this happy time, as only one of the golden hours that

"Came and went,
And left no trace behind!"

but only a harrowing memory? I don't want to leave it behind, and I can't—I dare not take it with me!"

"What—what do you mean, Miss Pearl?" exclaimed Vivian. "Do you mean that I have anything to do with making you happy?"

"You!" She turned on him, a smile breaking all over her face, and her eyes sparkling mischievously through her tears. "No, you silly boy! You are nice—oh, ever so nice, to amuse one's self with; but as for a permanency—from such, good Lord deliver us!"

And with a hearty, silvery peal of laughter she again put her hand on his arm, and led him, half bewildered, half piqued, yet thrilling to her soft touch, out of the ghostly thicket and into a burst of sunlight and glittering sea.

They descended the rocky belt, and sat down on the soft, bright sand just beyond the reach of the encroaching waves, and for a time both looked at the fair scene in silent but happy companionship.

"The Beach" was a sickle-shaped bay, not a mile in circuit, perhaps, but over the hard-beaten floor Old Ocean trod in lazy strength, spreading his blue mantle, now starred with sunny spangles, and bordered with lace-like broideries of foam. Overhead arched a dome of purplish translucence, deepening in the west with gold and rose and opal green.

"Look how they come!" said Pearl, gazing dreamily at the waves. "How enormous they seem out there, looming up smooth-backed, hanging over, serrated and sharp as a guillotine-knife—hanging over as if to annihilate you, and breaking into a wild chaos of foam! Don't they look formidable? But meantime look at the under-tow—how it runs out; how it saps the mighty rollers; how it steals away their strength; how it snatches shy handfuls of their frothy, vapering meninges, and only releases them when they are so gentled and tamed that they can but creep in to our feet mere breaths of sunny foam! So," added Pearl, softly, "are the troubles we fear when they loom afar. Thanks to the under-current of everyday circumstance, they never reach us in their strength."

Vivian turned from the churning waters an ardent look upon his companion's face.

"I think I can guess what your trouble is," said he, with hammering earnestness. "That breaker coming in is—let us say Aem; that current running

out to meet him is—let us say me;” and he laughed nervously.

“Nonsense!” cried Pearl. “You are quite—quite wrong. No, my dear; when I think aloud in your company, you are not expected to understand, and you are to surmise nothing. A boy of your inexperience”—here she gave him a warm and friendly glance—“need not expect to read the riddle of a woman’s heart.”

Then she turned away and thought in silence for a long while, her eyes growing darker as they held communion with the darkening heavens.

Lying at her feet, his elbows buried in the sand, and his handsome, glowing young face resting on his palms, the youth watched her, his heart full of wonder and perplexity.

“Well,” said he, hungering for her sweet words, “have you settled all your future satisfactorily?” She came back from her dream—came back with a strange, deep awe in her eyes.

“Yes, I have settled it,” answered she; “and it shall be in this wise:”

Here she sang, and I verily believe she improvised the words to Nara’s Swedish air:

“Life once so smiling,
Bright as Summer day;
Youth so beguiling,
Garlanding the way,
Oh! ye both have traitors grown,
Brought me tear and sigh and moan;
Sad and weary! Sad and weary!
Bride—but not to thee!

Time, called so fleeting,
Haste your flight (so slow!)
Heart, faintly beating,
Cease, and let me go!
I am his—oh, bitter day!
Parted love for aye—for aye!
Sad and weary! Sad and weary!
Bride—but not to thee!”

There was a vibrating sadness in her voice as she said this, her eyes not now dwelling upon his, but full of tears and turned away, that penetrated to his very heart.

Oh, surely, despite all her jibing, her laughing scorn, her continual playful casting of him back to his place as boy and playmate—surely, for once, she was in earnest!

“Pearl,” said the youth, in a choked voice, and, snatching her hand, he pressed it to his hot lips; “why should this be your fate? What forces you to marry a man you don’t love with your whole heart? For you can’t blind me any more, Pearl—Pearl!”

These rushing words, broken by hot kisses on her hand, and half inaudible by the hiss of surf and thunder of wave, leaped from his very soul, while she bent over him mournfully, and, as it would seem, even tenderly.

“Pearl!” said another voice, and Colonel Carrington stood beside her, his face so wan, his smile so fond, his eyes so full of loving delight in her, that to have seen his glorified spirit come from the “silent land,” would have been a less surprise.

She rose mechanically, assisted by Vivian, and laid her trembling hand upon the arm of her lover.

“Why are you here?” she cried, while her anxious eyes took swift note of his pallor and his uncomprehending. “How could you be so mad as to walk so far in your weakness?”

“Not mad, I hope,” returned Colonel Carrington, with her little hand between his own. “I craved so for you! And here—I plucked it from the margin of the lake—this golden-hearted, snow-petaled flower of purity—so like my Pearl, with heart as true as gold!”

And he fastened in her bosom a water-lily, dripping yet, with one broad satin, red-lined leaf, beside Vivian’s rose.

“These—I must take these out!” muttered she, dumfounded, while Vivian flushed, and shrank as if stung.

“Oh, no!” smiled her lover, “they give you pleasure, and you are fond of them. Why should I be so selfish as to expect you to take pleasure only in my gifts? I would not grudge you one pleasure that this world affords, dear; for my only wish is to have you happy.”

Even while he spoke, the color was fading from his cheeks and lips, and his voice was growing strangely weak.

He suddenly pressed his hand to his side, and held it up reddened with blood.

“I—fear—the—walk—” he faltered; and staggering back, would have fallen heavily, but that Vivian’s arms received him, and laid him gently down insensible.

Pearl knelt beside him, white and still, as if frozen.

It was Vivian who tore open his vest and found the wound which, owing to his imprudent exertion, had reopened, and was bleeding profusely. It was he who did what he could to staunch it, and then flew for assistance, and had him carefully conveyed back to the cottage. He, too, it was who drove the fastest horse in the settlement, to town for a physician, assisting him with hand and brain, just as if Colonel Carrington had been his brother, instead of Pearl’s betrothed.

It was long past midnight. The little house was quiet at last. The patient profoundly sleeping under the influence of an opiate.

He lay on a low lounge in the parlor, where they had first placed him. The lamps were shaded from his eyes and turned low, and his watchers were—Pearl and Vivian.

The young girl’s mother, an invalid herself, had retired perforce, Pearl promising to follow as soon as possible.

Now she knelt on one knee by the head of the sofa, her hands tightly clasped upon the other, her eyes fastened sorrowfully upon the face of Colonel Carrington—that proud, patrician face so like that of a golden-haired Viking in the still repose of death.

Vivian, a little apart, watched them with burning looks.

She was very wan and drooping, for she had knelt there some hours, scarce changing her position except to press her perfumed hand on her lover’s throbbing brow, or to hold to his lips the cooling draught which stood beside her.

The roses hung in her bosom, half-faded now, and the heavy-headed fly, which had long since fallen unheeded to the floor, sent up a sickly sweet perfume from crushed petals. Her white dress was limp and disordered, her soft hair fell loosely about her shoulders.

How absorbed she was! Was she thinking of the days when his love was sweet to her? Was she ordering her heart upon that backward path, to find sweetness in it still?

She looked round suddenly at Vivian. In a moment he was by her side, eager to do anything for her—or Carrington.

“I think he is asleep now,” said she, in the soft monotone which never disturbs an invalid. “I must go, for I am weary; but I am not afraid to trust him with you. Call me if there is any change.”

“Yes,” answered Vivian, obediently; “but you must not be anxious. You want sleep.”

She rose. By one accord they seemed to avoid each other’s eyes as she moved away.

“Good-night,” she said, with a shivering sigh.

But at the door she looked back at Vivian once more. Ah, once more!

“I don’t know how I am to thank you for the kindness you have shown to-night,” she murmured, with a smothered sob, “and yet so strange must be my return for this unselfish kindness, that I must ask you to forget that song, and that subject we talked of on the beach to-night. To suspect it would kill him!”

Vivian came close to her out of the shadowy corner, and into what light there was, and he and she looked long into each other's pale faces.

"You mean to marry him, then?"

"Yes; I am done with regrets."

"Your love has all come back for him?"

"I ask heaven to bring it back. I do, sincerely."

"And if it won't, what is to become of you—of me?"

"Oh, don't! You stab me to the heart! You have been so dear—so dear! Oh, Vivian, good-by!"

"That will comfort me," gasped Vivian, heart-wrung, yet inspired by her heroism to be heroic too. "You are right, and I dare not interfere between you. I'll go away to-morrow."

For a moment there was silence, then he whispered, with sad, yearning looks:

"Pearl, won't you give me one kiss to last me all my life?"

Without a word she yielded to his already encircling arm, and they stood heart to heart for the first—and last—time.

"O Love! O Fire! once he drew

With one long kiss, her whole soul thro',
Her lips as sunlight drinketh dew."

A sudden movement in the dusky corner, a driving backward of the chairs, and Colonel Carrington sprang forward into the light, his death-like face convulsed with frantic passion. Half-stunned by reason of the opiate, half-delirious with the fever, how could he judge appearances in that first terrible moment of awakening?

His hand was in his bosom as he came toward them; next-moment his revolver flashed forth—a tiny toy that Pearl had often played with, and Vivian had only that morning been cleaning and priming. Carrington aimed at the youth; Pearl sprang between with uplifted and clasped hands.

In an instant a sharp report—an awful vision of Pearl standing like a pillar of snow, hands still uplifted, great black eyes fixed on Carrington—a trembling, fleeting instant of harrowing grace—then she went down on her face.

Dead? Oh, heaven, yes, with her heart's blood bathing the roses she had given her life to wear for a little while!

They bloom as brightly as of yore, the roses down by the beach, and the lilies star the lake as pure as when Carrington plucked them; but I never see the roses that I do not think them colored by Pearl's red blood, nor the lilies but I see Pearl's pale, dead face!

How we Caught a Hyena in Algeria.

It was during the last Arab insurrection, which broke out in the Spring of 1871, just after the conclusion of the Franco-German war, I was, with a column of cavalry, engaged in scouring the valleys in the neighborhood of Cherchell. We frequently were on the march until an advanced hour of the night, and as we silently walked our horses through the tall grass bordering a broad shallow stream, or waited at the entrance to a rocky pass, while the reconnoitring party explored it, and beaters penetrated through the thick bushes to the right and left, we could frequently hear the yelping of jackals and hyenas on every side of us. Many a time, too, have I lain awake in my tent for hours, unable to get a wink of sleep, for the riot they made outside the camp as they prowled round and round it in search of food.

Hyena in Arabic is *debâ'â*; but the Arabs of Algeria have surnamed it *Kalb-esh-shitann* (Satan's dog). When they hear it yelping, they exclaim:

"May Allah preserve us from meeting a Jew!"

"May Allah curse the proclaimer of bad news: a being of my own blood has just died!"

"Do you hear him? He's yelping death!"

"What young girl is it that has just been seduced, that he should thus proclaim her dishonor close to her dowry?"

"He stirs up hatred in his belly! He's a coward; he fears the sun! He's a vagabond; he cannot distinguish the sexes!"

No animal, I think, under the sun, has been so heartily cursed and abused as the *debâ'â*.

We had marching with us at the time to which I refer a tall, big-boned Spahi, named El-Habouchi, who has since become *câid* of the Beni-Menasseur. One day I mentioned to him casually that I should like to hunt a hyena.

"You don't hunt the hyena," he said; "you catch him."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Easy enough," he replied; "I'll show you one of these days."

Less than a week afterward El-Habouchi came to my tent one morning while we were encamped at Tourira, and said:

"Sidi, do you want to see a hyena caught?"

"With pleasure," I answered; and I was about to take my gun when El-Habouchi exclaimed:

"Oh! don't load yourself with that. We'll not do him the honor of wasting powder on him."

We took a narrow Arab path leading toward a huge lump of granite of some sort, which towered up above a cluster of low bushes and dwarf palms. Beneath the falling branches of the bushes was a good-sized hole half hidden amidst a quantity of moss and long grass.

"That's it," said El-Habouchi.

He moved the branches and long grass on one side, and we perceived the hyena seated well back in the hole, with his eyes sparkling like two lumps of burning coal.

"You can take her," said El-Habouchi; "she's got no young ones." And, in answer to my question, he told me that a hyena only defended itself when it was with young.

A Kabyle now advanced to the mouth of the hole, holding in his hand a piece of woad about fourteen inches long, with a strong leather strap fastened to each end of it. The hyena drew itself up on its fore-legs, stretched out its eight toes, armed with long strong claws, and opened its huge jaw with a growl.

By a rapid movement the Kabyle placed the stick between the animal's teeth, and fastened the straps round its neck; then, taking one of its paws, he quietly dragged it out of the hole, and tied its legs together. I never witnessed such poor sport in my life.

"What shall we do with it?" said El-Habouchi, all at once.

"Kill it," I answered.

"We never kill a hyena," he said.

"Why?"

"First of all, because it's unlucky. The hyena never attacks living things, be they man or beast, and it devours all the dead bodies. That's why we call it 'pest-eater.'"

The hyena in question was a fine animal, measuring a little over five feet from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, and was beautifully marked. It was a grayish-yellow color, with brown stripes on the sides and paws. I was not going to lose such a splendid hearth-rug.

"You must kill him," I said.

"To hear is to obey," answered El-Habouchi.

Then turning to the Kabyles, who were standing in a group beside us, he exclaimed:

"Oh, people of Taourina, is there any one among you, or among those belonging to you, suffering from dropsy? The warm blood of the *debâ'â* cures it, by the grace of Allah."

"I have an uncle," answered one of them, "who is puffed out like an oil-skin."

"Run off and bring him here quickly, then."

The invalid soon arrived on the back of a mule.

They removed his burrnoose and shirt, and slaughtered the animal on his naked body, the hyena making very little resistance. I don't know if the man was cured of the dropsy, but the skin of the hyena of Taourina still does service as a hearth-rug in my home, and his long coarse hair is much softer than any one would think to look at it.

Hyenas and jackals do the duty of scavengers in Algeria, devouring all the dead bodies that they come across. Unfortunately, they do not confine themselves to this useful pastime; they also violate the graves of human beings, and as the Arabs bury their dead only about a foot and a half underground and without a coffin, these animals, who are always on the lookout for a nice, fresh corpse, find this no very difficult task. During the cholera of 1849 the French were obliged to guard the cemetery at Cherchell during the night against a family of hyenas, who came regularly to grub up the graves. The hyena tears up the ground just like a dog that amuses itself by making a hole in a flower-bed, with an amount of strength and rapidity that increases as he approaches his prey. Being gifted with a solid jaw and long, strong claws, he gets through his work in a remarkably short time. This animal, which is now gradually disappearing from the colonized portions of Algeria, is common enough in Mohammedan countries, where he is still intrusted with the task of removing all the carrion and filth that Mussulman indifference allows to rot "by the grace of Allah!"

Washington's Strength.

GENERAL WILSON relates an account of a conversation with Mr. Curtis, from which he obtained some interesting personal reminiscences of Washington. During a visit at Arlington House, Va., in 1864, the writer asked Mr. Curtis if Washington could, like Marshal Saxe, break a horseshoe, and the reply that he received was, he had no doubt he could, had he tried, for his hands were the largest and strongest he had ever seen. Mr. Curtis then gave several instances of the general's strength, of which I recall the following: When Washington was a young man, he was present on one occasion, as looker on, at wrestling games, then the fashion in Virginia. Tired of the sport, he had retired to the shade of a tree, where he sat perusing a pamphlet, till challenged to a bout by the hero of the day, and the strongest wrestler in the State. Washington declined till, taunted by the remark that he feared to try conclusions with the gladiator, calmly came forward and, without removing his coat, grappled with his antagonist. There was a fierce struggle for a brief space of time, when the champion was hurled to the ground with such force as to jar the very marrow in his bones. Another instance of his power was his throwing the stone across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg—a feat that has never been performed since. Later in life, a number of young gentlemen at Mount Vernon were contending in the exercise of throwing the bar. Washington, after looking on some time, walked forward, saying, "Allow me to try," and grasping the bar, sent the iron flying through the air twenty feet beyond its usual limits. Still later in his career, Washington, whose age was like a lusty Winter, "frosty, yet kindly," observed three of his workmen at Mount Vernon vainly endeavoring to raise a large stone, when, tired of witnessing their unsuccessful attempts, he put them aside, and taking it in his iron-like grasp, lifted it to its place, remounted his horse and rode on.

Shuter's Hydrophobia Trick.

SHUTER, an actor of the last century, was traveling in the Brighton stage-coach on a very warm day, with four ladies, when the vehicle stopped to

receive a sixth passenger, who could have played Falstaff without padding. The faces of the ladies elongated at this unwelcome addition to the number, but Shuter only smiled. When the stout gentleman was seated, and the coach was again in motion, Shuter gravely inquired of one of the ladies her motive for visiting Brighton. She replied, that her physician had advised sea-bathing as a remedy for mental depression. He turned to the others, and repeated his inquiries; the next was nervous, the third bilious—all had some ailment which the sea was expected to cure.

"Ah!" sighed the comedian, "all your complaints put together are nothing to mine. Oh, nothing!—mine is dreadful but to think of."

"Indeed, sir!" said the stout passenger, with a look of astonishment. "What is your complaint? you look exceedingly well."

"Ah, sir!" responded Shuter, shaking his head, "looks are deceitful; you must know, sir, that, three days ago, I had the misfortune to be bitten by a mad dog, for which I am informed sea-bathing is the only cure. For that purpose I am going to Brighton; for though, as you observe, I am looking well, yet the fit comes on in a moment, when I bark like a dog, and endeavor to bite every one near me."

"Lord have mercy on us!" ejaculated the stout passenger, with a look of alarm. "But, sir, you are not in earnest—you—"

"Bow-wow-wow!"

"Coachman! coachman! Let me out!—let me out, I say!"

"Now, your honor, what's the matter?" inquired the coachman.

"A mad dog is the matter!—hydrophobia is the matter! open the door!"

"Bow-wow-wow!"

"Open the door! Never mind the steps. Thank God, I am safe out! Let those who like, ride inside; I'll mount the roof."

So he rode to Brighton outside the coach, much to the satisfaction of Shuter and his fair companions, who were very merry at his expense, the former repeating at intervals his sonorous *bow-wow-wow!*

Joining his Regiment.

In 1837, when the rebellion broke out in Canada, I joined a small body of volunteers that was to be commanded by a retired tavern-keeper called Judd, who had not yet arrived at the village, and whom none of us had ever seen, except a Lieutenant Smiley, who had us in charge; but no one ever believed a word out of his head.

Captain Judd was, we had learned, an ignorant and pompous fellow, remarkable for his fierce military aspect, after-dinner bravery, and boisterous expressions of loyalty. The Queen, who had just ascended the throne, was always on his lips, and the way he annihilated her enemies in bad English, was said to be marvelous.

If there had been five hundred William Lyon Mackenzies in the Province of Upper Canada, they could not have occupied all the points assigned to his presence at one and the same moment throughout the country. But, then, the evidence of his having just put in an appearance at Whitlaw's Rapids, about two and a half miles from our log barracks, where he was alleged to be secreted in the house of an American gentleman named Hartwell, was so clear and circumstantial, that our Lieutenant determined to capture him and present him as a trophy to Captain Judd, who was expected to arrive daily.

It was not to be supposed that the arch-rebel had ventured to beard us in our den, so to speak, without having armed friends at hand. We therefore determined to make a sudden and secret descent upon him under the cover of night, and overpower

him and his guards, if he had any, before he had time to bless himself.

Although the snow lay deep on the ground, the way through the cedar-swamp was so dark that we could scarcely see a dozen yards before us. When, therefore, we reached Hartwell's clearing, our ranks were a little confused, and I remarked that there were not so many of the fifty-four of us inclined to cross the open space from the road as I had expected from some conversation held earlier in the evening.

We had a single wagon with us, into which we were to fling the prisoner, bound hand and foot, and this the lieutenant now mounted, "to reconnoitre," as he said; but, as I believed, to be in readiness for a precipitate retreat should occasion require it. Scarcely had he stood erect in the vehicle, however, when the door of Hartwell's residence opened suddenly, and, in the red glare of a huge log-fire that streamed through it, we perceived the figure of a man advancing toward a horse that was being led round the building by a second party.

These two were now joined by a third person, whom we recognized as Hartwell himself; and as the light fell full on the countenance of the man who first appeared, two or three of our force, who had often declared that they knew Mackenzie's personal appearance intimately, now sprang to the wagon, and swore point-blank to the lieutenant that the famous traitor was within his grasp, and would be riding within a single yard of him in less than five minutes.

Seeing that the horseman, after some conversation with Hartwell, was riding slowly toward us and alone, we prepared to overpower him before he had time to draw a pistol. Consequently, the instant he came within sweep of the butt of one of our guns, he was sent flying out of the saddle, and fell senseless to the ground. The next instant he was thrown, firmly bound, into the wagon, and off we started, the lieutenant secretly trusting that the villain had not been killed, as he desired to present him alive to his superior when he arrived, and subsequently to Sir Francis Bond Head.

It was late when we regained the village, but so swiftly did the news of the capture fly from house to house, that in less than half an hour more than two hundred people had assembled in and about the guard-room. A doctor who had been called in stated that the prisoner had been merely bruised and stunned, and that, although incapable to hold any conversation, he was slowly but surely recovering.

By daybreak Hartwell and his whole household were arrested and brought in to explain how they came to shelter the dangerous outlaw, and by nine o'clock scarce a magistrate for miles round but had assembled at what was called the Government House, to take part in the disposition of the fearful revolutionist, who had but just recovered his consciousness, and who was now being brought before them.

Hartwell, however, was examined first, when he solemnly swore that he had no idea that he had been harboring an outlaw, as the gentleman—if such he were—had given his name as Captain Judd, and simply called, as he said, for a draught of water, and to inquire which of the two roads opposite the clearing led to the village.

This intelligence startled us out of our seven senses, and the lieutenant, who was seated on the bench, turned deadly pale. Scarcely, however, had we recovered from this first shock, when the prisoner himself entered, with his head bound up, and his nose the size and shape of a tea-cup. He was instantly recognized by one of the magistrates, who knew him well, and who came down from the bench to sympathize with him; for it was Captain Judd whom we had captured, sure enough, and not "the arch-rebel, William Lyon Mackenzie," although the name of the patriot who had sent him flying out of the saddle could never be ascertained.

In the Bazaar at Port Said.

A few quiverings and rollings, then our steamer settled quietly down, like a gull tired with its long flight over the seas. Were these men fighting? Oh, no! that was only their way of letting us know that their boats were for hire to carry us ashore. The hackmen that clamor about the wharves and railroad stations of New York are nothing to these Egyptian boatmen. From their boisterous vociferations and muscular gesticulations I feared we were going to be cut in fragments and carried ashore in pieces by different boatmen. But the scuffle subsided, and we found ourselves in the possession of the victorious.

Happily, as we were bound for India, we were only touching at Port Said, *en passant*, so there was no baggage to be pulled about, or any annoyance to experience from the custom-house officials. We were free to step on shore and wander about until it was time for our vessel to start again.

I had already done the necessary ecstasies over the fine breakwater, made entirely of artificial stone, and at a fabulous cost. I now found a new theme for admiration in the town itself; for, who would believe that this place was a few years ago a mere strip of Nile mud and sand, while looking at its handsome little park, every tree of which was brought here to be transplanted, and the fine edifices that surrounded it were the productions of recent years? But shopping had brought me to *terra firma*; therefore, after a glance at several points of interest, we went straight to the bazaars.

These bazaars have a peculiar fascination over me, and always turn my memory at once to the Arabian Nights' stories, and the porter and the ladies of Bagdad are invariably brought before my mind's eye. To be sure, this was not Bagdad; it was, nevertheless, Oriental. I would go to the fruit-store and see if I, too, could not buy "Syrian apples, peaches of Oman, and jasmine of Aleppo, and water-lilies of Damascus, and cucumbers of the Nile, and Egyptian limes, and Sultaness citrons, and myrtle and sprigs of henna, and anemones, and violets, and pomegranate-flowers, and eglantines; also to the perfumers for sprinkling bottles of rose-water, infused with musk, for orange-flower water and ambergris and musk." At the jeweler's I might look on rubies and emeralds as big as pigeons' eggs; and how delightful to sit sipping delicious sherbets from golden cups incrustated with jewels, like the beautiful damsels in the stories, while some grave merchant spread before me gorgeous silks stiff with gold and silver embroidery, muslins of exquisite fineness, gauzy fabrics, light as the wings of fairies.

I entered the bazaar in a whirl of excitement, but I need not say that it was not long before I awoke to the reality before me. For how primitive and commonplace these establishments are in the rural districts! We may just as well compare a grand opera-house to the temporary booths of an itinerant circus. There is a grandeur in a metropolitan bazaar which is at once unique, picturesque and captivating. In Constantinople they are built of stone, and lighted from the top. They seem like long streets covered with arched roofs, each street being appropriated to some particular merchandise. Thus, there are the spice bazaar, where all kinds of condiments, drugs and dye-stuffs are sold; the perfumery bazaar, containing the most delicious perfumes of the East—the otto of roses, the fragrant pastillas, which are placed upon the pipe-bowls, filling the atmosphere with their delicious scent, but mistaken by Europeans for bits of opium; also the singular rats' tails, which emit a perfume like musk, and retain their odor for any length of time; the silk bazaar, the calico bazaar, the shoe bazaar, depots of most varied and exquisite embroideries; the jewelry bazaar, the pipe bazaar, where are displayed the beautiful and costly amber mouth-pieces, studded with gems, the long and graceful stems of jasmine

or cherry, and the gilded and delicately modeled red clay bowl.

The space occupied by these bazaars is very extensive—equaling almost the whole of the sixth ward in the city of New York—and the internal arrangements entirely unlike the shops of this country. There are no front windows nor counters. The entire *façade* of the streets, being shelved for the display of wares and goods, presents a whole front with the appearance of a vast library—not of books, but of merchandise.

A sort of elevated platform, about four or five feet wide and two feet from the ground, extends the whole side, on which both merchants and customers sit, thus serving the double purpose of counter and seats. The shops are separated from each other by elbow-boards, and there is generally a small room attached behind each for the storage of goods, etc.

As London has its "Whitechapel Road," Paris its "Temple" and New York its "Chatham Street," so Constantinople has its "Bit-Bazaar," emphatically so denominated from the vermin which infest old clothing. Infinite diversity pervades the garments here displayed, and, as people's clothes always look something like themselves, so the empty garments seem to tell tales of their good or bad fortune—whether the former owners died of plague or smallpox, were solitary occupants of the robes, or shared them with other animalcules.

At the auction, which occurs every day in these purlieus, poverty may find a momentary relief by the disposal of its surplus wardrobe, or may even don the cast-off rags of some less fortunate victim of misery. There is a more respectable auction at the *Besesten* every day, except Friday, until noon, where jewelry, embroideries, carpets, arms, and all sorts of superior second-hand garments, are disposed of. Here the humblest citizen may at least enjoy the semblance of grandeur as he invests himself in the same *setry* which the offendi discarded the day before; or an ambitious mother may procure the same *toilette de noce* as graced the form of a beautiful Hannum.

The *Besesten* is a large quadrangular stone building, surmounted by a cupola, in the centre of the bazaar, and serves not only as the place of public auction, but for the safe deposit of valuable property.

The bazaars in the rural districts being a counterpart of those of the metropolis, have all these different branches of trade compressed into a limited space. The bazaar we entered at Port Said consisted of a single alley having a long line of continuous booths on each side and a thatched trellis overhead.

What a motley crowd we found here! No one could talk of being in fashion, because everyone had a fashion of his own. Greeks in jackets, Turks in baggy trousers, Jews in dressing-gowns, Bedouins in *burnous* or worsted cloaks, Arabs in *chemises*, beggars in nothing or next to nothing, women so swathed in clothes and veils as to resemble sacks of wool, English officers in scarlet, sassy donkey-drivers, horses, donkeys, camels, dogs—in fine, a perfect kaleidoscope of peoples, animals and color.

The contrast between the noise of the street and the quiet of the shops is great. In his little box of a store, which is nothing more than a window closed in, the merchant sits smoking and demurely looking out like some huge spider, that, having made his web, is quite sure that victims in the shape of customers will come to be caught.

From the piece of carpet on which he sits, the merchant can easily reach to any part of his store without rising. If we wanted to try on anything, we did it standing out in the street. Indeed, it is most amusing to observe the native ladies as they fit themselves with their peculiarly colored and shaped *caquesures*, for they make no scruple of displaying their ankles, which are generally divested of every semblance of hosiery.

The shopping in the East requires much patience and a great deal of insight of Oriental human nature. No matter how small the article needed, there was so much talking to be done over it. Besides, if we asked for a *burnous* (opera-coat), handkerchiefs, beads, braids—everything else in the place—were shown first. I have never been able to fathom this peculiarly Oriental diplomacy of the shop-keepers. As to *prix-fixe*, it is unknown in the East, and to them it seems unnatural; for, as they go on the principle "each one for himself," no one is content with any price except his own valuation. Besides, the people being very conceited, any concession on the part of the merchant is flattering to their vanity. He, therefore enjoys the privilege of being beaten down merely as complimentary to his customers. So the merchant always demands an exorbitant price, which he has no idea of getting, in order to give his customer a fair chance to gratify his vanity and also to exercise his judgment.

Accordingly, there was much negotiating on the present occasion, with tedious pauses intervening each fresh offer—the merchant, on his part, evincing the most imperturbable temper, wrapt up in fresh whiffs, and we, on our part, counterfeiting as much indifference by retreating, but soon to return again to the charge. At some of the shops, business diplomacy was resorted to by exercising Oriental hospitality, so they offered us coffee or *sherbet*, and those of us who could were invited to sit beside the merchant on the—what shall I call it? window-sill, counter, or doorstep? for it is all one, the rest of our party grouping about in the street.

Fancy how funny it would be if A. T. Stewart were to box in the windows of his store, and set a clerk to every window; imagine the pushing and crowding among the fair females on Broadway, when things were handed out by said clerks to be tried on in the streets! or the pricing of articles from a mile off!

Tired of the bargaining going on over a scarf, I was looking about at the strange sights around, when, Marie, my maid-servant, appeared.

Where was my child? No need to ask; the pale and dilated eyes told the story. She had lost my child! Laggard behind us, to look about, she had unconsciously let go the child's hand while absorbed in contemplation of some curiosity, and, suddenly looking down, discovered that my darling was missing.

We tore back over the road we had passed, in a state of perfect frenzy, imagining all sorts of evils or mishaps that could befall a helpless being. Had she been knocked down and killed by one of those unshapely creatures, the camels, that stride along with such utter disregard of everything before them? Or was she only slightly hurt? or, worse still, was some Bedouin bearing her off on his swift-footed dromedary, hidden beneath his *eluram*, taking her away to the desert, where she would forget her mother and I should never see her again? Perhaps, even now, he was a mile away with my child, while I was dashing wildly about the crowded bazaar.

I questioned people frantically, but they could not understand me, nor I their incoherent jargon. Marie followed, crying and wringing her hands. On we went, hither and thither, but nowhere in particular. At last I heard somebody calling "Madame! madame!" I recognized the voice, but could not recall its owner. I turned round, and perceived that the individual who hailed me, with the view to economize time, was in a most vehement manner beckoning me to advance toward him. Full of confidence in the sympathetic voice, I instinctively rushed as I was bid to, crying all the while, "Oh! my child! my child!"

To appease my apprehensions and calm my disquietude, he assured me that he had the child in his possession, safe and sound. "Look! there she is," pointing to a booth.

I caught a glimpse of a golden head, two little blue eyes wet with tears, two little hands full of pulpy green figs.

"Mamma! mamma!" said the dear creature; but before I could reach the little figure with its outstretched arms, that stood out for an instant so distinctly from the dark background of a stone, all was a blank; for, like a silly woman as I was, I had fainted. When I came to, I instinctively wished to thank my benefactor. I learnt then that it was no other person than our friend, Monsieur Jean Janemian, the Khédive's jeweler at Constantinople, whose acquaintance my husband had made while there, and whose hospitality we had enjoyed at his delightful residence at Ortakeny, a charming village on the Bosphorus. He was as much surprised to find us there as we were in meeting him. He told

us that, being on a visit to Cairo, he undertook to do the Canal like ourselves; and in his perambulations, "I met," he said, naively, "a child, who was not evidently to the manner born, but had all the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race, and who was being led by an Arab. The oddity of the circumstance attracted my attention, and on looking attentively, I thought I discovered in her a strong resemblance to your dear Fannie. So I addressed her by that name, when the child, surprised, perhaps, at the sound of her own name, looked at me intently, and then with a sweet smile exclaimed: "Oh! Monsieur Jean, I lost ma!" On learning from her that you were in the bazaar, I placed her in this fruit-store and started to find you. *Voilà, madame, mon histoire!*"

No more shopping that day for our party.



THE BAZAAR AT PORT SAID.



POND LILIES.—“MISS HARTLEY, WILL YOU ACCEPT A FEW BUNCHES OF THESE WATER-LILIES?”
SHE TOOK THEM MECHANICALLY.”

Pond Lilies.

LITTLE May Marchmont held up a handful of these fresh and fragrant flowers, just as Lon Harrison, the favorite guest of Schroon Lake, passed by with the aristocratic Miss Helen Hartley. Lon, with characteristic good-nature, lifted the tiny giver and kissed her heartily on both cheeks. Miss Hartley thanked her with a pleasant smile, and the couple went their way.

“A desperate flirtation,” the careless looker-on called it; but there were those who believed this intimacy something more serious than an ordinary flirtation. The young lady’s hand in his arm must have been more fascinating than ever, for Lon, after a careful contemplation, remarked gayly:

“If there is anything under heaven that can enhance the beauty of a beautiful hand, Miss Hartley, that thing is a bunch of water-lilies. I have been trying to admire them separately; but one might as well try to enjoy the mountains without the lake, or the lake without the mountains.”

“It seems to me, Mr. Harrison, that the grandeur of your simile is rather inappropriate for so insignificant a subject.”

“It seems to me that your choice of adjectives, Miss Hartley, is decidedly malapropos. How dare you call anything insignificant which so plainly bears the mark of divinity? Of more account than

lakes, mountains, or the great round world itself, is one such little hand as this, because it speaks to us of life imperishable, life eternal.”

Miss Hartley was silent. Something within her rushed forward to argument; but something else more powerful—something which had become second nature with her, viz., the habit of repression—ruled the impulse down, and she walked on without a word.

“I hope I haven’t displeased you?” said Lon, after a moment. “Those lilies started me off, and—”

“Why should I be displeased?” she answered. “I was trying to think a little, that is all.”

“In which you are wiser than I. I always think aloud.”

Miss Hartley was a Virginian by birth—a Northerner by education. To the world, generally, she was cold and imperious; to a few, a very few, intimate friends she was sympathetic and unreserved. To Lon Harrison, whose glasses were clearer than most young men, she was a “perfect woman, nobly planned.”

It had taken him considerably longer to make up his mind about her than was usually necessary; but the analysis had been one of the pleasantest studies of his life.

He had doubted at one time her capacity for feeling; but this was finally set to rest by a little incident which answered a double purpose. It

showed up his own heart, as well as the nature of the young lady under scrutiny. One of the servants in the hotel had been taken very ill, and the news brought to the piazza, where a number of the guests were sitting. Lon observed that Miss Hartley alone was silent. Amid the storm of "oh, oh's!" and "ah, who?" and "how sad!" and "what a pity!" not a sound was uttered by her.

"How very dreadful!" said one of the most garrulous of the guests to Helen. "His agony is excruciating, they say, and the doctor says he must die!"

Even then she did not speak. Lon looked on and wondered. A few moments after she had slipped quietly away, and when tea-time came, Miss Hartley did not occupy her accustomed seat. Two hours after, Lon sent to her room. "Miss Hartley wishes to be excused this evening," said the messenger; "she is very busy."

At midnight Lon, deep in thought, sauntered out to the back of the house. From this point both mountains and lake were very beautiful. The soft, tender moonlight enveloped the whole scene, and Lon shivered as he found how far he was from being satisfied in the midst of all this beauty. Three months before, such surroundings would have completely absorbed him; now, there was a vacuum which all the beauties of nature could not fill. Annoyed and alarmed at the discovery, he tried to solace himself with the reflection that the woman who had taken so fast a hold of his affections was of a nature too cold and unsympathetic to make him happy, even supposing he could win her—which last seemed to him impossible. This was something he had always flattered himself could never happen to him. "In love with a girl who could never love me!" he half laughed to himself; "and worse than that, with a woman whose disposition I cannot even respect—self-contained! haughty! Bah! what a fool I am!"

That very moment he looked up, to see Miss Hartley standing by one of the servants' windows, looking out into the night. She could not see him, and he watched her as one might watch the face of a saint, or as a lover of Titian might look at one of his loveliest pictures hanging far above him. For fully five minutes she stood absorbed and motionless, with no thought that she was observed; then she walked back, and Lon saw her bend over the bedside of the sufferer, apparently the only one in the sick-room.

The next morning, at breakfast, none but a lover would have noticed that the lady's cheeks were less glowing or her eyes less brilliant. Lon took his place opposite, and with a good-morning which sent the rich blood mounting to the temples of his *vis-à-vis*, endeavored to enter into an ordinary conversation. Mrs. Marchmont, from the next table, leaned over and whispered:

"I am told that poor fellow died at daybreak."

It seemed to Lon that Miss Hartley's eyebrows arched more haughtily than ever as she said:

"Whom does she mean? The sick servant?"

"I presume so," said Lon, with a shiver. "What could not such a woman endure?" he asked himself.

All night she had ministered to a dying man, and now, after Death had done his work, she slips into her accustomed place without a word as to the previous hours.

"It is perfectly dreadful to have such things happen in a hotel!" said Mrs. Marchmont, leaning over again. "When I heard of it this morning, I just wished I had hadn't come."

"That is unfortunate," said Miss Hartley, contemptuously. "I am happy to say it has no such effect upon me."

Once Lon Harrison would have failed to understand this phase of character. Now it was as plain as the sun at noonday. It was difficult for him not to betray a knowledge of her secret, but she gave him no opportunity; indeed, she so closely guarded

every avenue to it, that he dared make no approach.

All that day they were much together, and it seemed to Lon that there was a decided diminution in the reserve with which she treated him. True, no word differing from that of yesterday was spoken, but there was a sweet something which he felt, and which gladdened his heart as it was never gladdened before; but this atmosphere was soon dispelled.

A day or two more, and the same conventional barrier was raised between them, and Lon spent most of his time wondering as to the cause. At the time our story opens, he was determined to have the riddle solved. This was new business to him, and it is not strange that he cast about for an expedient commencement. A few steps further on, and he said, very softly:

"Miss Hartley, I wonder if you will be kind enough to give me absolution, if I make a confession to you this afternoon?"

The water-lilies in her hand trembled perceptibly, as she answered. Her tones, though, were as steady as ever:

"If absolution lies in my power, Mr. Harrison—which I hardly think—I will be the most generous of priests, and grant it without the confession."

"Please remember, Miss Hartley, that at this point I am not asking a favor, but begging forgiveness. This you cannot give me, unless I show you in what I have sinned."

"If the case is really so bad, Mr. Harrison, pray proceed."

It was hard work at first, but clearness and eloquence came with the new-born courage, and Lon went on to tell her of the love he could not help, even when he believed her cold and heartless; how this love had pervaded his whole being, transforming him into a man he could hardly recognize, when he found that the woman he loved was the courageous, loyal, tender-hearted woman he had that night, for the first time, understood.

Miss Hartley's head was averted, but the little hand on his arm trembled, so that, at last, the water-lilies dropped, all unheeded, to the ground.

When Lon had finished, she cast a longing, blushing glance at his face, then withdrew her arm, and walked on a moment in silence.

"Have you no word to say to me?" he asked, in a tone so disappointed, that the young lady turned again involuntarily.

"Yes, many words," she said, at last, with a sudden start. "But you must wait."

A long shadow darkened their path. Lon looked up into the face of a tall, dark, middle-aged gentleman, of most unexceptionable and *distinguished* appearance. Lon noticed absently that his hands were full of water-lilies, and that when he took Miss Hartley's hand in his, he threw some of the long stems over her shoulder with the air of a familiar friend. His first words removed all doubt.

"My darling," he said; "is it here I find you? I expected to have been half a day longer searching for you! How kind of you to meet me!"

"Mr. Atherly—Mr. Harrison," said Miss Hartley, in her usual self-contained manner, and then the last hope that the gentleman might prove to be the young lady's father was cruelly and for ever dispelled.

Mr. Atherly offered his arm to Miss Hartley, and Lon found himself, how, he never could tell, on the other side of the stranger, and in this way they sought the hotel. A fierce and almost ungovernable rage burned in the young man's heart; but he replied to the flood of small-talk and without an apparent effort compelled himself to act well his part in this strange little drama of real life.

There was not the slightest self-consciousness in Miss Hartley's manner as she bade him *au revoir* at the foot of the hotel-stairs. That evening, Mr. Atherly and Miss Hartley promenaded the piazza till a late hour. Lon was nowhere visible. The

next day, and the next, the programme remained unaltered—our lover taking every precaution to avoid the newly united couple. "What did it mean?" he asked himself, over and over again. Had she not deserted all other society for his? Had she not given him the fullest encouragement that he might win her? Had she not listened to his declaration with genuine feeling, and mutual affection? They met a few times at table, and then Lon timed his meals so as to completely avoid them. There were two reasons that prevented him from immediately leaving the hotel. First, the natural pride of the man, which rose up in rebellion at the idea of flight; next, an engagement to meet some friends a week or two hence, and to travel with them into the heart of the Adirondacks. The last could be canceled—the lack of true manly courage involved by an ignominious departure could never be excused. So, Mr. Lon Harrison read, smoked, rode, fished, and tried to forget that the shadow of a beautiful woman had ever darkened his path. His fellow-boarders laughed, and shrugged their shoulders, and it was astonishing how many people were aware that Mr. Atherly and Miss Hartley had been for a long time engaged.

A few days later, and Mr. Atherly had left Schroon Lake, and Lon, on a fishing excursion, was told, by a friendly gossip, of the scene at the boat-landing when the gentleman bade his promised wife good-by.

"Her face was as red as a boiled lobster," said the gentleman, "and he looked as if he was going to his own funeral. I thought I would speak to Miss Hartley, as she was walking back, she looked so sort of lonesome, so I said, 'We are going to have a regatta, by-and-by, Miss Hartley.' By George! if you'll believe, she never so much as looked at me, but walked on as fast as her feet could carry her. If ever a woman is infernally disagreeable to the whole human family, except one, it is when she is in love."

Lon laughed, and changed the subject. After this, it seemed to him that his friends never would come to give him the desired opportunity of getting away. He hated himself for the agitation which every chance meeting with Miss Hartley produced. He hated himself for having believed that she would explain her singular conduct. Of course, that time had passed, and he wearily counted the hours for his friends' arrival. He should always hate water-lilies for the part they had unwittingly played in his heart-history, and yet every morning found him at the border of the pond, where a couple of bare-legged boys waited for their customers.

"The last morning he should ever stand in this spot," he told himself. That evening his party were to start with their guides. He had just bought out number one, and now number two had waded to earn his fee.

A light step behind him broke in upon his thoughts. He turned his head to see—Miss Hartley.

"To what devilish machination," he asked himself, "was he indebted for this accident?" Not Miss Hartley herself could have more effectually disguised her real thoughts.

"Ah, Miss Hartley!" he said, with a smile. "And you have come for flowers, too?"

She made no answer—simply looked at him in a rapt sort of way, as if she and the present had nothing in common.

"Are you good at conundrums?" Lon went on, carelessly. "If so, I can give you something original. Why is a water-lily like a whale?" He did not look at her face. If he had, the anguish which was written all over it would have silenced him effectually. "Do you give it up?"

"Yes, Mr. Harrison, I give up all conundrums."

"Very well, then: because it comes to the surface to blow."

That moment he threw a quick glance in her direction, and the deathly paleness of her counte-

nance frightened him. He stepped to her side, and said:

"Miss Hartley, will you accept a few bunches of these water-lilies?"

She took them mechanically, saying, as she did so, "Mr. Harrison, I sought you this morning to—to—"

"Yes," interrupted Lon, grieved in spite of himself, and more perplexed than ever before in his life; "to explain."

"Yes," she went on, fingering the lilies absently. "Yes, to explain. I—I was engaged to Mr. Atherly. It was to be a marriage of convenience. My parents expected it—planned it from my childhood. Until I saw you, I supposed I should be as happy with him as any one else; but—then I knew better. We have parted for ever, Mr. Harrison—"

"You mean," interrupted Lon again, this time with the old heartiness in his voice, "that you have given him his *congé*, because you love me, and do not love him?"

"Yes, Mr. Harrison."

The bare-legged boys were on the other side of the pond, and there was no one near to look on. What happened I cannot say, but there must have been a total forgetfulness of all mundane subjects, for even the beloved water-lilies fell to the ground in fragrant confusion, and were no more thought of.

Who Signed It?

LISCOM TRURO, Esq., Solicitor and Counselor at Law, was a Cape Cod man by birth, and like many other sons of that arid and peculiar portion of the earth's surface, he retained a strong affection for his birthplace, and took an especial interest in the welfare of his neighbors, acquaintances and fellow-Capemans generally. The natural action of cause and effect produced from this interest upon the part of the lawyer a corresponding confidence in the minds of those toward whom it was exercised, and "Lawyer Truro," as these honest people loved to call him, had a lion's share of all the legal patronage within fifty miles of the old town of Wellfleet, where he was born; that is to say, so much of it as could be transacted in another county, for he had removed to Boston and become a member of the Suffolk Bar some twenty years before the date of this story; still, however, retaining possession of the paternal farmhouse, where he supported his only sister, a maiden of some fifty Autumns, not to say Winters, who lived there alone, saving the society of a small workhouse-girl named Hepzibah, at whom she alternately gossiped and scolded, as the humor seized her.

It was just in the edge of a wintry evening, late in November, and Miss Priscilla Truro folded up the fine yarn stocking she was knitting for her brother, stuck the ball upon the end of the needles, and opened the door between the sitting-room and kitchen.

"Come, Hepzibah, it's 'most five o'clock, and we may as well have our supper, and get it over. You start up the fire, and I'll mix some pancakes. I feel just like eating rye pancakes—Lord! what's that!"

It was a click of the latch of the front door, followed by footsteps, coming around the house, and both mistress and maid rushed toward the back-door in the wash-room, beyond the kitchen, but whether to bar or to open it can never now be known, for, before they reached it, it flew violently open, admitting a wild, wet wind straight from the sea, a whirl of snow, and Liscom Truro, Esq., with a satchel in one hand, an umbrella inside-out in the other, and a pink and wrathful face.

Hepzibah, not to be cheated of the expected sensation, shrieked dismayfully, and Miss Truro, in a casual sort of way, boxed her ears, and swept on toward her brother, exclaiming:

"Why, Lisk, it ain't you, is it?"

"Looks like it, I should say. Confound this umbrella!" replied the guest, struggling to close the door, and dropping the reversed umbrella upon the threshold.

"Most spoiled, ain't it, and a good silk umbrella, too!" remarked Miss Priscilla, examining the article with rueful eyes, and vainly endeavoring to restore it to shape.

"There, it's all right now. Drop that old umbrella, Prissy, and shake hands. How are you?"

"Tol'able, thank you, Lisk," replied the sister, giving her hand in the wooden and uncompromising style peculiar to Cape people, who consider that hands were made for use, and not for ceremony or ornament. "I suppose you haven't come down to thanksgiving, have you, Lisk?" pursued she, meaning that she hoped he had; but the lawyer shook his head and grimly smiled.

"It will be much as ever if I get down the night before Thanksgiving, and it's ten days ahead yet," said he. "But come into the sitting-room and let me get off my wet coat. How are you, Hepsey? All right, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Be you going to make them pancakes, Miss Truro?" replied the little handmaid, still rubbing her left ear.

"Yes. You get out the things, and I'll be here directly," said the mistress, following her brother into the sitting-room and closing the door, while she eagerly asked: "Has Micajah Hussey sent for you to draw out his will, Liscom?"

"He's sent for me, Prissy. Got some one to telegraph from Orleans this afternoon. But what made you ask?" inquired the lawyer, cautiously.

"Telegraph from Orleans! Well, he must have wanted you pretty bad to send away up there. Why'd I ask! Why, I heard this morning that they thought he was struck with death; and Mrs. White, who's there nursing him—for his wife's fell down and broke her leg—she said he was awfully worked up about his property. She's sent for her son, Lisk?"

"Who's sent for whose son?"

"Why, Ann Hussey, Micajah's wife, has sent for Tom Wynch, her first husband's son," replied Priscilla, impatiently. "And what's more, she means that he shall have Micajah's money, every red cent on't; and there's his own daughter, poor Molly, starving in the streets, maybe! Well, well, where's the justice of this world, I'd like to know!"

Her brother made no answer to this inquiry—in fact did not hear it—for he was looking out of the window and seeing the merry face and liscom form of Molly Hussey pictured upon the blackness without—Molly Hussey, whom he had loved with the one strong love of his life when they were two young things down here, in their secluded native place; and who would have been his wife to-day but for that wretched visit to Boston, in her seventeenth Winter. And then, while Priscilla, with some unheeded words, bustled into the kitchen, her brother, still staring out of the window, recalled that bitter past when Molly, her visit over, returned home—but so changed—so changed to him and to all! And how in a little while the wretched truth became apparent, and her father drove her with curses from his door, unheeding all her mother's piteous entreaties that he should show a little patience, should give the child time to explain, to make her defense, to confide in the mother whom she had never before deceived or disobeyed. But go, the old man was furious with the outraged pride of an unspotted name—pride even more unconquerable than that of rank, or wealth, or high descent; and in the same hour that poor Molly Hussey's disgrace came to light she disappeared from her native town, and never had again been seen there. Fifteen years ago—as Liscom Truro rapidly computed—fifteen years the tenth day of this very November, and she had never been heard of since;—and, if living, she would be thirty-three; and he was verging on his fortieth birthday! But he never had

married, never had cared for woman since, and never had forgotten the sea-blue eyes and rippling bronze-brown hair of his first love.

The poor mother died before the snows had melted in the Spring after her daughter's disappearance, and in another year or two Micajah Hussey brought home a new wife, the Widow Wynch, from Sandwich, with her son Tom, an ill-conditioned fellow of twelve or thirteen years of age, who soon ran away to sea, and had ever since been the intermittent pest of his stepfather and the mother who adored and quarreled with him. It was a stormy and unhappy household at the best, for the second wife was a Tartar, and old Micajah having caught, was determined to tame, her, but found it no easy task. And now he was down with rheumatic fever, and the doctor had told him that it was best for him to ease his mind of anything that might lie upon it, for nobody ever knew how long they might be spared; which, being interpreted, meant that the rheumatism was hanging round the sick man's heart, and that he was liable to die at any moment.

Something of this he said privately to the wife, who grimly replied:

"I s'pose he'll die when his time comes, like the rest of us; and as for settlin' his affairs, they're all settled long ago."

"He's made a will, then?" asked the old doctor, curiously.

"Yes, he has," replied Mrs. Hussey, tartly.

"And poor little Molly, he has not left her destitute, I hope," said the doctor, who was Molly's very earliest acquaintance, and had loved her from that hour to the present, but virtuous Mrs. Hussey tossed her pointed chin, and sniffed with her pointed nose.

"I don't think it looks very well, Doctor House, for a family-man like you to be worrying about such creatures as that. Wouldn't sound very well in inquiry-meetin'."

"Creatures! Well, I suppose she was created, and so were some other folks, more's the pity."

And the old man gathered up his saddle-bags, and departed, without waiting for a reply. But it was that very afternoon that Mrs. Hussey fell down the cellar-stairs, and broke her leg, and, in the commotion that ensued, her husband called to one of the men who had been brought in to lift the helpless woman and inquired:

"Got her safe into bed?"

"Yes; and Delano, he's gone for the doctor; he'll—"

"Safe in bed, and that Tom o' her'n can't get here for a day or two yet," interposed Micajah, evidently quite indifferent to the doctor's arrival or his wife's sufferings. "Now, Jones, you've got a good horse, and you don't mind a little work, if you can make it pay, do you, now?"

"Well, no, Micajah, I don't know as I do."

"Then, I'll tell you how to earn a dollar, and—and—your charges traveling, if you'll keep a still tongue in your head, and do an errand for me."

"What is't?" inquired Jones, his face assuming a business shrewdness and reticence.

"Why, I want to send to Orleans, right off, quick!"

"To Orleans—for a dollar—this weather?"

And Jones shook his head in placid incredulity at such an offer being seriously proposed.

"Two dollars, then! three, darn you! four, if you've a mind to tax a dying man that way!" shouted Micajah, growing so purple in the face, that his neighbor hastened to soothe him.

"Don't ye—don't ye take on that way, 'Cajah! Come, now, I'll go to Orleans, and do your errand for nothin', and you pay the tavern-bill and no more, for, of course, I'll have to stop over night. It shan't be said, Hiram Jones was the man to make a tight bargain with a sick neighbor, no way."

"All right, I'll take you to your word," replied

Micajah, calming down, and lowering his voice. "I want you to get up there jest as early as you can this afternoon, and telegraph to Lawyer Truro, in Boston, to take to-morrow's morning's stage, without fail, and come down here to me. Say I'll pay him handsome."

"He can take the cars to Orleans, you know."

"All the better. I don't care what he takes, nor what he charges, but I want him down here to-morrow night—Saturday night—for I sha'n't last over Sunday, and I've got suthin' on my mind. Doctor House, he said I had, and told me to get rid on't, or I shouldn't die easy. Some folks says there's wild pigeon's feathers in the pillow when you can't die easy, but I think it's more like to be suthin' on your mind—'tis with me, anyway. How soon'll you start, Hiram?"

"Right off, 'Cajah, and ef you're going to set aside something for Molly, I'll go with all the better will, for—"

"Don't you worry yourself about what I'm going to do, Neighbor Jones," interposed the sick man, dryly. "You just do as I said, and do it for love, or for money, just as you've a mind to fix it. I don't care."

And Hiram Jones left the sick-room, feeling that his old friend must be very ill, indeed, before he came to the point of saying he "didn't care" in any matter involving money.

And so it came about that Liscom Truro received the summons that brought him down to Wellfleet upon that dismal November evening, into whose blackness we left him staring, and dreaming of the past, while his sister and Hepsibah prepared the savory meal, of which he was presently invited to partake. The pancakes were excellent, so were the cream-toast, and the doughnuts, and pumpkin-pie, and black cake and hard gingerbread, for thrifty Miss Priscilla always had a stock of these easily-kept dainties on hand; and the tea was as good as any one drank in Wellfleet, although a very small proportion of its substance ever came from China; but although the visitor ate and drank heartily, it was in unappreciative haste, and with few words of compliment, and the moment he had finished, he jumped up and began hastily to don the overcoat carefully disposed beside the kitchen-fire to dry.

"What! going right off, like that, Lisk?" exclaimed Priscilla, not over-pleased at this neglect.

"I must, Prissy. It is a long walk down to Mr. Hussey's, and there is no knowing what trouble there will be in getting to him if Tom Wynch has come home. I am quite sure there is a will already in existence, giving everything to Tom's mother, I did not draw it. In fact, Prissy, I don't mind telling you, in strict confidence, that Mr. Hussey wanted me to draw it, and I refused; but he went straight up to Boscomb and had it done. Of course, any different will that he may now wish to make would be less advantageous to Mrs. Hussey and her son, and they will oppose it with all their might. If she was not disabled just now, I should never have been sent for at all, and if Tom gets home from New Bedford before all is settled, he would stand at nothing, I verily believe, to prevent this will from being executed. So, you see, I am a little anxious to get it over."

He was all ready, now, fully prepared to face the rising storm, and, with his hand upon the latch of the door, Prissy put her arms around his neck.

"I see, brother dear," said she, softly; "but if that hateful Tom Wynch should be ugly, you won't get into a fuss with him, will you now? And you'll be home in good season?"

"Why, my dear, I doubt if I come home at all. I am going to try to get John Beals's horse to ride down to the Hussey farm, but if I can't have it, I must walk, and shall get the Husseys to keep me all night, it will be so late and so stormy."

"And if they won't keep you? as if Tom and his mother have their say, they won't."

"Then I can go down to the old stage-tavern,

Briscoe's, and get a bed. I suppose that is still open."

"Much as ever," replied Miss Prissy, contemptuously. Gersham and Jerushy live along there like two old mummies, and if any one comes they keep them; but the house is all tumbling about their ears. Besides, they do say, Lisk, that queer sights and sounds are seen and heard down there."

"I should think there might be sounds enough on such a night as this; but if I can't get Beals's horse, and can't stay at the farm, I shall risk the sights and sounds, and go to Briscoe's. So, good-night, Pris."

And with a kiss upon his sister's sorrow cheek, and a word to Hepsibah, who stood attentively watching, the lawyer opened the door, letting in a ruder blast than even that which had heralded his entrance, and closing it behind him with some difficulty, stepped sturdily out in the direction of a neighboring farmhouse, where he hoped to hire a horse for his two-mile journey; but this hope was soon proved fallacious, for John Beals himself had ridden one of his horses to Orleans that day, and the other was disabled, so that Mr. Truro, after a brief conversation with the farmer's wife, an old schoolmate of his, turned his face toward the biting northeast wind, and struck manfully out into the night and the storm.

It was worse than he expected, and when at last the twinkling lights of the lonely farmhouse appeared in the distance, Liscom Truro drew a sigh of relief, such as a tired swimmer emits when at last his feet touches bottom.

A few moments later he knocked at the door he had but seldom entered since Molly Hussey used to open it for him. It was opened now by a dark and withered woman, whose hard, honest face lighted with a smile of welcome as she saw who was the guest.

"Lawyer Truro!" exclaimed she. "Well, I'm awful glad to see ye. He's done nothing but worry about your coming since noon to-day. Storms consid'able, don't it?"

"Well, yes," replied the lawyer, stamping and shaking the half-melted snow from his feet and clothes. "How is Mr. Hussey to-night, Mrs. White?"

"Why, he's sort of excited, and yet he's getting weaker all the time. We thought he was struck with death one spell, and then he seemed to rally up some; but I think he ain't long for this world, anyway."

"Wynch come?" asked Mr. Truro, softly.

"Massy, no; I'm glad to say he ain't; but she's been expecting him all day. She's in just as big a twitter to see him as Micajah is to see you."

"You mean his mother?"

"Sertain. Nancy Holden is setting with her for a spell, and I b'lieve cal'lates to set all night; but I don't go anigh her when I can help it. I'm nussing Micajah, and that's enough. There, now, if you're fixed, come right in."

"Is Mr. Hussey prepared to see me?"

"Lor', yes; he's been a-preparin' all day. Hark! that's him."

And, in fact, a feeble voice was heard calling:

"Mis' White! Mis' White! Ain't Truro come yet? Who's out there?"

"Here he is, Mr. Hussey, jest a-comin' in," replied the nurse, nodding and winking at the lawyer, who significantly made a gesture of silence, and followed her through the great kitchen to a short passage ending at the door of the bedroom where the sick man lay, a ghastly figure swathed in flannel, and unable to move a limb, except the right hand, which feebly clutched at the counterpane, and the head, which restlessly rolled upon its pillow, while the glaring eyes fixed devouringly upon the door, and the husky, feverish voice cried out:

"Is that you, Liscom Truro? I never was so glad to eat as I am to see you, and it was a neighborly

"Looks like it, I should say. Confound this umbrella!" replied the guest, struggling to close the door, and dropping the reversed umbrella upon the threshold.

"Most spoiled, ain't it, and a good silk umbrella, too!" remarked Miss Priscilla, examining the article with rueful eyes, and vainly endeavoring to restore it to shape.

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"Yes. You get out the things, and I'll be here directly," said the mistress, following her brother into the sitting-room and closing the door, while she eagerly asked: "Has Micajah Hussey sent for you to draw out his will, Liscom?"

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"Who's sent for whose son?"

"Why, Ann Hussey, Micajah's wife, has sent for Tom Wynch, her first husband's son," replied Priscilla, impatiently. "And what's more, she means that he shall have Micajah's money, every red cent on't; and there's his own daughter, poor Molly, starving in the streets, maybe! Well, well, where's the justice of this world, I'd like to know?"

Her brother made no answer to this inquiry—in fact did not hear it—for he was looking out of the window and seeing the merry face and lisom form of Molly Hussey pictured upon the blackness without—Molly Hussey, whom he had loved with the one strong love of his life when they were two young things down here, in their secluded native place; and who would have been his wife to-day but for that wretched visit to Boston, in her seventeenth Winter. And then, while Priscilla, with some unheeded words, bustled into the kitchen, her brother, still staring out of the window, recalled that bitter past when Molly, her visit over, returned home—but so changed—so changed to him and to all! And how in a little while the wretched truth became apparent, and her father drove her with curses from his door, unheeding all her mother's piteous entreaties that he should show a little patience, should give the child time to explain, to make her defense, to confide in the mother whom she had never before deceived or disobeyed. But no, the old man was furious with the outraged pride of an unspotted name—pride even more unconquerable than that of rank, or wealth, or high descent; and in the same hour that poor Molly Hussey's disgrace came to light she disappeared from her native town, and never had again been seen there. Fifteen years ago—as Liscom Truro rapidly computed—fifteen years the tenth day of this very November, and she had never been heard of since; and, if living, she would be thirty-three; and he was verging on his fortieth birthday! But he never had

married, never had cared for woman since, and never had forgotten the sea-blue eyes and rippling bronze-brown hair of his first love.

The poor mother died before the snows had melted in the Spring after her daughter's disappearance, and in another year or two Micajah Hussey brought home a new wife, the Widow Wynch, from Sandwich, with her son Tom, an ill-conditioned fellow of twelve or thirteen years of age, who soon ran away to sea, and had ever since been the intermittent pest of his stepfather and the mother who adored and quarreled with him. It was a stormy and unhappy household at the best, for the second wife was a Tartar, and old Micajah having caught, was determined to tame her, but found it no easy task. And now he was down with rheumatic fever, and the doctor had told him that it was best for him to ease his mind of anything that might lie upon it, for nobody ever knew how long they might be spared; which, being interpreted, meant that the rheumatism was hanging round the sick man's heart, and that he was liable to die at any moment.

Something of this he said privately to the wife, who grimly replied:

"I s'pose he'll die when his time comes, like the rest of us; and as for settlin' his affairs, they're all settled long ago."

"He's made a will, then?" asked the old doctor, curiously.

"Yes, he has," replied Mrs. Hussey, tartly.

"And poor little Molly, he has not left her destitute, I hope," said the doctor, who was Molly's very earliest acquaintance, and had loved her from that hour to the present, but virtuous Mrs. Hussey tossed her pointed chin, and sniffed with her pointed nose.

"I don't think it looks very well, Doctor House, for a family-man like you to be worrying about such creatures as that. Wouldn't sound very well in inquiry-meetin'."

"Creatures! Well, I suppose she was created, and so were some other folks, more's the pity."

And the old man gathered up his saddle-bags, and departed, without waiting for a reply. But it was that very afternoon that Mrs. Hussey fell down the cellar-stairs, and broke her leg, and, in the commotion that ensued, her husband called to one of the men who had been brought in to lift the helpless woman and inquired:

"Got her safe into bed?"

"Yes; and Delano, he's gone for the doctor; he'll—"

"Safe in bed, and that Tom o' her'n can't get here for a day or two yet," interposed Micajah, evidently quite indifferent to the doctor's arrival or his wife's sufferings. "Now, Jones, you've got a good horse, and you don't mind a little work, if you can make it pay, do you, now?"

"Well, no, Micajah, I don't know as I do."

"Then, I'll tell you how to earn a dollar, and—and—your charges traveling, if you'll keep a still tongue in your head, and do an errand for me."

"What is't?" inquired Jones, his face assuming a business shrewdness and reticence.

"Why, I want to send to Orleans, right off, quick!"

"To Orleans—for a dollar—this weather?"

And Jones shook his head in placid incredulity at such an offer being seriously proposed.

"Two dollars, then! three, darn you! four, if you've a mind to tax a dying man that way!" shouted Micajah, growing so purple in the face, that his neighbor hastened to soothe him.

"Don't ye—don't ye take on that way, 'Cajah! Come, now, I'll go to Orleans, and do your errand for nothin', and you pay the tavern-bill and no more, for, of course, I'll have to stop over night. It sha'n't be said, Hiram Jones was the man to make a tight bargain with a sick neighbor, no way."

"All right, I'll take you to your word," replied

Micajah, calming down, and lowering his voice. "I want you to get up there jest as early as you can this afternoon, and telegraph to Lawyer Truro, in Boston, to take to-morrow's morning's stage, without fail, and come down here to me. Say I'll pay him handsome."

"He can take the cars to Orleans, you know."

"All the better. I don't care what he takes, nor what he charges, but I want him down here to-morrow night—Saturday night—for I sha'n't last over Sunday, and I've got suthin' on my mind. Doctor House, he said I had, and told me to get rid on't, or I shouldn't die easy. Some folks says there's wild pigeon's feathers in the pillow when you can't die easy, but I think it's more like to be suthin' on your mind—'tis with me, anyway. How soon'll you start, Hiram?"

"Right off, 'Cajah, and ef you're going to set aside something for Molly, I'll go with all the better will, for—"

"Don't you worry yourself about what I'm going to do, Neighbor Jones," interposed the sick man, dryly. "You just do as I said, and do it for love, or for money, just as you've a mind to fix it. I don't care."

And Hiram Jones left the sick-room, feeling that his old friend must be very ill, indeed, before he came to the point of saying he "didn't care" in any matter involving money.

And so it came about that Liscom Truro received the summons that brought him down to Wellfleet upon that dismal November evening, into whose blackness we left him staring, and dreaming of the past, while his sister and Hepzibah prepared the savory meal, of which he was presently invited to partake. The pancakes were excellent, so were the cream-toast, and the doughnuts, and pumpkin-pie, and black cake and hard gingerbread, for thrifty Miss Priscilla always had a stock of these easily-kept dainties on hand; and the tea was as good as any one drank in Wellfleet, although a very small proportion of its substance ever came from China; but although the visitor ate and drank heartily, it was in unappreciative haste, and with few words of compliment, and the moment he had finished, he jumped up and began hastily to don the overcoat carefully disposed beside the kitchen-fire to dry.

"What! going right off, like that, Lask?" exclaimed Priscilla, not over-pleased at this neglect.

"I must, Prissy. It is a long walk down to Mr. Hussey's, and there is no knowing what trouble there will be in getting to him if Tom Wynch has come home. I am quite sure there is a will already in existence, giving everything to Tom's mother, I did not draw it. In fact, Prissy, I don't mind telling you, in strict confidence, that Mr. Hussey wanted me to draw it, and I refused; but he went straight up to Boscomb and had it done. Of course, any different will that he may now wish to make would be less advantageous to Mrs. Hussey and her son, and they will oppose it with all their might. If she was not disabled just now, I should never have been sent for at all, and if Tom gets home from New Bedford before all is settled, he would stand at nothing, I verily believe, to prevent this will from being executed. So, you see, I am a little anxious to get it over."

He was all ready, now, fully prepared to face the rising storm, and, with his hand upon the latch of the door, Prissy put her arms around his neck.

"I see, brother dear," said she, softly; "but if that hateful Tom Wynch should be ugly, you won't get into a fuss with him, will you now? And you'll be home in good season?"

"Why, my dear, I doubt if I come home at all. I am going to try to get John Beals's horse to ride down to the Hussey farm, but if I can't have it, I must walk, and shall get the Husseys to keep me all night, it will be so late and so stormy."

"And if they won't keep you? as if Tom and his mother have their say, they won't."

"Then I can go down to the old stage-tavern,

Briscoe's, and get a bed. I suppose that is still open."

"Much as ever," replied Miss Prissy, contemptuously. Geraham and Jerushy live along there like two old mummies, and if any one comes they keep them; but the house is all tumbling about their ears. Besides, they do say, Lask, that queer sights and sounds are seen and heard down there."

"I should think there might be sounds enough on such a night as this; but if I can't get Beals's horse, and can't stay at the farm, I shall risk the sights and sounds, and go to Briscoe's. So, good-night, Pris."

And with a kiss upon his sister's sorrow cheek, and a word to Hepzibah, who stood attentively watching, the lawyer opened the door, letting in a rude blast than even that which had heralded his entrance, and closing it behind him with some difficulty, stepped sturdily out in the direction of a neighboring farmhouse, where he hoped to hire a horse for his two-mile journey; but this hope was soon proved fallacious, for John Beals himself had ridden one of his horses to Orleans that day, and the other was disabled, so that Mr. Truro, after a brief conversation with the farmer's wife, an old schoolmate of his, turned his face toward the biting northeast wind, and struck manfully out into the night and the storm.

It was worse than he expected, and when at last the twinkling lights of the lonely farmhouse appeared in the distance, Liscom Truro drew a sigh of relief, such as a tired swimmer emits when at last his feet touches bottom.

A few moments later he knocked at the door he had but seldom entered since Molly Hussey used to open it for him. It was opened now by a dark and withered woman, whose hard, honest face lighted with a smile of welcome as she saw who was the guest.

"Lawyer Truro!" exclaimed she. "Well, I'm awful glad to see ye. He's done nothing but worry about your coming since noon to-day. Storms consid'able, don't it?"

"Well, yes," replied the lawyer, stamping and shaking the half-melted snow from his feet and clothes. "How is Mr. Hussey to-night, Mrs. White?"

"Why, he's sort of excited, and yet he's getting weaker all the time. We thought he was struck with death one spell, and then he seemed to rally up some; but I think he ain't long for this world, anyway."

"Wynch come?" asked Mr. Truro, softly.

"Massey, no; I'm glad to say he ain't; but she's been expecting him all day. She's in just as big a twitter to see him as Micajah is to see you."

"You mean his mother?"

"Sartin. Nancy Holden is setting with her for a spell, and I b'lieve calc'lates to set all night; but I don't go anigh her when I can help it. I'm nussing Micajah, and that's enough. There, now, if you're fixed, come right in."

"Is Mr. Hussey prepared to see me?"

"Lor', yes; he's been a-preparin' all day. Hark! that's him."

And, in fact, a feeble voice was heard calling:

"Mis' White! Mis' White! Ain't Truro come yet? Who's out there?"

"Here he is, Mr. Hussey, jest a-comin' in," replied the nurse, nodding and winking at the lawyer, who significantly made a gesture of silence, and followed her through the great kitchen to a short passage ending at the door of the bedroom where the sick man lay, a ghastly figure swathed in flannel, and unable to move a limb, except the right hand, which feebly clutched at the counterpane, and the head, which restlessly rolled upon its pillow, while the glaring eyes fixed devouringly upon the door, and the husky, feverish voice cried out:

"Is that you, Liscom Truro? I never was so glad to eat as I am to see you, and it was a neighborly

thing to come down as soon as I sent. You was always a good boy, Lisk, and if she'd only behaved as she'd ought to, you'd ha' been my son to-day. Yes, sir, and for all that's come and gone, you're more of a son to me now than that scamp Tom Wynch. Son! He's no son, ner his mother ain't no wife worth mentioning. I never had but one wife, and she's a-waitin' for me up there on the hill—if it freezes up, how they're going to dig the grave's more than I see, but I'll have it right close to her, and you'll put that in the will, Lisk, won't you?"

"I'll put in whatever you say, Mr. Hussey, that is, if I am to draw up a will for you," said the lawyer composedly, as he took off his wrappings and stood for a moment beside the open fire, while Mrs. White bustled about and cleared a little table of its litter of medicine-bottles and glasses, set it beside the bed with a chair, and placed a bottle of ink in the middle, with a triumphant flourish.

"They didn't have no ink in the house, and I sent my Levi down to the store and bought it this forenoon," said she, complacently.

"Did you have it charged to me?" inquired the sick man, anxiously, and Mrs. White replied, emphatically:

"No, sir, I didn't. I don't run no bills for myself, nor other folks, neither. I paid ten cents out o' my own pocket."

"That's all right enough. When you fetch in your account for nursing me, put the ten cents in, too. My executor will pay it along with the rest. Now you just step out a little while, and leave me and Lawyer Truro alone."

"I'm just a-going. Is there everything you want, Mr. Truro?"

"Everything, thank you," and politely bowing Mrs. White from the room, Mr. Truro seated himself at the little table, and taking his traveling writing-case from his pocket, produced paper, pens and a little portable inkstand. The sick man watched all these preparations with the same feverish, anxious gaze with which he had watched every movement since the lawyer first appeared, and murmured impatiently:

"There, there, that'll do! We sha'n't be through before Tom gets here, and then there'll be a row."

"All ready now, Mr. Hussey," calmly replied the lawyer, opening the portable inkstand and dipping his pen. "What are your instructions?"

"Instructions! They're short enough, and plain enough. I want to leave everything I have in the world to my daughter Molly, my only child, and to her daughter, Hepzibah, after her."

"Her daughter—Hepzibah?" repeated the lawyer helplessly, and fixing his eyes upon those restless, feverish eyes watching him so eagerly.

"Yes. I suppose I've got to tell it all out now, for you'll have to settle it according to law, and have got to know, but don't ye tell more folks than you need to, now, will you, Lisk, for it won't make a very good story to leave behind me."

"I will be as careful as possible, Mr. Hussey, but I can make no promises, and if I am to do any good I must know the whole story," said the lawyer gravely; and a flush of shame rose to the brow of the sick man as he slowly replied:

"You shall, you shall—I'm a-going to tell. It was 'most such a night as this, just about two year after poor little Molly went off, that I was coming home consid'able late, and out there in the road I met a little creature all muffled up in a cloak and hood, and as she seemed to be standing still as though she didn't know which way to turn, I stopped, and sort of asked what was the matter of her, and if I couldn't do suthin' or 'nother to help her. For a minute she didn't speak nor move, and then all at once she bust out crying, and got hold of my hand, and went down on her knees, right in the snow, and said 'twas my little Molly, and wouldn't I speak a word of forgiveness, and grant one last favor to her for her dead mother's sake. If she

hadn't spoke about her mother it might have been different, but that word sort of riled up all the bitterness that had partly settled down before, and I hauled away my hand and says, says I:

"I'd sooner curse you than forgive you, you jade; and as for your mother, it jest shows what a brazen creature you be to dare to mention her, when everybody about here knows 'twas you that killed her by your misconduct, and had better have killed yourself at the same time. Out of my sight, and don't never come into it again.' Ha'sh words, Lisk, and I'd give more than I'm worth to take 'em back; but it can't be, it can't be! They was heard where I'm a-going, and they'll rise up ag'in me—they, and Molly, and her mother—all, all ag'in me."

The poor helpless head writhed upon its helpless trunk, and the nervous right hand clinched convulsively, as the last words burst with a groan from the lips of the repentant father.

Liscom Truro pressed his own lips tightly together over the words that he would not speak to a dying man, and presently inquired:

"And what did Molly say then?"

"Didn't say nothing, but give a sort of screech, and sot off running down the road like a wild creeper, and I kept on to the house. I had my foot on the door-stone, and was just going to lift the latch, when I see something lying there—a sort of a dark bundle—and I kind of stirred it with my foot, and it give a little squeak like a foundling lamb you find under the snow once to a while. I mistrusted in a minute what it was, and, setting down the lantern I'd brought along from the barn, I unwrapped the shawl and see that it was a baby; and all in a minute I recollected the gal's words, that she'd got a last favor to beg of me for her dead mother's sake, and I knowed it was to take care of that poor little baby that hadn't father nor mother to own it, nor a home to shelter its head. I knowed it, but I wa'n't a-going to do it, for my heart was as hard as the nether millstone ag'in 'em both—mother and baby—and I hardly took a minute to think, before I wrapped it up ag'in, went back to the barn where I'd just put up my horse, took him away from the rack with his mouth full of fodder, and, in two minutes was on his back with the child in my arms. I rid right over to the town-farm, and get off my horse just before I come to the house, so as nobody should see me. Then I crept up to the door and laid it on the step same way that I'd found it on my own; and just as I laid it down I felt a paper crumpling under my hand, and found a letter pinned on the shawl. I tore it off and put it in my pocket. Then I give a knock and run. Next day it was all over town about the baby; but nobody mistrusted whose it was, or where it came from, and I took good care not to get mixed up with it anyway, so at last it all blew over. The town brought up the child till she was ten year old, and then she was bound out to your sister till she's eighteen—five year from now."

"Hepzibah!" exclaimed the lawyer, softly.

"Just so," replied the old man, coolly; "and I'm glad she's got so good a home. I never saw nor heard of poor Molly from that day to this; but somehow I can't make it she's dead, or I'd know it some way; and the end of all this is that I want you to draw out my will, leaving every stick and stone I'm worth in the world to my daughter Molly, and her daughter Hepzibah, arter her. Then it'll be your lookout to see that they get it."

"You wish me to act as executor, then?"

"Yes, and be sure to pay Mrs. White them ten cents for the bottle of ink along o' the rest of the debts."

"But your wife—"

"Oh, she's got her house over to Sandwich with the shoe-shop that she lets out. I never had nothing to do with her money, nor she sha'n't with mine. She hain't been the wife she'd oughter to me, and I've never been sorry but once that I took her, and that was always. Leave her and her boy out, or,

if she's got to be put in to make it all right, just give her what the law would give, and say that I wouldn't have given her that if I could help it."

"Very well," replied the lawyer, smiling dryly, "I understand your wishes, I think. You leave everything to your daughter for life, with remainder to her child, and you make me executor? To your wife you bequeath the property in Sandwich, which became yours upon your marriage with her, since there were no marriage settlements?"

"Yes, yes, that's all right. Now go to work and write it down."

"One question first. What was in the note that you found pinned upon the shawl enveloping the baby?"

"I never opened it. I didn't want to know nothing about it, but it's in my wallet here under the pillow, and, if you've a mind to, you may get it out, and read it. I'd kind o' like to hear it now."

In silent astonishment at the course pursued by this relentless, and yet longing father, Mr. Truro took the wallet from the designated place, and presently found, in one of its private pockets, the worn and yellow paper hidden there twelve long years before, and never yet unsealed. He turned it curiously in his hand.

"Shall I open it, Mr. Hussey?" asked he.

"Sertain. That's what I said."

With reverent fingers the lawyer unfolded the worn little sheet of note-paper, and read aloud:

"I dars not see you or speak to you, father, dear, but I bring you my poor little baby, and beg you to give her a home for the sake of my dear dead mother. The child is named Mary, after her. Oh, father, dear, I thought I was married, indeed, I did, and he begged me to keep it secret just a little while, and so I would not tell you that last day. But he deceived me cruelly, and now he is dead, too, and I am all alone in the world; but no matter for me, if you will only take care of my little Mary, and make her a better girl than ever I was.

"Your penitent child, MOLLY."

Mr. Truro had just finished reading the piteous words, and was tenderly refolding the paper, when the outer door was heard to open violently, a coarse voice was audible without, and then a pair of heavy feet clumped up the stairs to an upper chamber.

"It's Tom," gasped the sick man, with an expression of mingled fear and anger darkening his face. "He's gone up to his mother, but he'll be down here directly. Can't I sign the will before he comes?"

"It's not drawn yet. It will require half an hour or so, but you have a right to do as you like, Mr. Hussey: this is your house, not Tom Wynch's, remember."

"Yes, yes, but I'm sick, and weak, and he's mean enough to knock me round, now I can't help myself; like enough he'd fling himself down across the bed, and pretend he didn't know it e'enmost killed me; he did it once, when he was mad, since I've been sick. No, if you can't get it ready 'fore he comes in, you come in agin, say to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, with it all ready to sign, and we'll have Mis' White and her son Levi in for witnesses, and he needn't know nothing about it. Don't you see?"

"I do not see why you should be afraid of Tom Wynch, or why you can't be as hard with him as you were with your own daughter," replied Mr. Truro, coldly. "But, at the same time, if you prefer to keep the matter secret, I will try to help you, and will bring the will all ready to sign to-morrow, at nine. I shall go to Briscoe's for the night, I think."

"Yes, they take in travelers once to a while, though they don't calc'late to keep a public-house nowadays. There's only Briscoe and his sister, and an old woman help they've got, and— Lord, here's Tom!"

And at the word the door burst open, and in strode a huge, surly-looking young fellow, who fixed his scowling eyes upon the lawyer as he entered, and, without noticing Mr. Truro's civil bow, brushed past him and toward the bed, grumbling out:

"Well, dad, got some more rheumatics, eh? I've come home to keep you company and lift you round, and all that. No 'casion for strangers about any longer!"

"That ain't no stranger, that ain't; I've knowed him longer than I have you, or your mother either, for that matter," growled the old man. "Lawyer Truro and me understand one another pretty considerable well."

"Lawyer, eh?" sneered the young man, turning and surveying Truro, who had by this time assumed his outer garments and stood ready for departure. "And what do you want of lawyers or parsons round here, dad? You ain't going to step out yet, and if you did, your will's all made and in safe-keeping long ago."

A dark flush of indignation rose to the sick man's brow, and his helpless body seemed writhing in the vain effort to express the passion that dared not vent itself in words. Mr. Truro hastened to put an end to the painful scene.

"Well, good-night, old friend," said he, cordially. "I must get on to Briscoe's before it is any later. I am very sorry, indeed, to see you so ill, but keep up your courage, always keep up your courage, Mr. Hussey, and all may yet turn out as you would have it. Good-night."

"Good-night, Liscom, good-night. I'm main glad to have seen you, and I wish you'd drop in again, if you have time, before you go home. I expect you'll be over to Briscoe's about that deed more than once, sha'n't you?"

"Maybe; good-night to you; good-night, Wynch." And Mr. Truro bowed himself out, and stopped a moment in the kitchen to caution Mrs. White not to reveal the object of his visit, or, rather, not to confirm Wynch's strong suspicions of it. Then wrapping himself carefully for the weather, he left the farmhouse and rapidly traversed the mile or so of lonely road between it and the old stage tavern, a building erected, some fifty years before, to accommodate the passengers by the line of mail-coaches then connecting Provincetown and other points of the Cape with the mainland. But some enterprising road-surveyor had discovered that, by cutting off a certain curve, he could straighten his road and save several miles of deep travel, and at once proceeded to do it. Excellent for the road and for the coach-horses and for the passengers, but very bad for Briscoe's, which, standing upon the abandoned curve, found itself, so to speak, "left out in the cold," and sunk at once from a condition of cheerful activity to one of cheerless despondency, and from that to hopeless ruin. "Old man Briscoe" did not survive his downfall long, and the half-idiotic son and daughter who succeeded him were fitted neither in body or mind to make an effort to retrieve their fallen fortunes, or to rival the smart new "hotel" that had sprung up a few miles further down the road and monopolized nearly the entire traffic.

Sometimes a stray guest like Liscom Truro was forced to accept the hospitality of the old stage tavern, and the cranberry-swamp and a few acres of half-cultivated land kept its owners from starvation; but it was a strange death-in-life that was thus maintained, and some of the gossips of Wellfleet agreed that it might be no bad thing for the tide to rise some stormy night over the marshes that lay between the old house and the booming sea and sweep away the stage tavern, with the Briscoes, and Hagar, their strange old servant, with her red-scarred face, and her blue goggles, and her white hair, altogether.

"If ever there was such a thing as a witch, that woman Hagar is just the picture of one," remarked

one "ancient and fish-like" dame, and a pert young miss giggled in response:

"I guess, then, she's bewitched Gersham Briscoe, for such a poor, mis'able, dough-baked feller I never did see. He don't know a gal from a stone post."

"Well, I'm sure Jerushy ain't no better," rejoined another. "She ain't no more life to her than a sick clam."

Some of these comments and criticisms had reached the ears of Liscom Truro in the course of his visits home, and it was with some little curiosity that, after rapping with the handle of his umbrella upon the door of the dark and dismal old house, he awaited an answer to the summons.

It came presently in the form of shuffling steps and a trembling hand which feebly drew the



THE STORMING OF THE REDOUBT.—SEE PAGE 62.



GUY WORCESTER.—"GO BACK TO THE GIRL FOR WHOM YOU HAVE DISGRACED YOURSELF, YOUR FAMILY AND ME."—SEE PAGE 61.

bolts, and cautiously opened the door a very little way.

"How are you, Mr. Briscoe? It's your old neighbor, Liscom Truro, wanting a night's lodging," explained the guest, hastily, for the host, having caught sight of a man's figure, was evidently minded to reclose and fasten his door in the stranger's face.

At sound of the cheery voice and familiar name, however, he paused, and Mr. Truro decided the matter by pushing open the door, entering, and closing it behind him.

"Oh, want to stop all night, did you say?" asked Briscoe, watching these movements rather anxiously.

"Yes; it is too stormy for me to get home. I have just been to see Micajah Hussey, and find him very low."

"Oh, yes, Micajah! Yes, he's sick, you know," repeated Briscoe, painfully collecting his scattered wits.

"Dying, I should say," returned the lawyer, and led the way himself down the long entry to the kitchen, where the family usually lived in cold weather.

Here, beside the fire, sat Miss Jerusha Briscoe, a young lady of some fifty years' standing, and of a mental condition considerably lower than that of her brother. In the other corner sat the old servant, Hagar, her elbows upon her knees, her face hidden in her hands.

Jerusha looked up and smiled vacantly as the visitor entered, and Gersham announced, in a voice of masculine authority:

"Here, you women folks, stir yourselves. Here's a man come to put up. Like enough he wants some supper, though I don't know as there is anything."

"I have had supper at home, thank you. Jerusha, don't you remember your old schoolmate, Liscom Truro?" interposed the lawyer, pleasantly.

"Liscom Truro? Yes, yes, he that run off with Molly Hussey. I remember, sure enough," mumbled the old woman. "And so she's a-dying, you said?"

"It is Micajah Hussey who is dying, and I wish every one's conscience was as clear with regard to that poor girl as mine is," replied Truro, absently, and old Hagar pushed back her chair, and, rising abruptly, went to the back of the great dark kitchen, and began to arrange some dishes there.

"I should like a fire somewhere, Mr. Gersham," pursued the lawyer; "I have some writing to do before I go to bed, and must be alone, but I do not want it in my bedroom, as I could not sleep. Can you accommodate me?"

"Oh! a fire, and not in your bedroom! Yes, yes. Why couldn't you have it in 60, eh?"

"In 60?"

"Yes, up at the end of Newport Gallery."

"I suppose I can. Anywhere that you please, only I should like it soon, for it is growing late," replied Mr. Truro, rather impatiently, and Gersham stumbled away to find the required fuel, saying as he passed the old woman at the dresser:

"You go and get a bed ready, Hagar, in the bedroom off 60, the end of Newport Gallery, you know."

Hagar nodded, and without replying in words, lighted a candle and left the room by another door, while Mr. Truro seated himself and kept up an absurd sort of conversation with the half-idiotic woman who still sat grinning and mowing beside the fire, and whom he remembered as a comely girl.

Half an hour passed, and Gersham reappeared.

"It's all ready now, squire. Come along and I'll show you the way."

Nothing loath, Mr. Truro collected his belongings, and bidding good-night to Jerusha, who treated the civility as an excellent joke, he followed his host up the creaking stairs, past the gaping doors of ruined and long-deserted parlors, card-rooms, and a great ghostly ballroom, up another flight of stairs, and along a corridor running the whole length of the house, and giving entrance to two rows of bedrooms, all empty now, and most of them dismantled.

"This is what we call Newport Gallery, mister," remarked the host as he slouched along, the flame of his candle streaming wildly out as he carried it past the open doors of the bedrooms, many of whose windows were broken, and others loose and clattering in the strong east wind.

"Haden't you better shut these doors, Briscoe?" asked the guest, shivering; "there's wind enough coming in to blow your roof off, and rain, too."

"They won't stay shut," replied Briscoe, stopping, and turning his lackluster eyes full upon his hearer. "I expect there's them round nights that likes to have full sweep. They always open 'em 'fore morning."

"Who is round, who opens them?"

"Oh!—well, I don't know; but they open 'em." And with a stare of vague perplexity all about him, Gersham Briscoe moved on to the extreme end of the gallery, where, through one of the open doors, shone the pleasant light of a wood-fire.

"There, this is 60," said he, triumphantly, as he led the way into this apartment, which proved to be a little sitting-room at the corner of the house, with a bedroom opening into it. Both rooms were warm, and cheerful with the ruddy firelight, and Mr. Truro looked about him in much content.

"Yes, this is very comfortable," said he; "just what I wanted. Now, please leave me your candle, and that will be all I shall require to-night."

"Oh! Yes—all you want, yes!" echoed Briscoe, backing out of the room, still staring at his guest, who impatiently rejoined:

"Yes, all I want. Good-night."

But this form of salutation not entering into the Briscoe code of manners, the landlord made no reply, but shambled away, mumbling vaguely all down the corridor.

Mr. Truro followed him to the door, locked it, and then, without delay, drew the little table in front of the fire, spread his writing apparatus upon it, and sat down at once to work. A few moments passed, and then the writer became uneasy with that consciousness upon him of an unseen observer which will often penetrate in a sensitive organization through the most absorbing preoccupation.

Habit and will kept him at his task for some time, in spite of this consciousness, but, finally, the strong instinct prevailed, and, suddenly wheeling in his chair, Truro fixed his eyes upon the open door of the bedroom behind him; the old woman Hagar stood in the doorway, bending forward, her eager gaze fixed either upon him or the paper lying before him, the firelight shining upon her grotesque face, with its great red stain upon one cheek, its close cap and white hair, and the blue glasses which shielded her feeble eyes.

As the lawyer sprang to his feet, she started back without comment or apology, and the next moment the door leading from the bedroom to the corridor closed softly.

"Strange!" muttered the lawyer, in a tone of annoyance, and, going into the bedroom, he would have locked the door, but, finding this impossible, dragged the heavy bedstead in front of it, and then returned to his work. This soon became absorbing, and the fire burned out unheeded, and the night reached its last solemn hour before the lawyer threw down his pen, and said aloud, "There! If the old man lives to sign it, poor Molly will have her home again—and Hepzibah!"

His own words aroused a strain of thought so absorbing, that, for almost another hour, he sat plunged in a profound reverie, his chin upon his breast, his eyes fixed upon the cold ashes of the hearth, until a heavy shiver aroused him to the fact that the room was very cold and the hour very late.

"I will get to bed without delay," said Mr. Truro, again aloud, and, rising, he took up the candle, and perceived, with dismay, that it was all but gone, and would certainly not last through the somewhat elaborate night-toilet the bachelor was accustomed to make, and, after a moment's hesitation, he decided that it would be quite worth while to go down to the kitchen and find another candle. Shielding the flame of that which he already possessed, the lawyer traversed the gloomy length of Newport Gallery, descended the two flights of stairs, and reached the kitchen, but, after a patient exploration, found no candle, and finally decided that it was best to hasten back by the dying light he still held, and get to bed as best he might.

Perhaps it was the wind; perhaps a morbid nervousness, arising from the lateness of the hour and his late exertions; perhaps it was simple imagination; but, as Mr. Truro hastily mounted the two flights of creaking stairs, he felt as if some one mounted them close behind him—some one whose hand almost touched his upon the baluster, whose breath almost fanned his cheek, whose foot all but overtook his own; making an effort, which tried his manhood more than he would have obsessed, he turned at the top of the upper flight, and looked behind him; but the black, cavernous well of the staircase showed no sign, and only the weary wind, sighing through the empty halls below, seemed alive in the old house.

"I am growing fanciful in my old age," muttered the lawyer, hoarsely, and still shielding the dying flame, strode down the corridor, his shadow, thrown grotesquely upon the opposite wall, gliding along beside him. Even this shadow, his own shadow, annoyed Mr. Truro, in the irritable state of his nerves, and scowling angrily, he half turned his head to look at it, and, with a pang of such terror as he never had felt in his life before, saw that another shadow glided on behind his own, a vague, undefined shadow, and yet, in the brief, comprehensive glance he took at it, reminding him of Micajah Hussey, the man whom he had left dying, a helpless cripple, so few hours before.

With that effort of desperation which intense terror sometimes inspires, the lawyer turned and stared down the corridor behind him. The first swift glance showed him the bent figure, the sharpened, deathly features of the old man, pressing eagerly toward him, and close behind a woman's figure, a face that he knew and had loved for many a year, pale and worn and spectral, but still the face of Molly Hussey—of the only woman Liscom Truro had ever wished to call his wife.

"My God—both—both dead!" muttered he, staggering against the wall, and staring into the flickering darkness, which neither revealed nor concealed those shadowy forms, and as he dropped the hand that had shielded the dying flame, it leaped high in the socket, wavered wildly over the two figures and went out, leaving a darkness, almost palpable in its density, and the shrill, wet wind which fled shrieking down the corridor.

Almost mechanically Liscom Truro fled, too, down the long corridor to the open door of his room, and there, not knowing who or what had entered with him, threw himself upon the bed, and lay listening intently, first to the wind, then to a strange, feeble noise in the next room—the sound of a pen held in weak, slow fingers, painfully traversing paper. Still fancy! What can it be but fancy? asked the listener, forcing himself to sit upright, but, as he again bent his ear to listen, the sound had ceased, and only the melancholy howling of the wind and the rattling of the ruinous old house remained.

"Only fancy!" repeated the lawyer, and again lay down and tried to sleep. A feverish doze rewarded the attempt at last, and when again he started up with a vague feeling of danger near, the gray light of morning was struggling in at the window, and somebody was knocking at the door of the sitting-room. Springing to his feet, the lawyer threw it suddenly open, and found himself confronted with Briscoe, who stammered incoherently: "Oh, yes. They want you down to Micajah's, right off, squire. Levi White come up."

"They have sent for me to Mr. Hussey's?" asked Truro, passing his hand across his forehead, and trying to rally his self-possession.

"Ye—yes, that's it, squire," replied Gersham.

"Well, I'll be down directly. Ask Levi to wait." And, closing the door somewhat unceremoniously, the lawyer went to the table to put together the writing materials he had left there upon the previous night.

In their midst lay the will, and with his hand upon it, he paused aghast, and stood staring, while the hair stirred upon his head and his brow grew moist with horror.

The will was signed!

There, at the foot, stood the feebly tremulous signature in Micajah Hussey's well-known handwriting, every letter distinct, the whole an undeniable autograph.

For many minutes the lawyer stood gazing at this wonderful conclusion of his night's adventure, and then, his brain still in a whirl, folded up the document, collected his other matters, and went downstairs.

Levi White stood waiting outside the door, with the landlady feebly trying to pump him for information; but Levi was more than a match for poor Gersham, and the latter only succeeded in ascertaining that "Uncle 'Cajah" was worse, and wished to speak to Lawyer Truro.

The latter gentleman appearing at this moment and demanding his will, Gersham was obliged to retreat in some confusion, and a moment later his guest left the house, and walked rapidly down the road, followed by Levi, who attempted no conversation until the two men turned in at the gateway leading to the front-door of the old house. Then he said:

"Mother wants you to get in kind o' softly, so's not to rouse up Wynch. He got drunk last night and will sleep consid'ably sound, it's likely."

"All right," replied the lawyer briefly, and as the boy cautiously opened the front door, he stepped in so softly, that even Mrs. White's alert ears did not detect his presence, and she came out of the sick-room on tiptoe, whispering:

"Didn't you find him, Levi? Lor', there you are, squire, and none too soon either. Come right in this room first. I want to tell you how it is."

The lawyer mechanically followed into the dismal disused, parlor, and Mrs. White, cautiously closing the door, came close to his side, and as briefly as her nature would allow related that on the previous evening, after his departure, Tom Wynch had behaved in the most violent manner, threatening his stepfather with burning him alive in his bed, and many other horrible expressions, if he should attempt making another will, and had finally wrought himself to such a pitch of fury that he had struck his stepfather a blow in the face which had induced a nervous attack, ending in what Mrs. White called a "swoond" that had lasted all night.

"We should have thought he was dead," said the good woman wiping her eyes, "but he breathed just a leetle, leetle mite, yet he was as cold and still as if he was dead, and I never looked to see him come out of it, till just at five o'clock he give a real heavy sigh, and opened his eyes, and whispered, 'Is it signed? Has my little Molly got her rights?' Then I crep' up-stairs and called Levi, for I'd had him sleep here in case I wanted to send for you

or the doctor in a hurry, and I sent over to Briscoe's after you. He's just alive and no more, and if he can move his hand to sign that 'ere will, he'll do it, but I don't know."

"Let us go in and see how it is," replied the lawyer, eagerly moving toward the door, but Mrs. White detained him with rather an embarrassed smile upon her withered face.

"There's somebody in there, squire; it's—well, it's Molly."

"Molly—here!"

"Yes. When I come down after calling Levi, there she sot clost to the bed, and her poor father a-looking up in her face just as loving as could be. She come to me and whispered that she'd heerd how sick her father was and had come a long, long ways to see him. I expect she traveled on foot all the way from Orleans, through not wanting to be seen in the stage by them that knew her. We didn't say much, for 'Cajah called her back, and there she's sot clost beside him ever since. He knows her, and he's right glad to have her; and for my part, I'm proper glad she's come."

"And so I am, too, Mrs. White," replied the lawyer, opening the door, and leading the way to the sick man's bedroom. His first scrutinizing glance was at the slender, drooping figure, the pallid, mournful face of the woman seated close beside the bed. Yes, it was Molly, not the Molly whom he remembered fifteen years before—a fresh, gay, beautiful young girl—but the Molly whose phantom had pursued him through the long corridor in the dead hours of the previous night, she and that other figure; and suddenly he turned back to Mrs. White, and whispered:

"You are sure Mr. Hussey did not leave his bed last night, say about one o'clock?"

The woman stared.

"Leave his bed! Why, Lord love you, he couldn't stir a finger. I thought he was stone dead from about twelve to two. It was just on the stroke of two that he began to breathe a little, just as I was going to quit working over him."

The lawyer nodded slightly, and advanced into the room. The weary eyes of the dying man fixed imploringly upon his face, and the blackened lips formed soundless words, but, except for that slight movement, the whole body seemed stricken into utter helplessness and immobility.

"There's a change even since I went out. He's going right off. It's about the turn o' the tide, anyway," whispered Mrs. White, glancing out of the window toward the sea.

But still the anxious eyes turned wistfully upon the lawyer, and he, reading their meaning, replied to it by drawing the completed will from his pocket, and saying, hesitatingly:

"Here it is, but—"

"He can't sign it; he couldn't move a hand to save him," said Mrs. White, but at the words a terrible change passed over the face of the sick man; the weary, listless eyes lighted with a fierce determination, the parched lips closed with a last effort of indomitable will, then parted convulsively, and a hoarse murmur half formed itself into words:

"I can.—Give—pen—"

Liscom Truro unfolded the will, looked again at that unmistakable signature, looked at the almost convulsed face of the dying man, and silently assumed the vast responsibility from which, up to this moment, he had shrunk. He decided to conceal the history of the signature, and to offer it as the autograph of Micajah Hussey.

He took his own pen from his pocket, and fitted it together, laid the will upon a large book, and held it before the sick man, saying to Mrs. White at the same time:

"Call some one besides yourself, as witness. Levi will do."

"He's right out here—I'll call him in a minute. Here's the ink, squire;" and Mrs. White unstopped the bottle of blue ink she had purchased the day

before, but Mr. Truro shook his head, and drew out his own portable inkstand, saying, "This is rather better. Call Levi, please, and, Molly, will you let me come here?"

Molly started, and moved hastily away. Mrs. White went to the door, and for the moment no eyes but those of the lawyer, and possibly those anxious, asking, dying eyes, could see the paper with the name already traced upon it. Taking the very tiniest atom of ink upon the point of the pen, Truro opened the stiff, cold fingers, adjusted the pen between them, and laid the point upon the signature. A single convulsive movement caused a shapeless mark, and then the pen dropped. It was enough for Liscom Truro's conscience however, and he hastily replaced the pen between the fingers, and said to Mrs. White and her son, who were approaching the bed:

"You see that he was able, after all, to sign. Now put your names as witnesses just here."

They silently obeyed, but were hardly done, when Molly's timid voice exclaimed:

"Father! Oh, what is it!"

"Goodness! He's going right off now," replied Mrs. White, running to the bed. "It was just the last effort, that signing was."

A few moments of painful struggle, and all was over; Micajah Hussey lay dead at last, with his tardily forgiven daughter sobbing beside him, and Mrs. White already composing his face into its last slumber. Liscom Truro folded the will, placed it in his pocket, and softly left the room and the house.

Three days later he attended the funeral, and when it was over, asked for an interview with Molly, who had remained unmolested at the farmhouse during the interval. She came to him at once, and his first address was both strange and abrupt, for it was simply the question:

"Where were you at one o'clock of the night that your father died?"

She started, turned even paler than she already was, and looked inquiring into his face.

"You recognized me, then?" stammered she.

"Where?"

"At Briscoe's. I was Hagar, you know."

"But, at one o'clock, where were you?"

"Wait, and I will tell you all. When I had left my poor little child upon my father's doorstep, I could not abandon her all at once. I hid myself, and lingered in the neighborhood, until I found that she had been carried to the poorhouse, then I determined to remain near her and watch over her. I went back to Boston, got the wig of an old woman, some clothes, and the red paint that made the scar upon my cheek, and so disguised, I came late one night to the Briscoes' and asked for a lodging; the next day I said I was sick, and they let me stay, and I lingered on, until I began to help with the housework, and very soon they found that I could do so much, that they offered me a home and a trifle of wages to remain. I heard that my dear father was ill, and the night you came I heard you say that he was worse before you entered the room; I knew your voice, too, Liscom, and—and I felt very badly. I hid my face when you entered the room, and I do not think you could have known me then, but when you came up to your room, I was still in the bedroom, and after you sat down, I came and looked at you for a long time, until, at last, you turned round, and I suppose you knew me then."

"No, not then," replied the lawyer, in a low voice.

"When, then?"

"At one o'clock. Where were you then?"

The girl's face grew white as ashes, and she shivered heavily.

"It was horrible, horrible," said she, softly: "I could not sleep for thinking of my father and of you, and I felt as if something was coming for which I must be ready, so I dressed myself in my own clothes, washed the scar from my face, and was creeping up the stairs when I saw you below, com-

ing up, too. I hid in one of the empty rooms, and I saw you go by, yes, and as I live and breathe, Liscom Truro, I saw my father following you. I saw him as plainly as I see you now, and, as he passed close by, he seemed to draw me after him; a strange, cold numbness seized upon me. I could hardly breathe, I could hardly see or hear, but I felt that there was my father, and that where he went I must go, too. I followed on, and then the light went out, and I believe I lost my senses, for the next I knew I was out of doors, and running through the snow toward home. Mrs. White let me in, and I told her, I know not what story, and she believed me so easily. My father knew me, he was glad of me, he forgave me with almost his last words, and I am more nearly happy than I have been in fifteen years."

She drooped her head at the last words, and her old-time friend and lover looked at her with sad and scrutinizing eyes. At last he said:

"Your father has left you sole heir of his property. Did you know it?"

"No. I thought his wife and her son were to have all. They showed me a will to say so."

"I shall presently show them a later will which nullifies all others. Molly, your father wished you to have his property; he wished it very earnestly."

"Yes," replied Molly, timidly.

"I am so sure that he wished it, and tried to effect an arrangement to give it to you, that I do not hesitate to—to produce this will. I shall offer it to probate, but—" He hesitated so long, that the girl looked up in some astonishment.

"But what?" asked she.

Liscom Truro looked at her long and fixedly, then shook his head several times, and said:

"Nothing that you need be troubled about. I will take the responsibility myself."

And Molly never knew.

"There is another thing," said she, in her gentle voice, at length. "Tom Wynch has asked me to marry him, and threatens that if I do not he will make trouble for me. I suppose he knew that poor father had left me the farm."

"And will you marry him, Molly?" asked Truro, quietly.

"I had rather die!" replied she, passionately.

"Then I will rid you of him at once," and the lawyer left the room with the will in his hand. The same afternoon, Tom Wynch left the Hussey farm, never to return, and the trouble he promised never came. As soon as the broken leg would allow, his mother followed him, and quietly settled down in her Sandwich home.

A few months later Molly sold the farm, and again disappeared from Wellfleet, and some time after this, Miss Truro went to Boston one day with her little maid, Hepzibah, and came back without her. The girl had gone to live with her friends, she curtly informed those who ventured to remark upon the circumstance, and no one in Wellfleet once discovered that it was to a good boarding-school Miss Truro had conveyed her; and when, in the course of time, Lawyer Truro was quietly married, very few persons knew that the bride was once called Molly Hussey, or that it was only after a long and patient wooing that her lover had persuaded her to forgive to herself the fault of early youth that he had so thoroughly overlooked.

But well content as the lawyer is in the possession of the only woman he ever loved, and well as the world goes with him, there are times when he and his conscience stand up together for a wrestle, and ask each other over and over again:

"Who signed Micajah Hussey's will?"

It was after one of those struggles that the lawyer drew another will, and brought it to his wife to sign in her own name, for by it was conveyed to Hepzibah every cent of the property of her maternal grandfather, already secured by marriage settlement to her mother; and since that day conscience has been content to be quiescent.

Guy Worcester.

SUCH a boy as he was! I can see him now as he looked on that cold rainy morning when he first came to the Hall. Tall—taller by half a head than Madame Worcester herself, and slim and wiry as a grayhound. He looked almost uncanny to me then, for the Worcesters were a fair race always, with clear pink-and-white complexion and light hair, and he, with his brown skin and jet-black hair and eyes, did not seem to belong to them at all. But he was a Worcester—the only child of Guy Worcester, Madame Worcester's youngest and dearest son, and so it was that he came to us. You see, Guy Worcester had gone, straight against his mother's will, sixteen years before, and married a girl he fell in with in India—a bold-faced, brazen woman by all accounts, years older than he, who had taken his boyish fancy—and from that day until his death his mother had never given him one word.

She was a hard woman, was Madame Worcester, in spite of her soft voice and ladylike ways—harder than rock itself, and she never forgave her son; but when the news of his death came she shut herself up in her own room for three whole days, and then, when she came down again, she said to me, "Guy is coming to-morrow—my grandson. He is to live with us always now;" and the next day he came.

I had looked to see a little fair-faced boy, remembering his father when he was just his age, and when this tall, gay fellow, with his great flashing black eyes and scornful smile came up the walk, I could scarcely believe that it was Mr. Guy's son.

Madame Worcester was standing just inside her room-door as he came through the hall, her cheeks flushed a little (she had a complexion that a girl of sixteen might have been proud of), and her eyes shining, and as he stooped and kissed her I saw a look of admiration on his face.

"Welcome home, Guy," she said, resting one of her white hands on his arm; and so they went in together.

From that day he seemed to take the place of her dead son in her heart. Whatever Guy did was right—whatever Guy wanted he must have, and so he straightway had the Hall under his rule from the foundation to the chimney-tops, and every one, from the housekeeper to the gardener's boy, knew that the only way to gain Madame Worcester's favor was to get into Master Guy's good graces. I was the only one that ever scolded him. I had been in the family for so long that my tongue was privileged, and off and on I gave him a good many sharp words, for he was full of his pranks, and the most mischievous young scamp that ever lived; but he would answer me only with one of his quick, scornful smiles, and a flash of his great eyes, and really, I think he liked me the better for it.

He was cruel, too—cruel as could be. I have seen him beat the pretty white pony which his grandmother gave him until the poor beast was all of a tremble and quiver, time after time; and once I remember seeing him in a pet, because the poor thing could not learn some foolish tricks which he was trying to teach him, kick his little spaniel clear across the courtyard and against the high stone wall with all his might.

For the first half-year he seemed contented at the Hall. His grandmother sent to Mr. Reginald, in London, for a tutor, and, according to all accounts, he got along wonderfully with his studies (although he nearly tormented the life out of poor Mr. Robinson), for he was as bright and sharp as a boy could be; but at the end of six months he begged to be sent away to school, and, after a deal of teasing, his grandmother consented, and he left us.

The old Hall seemed dull and quiet enough after he was gone; we all missed him, but Madame

Worcester most of all, and he had not been gone a week before she began to count the time until his holidays, and plan the pleasant surprises she would have for him on his return.

Six weeks after he went away another change came to the household. Mr. Richard, the eldest son, returned from the Continent, where he had been traveling for his health, and with his only child, came home to the Hall.

Poor Mr. Richard! I knew from the moment he rose and shook hands with me, in his polite way, that first morning, that he would never be any better in this world, but he had a brave heart, and the doctor said he might live for years as he was.

Madame Worcester had never been over-fond of Richard, but his little daughter, Rosamond, with her sunny hair and bright English face, crept into her heart, and when Guy came home for his holidays he seemed, at first, half jealous of her; but this did not last long, for she had a soft, winning way with her which even Guy could not resist, and in a day or two they were good friends—inseparable, almost, it seemed. They quarreled, sharp and hard, sometimes—for Rosamond had some of the Worcester spirit, and Guy had a temper such as I never saw before—but they made up again just as often; and it was plain that Madame Worcester was pleased to have them such friends.

"They are a handsome couple, ain't they?" she said one day to Mr. Richard, as she looked at Guy and Rosamond sitting in the broad window-seat together, across the room, Rosamond's fair face and shining hair making Guy look haughtier and handsomer than ever; and, as Mr. Richard answered her, I saw a little frown on his forehead, for Guy's slender hand was resting lightly across her white shoulders, his long, slim fingers pulling idly at the lace scarf which she wore.

A moment later and Mr. Richard called her to him. "Rosamond," he said, and she slipped away from Guy and came to him at once—"Rosamond," he said, "how old are you?"

"Fifteen," she answered. "What an odd question, papa, dear. Do you not remember?" But he, not heeding her question, shook his head, gravely.

"No longer a child, Rose, and scarcely a woman. I must send you to school;" and sure enough, long before Guy's holidays were over, Rosamond was sent away.

After her departure there was no more peace in the house until Guy went also. He behaved himself like a regular imp of mischief until the last minute of his stay, and I think even his grandmother was relieved when he went back, for his pranks were simply dreadful.

It was four years after that before the cousins met again, for Guy took a notion to go on the Continent, and, as a matter of course, he went. And when he returned Mr. Richard was dead, and Miss Rosamond was at the Hall with her grandmother.

I knew, from the first, what Madame Worcester's plans were concerning the two. Guy, of himself, had nothing; but Rosamond had her mother's fortune, and I knew that Madame Worcester meant to have that shared with Guy, if possible. And Guy was over twenty now, and wonderfully handsome, in that dark, flashing way of his, although there was a look in his face that I did not like—a bold, bad look that suited ill with his years. And Miss Rosamond was fond of him. That could be seen plainly in every look of her pretty face, and heard in every tone of her sweet voice; and he, in his scornful, careless way, made love to her whenever it suited his whim, and then would tease and torment her, in that same scornful, careless fashion, afterward.

One day he would be with her all day, holding her silks and worsteds for her to wind; singing with her, or driving her around in her pretty little phaeton, like the most devoted of lovers, and the next he would mount the wicked-looking black horse, which he had chosen for himself on his last

birthday, and dash off, no one knew where, not to be seen again for twenty-four hours, or more. "The wildest blade in the county," they called him down in the village, but Madame Worcester set her face like flint against any one who whispered a word against him, and would not hear a syllable to his disfavor at any time. And so the days went by, and each one made the shadow in Miss Rosamond's fair face deeper, for rumors came up from the village that Guy had found an attraction there stronger than any at the Hall. Joe Parker's daughter, they said it was, over on the Hill Farm, just away from the village. At first he used to ride by there, and stop his horse at the gate for a word with her, but after a while Black Robin would stand for hours in Joe Parker's barn, and Mr. Guy would be in the low-roofed cottage with pretty Jeanie; and presently there came a whisper that there was a secret marriage between them, for Joe Parker took too good care of his daughter to admit a suspicion of anything else. Although some gossips laughed at the idea of Mr. Guy's stooping to a farmer's daughter, and sneered at Jeanie among themselves, although they dared not do so openly.

Things could not go on long in this way, however, and at last, in spite of everything, the tale came to Madame Worcester's ears—came so directly that she was forced to believe it. It was a dreadful blow to her, the thought that her grandson should be even suspected of a secret marriage with a girl like Jeanie Parker. The fact of his intimacy with her she did not doubt; but the mere idea of a marriage was preposterous. She was a hard woman, made harder yet by her family pride. Had he deserted the girl, she would have made what reparation she could to her and forgiven him without a word; but this story which had come to her moved her as nothing else had done for years. I shall never forget that day: it was Winter, near Christmas, and the snow covered the ground, cold and white, while the lead-colored sky and the bitter wind made it wretched enough outside.

Madame Worcester had gone to her room in the morning and had not been seen since, but she had left word that Guy was to come to her at once on his return; and I, who knew her, knew just what a storm was to burst upon him.

The daylight was fading away before his horse's hoofs were heard thundering up the drive, and he, handsome, smiling, and all in a glow with the cold, raised his hat to Miss Rosamond as she stood by the window. She was still standing there when he came in, and as he passed her on his way to the library, where his grandmother was awaiting him, he slipped his arm around her in the old way and kissed her. For one minute her head rested on his shoulder, and the next she drew herself away and looked at him steadily. "That was the last time, Guy," she said, very softly and slowly; and then she left him.

Madame Worcester was a hard woman—I have said that before—hardest where she loved best, too; and Guy—so she knew at last—had been going straight against her, even more than his father had done in the old days. I never like to think what must have passed between them that night; I never like to think of the look on his face when he came out into the hall.

"You will be sorry for this," he said. "Good-by."

But she, standing with a scarlet spot burning in either cheek, said only: "You have chosen. Go back to the girl for whom you have disgraced yourself, your family and me. Go back to her and hers: you are nothing to me or mine from this time forth!"

I heard him as he came striding through the hall; I saw his handsome face set and rigid with the anger that raged within; I heard him swear savagely at the groom as he brought Black Robin around. It had begun to storm—a fierce sleet-storm it was—the wind howling and the sky black as black could be; but Mr. Guy struck his spurs into his horse and dashed away, with never a backward glance at the lighted windows of the Hall.

An hour later, and in the midst of the storm, Miss Rosamond's quick ear caught a well-known sound—Black Robin's hoofs thundering along the highway. Could it be that Guy was coming back, after all? She waited, almost breathless, until the horse, instead of halting at the door, dashed around to the stables. What could it mean?

A minute later, and a white, scared face looked in at the door, and Miss Rosamond, moved by a sudden sense of impending evil, went out into the hall.

"It's the master's horse, miss"—It was old Rogers who stood there with such a terror-stricken face—"but he's come back alone!" And then an awful shriek rang through the great house, and Madame Worcester, who had followed Miss Rosamond stealthily, fell heavily to the floor, like one dead. Oh, the horror of that night! with Madame Worcester lying in that deathly stupor, Miss Rosamond wringing her hands and walking the floor all the weary hours, and the men out searching far and wide in the storm for Mr. Guy! Oh, the horror of that gray morning, when they brought him home! brought him home all crushed and broken from his fearful fall down on the rocks at the bottom of the Peaks! with his handsome, haughty face handsome and haughty still, even with the seal of death upon it, but with an awful wound just over his forehead, which showed how his life had fled!

Madame Worcester was never the same after that dreadful night; she never was strong or well again, but clung like a child to Miss Rosamond, on whom she depended for everything. Guy's name was never mentioned between them, but Miss Rosamond sent many a present down to Jeanie Parker—Mrs. Guy Worcester, as she was called now—and even went down to see her once or twice, for Guy's sake; and when, by-and-by, a little child came to her, it seemed as though Miss Rosamond could not do enough for her—for her and Guy's child.

Poor Jeanie, however, was but a weakly thing any way, and, as the baby grew strong and rosy, she faded daily, until at last, about three weeks after Madame Worcester died (with Guy's name on her lips at the last), the poor baby was left an orphan. Then Miss Rosamond went to Joe Parker in her sweet, humble way, and begged the child. "I shall never marry," she said, "and I think I have a right to care for him." And so she did.

He is growing a tall, handsome lad now—handsome in Mr. Guy's own dark, flashing way—only softened and quieted down a little; and he loves no one on earth as he does Miss Rosamond, who, in her black dress (she has worn mourning ever since his father's death), often takes him to the grand monument which marks his father's grave, and tells him all that was good and pleasant about him with whom her heart is buried—handsome Guy Worcester.

The Storming of the Redoubt.

ONE of my military friends, who died of fever in Greece some years ago, gave me an account one day of the first affair in which he had been engaged. I was so struck that I wrote it down from memory as soon as I had leisure. Here it is:

I rejoined the regiment on the evening of the 4th of September. I found the colonel in bivouac. He received me at first roughly enough; but when he had read the letter of recommendation from General B—, he changed his tone, and addressed some kind words to me.

He presented me to my captain, who came in that moment from a reconnaissance. This captain, whom it did not take me long to fathom, was a tall, dark man, with a hard, repulsive physiognomy. He had risen from the ranks, having gained his epaulettes and his cross on the field of battle. His voice, which was hoarse and weak, contrasted strangely with his almost gigantic stature. They told me that

this strange voice was owing to a ball which had pierced him through and through at the battle of Jéna. Learning that I came fresh from the school of Fontainebleau, he made a wry face and said, "My lieutenant died yesterday—" I caught his meaning: "I want a man to take his place, and you are not the man for it." A sharp word came to my lips, but I checked it.

The moon rose behind the redoubt of Cheverino, not more than two cannon-shot from our bivouac. It was large and red, as it usually is when it rises; but this evening it appeared to me of extraordinary size. For an instant the redoubt stood out in shadow on the shining disk of the moon. It resembled the cone of a volcano at the moment of eruption.

An old soldier, near whom I was standing, remarked the color of the moon. "It's very red," said he; "that's a sign that we shall have to pay dear to get it, this famous redoubt!" I have always been superstitious, and this augury, at that moment especially, affected me. I lay down, but I could not sleep. I got up and walked for some time, looking at the immense line of fires which covered the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

When I thought that the fresh and keen night-air had cooled my blood enough, I returned to the fire, I wrapped myself carefully in my cloak and shut my eyes, hoping not to open them before day; but sleep would not come. Insensibly my thoughts assumed a gloomy coloring. I said to myself that I had not a friend among the hundred thousand men that covered the plain. If I were wounded I should be in a hospital, treated without consideration by ignorant surgeons. All I had heard of surgical operations came into my mind. My heart beat violently, and mechanically I placed my handkerchief and pocketbook on my chest, as a kind of cuirass. Fatigue overwhelmed me, and I dozed every minute, and every minute some dark thought came back with fresh force and woke me with a start. However, fatigue got the best of it, and when the reveille sounded I was fast asleep. We drew up in line of battle, the muster was called, then we stacked arms, and everything announced that we were going to spend a quiet day.

About three o'clock an aide-de-camp rode up with orders. We were commanded to take our arms again, our skirmish-line spread itself over the plain, we followed slowly, and in twenty minutes we saw the whole of the Russian advance-guard fall back and enter the redoubt. A battery of artillery came and unlimbered itself on our right and another on our left, but both much in advance of us. They opened a very lively fire on the enemy, who replied energetically, and soon the redoubt of Cheverino disappeared under thick clouds of smoke.

Our regiment was almost sheltered from the fire of the Russians by a bend in the ground. Their bullets, rare moreover among us (for they fired in preference on our gunners), passed over our heads, or at most sent a little earth and small stones down upon us.

As soon as the order to march forward had been given, my captain looked at me so sternly, that I was forced to pass my hand over my young mustache with as easy an air as possible.

I was not afraid, and the only fear I had was, that they should fancy I was frightened. These harmless bullets contributed besides to keep up my heroic calmness. My self-love told me that I was running into great danger, for at last I was under the fire of a battery. I was highly gratified at being so much at my ease, and I thought of the pleasure of relating the taking of the redoubt of Cheverino in Madame B——'s drawing-room in the Rue de Provence.

The colonel passed before our company. He addressed me: "Well! you will see some sharp work for a beginning!"

I smiled with a perfectly martial air and brushed the sleeve of my coat, on which a bullet falling some paces off had sent a little dust.

The Russians, perceiving the inefficacy of bullets, began to use shells, which could reach us more easily in the hollow where we were posted. An explosion carried off my shako and killed a man near me.

"I congratulate you," said the captain, as I came back after picking up my shako; "you are quit for the day." I knew this military superstition, that the axiom *non bis in idem* finds its application as much on a field of battle as in a court of justice. I put on my shako proudly. "That's an unceremonious way of saluting people," said I, as gayly as I could. This bad joke, under the circumstances, seemed excellent. "I congratulate you," answered the captain; "you will have nothing more, and this evening you will command a company, for I know the oven is getting hot for me. Every time I have been wounded, the officer next to me has received some spent ball; and," he added, in a lower and almost bashful tone, "their names always began with P."

I tried to be strong-minded. Many people would have done as I did; many people would have been as much struck as I was by these prophetic words. Raw soldier that I was, I felt that I could not confide my feelings to any one, and that I ought to appear always coldly intrepid.

At the end of half an hour the Russian fire slackened sensibly; then we left our covert and marched on the redoubt. Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second was ordered to turn the flank of the redoubt on the side of the gorge; the two others were to assault it. I was in the third battalion. Coming out from behind the kind of breastwork that had protected us, we were received with several discharges of musketry which did little mischief in our ranks. The whistling of the balls surprised me; I often turned my head, and thus drew some jokes upon myself from my comrades, who were more used to the noise. "On the whole," I said to myself, "a battle is not such a terrible thing!"

We advanced at a running pace, preceded by sharpshooters. All at once the Russians uttered three hurrahs, three distinct hurrahs, then remained silent and did not fire. "I don't like this silence," said my captain; "that augurs nothing good for us." I found that our men were rather too noisy, and I could not help drawing a comparison, in my own mind, between their tumultuous clamors and the imposing silence of the enemy.

We quickly reached the foot of the redoubt; the palisades had been broken down and the earth torn up by our bullets. The soldiers sprang on these ruins with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" louder than could have been expected from men who had already shouted so much.

I looked up, and I never shall forget the sight I saw. The greater part of the smoke had risen and remained suspended like a canopy twenty feet above the redoubt. Through a bluish vapor you saw the Russian grenadiers (behind their half-destroyed breastworks), their arms raised, motionless as statues. I think I can still see each soldier, with his left eye looking at us and his right hidden by his raised musket. In an embrasure, a few feet from us, near a cannon, was a man holding a match.

I shuddered and thought that my last hour was come.

"Now the dance is going to begin," cried my captain. "Good-night!" These were the last words I ever heard him utter.

A rolling of drums was heard in the redoubt. I saw all the guns lowered. I shut my eyes, and I heard a frightful crash, followed by cries and groans. I opened my eyes, surprised to find myself still in the world. The redoubt was anew enveloped in smoke. I was surrounded by wounded and dead. My captain was stretched at my feet, his head crushed by a ball, and I was covered with his blood and brains. Of all my company, there only remained standing six men and myself.

To this carnage succeeded a moment of stupor. The colonel, putting his hat on the end of his sword, was the first to climb the breastwork, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" He was followed immediately by all the survivors. I have hardly any further clear remembrance of what followed. We entered the redoubt, I know not how; we fought hand to hand amid a smoke so dense that we could not see one another. I believe I struck, for my sword was all bloody.

At last I heard the cry of victory, and the smoke clearing off, I perceived that the ground of the redoubt was quite hidden by dead bodies and blood. The cannon, particularly, were buried under heaps of slain. About two hundred men in French uniforms were grouped without any order; some were loading their guns, others wiping their bayonets. Eleven Russian prisoners were with them. The colonel was lying bleeding on a fragment of cannon near the breach. A few soldiers pressed round him; I approached. "Where is the senior captain?" he asked a sergeant. The sergeant shrugged his shoulders in a very expressive manner. "And the senior lieutenant?" "This gentleman who came yesterday," said the sergeant, in a perfectly calm tone. The colonel smiled bitterly. "Come, sir," he said to me, "you command in chief; barricade the breach of the redoubt quickly with these wagons, for the enemy is in force; but General C—— will support you." "Colonel," I said, "you are badly wounded?" "Done for, my good fellow, but the redoubt is taken, and you must hold it."

The Kiosk of Ahmed at Serkhej, India.

ONE of the most charming specimens of the architecture of the Mohammedans in India is the kiosk of the Sultan Ahmed at Serkhej, the ancient residence of that mighty emperor. This summer-house, rectangular in form, is reached by six steps, and from the platform that crowns them rise four rows of square pillars, graceful and harmonious. These support a roof with overhanging eaves, and an or-

namental cornice, encompassing the central space, from which rise nine small domes. Amid the ruins, many of which are striking and grand, this little work stands still almost intact, and attracts all by its symmetry and beauty. Ahmed was Shah of Guzerat in the early part of the fifteenth century, and has left substantial tokens of his grandeur and his taste; the architecture was rich and commodious; the gardens, though now nearly destroyed, attest yet, in their ruined state, the beauty which they once could claim. Among the curious structures shown in this vicinity is the palace of Chahi Bangh, erected in 1625 for the use of the Viceroy, Sultan Kurrum. This prince never entered it, because the architect had not made the main gateway high enough for His Highness to ride through it on his elephant of state. The unfortunate architect set to work to remedy his error, but before his task was accomplished the Sultan Jehangher died and Kurrum left Ahmedabad for the throne of Delhi.

It was a Beautiful Compliment that Haydn, the musician, paid to a great female vocalist. Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia listening to celestial music. Looking at it, Haydn said, "It is like her, but there is a strange mistake." "What is that?" asked Reynolds. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

A Brigade of Giants.—The augmentation of the Prussian Army was the one great object which Frederick William perpetually kept in view. His strict economy enabled him to provide for sixty thousand regular troops. One brigade was formed entirely of giants; agents were sent to every country of Europe, to the bazaars of Cairo, Aleppo, and other Eastern cities, to seek for men above the ordinary stature. This was one of the many whims of this eccentric monarch. Strength is not always in proportion to size; but, altogether, his army was formidable. The master of such a force could not but be looked upon by his neighbors as a terrible enemy and a desirable ally.



THE KIOSK OF AHMED AT SERKHEJ, INDIA.



LIFE AMONG THE SHAKERS.—"IN MY EAGERNESS I PLACED MY HAND UPON HIS ARM. 'TELL ME QUICK, PLEASE!'"

Life Among the Shakers.

I, MARY HOWARD, have been very impulsive, prone to both speak and act without due deliberation. Some people have called me hasty and passionate, but they constituted the class whose cloak of charity was only sufficient to wrap closely their own spiritual deformities. Impulsive is *decidedly* the fitter term.

When my father made me understand that he intended taking another woman to fill the place my

darling mother had left vacant three years before, I was justly indignant.

"Righteously *furious*, Mary," says a dear old voice from over my shoulder. But I deny the accusation. Indignant is the adjective expressing exactly my state of mind, and if indignation isn't justifiable under such circumstances, my judgment is, was and has been a misnomer.

"Now, my dear," said father, after making his unpleasant communication, "don't go into one of your tantrums, but look at the matter like a rational being."

That was too much! like a rational being, indeed!

Flushed and trembling, I arose, walked to the door, and, with my hand upon the knob, answered: "You intend marrying again, and weakly imagine I will submit to such degradation. But, mark my words! the day you bring another mistress to this establishment, I leave, and for ever. Now choose between your daughter and a stranger."

Without heeding his call to return, I flew to my room, locked the door, and paused, not to reflect on what had passed, but to plan for the future.

He was firm. I, the same. Once having decided on a course he thought right, no amount of persuasion, entreaty, or threats, could induce him to turn. I inherited his obduracy, and knowing both our natures so well, saw plainly that the fulfillment of my resolve was inevitable.

What to do? where to go? were questions that forcibly presented themselves; and to the girl of eighteen, unaccustomed to any description of labor, and terribly ignorant of the outside world, these queries appeared as unanswerable as they were pertinent.

Pride did not allow my seeking other relatives who would gladly have welcomed me, and the gloomy spectre, Work, loomed drearily up, as the only method of adhering to my resolution, retaining, at the same time, independence and self-respect.

In this emergency my thoughts reverted to a former schoolmate, who, though left a penniless orphan, was then living comfortably and contentedly, "undisturbed" (as she informed me through a loving letter) "by the tempests of life and contact with unsympathizing humanity."

One moment's thought and I resolved to *join the Shakers*.

My father despised the sect; considered it the most inveterate humbug ever originated in the religious line.

"Why," said he, fiercely, just after hearing of Elsie's conversion to their strange tenets, "I would rather have my daughter an out-and-out infidel, than a believer in such fantastic and perverted ideas. Mormonism is but one extreme of what Shakerism is the other."

This, of itself, was sufficient cause for my espousal of the Shaker faith; and, after taking into consideration my need of peace, and the impossibility of a lady's earning an honorable living, when masses, born and bred to work, were daily starving, it seemed the only feasible method of escaping my difficulties.

So a letter was dispatched to "Miss Elizabeth (pet names like Elsie are eschewed in Shaker dialect) C. Browne," requesting her to announce and make preparations for my intended arrival; inform me how and when to come; and impart, along with said information, a better idea of the congenial community of which I expected to become a member.

She did not delay her reply any longer than was absolutely needful; had then informed the eldersesses that a new convert was added to their number, and forwarded me their earnest congratulations and welcomes, together with minute directions as to the manner of reaching this earthly haven. But not one whit more information concerning their way of living was imparted.

I was somewhat disappointed, but concluded she wished to surprise me with the beauty and happiness of her lot.

Papa and I had exchanged no words upon this, or, indeed, any other subject; for, with the exception of monosyllabic greetings at the table, we did not speak.

Had he known of my determination, I should never have been allowed to depart; but he imagined I would go to some of our relatives, and was too proud to thwart my course when no harm could by any possibility ensue.

One morning my trunk was quietly removed, and

after depositing a note containing my future address and a sarcastic congratulation on his daughterless condition, I also left the house where so many happy years had been spent.

A journey of two days brought me to the outer gate of the Shaker village.

Old Sol was giving a last parting glance preparatory to recommending his duties on the other side, and the low, quaint, tin-roofed houses glistened and sparkled as though partaking of the genial character with which my fancy had invested their inmates.

The surrounding valley added to the beauty of the scene, and my first view of this little retreat left anything but an unpleasant impression.

It would be strange had I not experienced some feelings of compunction and awe at leaving for ever (as I thought) worldly life; for with that life close-allied were friends near and dear, and in deserting that I deserted them.

But these emotions caused me not to falter in the path I had determined to tread, and were soon swallowed up by wonder and curiosity.

A tall, unprepossessing-looking specimen of the *genus homo* opened the monstrous gate and said slowly, as though weighing every word:

"You are welcome!"

I bowed sedately, but upon looking up, impulse, who always obtrudes itself at unheard-of times, triumphed over discretion, and I burst into a giggling sort of laugh, none the better for my efforts to suppress it.

I had expected to find their dress similar to that of Quakers, and was therefore entirely unprepared for his comical costume.

A long, gray kind of gown resembling a market-man's blouse draped the herculean figure, and his jet-black hair, combed straight over the forehead and shaved in the back, with the lower locks hanging down the neck, completed a *tout ensemble* most intensely ludicrous.

"You are merry," he said, laconically—accompanying me through another, smaller gate, which opened into a spacious door-yard.

I did not answer—my attention was occupied by the monotonous green, interspersed with stone pavings, leading to the different dwellings, but unvaried by tree, blossom or weed.

Such sameness to my change-loving nature was intolerable, and a fear lest this was but a sample of the whole almost overcame me; but we had reached the place where strangers are first accommodated, and repressing these unpleasant emotions, I obeyed my guide's gesture and entered.

A figure, somewhat resembling a drab umbrella, advanced to greet me, saying slowly: "Welcome, Sister Mary!"

The voice seemed strangely familiar, but her cold, formal manner, so different from the loving greetings of former days, was discouraging in the extreme, and already I discovered a perceptible repugnance to the life I had but just entered upon.

"Why, Elsie, darling! is this really you?" and ignoring, for the moment, her reserve and frigidity, I threw my arms round her neck, in the old school-girl fashion. But her little mouth, hidden beneath the projecting rim of a stiff white muslin cap, returned no answering kiss, and the drab-draped arm pushed me vigorously away.

"Sister Mary, you forget yourself! Such demonstrations we leave with the wicked world outside. Will you lay off your outer garments?"

"I must have made a mistake! this wasn't Elsie! she could never be so unkind!" and in an amazed sort of stupor, I removed my wrappings, smoothed my hair, and surveyed the woman in whom this wonderful transformation had been effected.

"But, Elsie—" I again interposed, recovering a little from the surprise occasioned by her repellent manner.

"Elizabeth, Sister Mary," she interrupted, dictatorially. "These foolish, worldly abbreviations are not for us."

Oh, how sick I was of that eternal "Sister Mary"! But my indignant reply was prevented by the entrance of a tall, superior-looking woman, whom I knew instinctively to be a character of Shakerdom.

She greeted me with a quiet hand-pressure; conversed a little on the pleasure I would derive from my renouncing the pomps and vanities of earth, and then desired "Elizabeth" to conduct me to the place where their meals were prepared.

A large house in the southeast corner of the doorway served as a refectory, and that evening I supped in a room provided expressly for strangers and visitors.

At school any excitement invariably entailed upon Elsie a fainting spell, which would attack her suddenly, and leave her incapacitated for the slightest exertion. While eating, that evening, I noticed a blankness overspread her face, of which experience had taught me the meaning. She was about to lose consciousness.

Dispatching a young girl, who was acting as waitress, for their physician, I laid her upon the lounge, and awaited his arrival.

A man of about thirty, with dark, magnetic eyes and commanding figure returned with my messenger.

"Do you know the cause of this?" he asked, turning to me with a look of surprise, after having attended to the insensible form.

"Probably, sir, it is the excitement caused by my arrival."

"Then you are the new convert? Poor child!" and a smile of something like contempt played around his finely chiseled mouth. Now, I always disliked to be laughed at or pitied; anything savoring of patronage made me angry. Both smile and sigh were entirely out of order, and he should know it.

"I entered upon this existence, sir, with eyes wide open, so am entitled to neither pity nor sympathy. I am no hypocrite! have not embraced a single article of your creed, and, therefore, consider the term 'convert' inappropriate."

"Indeed!" he replied, with a quizzical smile; then turned to his patient, felt her pulse, and, leaving some directions with the Sisters, who had congregated from different parts of the house, walked out into the gathering darkness.

Elsie's life since sojourning in the little village had been so free from surprise and change, that not once had she been attacked in this manner, and my acquaintance with the nature of her illness caused them (those in command) to decide upon our sharing the same bed, for that night at least.

The Shakers believe (this I discovered after retiring) that real love is not made manifest by outward demonstrations, and, in compliance with their wishes, Elsie had learned to repress all emotion.

I soon became thoroughly familiar with the Shaker routine, and settled down to my duties with a resignation quite surprising.

Before my arrival, Elsie had been intrusted with entire charge of the girls' school; but the duties were too onerous for one person, and, to my great delight, I was appointed her assistant.

They had provided me with the dress necessitated by my new position, and I liked it—not at all. Girls of eighteen are not apt to fancy unbecoming wardrobes, and I was no exception to the rule.

"Very pretty," I was generally termed, and my looking-glass did not contradict such assertions. Gray, drab and brown I detested, and those horrid caps were my abomination. But a trifling matter like dress should not disgust me with *Shakerdom*, not a bit of it! Yet, the morning after my arrival, when fully rigged and equipped, I couldn't refrain from a dissatisfied grimace as I viewed my comical semblance in the little oval mirror, but dissatisfaction soon gave way to my keen sense of the ludicrous, and, while in the midst of a hearty peal of laughter, which Elsie vainly strove to stop, the

door opened, and in stalked that horrible doctor, with an expression of sublime superiority to mortals in general and giggling girls in particular.

"Well, Sister Elizabeth" (taking no notice of poor little insignificant me), "how do you feel this morning?"

She replied, at length, and I had ample opportunity to inspect this man more closely.

His hair was not combed after the Shaker style, although his costume was the same in other respects. But my scrutiny was very suddenly interrupted by the gentleman himself, who, turning quickly, surprised me in the midst of my phiziological examination.

I felt myself growing scarlet, but with a most nonchalant ("impertinent," I termed it then) air, he said, coolly: "Well, what do you think of me?" Then, without waiting for an answer, continued: "But I forgot. By joining this community you have practically eschewed the whole masculine race, and, of course, do not allow them a thought. For the moment, though, I really imagined you were striving to form some estimate of your humble servant."

"Only another instance of the natural egotism of man," I responded, laughingly, having by that time recovered composure, and ready to return any of the sharp thrusts with which I felt assured he would like to favor (?) me.

His mood suddenly changed, and, instead of the bantering answer I expected, he asked, in a sad, impatient manner: "Child! child! what ever induced you to adopt this mode of life? Take off that horrid dress and boldly announce your determination to leave! To-day you will not be interrupted or detained—afterward it may be too late!"

Oh, how my heart leaped at the possibility of leaving the terrible place! and, for a second, I would have followed his advice; but pride and reason soon asserted themselves. This life was preferable to the humiliation of going to my father, and must be better than starvation. What right had this strange doctor to advise me in such a dictatorial style—as though it was my duty to obey and be thankful for all his suggestions? Yet—contradictory mortal that I was—a little thrill of gladness shot through my heart at the thought that one person in this incongruous settlement could sympathize with my loneliness. He shouldn't know it, though!

"Really, sir, I perceive no necessity for your suggestions; they are decidedly unseasonable. I can scarcely conceive of a person *honestly* embracing a faith which they consider will be so distasteful to others!"

He regarded me pityingly a moment, then said, as he prepared to leave:

"Child, do not deceive yourself; I have embraced no faith; my value as a physician renders them grateful for my presence, though I secretly deride their ideas. Here I can live quietly and in peace; this outlandish costume does not incommode me in the least, as I have the satisfaction of knowing it can be discarded at any moment. But you"—and in his earnestness he laid his hand upon my shoulder—"you will be fettered, bound, and the bonds will be galling beyond endurance." And without another word he walked away.

Weeks passed on, and his prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, my fetters were tightened, until their pressure was galling in the extreme. The monotony of this existence wore—as I had dreaded when entering—upon my change-seeking nature, and I grew pale, thin and dispirited. The doctor I had met once or twice, but he looked at me compassionately, and desisted from all counsel or sympathy.

Then was fully exemplified the perversity of human nature. I had indignantly refused his offered kindnesses, and now that all such manifestations were repressed, I was utterly miserable.

Elsie was kind in her way, but she had become inured to this life, desired no change, and I could

not confide to her my restlessness. At last, in desperation, I determined to have a talk with Doctor Meredith (his name was Paul Meredith), and receive any suggestions he might proffer with a meekness and humility entirely foreign to my nature. This determination was easier to reach than to act upon; he never came to the house in which I was domiciled save in his professional capacity—friendly visits from the Brethren to the Sisters are religiously tabooed. Should I feign sickness, the resources of an obnoxious medicine-chest would be exhausted before they would consider his presence necessary.

At last, by dint of arduous exertion in the planning line, I decided to have a tooth pulled; by that means I could talk at his office without being disturbed by prying eyes. But I did not arrive at this conclusion without some few pangs.

In the first place my teeth were all perfectly sound, and it had been my one desire to keep them from the dentist's steel; secondly, I always dreaded physical pain; and thirdly, my pride rose up in arms at the idea of voluntarily seeking a friendship once refused. But not one of these considerations influenced my decision; for, explaining the cause of my absence to one of the elder Sisters, and taking a pupil—to play propriety—whose brain could never contain two consecutive ideas, I proceeded to the Shaker doctor's office.

He greeted me with a surprised expression, ushered us into his den, and waited dignifiedly to know my errand.

"I wish a tooth pulled, Doctor Meredith," I faltered, for composure was rapidly deserting me.

"Which one?" he asked, when, after seating me in the highest chair the room afforded, he was ready to commence operations.

"Either you think I can best spare, sir," I answered, tremblingly.

He looked perplexed a moment, then giving me a searching glance, said, softly:

"Poor child! what is it?"

I told him everything, even to the cause of my leaving home, and he listened attentively, once in a while stroking my hair soothingly, as sobs, I could not restrain, welled up from my overflowing heart.

When I had finished, he gave me what I desired, advice. It was, to seize the first opportunity and return to my father. He would give me all the assistance that lay in his power, and thought that between us I could be got safely off. The possibility of such a decision had never occurred to me, and I would not adopt it, whatever betide.

He read my resolve with a sad smile, and said, shaking his head dubiously:

"I felt that you would make exception to whatever I might propose; it has been so ever since our acquaintance; but, please God, Paul Meredith will always be your friend."

The tooth—a splendid, great fellow—was extracted, and I returned home. After that we met quite often; the children had little illness that necessitated his presence, and we seldom met without his taking my hand in a cordial grasp, of itself sustaining.

But one evening, some three months after my mythical toothache, Elsie had an attack similar to the one she had suffered on the night of my arrival, but of a more dangerous character.

Doctor Meredith was summoned, declared her illness serious, and would remain until she had recovered from the semi-unconscious state which invariably followed the fainting spells.

Quiet was enjoined; and I, as the poor child's room-mate, was requested to share the doctor's vigil.

"Well, Miss Mary"—lately he had scrupulously avoided the "Sister"—"are you any better satisfied with the life you have so obstinately determined upon living?" and his bright, penetrating gaze was turned full upon me.

"Doctor Meredith, can you not see that my present existence is a torture? What mortal was ever

known 'obstinately' to refuse exemption from suffering? God knows I would accept any method of escape, save that which would entail upon me a far greater amount of degradation."

"Is that so, Mary!" and the large, dark eyes looked more earnestly into mine.

I felt the toll-tale scarlet rush to my face as he made the last inquiry, and vexed at the idea of blushing for a Shaker doctor, I answered pettishly:

"Certainly it is, sir. My friends do not require me to repeat a statement in order to make it believable."

He smiled a little, and then said, softly:

"The reason I inquire so particularly is, because I perceive another method of your escaping this bondage."

"Another method! Oh, Doctor Meredith, what is it?" and in my eagerness I placed my hand upon his arm. "Toll me quick, please!"

His large shapely fingers closed upon mine, but he only replied:

"Can you not guess?"

No, I could not; and again I felt that irresistible inclination to run, as I nervously tried to release my hand.

"Four years ago," he continued slowly, but without loosening his grasp, "I was married"—a cold chill passed over me which he must have noticed, for he clasped my hand tighter—"to a woman who, in one year's time, I knew for a demon. The knowledge transformed a loving, large-hearted man into a misanthrope and cynic, distrustful of everybody and firmly convinced that no faith could ever be placed in woman. To the world and its opinion I was indifferent, so sought this village, intending to make it my home for life. Three months after my arrival here, Mrs. Meredith died, but her death did not alter my feelings toward the remainder of humanity. Lately I have experienced a resurrection of some of my old faith—have felt that it is wrong for a man of my nature to lead this slothful, hum-drum existence, and have decided to resume my station in Earth's army. Will you accompany me?"

How my heart leaped at the thought; but never a word could I command, and stood there speechless, while he continued:

"Of course we have not had very many opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted, and you will be obliged to take a great deal on trust; for myself, I fear nothing; prejudiced as I was against the whole female race, you won my respect at our first meeting, it soon ripened into a warmer emotion, and—to-night I ask you to become my wife and resume the position which God intended you should occupy. What do you say, little one?"

His arm was around me then, and as he looked lovingly down into my eyes I could not but consider his plan worthy acceptance. We decided—there being no reason for delay—to depart on the morrow. My "worldly" clothing had remained intact, and upon rising I would resume it, thereby making known my terrible fall from grace. Paul would also doff his unbecoming attire, donning in lieu a broadcloth suit which he laughingly deplored as antiquated, and at Sharon we would be married.

Quite a sensation was created the next morning by my appearance; and murmurings both "loud" and "deep" were unpleasantly discernible. The oldest and most respected elders argued, remonstrated, and entreated for an hour or more; but at last discovering that opposition was of no avail, unwillingly ceased, and at noon we drove off amid the lamentations of the steadfast. Elsie was not able to rise, but bade me an affectionate goodbye, albeit she wondered at my mutability.

"Are you sorry?" asked my deliverer, as I cast a lingering look on the village where the last few months of my life had been spent.

I gave him a glance which he interpreted rightly, and quietly happy, we drove away.

That night we were married, and the next evening entered the city of my birth.

"Where are you taking me, Paul?" I queried, as we rolled through the well-remembered streets.

"To your father's, Mary."

I was amazed, indignant, angry, but, withal, speechless; and he continued:

"I have corresponded with Mr. Howard ever since our interview at my office. Why, child," as I started in surprise, "did you deem me dishonorable enough to marry you without his knowledge? He is prepared for our arrival, and doubtless expecting us momentarily."

"But, Paul, that horrid woman?"

"That 'horrid woman' is a myth, existing only in your imagination. He has given up all idea of a second Mrs. Howard, and—"

But we were at the gate, and a moment more I was sobbing gladly in my father's arms.

All was soon explained and forgiven; but, though years have since elapsed, I have never once experienced a desire to revisit the Shaker Settlement.

An Extraordinary Capture of Eagles.

A TYROLESE SKETCH.

THE perils constantly threatening the lives of chamois-hunters have long become proverbial; and equally perilous are the pursuits of many other mountain-sports, as hunting bouquetins and lynxes, and capturing the young breed of eagles and vultures in their nests. The incident related hereafter occurred near the village of Rohrmoos, in the Austrian principality of Tyrol, and plainly shows the wonderful courage sometimes manifested by hunters in the Alps in robbing eagles' nests of their young.

Rohrmoos is a small hamlet in the mountainous tract called the Allgäu, about thirty miles southeast from the upper end of the beautiful Lake Constance. Surrounded by high and abrupt peaks, the valley is a splendid resort for sportsmen and chamois-hunters; and Sepp, a peasant of fifty years, had become renowned for his skill in bringing down fowls and deer. In a perpendicular rock, almost five hundred feet high, and intersected by ledges, he perceived, during the early months of 1860, a nest of eagles in an inaccessible spot. Only one of these ledges could be passed by experienced mountaineers; they called it the "Chamois Path." On this grew a young pine, close to the abrupt rock which is known in the valley as the "Red Wall." The Chamois Path intersects the Red Wall in its middle; one hundred and twenty feet above it the Red Wall projects horizontally about twenty-five feet, and underneath this stony roof a family of mountain-eagles had installed itself. Another aerie had existed in the same rock, but as it was of much easier access to hunters, its winged inhabitants had been destroyed by the villagers soon after they had settled in that rock-cavity.

The ravages produced by the rapacity of hawks, vultures and mountain-eagles have prompted most governments to reward their destruction by money; but most certainly this is not the only reason which induces ambitious hunters to risk their lives in the mountains in order to exterminate a few of these voracious creatures. Neither was the possession of the young eagle the real cause which prompted Sepp to expose his life in its perilous capture; ambition was the main, perhaps the sole, agency. Nevertheless, the extreme persistence shown by him in this achievement deserves much praise, and was worthy of a higher object.

To secure the eaglet, it was necessary to destroy the parent eagles. One morning at seven o'clock Sepp visited Mr. Weber, the manager of the estate of a landed proprietor at Rohrmoos, to consult him about the matter, and one hour later they were both on their way toward the Red Wall to reconnoitre and study the plan of attack. They found that the nearest point of approach to the nest—and

the only one from which it would be possible to shoot the old eagles—was a dwarfed old yew-tree suspended on the projecting part of the rock, many yards above the aerie. There, on the brink of the yawning precipice, they made a small observatory of twigs and pieces of bark, which they fastened to the yew as well as they could.

The next day our intrepid huntsman lay in his lonesome watch-tower from four o'clock A.M. until three o'clock in the afternoon. A pouring rain drenched him all through, but he held out, although he could barely move a limb in the narrow inclosure.

At last the female eagle came flying back. She was shot at by Sepp when entering the cavity where the nest was. Sepp feared that his rifle had been loaded too lightly for the distance, but the charge had wounded the bird fatally, and it fell slanting toward the base of Red Wall. From his ambush Sepp could not see the spot where the bird alighted, and therefore resolved to hold out at least three hours longer in the rain, and to wait the arrival of the male.

Eagles usually visit their nests about noon, hence he might put in an appearance any minute. After six o'clock P.M. our hunter stepped down to the foot of the rock, seeking for the eagle's body in its bushes and crevices. Not finding it, and a rain-shower pouring down incessantly, he gave up the hunt for that evening, and went home.

Early the next morning Sepp traveled over three miles from the hamlet to the foot of the rock, and, after fifteen minutes' search, found the dead eagle in a small crevice, which he had examined repeatedly the day before. As the day was wet and very foggy, nothing could be done toward the accomplishment of the main object in view; so Sepp took the bird home, disemboweled it, and sent it to a taxidermist in Munich to be stuffed.

Next day Sepp ascended to his observatory as early as four o'clock, and, the weather being clear, waited the whole day for a shot. The result was unfavorable for him, for the male eagle was aware of his presence, either by sight or smell. At times the bird would make a frantic dash toward him, but always stopped short at a distance of about 120 yards, evidently fearing a shot as fatal as that which had deprived him of his mate. Other hunters of the village affirmed that they had in the preceding year shot three times at the same bird without doing it any harm. A few rainy days now followed, on which nothing could be effected.

The weather having cleared up, Sepp had watched the eagle one cold morning from half-past one till eight o'clock, and got almost frozen in his airy observatory, when suddenly the eagle appeared, and commenced to describe his circles in the transparent sunlit atmosphere in close vicinity to our observer, and then sat down in three hundred yards' distance from him on the stump of a tree.

There he remained two full hours, agitating his head, neck and piercing eyes in the most curious manner, for the sole purpose of observing and peering around the spot in which Sepp lay concealed. Sepp did not stir, but observed the bird uninterruptedly with his eyeglass through a small embrasure of his retrenchment. The slightest stir would have caused the shrewd bird to fly away at once, and prove to him that he was watched. But his close and protracted watch seemed to reassure the eagle, for, after two hours, he flew off to get food for his young, and returned with the foal of a deer one hour after.

With most surprising quickness he threw the blood-stained prey into the aerie, then let himself drop down two hundred feet as perpendicular as a stone, when suddenly he extended his wings again, and began to soar in the air as he did before. This unheard-of manœuvre was executed with incredible velocity, and repeated on the same day; it plainly demonstrated that the eagle had still his suspicions, and through it Sepp's opportunity of

killing the bird seemed to dwindle down to an impossibility. Sepp resolved to fire the very instant the eagle attempted the manoeuvre again.

On the ensuing day our huntsman was in his hiding-place again as early as two o'clock A.M. At four o'clock the eagle posted himself on the same tree-stump and remained there for an hour. At nine he reappeared, and Sepp discharged his gun at the very moment when the bird was flying past the aerie to throw in food for the eaglet. He supposed him to be then at a distance of nearly a hundred yards. Sepp left his observatory, and, when he had made the circuit of Red Wall, he found the bird on the ground, and life extinct.

Eight days had been spent in obtaining this result, but the most difficult part of the undertaking—the capture of the young eagle—was going to be accomplished in much less time than that. Sepp lost no time in making his arrangements.

The common method of extracting young eagles from their nests, by arming a man with a long, hooked pole, and lowering him by a rope to the level of the nest, did not seem practicable in this instance, because the rock above it puffed out too far. It was tried, though, but resulted only in a loss of time. A long ladder had to be constructed, reaching from the chamois-path up to the aerie, and a fearless man had to undertake the ascent. Sepp had two workmen busy all night repairing two old but very light ladders and in making a new one, each being thirty-six feet long.

The 21st of June, 1860, witnessed a display of cool, daring heroism. Fourteen men carried the three ladders from the valley up to the rocky ledge, and manager Weber was posted on the top of Red Wall with ten men, and instructed how to manage the rope on which the ladder was to be fastened and drawn up from the top above. It was a very critical task, indeed, to lash the three ladders together so as to hold. But this was nothing to drawing them up from above by ropes and getting the top in position at the exact spot where the aerie was.

The projecting rock made all communication with the men above, by shouting or making signs, impossible, so that a system of telegraphy "around the corner" had to be established, and it took more than an hour to get the ladder in place. The lower end was braced against the dwarf pine mentioned, and the top touched the bottom of the aerie. Its weight caused it to sag a little in the middle toward the rock, describing a convex line, and, as much as could be observed from below, seemed too short for the purpose—a defect now difficult to obviate. The new-made ladder, as the strongest of the three, formed the middle part, because it had to stand the largest pressure from below as well as from above.

The ladder was now ready for the ascent, and Sepp inquired of the young men standing around, "Who will try?" All said it was the utmost temerity and the sheerest nonsense to risk one's life on a frail ladder forming a curve above; no one would attempt it for a million of florins, as sure death was awaiting any human being who should try the ascent.

Our intrepid hunter soon perceived that he had to go himself. He expressly forbade anybody to utter a loud word or cry in the time during which he would stand on the ladder, and, even in case he should be thrown away from it into the space and dangle on the rope attached to his waist, to wait for orders.

While this rope from above was being tied around him (he pronounced it to be rather a hindrance), an enormous fragment of the rock became loose, and struck the ground between Sepp and the other men. Nobody was hurt, but the danger had been imminent.

Sepp did not lack the most essential qualities necessary for accomplishing his purpose—presence of mind and self-control, which generally attend superior bodily strength. Nevertheless, he felt some

uneasiness as he stepped up the thin part of the ladder—a performance intended more for acrobats than for Tyrolese rustics and chamois-hunters—and the thought of what might become of his wife and his thirteen living children if he were suddenly called away flashed upon his mind. But he silenced such dismal ideas by persuading himself that the falling outward of the ladder through increased weight was an impossibility by the physical law of attraction to the centre of the earth, unless its upper end became displaced from its actual location.

On reaching the top, he found that the nest was eight feet, not two, as supposed, and that the ladder just touched its bottom. Fortunately, some of the thicker branches, which had served as material for its construction, were so firm, that Sepp could use them as supports for reaching the top. Then an unusual and disgusting spectacle met his sight. The surface of the aerie was covered with a dozen half-consumed and rotting carcasses of young deer and chamois, with the putrid remnants of several hares, weasels, and game-cocks, and a multitude of bones, ribs and skulls. A pestilential odor came forth from this charnel-house, which was filled with worms, flies, and other carrion insects.

In the corner of the aerie, at a perplexing distance of four feet, sat the eaglet feeding on his bloody and disgusting repast. At seeing him, Sepp made a sign to his companions standing below by waving his hat. He could not possibly mount upon the aerie, for then he could not find his way back to the ladder, which was entirely out of sight. He therefore took out a long stake from the nest and struck the eaglet, which resented by biting furiously into the wood.

Sepp thus drew the bird toward him till he could seize it by the back, and then tried the dangerous experiment of tying it with a thin cord, which he, by precaution, had carried in his mouth. To accomplish this, he was compelled to use his left hand, on which, in fact, the weight of his whole body was resting. He freed the thumb and the index of his left hand, by a light swinging of his body, and afterward openly confessed that this move had been the most important as well as the most difficult and dangerous part of the whole adventure. The free action of these two fingers were sufficient to secure and tie the wriggling bird, which was struggling with all its powers against his enemy.

When he had safely secured the other end of the cord to the top button of his coat, he let the captive dangle down so as not to be hindered by it while descending the ladder.

After having been up fully three-quarters of an hour, and his hands showing symptoms of getting cramped, Sepp finally succeeded in coming down perfectly safe, having received only a few slight scratchings from the rough materials of the eagle's nest. He confessed that in his anxiety the perspiration had poured down his skin like rain-water, and the anxiety of those standing below was almost equal to his own, as they utterly despaired of seeing him coming down safe. His left arm and hand were so nervously excited that they quivered constantly. Long and enthusiastic shouts welcomed him for this unprecedented feat, and he believes, as well as other mountaineers, that no eaglet was ever taken out of its nest in such a bold manner and under such difficult and thrilling circumstances as here. Such exploits will seldom be carried out twice by the same man, and Sepp confessed that, if he had known the whole extent of the danger incurred, he would never have attempted the capture.

Late in the evening, the company returned to the hamlet, whose inhabitants were busily discussing all the details of the eaglet's capture, uttering their unconcealed admiration of the boldness and skill of their countryman.

The young eagle was publicly exhibited for two weeks at Munich, the capital, where the captor's fame had also penetrated. Then the bird was trans-

ported to Kofigasee, and brought up there with another young eagle captured by Sepp the year before.

Canoe Races in Cambodia.

BOAT-RACES are most popular amusements in the kingdom of Cambodia. Canoes are constructed for the tournament, of extraordinary speed and great lightness. They are very narrow, so that only two can sit abreast; but they are of great length, and, when equipped for the race, contain each more than forty persons. This shape, which utilizes a great amount of impulsive force, and reduces at the same time the resistance to be overcome, is singularly favorable to speed. Indeed, it sometimes reaches as much as 400 yards a minute.

With all seafaring nations, in all latitudes, the canoe is the primitive boat, whose construction was simplest and easiest. A trunk of a tree, thinned off at the ends and hollowed out in some manner, is the original type of every floating vehicle—the embryo, so to speak, of the ship of the high seas; and the canoe is, to this day, found among peoples where the art of naval construction is in its infancy. In Cambodia, with a few exceptions, this species of boat is reserved for regattas—for trials of speed. But it has become exceedingly difficult to find a single block of wood large enough for a racing-canoe. There are, however, a few; and when the piece is long enough, it is fashioned in this way: The tree, having been selected and cut down, is opened throughout its entire length, except at the two ends, by a straight cleft. The tree most sought after is the *tien moc* (*Hopea*, of the family of the dipterocarps), on account of its toughness and strength. Then all the interior of the trunk is hollowed out through the cleft, the sides being left of the desired thickness. By means of wedges and cross-beams, the width of the slit is now gradually increased, until it is large enough for the size of the canoe. The natives, to facilitate this work, have recourse to repeated heatings with smoke, which renders the fibres of the wood more supple. This process is analogous to that in our arsenals, where large pieces, to be bent, are put in a stove. Couplings of hard wood, placed inside, keep the sides apart, and strengthen the vessel. Thwarts, scraped and polished, are then fitted. All the cracks are carefully cemented, and the whole hull is covered with a bright varnish, made from the oil of the *cay-diau* (*dipterocarpus*). Sculptures, before and behind, where the trunk rises in graceful curves, give to the boat the destined elegance.

At Pnom-Penh, the capital, the theatre for aquatic sports is admirably chosen. There, almost in front of the king's palace, the great river Mé-kong divides into three arms—two to flow to the sea, through Low Cochin-China, the third flows to the Lake of Angkor, which carries off any flood. It is at this point of division of this immense mass of water—a species of lake, formed by the meeting of four arms—that the races are held. The anniversary *fêtes* of the coronation of the king, of his birth, of the arrival of a foreign potentate, of an illustrious guest, are so many opportunities for the Cambodians—people and mandarins, boatmen, soldiers, elephant-drivers, and fishermen—to crowd to a spectacle in their eyes so marvelously attractive. In vain have the king's dancing-girls, attired in the most brilliant dresses, charmed four-and-twenty hours the crowd admitted into the interior of the palace, to contemplate the splendor of their sovereign; in vain have the war-elephants, in gorgeous trappings, and cars, drawn by oxen, defied in pomp, or striven for the victory, before the monarch; all is forgotten, and the *fête* would be incomplete if the great racing-canoes came not in their turn to compete for the prize. The banks of the river, the boats innumerable anchored in the current, are covered with a dense black crowd. The king him-

self must preside: when the orchestra strikes up—joyful signal—he comes, followed by Phra-o-barai, second king, by his brothers and chief mandarins. His suite surround him, and bow themselves to the ground with profound marks of respect. The canoes then defile before him one by one, before entering the lists. This is the moment for the betting to begin. Just as in Europe in the saddlery-rings, turfites make their bet, and stake on their favorite horse, so the Cambodian nobles bet large sums, and will often stake their fortune on the speed of a canoe. Like a huge bronze serpent, whose every ring glitters in the sun, the canoe, with its forty oarsmen, naked to the waist, and shining, glide over the waters of the river. In front, the lookout-man, with a long gaff, surveys the course and warns off, by his cries, rash boats getting in the way. Behind sits the steersman, manœuvring a long paddle for a helm. In the middle, standing on a bench, with face daubed white or painted different colors, harangues the buffoon—the herald, the extemporizer. He sings, he declaims, and accentuates his speech with burlesque contortions. The end of his period, accompanied with a jerk, is received by all the crew with a short and savage cry, keeping time with the cadence of the oars. He celebrates the prowess of his canoe, recounts its past victories, covers his opponents with abuse and slang, encourages and amuses his crew by his sallies. The row past finished, every boat makes for the starting-point. The cannon sounds—it is the signal for the race. A mighty shout rises in the air. The spectators tramp, clap their hands, utter fierce cries. The canoes dash past in a whirlwind of foam. The water, lashed by hundreds of oars, is white and roars. The lookout brandishes his gaff threateningly; the buffoon, in his lyric paroxysms, goes into epileptic fits. The oarsmen respond with shouts of rage; the steersman, leaning on his paddle, performs prodigies of skill, to avoid fouling the thousands of boats and junks of all sorts which crowd pell-mell upon the river. But already the victor has reached the goal. The race stops only to recommence, and the struggle lasts until the combatants are worn out. The king then returns to his palace; the crowd gradually disperses. Victors and vanquished, in flowing bumpers, celebrate their victory or console themselves for defeat; and, when night falls, each of these canoes, lately so noisy, silently ascends the river, to the shed near its master's house, there to await the next gala-day.

Essence of Courtesy.

RUSKIN says that in a kindly and well-bred company, if anybody tries to please them, they try to be pleased; if anybody tries to astonish them, they have the courtesy to be astonished; if people become tiresome, they ask somebody else to play or sing, but they do not criticise. Willis, who was much interested in fine society, said he had observed that the best-bred company does not permit sensations and adjectives, or surprises or extravagances of any kind. The aim seems to be, he thought, to keep the conversation at the level of the least active intelligence; and undoubtedly in many circles that pride themselves upon their superiority, a cool and refined indifference is regarded as elegance and the highest tone. Ruskin goes to the point. The essence of courtesy is good feeling. A good heart is the beginning of a gentleman; and when a scoundrel has what are called gentlemanly manners, it shows only that he has wit enough to imitate the expression of a disposition which he does not have. A hypocrite and a knave may have irreproachable manners; but irreproachable manners do not make a gentleman. A fine consideration of the feelings of others would never characterize the conduct of a coarse and dull man. But the manners of those who have that considera-

tion are what we call good manners, and they become the universal standard.

Some coarse and selfish people call courtesy insincere. There are those who are fond of asking, "Why not call a spade a spade?" and who would have, or say that they would have, everybody say what he thinks of everybody else. Pelham, entering the home of Mrs. Fungus, who has invited him to her ball, is to refuse to bow to her, but is to say, "I don't bow to you, because I don't respect you. You are a hideous old woman. Your cheeks are plastered with paint; you wear a ridiculous old wig; you are stuffed and padded to give yourself a figure; you are a grinning, wriggling old witch, grimacing, and lying, and backbiting your neighbors." This is what is fondly called dwelling in the palace of truth. It is a kind of truth-telling which would turn human society into a howling wilderness! Truth-telling? How does he know that it is the truth? It is his opinion, his impression. What then? Are his opinions and impressions synonymous with truth? Who is he, that he should be infallible? How many of our judgments of each other prove to be correct?

The Horse Insisting on his Rights.

THE late Dr. Parry, of Bath, England, had a favorite old black horse, which he was in the habit of driving to and from his estate in Gloucestershire;

thirty miles distance from Bath. In these journeys he always rested at an inn midway for refreshment. On these occasions the old horse was regularly fed with two quaterns of oats. It happened at one of these stoppages that after the usual time for resting, the horse and carriage were brought to the door, and the doctor seated ready to start, but no persuasion could make Old Blackie move; he stood firm as a rock. The hostler was about to use rough means, which the doctor would not permit, and, seeing the hostler in attendance was a stranger, suspected something had gone wrong, and inquired for the regular hostler. "He is not here to-day," replied the man; "I have fed the horse." "What have you given him?" asked the doctor. "I gave the customary bait of a quatern of oats," said the man; "I had no orders to give more." "Ah!" said the doctor; "I thought something was wrong; the regular hostler well knows he always has two quaterns. Take him back to the stable, and give him the other quatern." This being done, and the horse brought again to the door, the doctor resumed his seat, and the old favorite started with his usual readiness.

Happy Bridegroom—"More money, madame—more money! Have you forgotten that my money has bought everything that you possess—the very dress that you stand in?" **Fair Bride**—"No, sir; nor have I forgotten that your money has bought what stands in it."



THE HORSE INSISTING ON HIS RIGHTS.



CROQUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Ponto is a very smart dog, of course, but Angelina thinks it is really too bad that when she makes a good stroke he should persist in bringing the ball to her.

Mottos for Lodging-house Keepers.

At Bath—"No sponging done here."
 At Venice—"Venez ici."
 At Nice—"It's naughty, but it's nice."
 At Cork—"Don't put on the screw."
 At Morecambe—"That more came every day!"
 At Sandwich—"Cut and come again."
 At Ware—"Where's the big bed?"
 At Beanne—"It's meat it should be."

A Thick-headed Squire, being worsted by Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove, I'd make him a parson!" "Very probable," replied Sydney; "but I see your father was of a very different mind."

A New York Gentleman, who had tarried late at a wine-supper, found his wife waiting his return in a high state of nervousness. Said she: "Here I've been waiting and rocking in the chair till my head spins round like a top!" "Jes' so, wife, where I've been," responded he; "it's in the atmosphere!"

On a Quarrelsome Couple.

Ugly and old and cross, both he and she;
 So much alike, 'tis strange they don't agree.

A Young Lady asking a Williamsport (Pa.) young man in a music-store, "Have you 'Happy Dreams'?" was astonished when he replied, "No, ma'am. I'm mostly troubled with the nightmare."

Said a Pompous Fellow, browbeating his auditors, "I have traveled 'round the whole world." Replied a wit of the Addisonian school, "So has this cane I hold in my hand, but it's only a stick for all that!"

A Journal offers this inducement: "All subscribers paying in advance will be entitled to a first-class obituary notice in case of death."

Daniel Webster once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said a lady of his acquaintance. The "Great Expounder" soon after received a letter from his fair disputant, where, after her signature, stood: "P.S.—Who is right now, you or I?"

The Following is a genuine copy of a bill made out by the hostler of an inn in a village in Dorsetshire: "Aforthoes (hay for the horse), 3d.; clininosansha (cleaning horse and chaise), 4d.; brininonimomigin (bringing him home again), 6d.; total, 1s. 1d."

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.—CHARADE.

My third saw second first,
Which fourth from her sight,
Whole, will on our view burst
As a vessel, if I am right.

2.—CHARADE.

My first is to lack, my second is pale,
My third is a sign or indication;
My whole is a class who often bewail
Their feeble health and poor compensation.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. In this, I hope, 'tis plain to see
What you and I will never be.
2. A tropical tree of beauteous kind,
This should quickly bring to mind.
3. Though forming, as they do, a heavy trade,
It's wonderful how, for the price, they are
made.
4. At the Zoo, that place of real delight,
They present a truly interesting sight.
5. A feeling of sadness which makes us so dull;
We struggle in vain the gloom to annul.
6. An apple we see, whose name is bewitching;
It's used very much, I believe, in the
kitchen.

Initials and finals, read down, and you find
Two Shakespearean characters are brought to your
mind.

4.—LOGOGRIPH.

Seven hundred and fifty-two so place,
That, with the addition of O,
What many rich men often make,
If right, you'll quickly show.

5.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Centres, read downward and across, name a small
island in the *Ægean Sea*, one of the *Cyclades*, east of
Delos; is celebrated in mythology as one of the
places where the giants were defeated by *Hercules*.
1. One thousand; 2. For ever; 3. To entrap; 4. A
small island; 5. Rule or government over land;
6. To carve; 7. The head of a swan.

6.—SQUARE REMAINDERS.

Behead and curtail words of the following signi-
fications, and form a complete square of the re-
mainders: Formal; a sort of hatchet; formidable
weapons; a conveyance.

7.—SQUARE WORDS.

1st, To wait for; 2d, To grow, and to practice;
3d, A self-evident truth; 4th, An image, and a con-
sonant; 5th, Graves.

8.—CHARADE.

Second aloud was heard exclaim,
In calling first her brother;
Whole will form a female name,
While second is another.

9.—ENIGMA.

In first, partnership you plainly may see,
And next you know better than I, you'll agree;
I very seldom saw one in a third,
But then it was frightful, I give you my word.
If directed 'gainst you, having whole you may
stay,
But if you have not it, decamp while you may.

10.—CHARADE.

First's a relation, you may understand;
The oldest inhabitant has seen my second;
If the name of your firsts with the worthy well
stand,
Then whole is a boon very fortunate reckoned.

11.—CROSS PUZZLE.

My first is an insect deprived of its ease—
That word you won't spell as I have, if you
please.

My second may hold a most prominent place
In the Oxford and Cambridge annual race.
You represent half of my next, I declare.
My fourth is the same as my first, to a hair.
My fifth is a river in England alone.
The sound of my sixth is ev'rywhere known.
My seventh's a beverage liked by most men.
If you'll follow my rule, you will easily then
Discover my eighth; and you will say yes,
It's one of the letters in the word I say—
"guess."

12.—CHARADES.

1. My first is a luminous object; my second is a
luminous object; and my whole is a luminous ob-
ject. 2. My first is beneath; my second is beneath;
and my whole is beneath.

13.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; a boy's nickname; a girl's name;
a boy's name; color; obstacle; a consonant.

14.—CHARADE.

First, second, third, fourth!
As sure as I'm writing these lines,
Altho' you breakfasted late,
And at noon a workingman dines.
If to excess you're inclined,
It surely will injure your health—
Which would be worse by far
Than the loss of station or wealth.
And more: If good-looking you be,
Soon it will make you a fright;
For it will whole you, you'll see,
And prove what I'm saying is right.

15.—LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I am a river of England; curtail, and I
signify to part; transpose, and I am a division of
poetry; take away one letter and transpose, and I
am without end; transpose, and I am to turn round;
behead, and I am before.

16.—DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

I knelt at her shrine, asked her to be mine
When up she started, and so we parted.
Read diagonals, and you'll see
What she was unknown to me.

1. Perpetual snow its summit chills,
While at its base perpetual heat.
2. Go search among the wild Welsh hills.
3. This is what doctors make us eat.
4. This means a thing is easy ground.
5. A soldier died for being this.
6. A courtier did this to the ground.
7. Search Central Asia, or you'll miss.

17.—CHARADE.

In my first an organ you see;
My second a shelter for birds;
My whole is serious or eager,
I tell you in very few words.

18.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter; a serpent; bashful; a tempter; a fcti-
tious name; a kind of beast; a number and pro-
noun; a species of grain; a consonant.

19.—LOGOGRYPH.

It may not be plain, but yet it's a fact,
That total means gain when you it detect.
Curtail and transpose, and then I will show
A something oft seen on the brow of a beau.
Now once more curtail, and see what a change;
For before you I bring something subject to
mange.

20.—DOUBLE APOCOPE.

A Scottish word that means about.
Two letters at the end without,
Leaves still an E behind, no doubt.

21.—OMEGRAM.

The first an exhibition shows.
Last letter change, and 'twill disclose
A thing which, if you wear,
I proves that you are that thing when
its tail is altered. Change again,
And then it does its share
Of work upon the battle-fields.
One more change, and a place it yields,
Oft loved by ladies fair.

22.—TRANSPOSITION.

Transpose a palpitation, and obtain a liquor in
which flesh is boiled; an animal, and have to soldier;
a county, and obtain inheritors; additional, and
have anguish; offense, and derive to array; a fruit,
and obtain a fruit; to con, and have moldy; a com-
rade, and have a discoverer; to bury, and have
saltpetre; maritime, and have a relic.

23.—LETTER PUZZLE.

Two-fourths of pain,
Two-fifths of green;
Two-fourths of wane,
Two-fifths of sheen;
Two-fourths of sham,
Two-fourths of myth;
Two-fourths of palm,
Two-fifths of slave;
Two-fifths of shave,
Two-fourths of blind;
Two-fourths of rind,
Two-fifths of heath.

These letters in a column, and you'll find,
Two States will then bring to your mind.

24.—DECAPITATION.

My whole oft naughty children do;
Behead me and I'm good to eat
With fruit in Summer for a treat;
Behead again, and many a sheet
Of paper, I am, folded neat.

25.—SQUARE WORDS.

A bet; a storm; entrances; a chosen one; props.

26.—CHARADE.

A dog is not silent, nor yet does he bark,
When he is attempting my first.
My second assists in brushing your hair.
As well as in quenching your thirst.
It is also my whole, and my whole is my middle:
And thus you have both a charade and a riddle.

27.—DECAPITATION.

My whole is cold and hard;
Behead me, I'm a sound;
Behead again, a unit I
Seem to the people round.

28.—SQUARE WORDS.

A word frequently occurring in the Psalms; to
cut off or suppress; a vessel; a girl's name; a city
in Asia.

29.—RHYME.

What passage from a poem noted
Can you herein discover quoted?

R A S L G M T
N N I V K I I
T G I T I U A
O S L S H S W
L T L A C R O
A I L L P U T
B O U R A N D

30.—CHARADE.

If a challenge should be brought me,
To compete in any way,
And the competitor has sought me
Earnestly to name a day;
Then second should the question ask,
Which my whole doth indicate—
By taking of oneself to task,
One might withdraw ere 'tis too late;
But still you'll find first, second, third,
Point out a person good and true,
Gentle, kind in deed and word,
In love and friendship faithful, too.

31.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primal is used for fuel. My final is read with
interest by the ladies.

1. This is an article of food.
2. And this a kind of oil.
3. This part of the Scotch Highland dress.
4. And this to compose, not toll.

32.—CHARADE.

My first's a membrane strange;
My next a sign of doubt;
And naught of deeper range
Than third, can be found out.
My whole alight labor will declare,
An edible of flavor rare.

33.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Part of the alphabet here set down.
In the water I am found.
On the sideboard, plain to view.
This stands for a pair, says you.
A Greek letter don't forget.
A plant herein will name, you bet.
And a syllable for a beverage is found on
stores to let.

34.—SQUARE WORDS.

The son of one of the patriarchs; love's oppo-
nent; a girl's name; grain ground.

35.—SQUARE WORDS.

A shop; a river; a coin; a memorial; uplifted.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN
JANUARY NUMBER.

1. Canada, Quebec, thus—C, Q—(Seek you); A, U—(A ewe); N, E—(Any); A, B—(A bee); D, E—(A d, an e—a Dane); A, C—(A sea). 2. Parasol (parasol). 3. Albatross, gander, chough, wren, quail, rail, booby, owl, snipe. 4. Nasturtium, thus—NeveR, Aunt, Sinal, TroussesU, Uniform. 5. Court-ey—(yes)—courtesy.

6.—
S
S T Y
S T E E E
Y E T
E

7. Cap-a-city (capacity). 8. Shard, canoe, agave, tuner, hears; Soath, Hague, Anna, rover, deers. 9. Maid-stone (Maldstone). 10. Anacreon, thus—AveR, NacrE, AnnottiO, Culverin.

A Celebrated Judge had a very stingy wife. On one occasion she received his friends in the drawing-room with a single candle. "Be pleased, my dear," said his lordship, "to let us have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands."

A Little six-year-old girl was lately heard to tell a playmate that a boy had kissed her. "But," she added, "there's no harm in it, for he is our minister's son."

It is said that a Lowland Scot has named his donkey Maxwellton. But the neighbors don't think that "Maxwelton's braes are bonny."

By Order of the Lords of the Admiralty, an English engineer student has been severely reprimanded for replying to the examiner in a facetious manner. The student when asked, "How would you proceed to get up steam?" answered, "Tighten your funnel stays, and regulate your funnel draught, then look up to Our Father and say, 'I am ready to go home if the boiler fronts come out.'"

A Musician, whose handwriting was very poor, wrote in an advertisement that his system of instruction "extended from the primary elements to thorough bass," and it came out in the paper, "from primeval liniments to thorough bore."



A PRETTY PREDICAMENT.

Boogs (who has been hoaxed by a personal in the "Herald").—"Well, that millionaire's daughter has made a pretty fool of me, to stand here for an hour. If I find out, I'll serve her out—I'll marry her." [Left standing.]

Love's Precaution.—A fashionable young He-brew lately presented his sweetheart with a string of pearls. As she hung them joyously around her neck a cloud came over her brow, and she cried: "Beloved, do not pearls betoken tears?" "Nary tear," was the response. "Them's imitation."

A Teetotaler's arguments are pretty sure to be sound, for he is certain to make use of nothing which will not hold water.

True Consolation.—When Dancourt, the playwright, produced a new piece, if it were unsuccessful, to console himself he would sup with a few friends at a tavern near the theatre, known by the sign of the "Cat and Pipes." One morning, after the rehearsal of a comedy which was to be performed for the first time that evening, he asked one of his daughters, not ten years of age, how she liked the piece? "Oh, papa," replied the girl, "you'll sup at the 'Cat and Pipes' to-night."

She Could, but She Wouldn't.—A Detroit, who has been married but three months, was the other day tossing over the things in his wife's sewing-basket, when he came across a little roll of newspaper articles about Laura Fair and Irene House. "How did you come by these?" he asked, as his wife entered the room. "Those? Why, I took great pains to cut them out and preserve them!" was the reply. "But how can you take any interest in reading of such women, one of whom shot a friend and the other a husband?" "Oh, I merely cut them out," was her evasive reply. There was a painful silence for two or three minutes, when she crossed over to him and tenderly said: "George, you needn't be afraid of me. I know I could shoot you, and then secure a star lecture engagement, but I love you too well, and, besides, I want you to fasten my skates on this Winter."

A Quaker having married for his wife a member of the Church of England, was asked, after the ceremony, by the clergyman for his fee, which he said was a crown. The Quaker, astonished at the demand, said if he could be shown any text in Scripture which proved the fee was a crown he would give it, upon which the clergyman directly turned to the twelfth chapter of Proverbs, verse fourth, where it is said, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." "Thou art right," replied the Quaker, "in thy assertion. Solomon was a wise man. Here is thy money, which thou hast well and truly earned."

For Our Clerical Readers.—"Only a clergyman with a clever, candid wife," declares a writer in a contemporary, "should indulge in the 'gift' of extempore preaching; he would not be allowed to repeat himself."



RAPID TRANSIT SOLVED.

All a man has to do is to wind himself up, and go down-town like clock-work.

Inalienable Rights.—Every woman has a right to be any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age, no one would believe her. Every woman who makes puddings has a perfect right to believe that she can make a better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself, by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

"Why Did You Send that message to me by a bare-footed boy?" "Because I knew he was going on a bootless errand."

Scarcely Fit for Man or Beast.—The elder Mathews one day arrived at a forlorn country inn, and, addressing a lugubrious waiter, inquired if he could have a chicken and asparagus. The mysterious serving-man shook his head. "Can I have a duck, then?" "No, sir." "Have you any mutton-chops?" "Not one, sir." "Then, as you have no eatables, bring me something to drink. Have you any spirits?" "Sir," replied the man, with a profound sigh, "we are out of spirits." "Then, in wonder's name, what have you got in the house?" "An execution, sir!" answered the waiter.

Baron Alderson, the late judge, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied: "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

Probably the Reason why so little was written in the dark ages was that the people couldn't see to write.

Model Verdict of a Yankee coroner's jury—"We do believe, after due inquiries, and according to our best knowledge, that we do not know how, when, and where the said infant came to its death."

A Critic says that the pig is the great civilizer of the Pacific, and that no preaching against cannibalism has been so effective as placing before the natives a more dainty dish than man.

"Ma, dear," said an intelligent pet, "what do they play the organ so loud for when 'church' is over? Is it to wake us up?"

An Irish agricultural journal advertises a new washing-machine under the heading, "Every man his own washerwoman," and, in its culinary department, says that "potatoes should always be boiled in cold water."

A Boy at the "west side" had a birthday-party. A six-year-old guest thus describes it to his mother: "First, we had some bread and butter. Then we had some lemonade cold enough to freeze you. Then we all had a piece of birthday-cake. Then we all had a lot of ice-cream; and then all the little boys had the stomach-ache. The big girls told us to go into the house and lie down on the floor, and they made us drink peppermint and water till we felt better. Then we all went out to play."

"Mem," says Adam Smith, "are naturally unsentimental. A man will scoop the inside out of an egg without thinking that the mother of that egg is perhaps a hundred miles away, in the rain."

A Banker complaining that the news sent him per cable by his correspondent abroad was not fresh, the latter asked: "How can you expect news that comes through so much salt water to be fresh?"

Stupidity.—A gentleman who was trying to teach his dog some kind of a trick lost all patience with the canine on account of his seeming stupidity. Giving up the lesson and looking at the animal, as he stood by, intelligently wagging his tail, he said, in a tone of vexation: "Confound that dog! I don't know what to make of him." "I will tell you," said a friend who was present. "Well, what?" said the owner of the animal, a ray of hope lighting up his face. "Sausages!" was the quiet answer. And still the owner of the dog was not satisfied.

Startling Epidemic.—A young gentleman, home for the holidays, was talking with an old laborer at work in his father's grounds, when the old man said: "Ay, ay, sir, 'tis a fine thing, is larnin'. There was no such when I was a boy. I was a big fellow, helpin' the family, when all at once school broke out."

Professor Smythe was lecturing on Natural Philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced one of Carrington's most powerful magnets, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet. "Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" the lecturer demanded. "I ken," answered a voice from the audience. "Not a natural, terrestrial object, I opine?" "Yaas, sir!" The professor challenged the man who had spoken to name the thing. Then up rose old Seth Wimlet. He was a genius in his way, and original. Said he, "I ken give ye the facts, squire, an' you ken judge for yerself. When I were a young man, thar were a little piece o' nat'ral magnet, done up in kalker an' dimty, as was called Betsy Jane. She could draw me fourteen miles every Sunday. Snakes alive! it were jest as nat'ral as slidin' down hill! Thar wa'n't no resistin' her. That 'ere magnet o' yours is pooty good; but 'tain't a circumstance to the one 'at draw'd me. No, sir!"

A Lady who expended her anxieties chiefly upon a large collection of gold-fish, took an Irish servant-girl recently into her household, and intrusted her with the charge of her finny substitutes for a family. In the directions as to the care of them, the lady gave strict injunctions that the fish were to be kept particularly clean. Biddy was up early, but the mistress habitually slept late. For the first day or two after the engagement of the new servant the fish seemed to be ailing. One or two had come to the top of the water with their stomachs upward, and others were swimming very languidly, with their gold scales singularly broken and discolored. Happening to rise rather earlier than usual on the third or fourth day, the mistress found Biddy at her morning's occupation. The thirty or forty gold-fish lay panting and floundering upon the table, and the industrious servant was vigorously taking up one after the other, and rubbing them with a towel. She thought this was her mistress's order as to keeping them clean. She was burnishing their scales with polishing paste!

After a Trial about the warranty of bullocks, which immediately followed a trial about some lambs (both trials occupying two days), Mr. Serjeant Shee proposed to take a case relating to the quality of turnip-seed on the following day, instead of immediately going on with it. Mr. Justice Willes replied: "Certainly not, brother Shee. I have kept the jury for two days on lamb and beef, and I am not going to bring them here for another day to keep them on turnips!"

The Language of Birds.—A Dublin basso was suddenly called upon to fill an important rôle, but could not fix in his memory a single syllable of what he had to say; he had recourse, therefore, to the device of repeating all the names of medicines and Italian operas he could think of, beginning with "sarsaparilla," going boldly on to "Puritani" and "La Sonnambula," and making a very effective exit with "Ipecacuanha."

Douglas Jerrold mentions a story of a man who hated national prejudices, and invited an uncle to a French restaurant to "dine 'em" out of him. After dinner he said to him, "What do you think of the French now, uncle?" "Not so bad," he replied, with a look of contrition—"not so bad, if they wouldn't eat frogs." "You recollect that third dish—delicious, wasn't it?" said the nephew. The old fellow snatched his lips with recollections of delight. "In that dish there were two-and-thirty frogs." The uncle insisted upon falling ill immediately, was carried home, went to bed, scratched his nephew out of his will, and died. Would it be believed—a nurse was found to swear that, in his last moments, she heard them croak? See what comes of national prejudices.

When Some One applied to Lord Melbourne for an order to wear a foreign decoration, he expressed a doubt whether the applicant had established any claim to it. The answer of a friend was, "The fact is, he is a very dressy man, and would show it off exceedingly well."

A Thorough Parist in language, Lord Wellesley, once objected to the words "personal narrative." While entertaining Lord Plunkett, he then recently appointed Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, at the Viceregal Lodge, he said to him, "One of my aides-de-camp has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, Chief-Justice, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "My lord," was the reply, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real."

"**I Say, Doctor**, what's become of your dog?" "Why, he attempted to eat a hole through my leg, and before he got through he died suddenly of concussion of the brain," said the doctor, suggestively shaking his heavy walking-stick.

The Entire Assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

"A Nursery must be a great place for dancing." "Why so?" "Because it is." "I don't see how." "Ain't a nursery a regular bawl-room?"

A Popular Writer, speaking of the ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through the salt water will be fresh.

There are Plenty of good but weak women in every community who'll work, and starve, and scrimp, in order to furnish their parlors, and then won't sit in 'em for fear of injuring the furniture.

"It is Very Difficult to Live," said a widow with seven girls all in genteel poverty. "You must husband your time," said a sage friend. "I'd rather husband some of my daughters," answered the poor lady.

Somehow, we suspect that the nature whose lamps are always manned for a good cry keeps its feelings pretty near the surface, and that you need not go very deep to the left breast before you come to rock.

"The Adulteration of Liquor," said a punning judge, who was trying a culprit for mixing sand with his sugar, "is a case of gross wrong; but the adulteration of tea, sugar, and such articles of common necessity, is certainly a grocer (grosser) offense."

"I'm Glad Warm Weather is coming on; I don't like cold weather," said a pickpocket. "Why not?" asked the policeman with whom he was chatting. "Because in cold weather people have their hands in their pockets," replied the pickpocket.

A Touching Interview was recently witnessed between a cabby and a porter who had not met for years. The following dialogue ensued: *Cabby*—"Well, I'm blest if I should ha' knowed you!" *Porter*—"Not ha' knowed me, Bill? Wouldn't you, though?" *Cabby*—"Well, how should I? Yer see, since last I seed yer, you've been and put the noce-bag on!" indicating the mustache and beard, of which his friend had cultivated an abundant crop.

A Financier was receiving at dinner a distinguished guest renowned for his taste, and in the course of conversation the latter spoke of having dined the day before at a house where the host had "entertained the company with some excellent epigrams." The financier's jealousy was excited. He rang for his cook, and, in presence of his distinguished guest, asked him whether he could make epigrams, and, if so, how it happened that he had hitherto concealed this talent? Without allowing the astonished cook to reply, the financier ordered him in a peremptory manner to serve up a dish of epigrams at next day's dinner, and at the same time invited his distinguished guest to come and see whether they were as good as those of which he had just spoken. This is said to have been the origin of "epigramme de veau" and other dishes.

Lettered Exposure—Lord Wellesley had a copy of Keppel's "Travels in Babylonia" presented to him. On looking at it, he immediately began bantering the author about the letters "F. A. S.," which he had placed after his name. "Do you know," he exclaimed, "those letters mean a 'fellow abominably stupid'?" And you have only to add "F. R. S." to your next edition, and you will be a 'fellow remarkably stupid' into the bargain!"

The Honor of the best American Centennial joke is accorded to the Emperor of Brazil. On learning the number of revolutions per minute of the Corlies engine at the Philadelphia Exhibition, he said, "That beats our South American Republics."

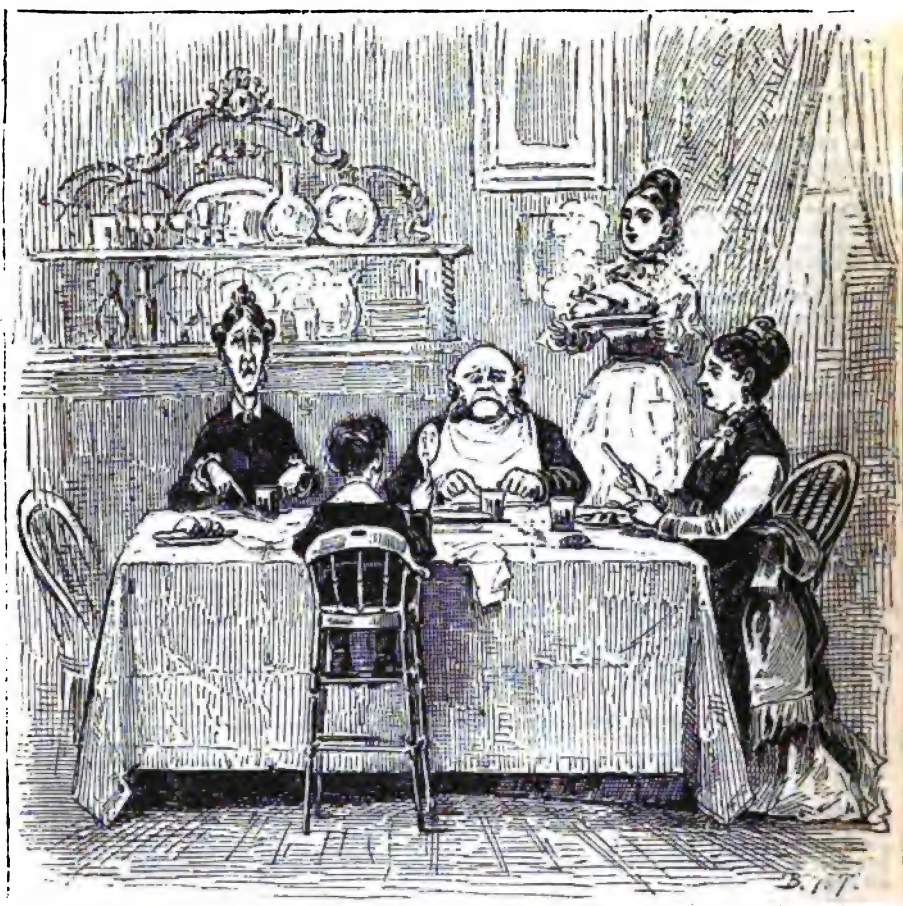
"You have a Lawyer!" said a police justice to a whimpering boy at the bar. "Yez, zur," sniffled the boy, pointing to a practitioner. "Then I'll save you from him," said the justice; "you're discharged—go."

A Gravedigger, who buried a Mr. Button, put the following item in the bill which he sent to Mrs. Button: "To making one Button-hole, five dollars."

A Member of a Congregation, talking with his pastor, was indulging freely in this strain: "What a poor shortcoming creature I am!" The minister sighed and said: "Indeed, you have long given me painful reason to believe you!" Whereupon his companion, being taken at his word, replied, in a tone of anger: "Who told you anything about me? I am as good as you. I shall not come to hear you any more, but go somewhere else!" And so he did.

An Admirable Crichton—As there were strong men living before Agamemnon, so there are great men after him. Too often they are born to blush unseen; but lately one has turned up to waste his sweetness and his shillings upon an advertisement in the London Times. We reproduce the wonderful statement, with awe and astonishment: "TO NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN—An accomplished and highly respectable single English gentleman, age twenty-five, who is truly energetic, honest, candid, temperate, moral, staid, of good intellect and address, prepossessing in appearance, of strong and healthy constitution, has traveled in various parts of England, France and America, can ride, swim, row, shoot, fence, sing, play, etc., and can give unexceptionable reference, is desirous of an engagement to travel to any part of the world (European tour preferred) as a traveling companion. To those noblemen or gentlemen about to travel now or at a future date (or otherwise), desirous of engaging a strictly trustworthy person without conceit, in above or any other capacity which necessitates traveling with an honorable commercial or private commission requiring tact, skill and experience, please address —" And to think that this very advertisement should have appeared for a whole week without meeting with millions of responses is further matter for astonishment.

A Domestic Sorrow—Here is a characteristic conversation which occurred some time since between a certain Mrs. Smith and a Mrs. Jones. The husbands of both belong to the same club, and upon a certain occasion the two wives met and talked over their grievances. Said Mrs. Jones: "My dear, do you know that I am unhappy?" "No, dear; I had not the remotest idea of anything of that kind. You are living in such luxury and ease, that I supposed you to be the happiest of mortals." "Oh, no, I never think of that, for I am too, too unhappy." "What makes you so unhappy?" "Oh, never mind, dear; it does not concern any one in the world but myself—but I am dreadfully unhappy. I suppose I am the most unhappy person who lives!" "Do tell me what it is!" "Well, my dear, if you will know, it is this: My husband goes out and stays all night at the club, and plays cards. Ain't that dreadful?" Mrs. Smith gazed at Mrs. Jones very calmly, and placidly, and pityingly, and then remarked: "My dear Mrs. Jones, I was absolutely frightened—I was alarmed—I shuddered for fear that you were about to relate some terrible mystery. You are not half so unhappy as I am. I am the most unhappy, miserable woman that ever lived." "What!" said Mrs. Jones; "you unhappy!—and so much admired and caressed by society!" "Yes; the most heart-broken woman you ever knew!" "What can be the cause of this?" "Well, I'll tell you, my dear. You see, my husband goes out and stays all night, and—well, he stays out all night and tries to play cards; but can't. Those other fellows beat him every night!"



TEA-TABLE REFLECTIONS.

ENFANT TERRIBLE.—“Say, ma, when I see myself in my spoon, sideways, I look like Mister Gumbridge, and when I hold the spoon up this way, I look like Missis Gumbridge!”

A Material Difference.—Some men gain a high prize for a trifle, and others pay a high price for a trifle. The latter, we believe, are the most numerous.

The Height of Ingratitude.—A man saved from drowning a night or two since, in Boston, abused the man who rescued him because he did not save his hat.

A Staunch Teetotaler.—An American editor says there is, down East, such an ultra teetotaler, that he has poisoned all the dogs in his neighborhood, merely because they whined.

That the Adoption of the mustache is beneficial in a sanitary point of view is evident from the fact of the wearer, no matter how confined his occupation, having daily more and more of the fresh (h)air.

There is one Thing about a hen that looks like wisdom—they don’t cackle much till they have laid their eggs. Some folks are always dragging and cackling what they are going to do beforehand.

The New Moon reminds one of a giddy girl, because she’s too young to show much reflection.

Learn this Lesson.—No one cares about the size of your foot except yourself; therefore be comfortable.

So Excellent a Touch of Modesty!—A Presbyterian minister in the Hebrides invokes the Divine blessing upon “these isles and upon the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland.”

Making Light of It.—We are told that “snow has fallen heavily on the top of the Puy-de-Dome Mountain in Auvergne.” The noticeable thing about this is, that on the Puy-de-Dome Mountains that are elsewhere, the snow is in the habit of falling lightly. And whitely as well.

A Preacher Said.—“Every tub must stand on its own bottom.” A sailor jumped up and said—“But, sir, suppose it has no bottom?” “Then it’s no tub,” returned he, quickly, and went on with the sermon.

Light Literature.—The following is the title of a book on natural history, recently published in England: “Hippopotamidæ—Suidæ—Tapiridæ—Rhinocerotidæ—Equidæ.” By W. Boyd Dawkins, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S. Cheering prospect, any way, for the young student to study night and day.



JOHN KURTZ.—"THE WEARY HEART FOUND UTTERANCE IN AN UNCONTROLLABLE FLOOD OF TEARS, WHICH JOHN DID NOT TRY TO CHECK, THOUGH AT INTERVALS HE SPOKE TO HER SOOTHINGLY."

John Kurtz.

"MADAME—I know written words are cold and vain; they cannot comfort. Even this brief expression of my deep sympathy may seem an intrusion, yet I trust the assurance that your great grief finds its way to my heart and bids me write will be sufficient apology. May the All-Father bless and keep you, and in His mercy enable you with eyes of faith to pierce the clouds of sorrow, finding the light of that peace which the world cannot give. With deep respect and sympathy, JOHN KURTZ."

"Respect and sympathy! Yes, John Kurtz, I know, now 'tis too late, that your great manly heart contained both, and would have given me the fruits of them, asking nothing in return but the friendship which I so blindly withheld.

"I have learned at last, through long and painful teaching, how rare such generous natures are in this selfish world, which cries 'Give, give!' insatiably, until one has naught left save a bankrupt life.

"Two years have dragged themselves over my heart's calendar since that letter was written. To-day only have I broken its seal; but what shall pierce the clouds of sorrow now? A stygian gloom has gathered round my life and settled down upon my weary heart, shutting out every ray of light. My eyes are so dim with weeping, that they cannot bear to look even at the sunny memories of my

girlhood, whose perfect happiness seems never to have been truly mine, so alien is it to my present misery.

"Oh, I cannot endure the intolerable, crushing weight of a remorseful past, a wretched present, and a hopeless future! Why has my husband kept this letter from me, and estranged me from the only friend I have left in the world?"

Alice Dupré buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly—not tears of sorrow such as had welled up from her grief-stricken heart in a healing fountain when two years ago she was left fatherless—not stormy tears of passion, nor yet those tears of surcharged emotion which are wont to fall gently and refreshingly like Summer showers from passing clouds.

No, these were soul-tears, wrung in anguish from the very depths of an outraged woman's inmost life. For two years she had nursed within her heart the elements which to-day burst forth in a fierce storm, beneath whose pitiless terrors poor humanity fell prostrate and helpless.

Surely a weary, despairing heart, thrown back upon itself with no sustaining faith, no cheering hope, suffers an exquisite soul-torture that seems to fathom the agony of a living death. Yet this terrible struggle was borne alone, and by a woman—I might have said a girl; but, no; these latter tears had fallen on the grave of girlhood.

John Kurtz and Madame Dupré, née Alice Bar

thol, both claimed as a birthplace the same pretty little seaport town. Alice was an only child. Her mother had died in giving her birth, leaving her to the tender care of a father who made of his daughter an idol at whose feet no sacrifice was too great to be laid.

An Englishman by birth, Mr. Barthol had come to America to secure a freedom of life which he had not found in the circumscribed circles of his native land. With ample means at the disposal of a taste refined by education and travel, he was able to surround himself with all the comforts and elegancies of life, and soon after settling in his new home the one thing thus far lacking in his fortunate career was vouchsafed to him in the perfect contentment of a happy marriage.

His wife was an orphan of obscure parentage, but a true woman, whose noble qualities and modest virtues he had discovered beneath the guise of an humble teacher.

A year of such happiness as rarely falls to the lot of man was theirs, and, in looking forward to the birth of their first-born, they awaited the crowning joy of their united lives.

The darling came, but just as the fond mother seemed to have "found the key of life, it opened for her the gates of death."

An old nurse and her father were really the only companions Alice ever knew. The latter was also her teacher, and all the resources of his well-stored mind were devoted to her education. He placed within her reach that rich fruitage of knowledge which he had garnered in long years of patient research; his strong arm bent down the topmost branches of the tree of learning, that she might herself gather from them the fairest flowers; and, thus fostered, her mind developed rapidly, and claimed as the dowry of its youth many acquirements rarely attained even in mature years.

Yet its graceful symmetry lacked a certain strength and self-reliance that result only from unaided effort, and the growth of her intellect seemed quite independent of her life—she was a perfect child in feeling and experience. What wonder that her father found in her an inexhaustible delight, and deemed the years of womanhood, creeping apace, were still far distant!

When Alice was about fifteen years old, Mr. Barthol had taken into his house the young man, John Kurtz, in whose advancement he felt a benevolent interest.

At first he acted as his secretary, but proved so worthy of the confidence reposed in him that this connection soon included the entire charge of his patron's business affairs.

Kurtz was a self-made man; he had studied life more than books, and profited by its varied and accurate instruction. His learning was not the useless hoard of memory, but an armory of weapons, tempered by experience, and always ready for practical use. From the stern tuition of adversity he had gained firm principles, consistent purposes, and courageous patience. He was a man to trust, to honor.

Being a fine German scholar, it had been arranged, soon after his introduction into the Barthol family, that he should give lessons in this language to Alice, and ere long he came to look forward to the hours devoted to this study with unusual interest. He saw in the young girl the promise of a noble woman, and in their intercourse sought to instill into her mind all the best teachings which he had himself gathered from life and literature.

Alas! that into each Eden must creep the serpent!

The war fell upon our country, and the father of Alice was devoted to the Northern cause, giving generously from his abundant substance, while she contributed her mite in such things as only woman's hands can make.

It chanced on one occasion that a party of prisoners were detained in town by the delay of a

train, and among them was an officer, whom sickness and exposure had reduced to a very weak and critical state.

Mr. Barthol proposed to the lieutenant in command that the invalid should be left in his care.

The prisoner gave his parole, and was removed to the house of his benefactor, where, through weary weeks of illness and convalescence, nothing was spared to promote his comfort.

Colonel Dupré was a man of fine presence and elegant bearing, and, although a Frenchman, spoke the English language with a scarcely perceptible accent. He soon ingratiated himself into the hearts of the Barthols, and became a welcome guest in the household.

He stated that he had joined the Confederate Army from pure love of adventure, the war having broken out during his travels through the South. He had served as staff-officer under General ———, for which position his early education had fitted him, but had resolved to return to France as soon as exchanged.

Commending this resolution, his host obtained the desired exchange, and having become much interested in the young foreigner, invited him to join them in a summer tour before sailing for Europe.

It is needless to trace the sad story step by step. The fascinations of the map of the world, heightened by the romantic influence of the scenes through which they journeyed together, were not without effect upon the heart of the young girl just budding into womanhood. A mother might have divined the latent romance that lurks in maidens' breasts, all the more wayward and daring because of their utter inexperience of true sentiment; but how could a father suspect it?

John Kurtz alone saw the danger, and the painful discovery taught him also that he, too, had learned to love. How many weary hours of thought were his! Under any circumstances honor would have compelled him to conceal his feelings, but now the task was doubly hard.

He had long since suspected Colonel Dupré to be a bold adventurer. Could he let him go on without an effort to circumvent his wiles? And then came the doubt whether his mistrust was not prompted by jealousy.

At last he resolved to tell Mr. Barthol his opinion of the foreigner, relying upon his honesty of purpose to justify the seemingly unwarrantable step.

He did so, but the unsuspecting man of honor was hard to convince, even when his attention was called to many significant trifles before unnoticed. However, his resolve was taken, and with his accustomed frankness he told his daughter of his half-formed suspicions, and informed her of his decision to return home at once—which would suggest to the colonel the propriety of leaving them.

Alice was so overcome by this *dénouement* that she assented to all, in a sort of stupefaction. Then came the first struggle in her young life. She thought—alas! the too often fatal mistake!—she thought she loved; that life without this man would be to her a blank. Little did she know of the great world that lay beyond her sheltered home, and her childish ignorance of evil and of sorrow had been unconsciously fostered by the parental love that fondly fancied itself her impenetrable panoply. But no outward armor can guard against the illusions and decets of life.

That evening Alice, in a moment of impulsive confidence, told the colonel of her father's decision.

He instantly saw and seized his advantage. The present was his only chance of winning the lovely heiress, and with the persuasive words of his wily tongue he wooed his innocent victim to fly with him. He played that bold game, of now or not at all, most adroitly, and with success.

The hastily written note to a loving father, the gathering together of trinkets and clothing, a servant bribed, a secret marriage—and the curtain

talls upon the final, irretrievable act of the feverish drama.

The next morning Mr. Barthol received the following note, which disclosed the terrible truth:

"MY OWN DARLING PAPA—I know I am doing wrong, but you will forgive me. I cannot give up Colonel Dupré. We shall be married to-night, and sail for Europe to-morrow; but he promises to bring me back soon. Then you will forgive us, and we shall all be happy again together. Good-by, dearest papa. Your own loving ALICE."

"Happy again together!" poor deluded child, never would that bright vision be realized.

When John Kurtz had waited beyond the usual hour for breakfast, and none of the party appeared, he went to Mr. Barthol's room, and receiving no response to his knock, listened and heard a low groan.

Effecting an immediate entrance, he found his old friend lying on the floor, totally unconscious, and grasping a letter in his hand. He released it, read its contents, and knew all.

For a moment he paused, as though it were more than he could bear, then, raising the almost lifeless body to the bed, he summoned medical aid; but it was of little avail. The sudden shock had hastened the culmination of one of those invincible diseases which hang like an invisible sword of Damocles over many lives. Within the hour the noble old man was no more.

John was a man ever ready to face an emergency, and at this critical moment acted promptly.

He immediately telegraphed to a friend in New York that Colonel Dupré and wife were to sail in one of the European steamers leaving that day, and requested him to impart the news of the death of Mr. Barthol.

This done, he could only await the result and turn his attention to arranging the innumerable details for the removal of the remains.

At noon he received a telegram from the colonel, informing him they would return at once, and the evening train brought them. Alice was so overcome by the excitement of the last twenty-four hours, that she could see no one, but sought her room at once.

She stood face to face with her first sorrow—that sternest of all life's stern realities, the inconsovable bereavement of death. Alas! when she had drained the bitter cup of grief, remorse would mix like gall with its heavy dregs.

It was no easy task for John Kurtz to meet the man who had wrecked his hopes and ruined the lives of those most dear to him; but for Alice's sake he strove to mask his feelings under a courteous exterior. Can two such natures meet and each not know for a surety their antagonism? Virtue measures swords with villainy, but cunning fence cannot always parry the powerful home-thrusts of honest purpose.

The colonel gave John Kurtz no opportunity for further conversation than was absolutely necessary to complete the arrangement for their departure in the early morning train, and it was not until they reached home, and the funeral was over, that the two men had an interview.

Mr. Barthol had left a will bequeathing all his property (save ten thousand dollars to John Kurtz) to his daughter, to remain in trust until she should be twenty-one years of age; his friend and legal adviser, Judge Alton, and John Kurtz were appointed trustees.

When Colonel Dupré learned of this, a shade of ill-disguised dissatisfaction passed over his countenance, and he announced rather stiffly that as soon as the business matters could be settled he should sail with his wife for Europe. This information was a terrible blow to John Kurtz, who had hoped that Alice would at least be near him, for he feared her sad awakening was soon to come, and longed to soften, though he could not avert it. His frequent

requests to see her were never granted, on the plea that she was not in a condition to see any one, and that quiet was her only safeguard.

When the time of their departure was drawing near, he once more urged his request.

The colonel affected to hesitate, then informed him that his wife did not wish to see him again, but that he would convey his wish to her.

The following morning John received this answer, written in a trembling hand:

"MR. KURTZ—It is impossible for me to see you. Circumstances do not justify me in so doing.

"ALICE DUPRÉ."

The strong man bowed his head, and turned away in silence, while the colonel's eyes gleamed with demoniacal satisfaction.

On reconsidering the little note, John saw plainly that he had been the victim of misrepresentation, and, in fact, everything seemed to conspire against him. Hard as it was to feel that Alice had been so ready to mistrust him, he attributed much to the influence of her husband, and resolved to make one last effort to communicate with her. It seemed almost hopeless, but he could not bear that their intercourse should cease without a single parting word.

He wrote the note which is read by Alice in the opening of this story. Under its guise of formality throbbed a current of deep feeling. It was calculated to betray nothing, should it fall into the hands of her husband, and yet the warmth of affection would educe from its simple words their hidden, heartfelt meaning, even as heat makes legible characters traced in invisible ink. This note he inclosed to a friend in New York, begging him to deliver it in person.

The old house was closed, its occupants gone, and the terrible excitement of months had passed away. The conflicting emotions that had swept over the life of John Kurtz in pitiless devastation had spent their violence. His inalienable love and pity remained, and disappointment and misunderstanding had not made him morbid. Although a certain dreary loneliness had settled upon his life, and a crushing weight of anxiety and regret often pressed heavily upon his heart, he looked forward to the future with unwavering trust and steadfast patience. His was the grand faith of the Christian: That man, poor fallen man, with all his weakness and littleness, can look up to the Almighty Creator of worlds and feel that He is mindful of him—that He will care for him with a father's love. That trust never failed him.

A year slipped from the revolving calendar, and the record of a second was half unrolled, when John decided to go to Europe, ostensibly to perfect some business arrangements; really to learn some particulars of Alice, of whom nothing had been heard since her departure.

Arrived in Paris, he had but one clue, the banker through whom the remittances had been made from the estate. In applying to him, he was informed that Colonel Dupré was traveling in Germany. Thither he directed his course, and, judging from his knowledge of the man that he should find him at some fashionable gambling resort, proceeded to Homburg.

Here a trace was obtained, for the colonel was well known in the place as a *roué* and notorious gambler, but he had left several weeks previous for Wiesbaden. Pushing on as rapidly as possible to this place, most startling news awaited him.

Colonel Dupré had arrived there, as reported, had lost heavily at play, and one evening, while at the gaming-table, in a delirium of excitement, he grossly insulted a stranger, who shot him on the spot. His assassin had escaped, and these were all the facts John could learn. Of Madame Dupré no one could give him any information. It was not even known that the deceased had a wife. Certainly she had not been there.

John Kurtz was surprised and troubled, and used every endeavor to find the valet of the late colonel. With some difficulty the man was discovered, and proved to be as worthless as his master.

Money bought what knowledge he possessed, and he stated that the lady was living in a little village about fifteen miles from Wiesbaden; that she had been very ill, but was slowly recovering; and that she was not yet aware of the death of her husband.

His delay to inform her of it was accounted for by many specious excuses, but John strongly suspected the fellow had served some purpose of his own by the concealment.

Ordering a carriage, he drove to the village, taking the valet with him, and during the drive elicited some information respecting Colonel Dupré. It seemed he was well connected, and had been educated for the army, but early in life became exceedingly dissipated, and left his country in consequence of being involved in debt. Then followed his experience in the Confederate Army, and as a prisoner, and his marriage.

On his return to Europe, he hardly made a pretense of introducing his wife to society, and his selfish indifference gradually resulted in her entire seclusion.

They wandered from place to place to gratify his passion for novelty and amusement. The greater part of the money received from the estate was squandered at the gaming-table.

Careless expressions of the valet in giving this account were significant to John Kurtz. They revealed what an angel of patience the inexperienced, indulgent girl had been in her efforts to win her husband to a better life—how bravely she had striven to reconcile the dissimilarity of their ideas and habits, and to accommodate herself to the frivolous life of the gay circles he frequented.

The effort had been fruitless, and was relinquished, for such a nature as hers could not find distraction, when it had vainly sought redress. She grew dispirited and ill, and welcomed the solitude to which she was left by the protracted absences of her reckless, indifferent husband.

Poor Alice! brief had been the illusion and bitter the trials of her married life.

During this conversation the carriage had rolled rapidly on, and now stopped before a neat little cottage.

John directed the valet to remain where he was with the driver, and await his return; then, swinging open the little gate, strode rapidly up the walk, but paused a moment upon the threshold.

He had been so absorbed in the search, that he had not thought of the meeting that was now so near. The impulse had been to find and to care for her. He had scarcely thought of himself, or what their interview might be.

Only a door separated him from the woman he loved, and the past crowded in upon him as upon the drowning man in one brief moment. Presently he knocked sharply.

The door was opened by a stolid servant-girl, who replied to his inquiry that madame was indisposed, and saw no one.

"Take this card to her. I will wait till you return."

The flaxen-haired maid, with an incredulous air, obeyed his direction, and disappeared within a side room.

A shriek—a fall—John hurriedly pushed open the door, and motioning the terrified girl to stand aside, raised the insensible form of Alice to the sofa. By the use of simple restoratives she soon rallied a little, enough to faintly murmur, "John! John Kurtz!" and immediately relapsed into another swoon.

While using every endeavor to restore her to consciousness, John could not fail to remark the terrible change that had been wrought; the thin, wan face and sunken eyes told all too plainly the story of her sufferings.

Suddenly there was a movement, the eyes half unclosed, and she made a vain attempt to rise, asking, faintly:

"Was it only a dream?"

John dismissed the German girl, who stood by kindly but curious, then answered, softly:

"No, Alice, it is all true. I am here, your old friend."

"And you will not leave me?"

"No, Alice; never again until you bid me."

A long, troubled sigh followed, the eyes closed as if satisfied that they had not been deceived, and the weary heart found utterance in an uncontrollable flood of tears, which John did not try to check, though at intervals he spoke to her soothingly.

"Be at rest, Alice, child," he said. "The cloud has passed."

She started up, as if in sudden fear.

"But, John, if he should come?"

"He will never come again, Alice; he is dead."

"Dead?" she repeated, in a low tone, looking into John Kurtz's eyes, where she had never read aught save truth.

Their mute assurance was enough, and without a question, she sank back upon the cushions.

John did not speak—there was no need for words.

He saw a peaceful look settle upon her features, heard a sigh of relief flutter between her lips, and knew that his tidings had been of an un hoped deliverance.

The chains that bound her life in spite of the rebellious struggles of her tortured heart were broken. She made no hollow pretense of a grief it was impossible she should feel; the first delusion of attachment had vanished long since, leaving neither respect nor pity in its place, for her husband had done her an irreparable wrong—he had betrayed her guileless trust only to win her fortune; it alone had been the lure to his sordid nature, and to seize it he had trampled ruthlessly upon all the fair possibilities of her young life. The alienation was complete; their union was naught save a galling fetter.

All this, of which a hint had been given in the broken words of Alice's first greeting, John now divined in its full extent as he watched her, worn out by excitement and revulsion of feeling, and still too weak from recent illness to try to think, lying just conscious of the blessed succor and tender care, until she sank into a quiet sleep.

How his heart throbbed with thankfulness for the restored confidence, and the merciful release of death!

The sorrowful past was almost forgotten, or, rather, it was brightened by a budding hope that its trials, bitter as they had been, were still not those that blight the heart for ever. Better far the most ghastly wounds than a subtle poison instilled into the very life-blood. With the lightning-speed of thought these conjectures passed through his brain and gave place to yearning pity, which drowned all other emotions, even the indignation and contempt which had been already hushed by the cold finger of death.

Presently he left the room and summoned the servant, whom he informed of the death of Colonel Dupré, as well as that he should remain until the morrow, when, if Madame Dupré was able, they would leave. He next called the valet, and directed him to return to Wiesbaden for a comfortable carriage, which should convey them, on the following afternoon, to the nearest railway station, whence they would take the train *en route* to Paris.

The man departed with this and other commissions, and did not return again.

Re-entering her room, he found Alice still sleeping, and was about to withdraw, when his eye fell upon an open note lying near the sofa. He instantly recognized his own signature. It was his farewell letter, written long ago, and only opened by her a few moments before John arrived with the news of her husband's death. That morning, in searching

among the colonel's papers, she had discovered an envelope containing the note which should have been delivered to her in New York, and Alice was learning the last bitter lesson of her married life as John drove up to the door of her cottage.

Another thread was woven into the web of his thought—one that shone like a tiny gleam of gold from out the raveled past.

Alice slept several hours, and awoke refreshed and with a lighter heart than she had known for months. She hardly realized that the events of the day had not been a dream until the German girl who was watching by her side delivered a message from John, that he would come to her whenever she desired. She lay silent a moment, then, as if afraid of her own thoughts and feeling the necessity for action, rose, and, with the girl's assistance, rearranged her toilet, knotting a ribbon at her throat in the old tasteful fashion, though with a self-pitying smile. Then she sent for John, who, as he entered, said:

"You are better, Alice; your sleep has refreshed you."

Taking both his hands in hers, she drew him to a seat, saying:

"I would like just to look at you and think for a long time; yet there are so many questions I would ask—so much that I should tell you! First, let me know how you came abroad at this time, and how you found me out in this remote place?" She stopped suddenly, overcome by bitter recollections, and her voice broke as she added: "Oh, John, you cannot even respect me now!"

"His answer was one to soothe and strengthen her.

"There is, indeed, very much to be told by both of us, Alice, but not to-night. You need rest; try to take it and not to trouble about anything. That I do respect you, you cannot doubt, and—"

"But, John!" interrupted Alice, "think of what I have done! I have not only wrecked my own life, but I have killed my own, my darling father!"

"No, no! Alice, you must not feel thus; you are young yet, and with God's blessing, there is much happiness still in store for you. The trial has been a sad one, but let us hope the dark hours are past. Your dear father is no more; but were he living, think how fondly he would welcome you again to the old home; and if from the better land he can look down upon you now, would not his words be: 'Live on, my child; let the future atone for the past'? You know this, Alice. Live for him, then. The kind Parent who watches over all will bless you, and from the night of darkness shall dawn the light of a holier, happier day."

Alice listened silently, the tears stealing down her cheeks. Kind words from a noble heart were to her as cooling waters to the weary traveler on the arid desert.

Later he told her, in a few brief words, of the arrangement made for her departure, to which she assented gratefully. The perfect reliance she felt upon him was an inexpressible rest to her, weak and agitated as she was, and well did his tender care justify her implicit trust. He left her cheered and consoled, with a shadow of her old smile resting on her face as she said:

"I wish I could thank you for all you are to me; but no words could do that. Good-night."

The next day they started on their journey. Alice bore it better than was anticipated. They traveled slowly, however, and from Paris proceeded to England. Alice desired to visit Grasmere, a quiet little village, her father's birthplace, of which he had often told her. John was not only willing to grant her every wish, but felt also that the delay and rest would be well for her, before making the voyage home.

At twilight, one day, they drove up to the little inn, and their sojourn in the quiet hamlet was prolonged beyond their intention, so welcome did they find its peaceful seclusion.

During the journey, Alice had, at times, been very

much depressed, though it did not seem in consequence of her talks with John, which were never painful. He had told her what it was necessary she should know of Colonel Dupré's death, and henceforth his name was rarely mentioned. This pall fell over her miserable married life, blotting it out of existence. Its memory might still haunt her like a ghost, but in their conversations so much was tacitly understood between them, that the spectre was seldom summoned by indirect allusion.

John did not wonder at the depression which his yearning love and pity could not alleviate; but he hoped time and change would ultimately banish it. To his surprise, as the time approached for them to sail, Alice became even more sad and dispirited.

One afternoon they had strolled away from the village by a rustic path which led them up a little knoll, on which they paused to watch the sunset. It was the loveliest hour of the day; quiet brooded over the fair landscape of field, wood and hamlet; the vesper songs of the birds came sweetly through the dewy air; and, in the west, gorgeous clouds of crimson and gold burnt slowly away with hidden fires, till at last only their gray outlines and violet ashes remained.

Alice seated herself on a fallen tree: she had been unusually silent during the entire walk. John broke the stillness:

"Alice, child, you are keeping something from me; you are nursing a sorrow that you have not shared with me. Cannot you trust me?"

She turned her face up to his, was silent a moment, as she looked into his anxious eyes, then said:

"Trust you! Yes, John Kurtz, I would trust my very soul in your keeping, but why should I burden you with a sorrow I alone ought to bear? I was thinking, when you spoke, that I was like a wrecked ship drifting back to the shore from whence it sailed. Stranded there, its shattered hull may survive the storm of a few years, then the waves will engulf it, and the wild winds sing its requiem. I know it is wrong, but sometimes I wish my requiem were sung. Nay, do not interrupt me: I know all you would say. You are good, noble, true, but I—oh! God, it is terrible, this being thrown back on one's self, and that self so utterly weak and—"

"Alice, Alice!" interrupted John; "I cannot, will not listen to this longer. I cannot, for I love you too dearly. Were your life a wreck, then were mine also. I have lived for you, and now that after weary years of waiting I have found you, and would take you home to my heart, can I listen to these words from your lips?"

The soul of the strong man had spoken—the pent-up thought of his life had found utterance, and he trembled at its shaping.

Alice answered not, but bowed her head in her hands, while bewildering thoughts passed phantom-like through her brain, and her heart was overwhelmed with conflicting emotions.

Again John gently broke the silence:

"Alice, forgive me. I had not thought to have told you this, at least not until I had conducted you safely back to your old home."

"Forgive you! Rather, you forgive me for not having all to bestow that you ask," murmured Alice; then added, hurriedly: "John, I must return now. I cannot talk more to-night—I can scarcely think. I—I, will tell you all to-morrow."

In silence they turned homeward, and, reaching the little inn, parted with a trembling "Good-night."

What words could record the passage of those solitary, sleepless hours that followed—the heart-questionings, the harrowing doubts, the retrospection, the hopes and joy of love, and its hesitation to award the future of two lives?

The morning came at last, and John Kurtz awaited Alice in their little sitting-room.

The door opened, she entered, their eyes met in one long look, and, as the strong arms encircled her, she whispered, "You have all my love, dear John!" and was once more happy.

The sorrowful past was but a tale that is told.

A few mornings later there was a marriage in the little chapel at Gransadale.

Let us leave them while the closing words of the good dominie's benediction fall upon their ear: "That ye may so live together in this life."

Gallant and Gay.

BROAD sheets of glittering light are shimmering on the lawn. Shattered sunshine comes flickering down through the waving branches and softly rustling leaves. The lozenge-paned windows of the low, many-gabled house sparkle like so many diamonds. The scent of the roses, crimson and creamy white, and the old-fashioned, ever-welcome pink monthly, struggles for supremacy with the mingled sweetness of mignonette, jasmine, French honeysuckle, verberna and a host of other old flowers that only know how to be fragrant in old country gardens. A lull has fallen upon the majority of birds at this noontide hour, but the bees are humming perseveringly, and the river at the bottom of the garden is rippling as indefatigably as if it loved its career over the moss-grown boulders and was never tired of pursuing it; and the cattle in the meadow just beyond the river are lowing out plaintive pæans of praise for the glory and the goodness that is shed so generously over all things out of the heart of this Summer weather.

"I'm enjoying all this just as much as if Bob weren't miserable!" a girl says reproachfully to herself, as she steps out from the shadow of the house into the full effulgence of the sunshine on the lawn. "I'm just as good-tempered as if Aunt Kate weren't as cross as it's in her nature to be, because the cream has all gone sour! Oh, dear, dear! I do wish that both Bob and Aunt Kate would take things easily, as I do!"

She is a rather pretty and a remarkably intelligent-looking young lady who says this; yet, notwithstanding her intelligence, she permits herself to marvel why the two people whom she mentions, who are weighted with responsibilities—and who perfectly appreciate the importance of the responsibilities with which they are weighted—are not as absolutely indifferent to the dull, heavy pain of retrospection, and the sharp, pinching pang of anxiety, as she is herself!

The vicar's only sister—the nominal manager of the vicar's house—allows herself but a short time in which to consider the difference between her relatives and herself; she presently, in the course of her lounging progress over the lawn, detects a few things out of order, and her high, clear, uncultivated young voice rings out a loud demand for some one to "come and tell her why it is so."

"I was about other work, Miss Alice," the gardener tells her, as at her behest she regards the limp appearance of two or three climbers of rapid growth which she had directed should be tied up on the previous evening.

"Then Grub should have done it," she says; "little lazy wretch, he has nothing to do but to look after King Cole and the pony, and Aunt Kate didn't use the pony yesterday on purpose to give Grub plenty of time."

"Grub had to spend all his extra time upon King Cole, miss," the gardener says, dryly; "he wasn't spared much by the missus not going out. King Cole was a mass o' lather when you brought him home last night, Miss Alice; you must have ridden far and fast to punish him so."

"As far and as fast as I chose to ride," the girl says, imperiously. Then her naturally easy disposition reasserts itself and she adds: "Come, Warden, don't scold me about the horse, and I won't say a word more about Grub neglecting my orders about the roses; King Cole is my only pleasure here, and I must enjoy him freely."

Alice Langley turns away into the house as she says this, and the old gardener watches her. "Something hard has come to the poor girl, I'm fearing," he says softly; "such a little innocent as she was only the other day, contented and happy like with the place and all in it; but now she's a woman grown, and we don't suit her no longer. Poor Miss Alice!"

He is a carping, exacting old servant of the house, this gardener, but he loves the children whose parents he served before them; and now that Alice, "a woman grown," has taken to these long solitary rides on King Cole, his heart has been heavy within him. He has run in such a narrow little groove all his life, doing his whole duty as gardener manfully and well, but growing watchful in the course of the performance, as it is the manner of some to be whose whole intents are concentrated in what they see before them and hear around them.

It is a small wonder, therefore, that many little changes which have come over Alice—the bonnie, fatherless daughter of the house—have not been unmarked by Warden. He has noted them, and spoken about them to his friends, the flowers; but not to a single human being. No, no; blameless she may not be altogether in the eyes of the wise and good of the earth, but Warden is not the man to discuss her failings with inferior mortals. It may be remarked, in passing, that Warden, in making one of his hits of the wise and good, writes his master's name first, and his own second, and that for fifty years he has searched in vain for a third.

"But Lor' bless me, I hain't seen all that's to be seen in the world, and I don't know all they that's in it," he acknowledges magnificently, and then for fear his mute auditors might suspect him of knowing no more of life and its mysteries than they could teach, he generally adds, "Not but that I've been as far and seen as much as many as stands up to tell and to teach us; but I will say there's no one as comes nigh the master!"—he does not add aloud "excepting myself," but he thinks it, and the flowers never contradict him.

But Alice contradicts him frequently. She has only taken up the habit during the last six months, and it disturbs the old man, not on his own account, but on hers. He has seen her grow from plump babyhood, through gracefully wild childhood to charming sweet womanhood, and it does seem hard that she should seem to desire to tear her tendrils from the roof-tree, and to bloom beyond the garden now, just as she has come to her best. "If she could only be contented like with the place and the village, just as the master is!" he sighs as he looks at Miss Alice's habited form, which is visible at an up-stairs window. "King Cole was the worstest gift the master could have given her." Warden goes on as he catches hold of some limply contumacious standard roses, and binds them savagely in the way they should grow; "that horse takes her where she wants to go, and she wants to go a good many places where she shouldn't want to go, I'm thinking; and maybe the master's sister wants looking after as much as any of they he's so busy with down yonder."

He has not worded his thoughts aloud, consequently he turns an unembarrassed countenance the next instant toward 'the master' himself—a fatigued gentleman who wears himself out so thoroughly in disseminating the doctrine of peace and good-will abroad, that he is the cause unconsciously of much discord and unpleasantness at home. For instance, his maiden aunt, Kate, who manages the household and dictates the dinner-hour, can but ill bear that he shows disregard to the claims of the latter, as he does frequently when engaged in parish work. While as for his pretty sister, a stop would have been put to those long and lonely rides of hers before now, if the Reverend Robert Langley could occasionally look at home for work whereunto to put his hand, instead of invariably looking abroad for it.

He has come to his preferment early in life, this fortunate young divine, and has gained one of the good gifts which Mother Church has to bestow with a graceful ease which would lead a less generous-minded man to suppose that his ill-requited fellow-laborers were undeserving. The living of Romanewell is worth a thousand a year, and the population of the parish numbers five hundred. It is a wealthy parish, too, rich in private charities. On the whole, it must be conceded that Mr. Langley's lines are cast in pleasant places.

Nevertheless, in spite of this good fortune, his face wears a harassed, anxious, almost peevish look to-day, as he comes up to old Warden's side and orders that a large bunch of the finest roses in the garden shall be gathered and sent down without delay to the lady now lying ill at "The Huntsman's Rest"; and when he has given this order he asks, hesitatingly, if "Miss Alice is home from her ride yet."

"She's been home nigh on half an hour," the old gardener tells him, and Mr. Langley heaves what sounds like a sigh of relief. "Miss Alice is at her window beckoning to you now," Warden continues; and the brother goes in, obedient to his sister's mandate, and is met by her in the hall.

"Bob," she begins, impatiently, "I've something to tell you that I ought to have told before, perhaps, only I wasn't sure of it myself till to-day. I'm a very happy girl. I'm engaged to be married to the dearest fellow in the world. Aren't you surprised?"

She makes her announcement and asks her question with as gay and happy and unembarrassed an air as if she were speaking of having accepted an invitation to a ball or of having bought a new dress. Bob has suffered her to gang her own gait so long, that no sentiment of duty toward him hampers her now. As he has never caviled at the cause, so now he will surely be contented to let the effect pass unchallenged.

"Engaged to be married; you're joking, Allie? There is no one here."

"No one here; but he is up among the hills," she laughs, "and King Cole has made nothing of the distance between us daily. I suppose it wasn't right, Bob, but I have done it; I've let myself fall in love with a man to whom I have never been properly introduced, and I've given him a promise of marriage, though I know no more of him than this, that I have fallen in love with him. My wise and discreet brother, rely on my intuitions! I shall be happy with Archie Lascelles, if you don't make a fuss."

He winces under the epithets she applies to him. None but himself know how little wisdom and discretion there has been in his own course of late.

"Why has this man not come to me?" is all he can say.

"Oh, because he knows from me how conventional and good and prudent you are. It was his fancy to win me in a wild kind of way, and he has done it. I told him I loved him, Bob, before I knew more about him than that his name was Archie. You'll never be so rash as that, will you?" She coils her hand coaxingly into her brother's arm as she speaks, and he only groans by way of reply. "Then I told him, too," she goes on, "how very much you were absorbed in your parish work. You see, when I met him first, it was just when that lady came to the 'Huntsman's Rest,' and was taken ill. Is she better to-day, Bob?"

"She is better," he says, huskily, then he adds, "Who and what is this man, Allie? How has he dared to treat you with as little ceremony as if you were a peasant-girl? I must have been negligent, indeed, to have subjected my sister to such an insult."

The girl's high spirit flames up into her eyes, and flushes her face. But her womanly tact and taste teach her to restrain anything like a strong manifestation of anger.

"He has respected me as perfectly as if he had been introduced to me by a thousand duchesses," she says, quietly. "He is a gentleman, Bob. I couldn't love him if he were not that."

"Before you meet him again, Allie, he must come here and see me, honorably and openly."

"Yes," the girl quite acknowledges the propriety of this, and vouches for her lover's readiness to do it. And then, bit by bit, she tells the whole story of her true romance, as she considers it. "He had lost his way up in the hills the day I met him first," she explains, "and I showed him the way to the high road. And while I was guiding him we talked, and so, Bob, I met Archie Lascelles again and again and again, till meeting him has come to be the only thing I care to live for. And while I've been redeeming my time so pleasantly," she goes on, roguishly, little knowing what a pang her words cause her brother, "how have you been getting on with the lady at the 'Huntsman's Rest'?"

"I hope I have been able to comfort in some slight degree a woman who has been most terribly tried and afflicted," he says, constrainedly. "When shall I take you to see her, Allie?"

"When? Oh, when you please, Bob," she answers, cheerfully. "She's young, isn't she, and good-looking? What brought her here?"

"Despair."

"What about? She's a Mrs. Porter, isn't she? Is she a deserted wife, or a bereaved widow?"

As his bright young sister questions him, he remembers vividly that he has this morning asked Mrs. Porter to be his wife, and that he knows absolutely nothing about her.

"She is—an angel, I believe, Allie," he says, with undramatic emphasis; and then he goes on to make a lame statement of the position of affairs between Mrs. Porter and himself.

"Going to marry her—going to marry a stranger! Oh, Bob, don't tell me that you have been so rash!"

For all reply he quotes her own words to her.

"I met Mrs. Porter by accident first, Allie, and then I met her again and again, till meeting her has come to be the one great joy of my life. She will be no hindrance to my work, either," he goes on, piously. "She'll stay here contentedly, and help me in it."

Alice's brow contracts.

"Stay here and help you to spend a thousand a year contentedly! I've no doubt but that she will be very glad to do it, Bob; but your side of the subject is staggering. You know nothing about her?"

In her amazement at her brother's indiscretion, she quite forgets that she has been guilty of an equally unpardonable one.

"As much, perhaps, as you know of this Mr. Lascelles, to whom you have promised to confide yourself, Alice, dear," he says, gently.

Then he goes on to argue that his rashness is not equal to his sister's, for that he will remain here in precisely the same position which he occupied before, whereas she will go away among strangers, and be under the sole control of this man, who has won her utterly, but not won her openly.

"Oh, dear!" Alice at last exclaims, impatiently. "As we have begun by being foolish, and are each satisfied with the result of our folly, don't let us commence reviling each other, but let us cry, 'Avant, prudence!' and prepare our respective cases for Aunt Kate's inspection."

"Aunt Kate will judge me more harshly than she will you, dear," the brother says, with a slight contraction of his lips and brow. "My wife will interfere with her, while—"

"My husband will take me out of her way altogether," Alice laughs. "Yes, you'll have something to do in making Aunt Kate think that you have done wisely and well."

"From the mere worldly point of view, I may seem to be acting precipitately and unadvisedly,"

he says, in a self-satisfied tone that is not unfrequent with him; "but I am obeying a higher law. I feel that in all important respects this woman will be a helpmeet worthy of me."

"In fact," Alice says, with careless, good-natured toleration, "you're in love, Bob, dear, and you're as resolved as I am not to let reason prevail in the matter. May your venture turn out half as happily as I feel sure my own will."

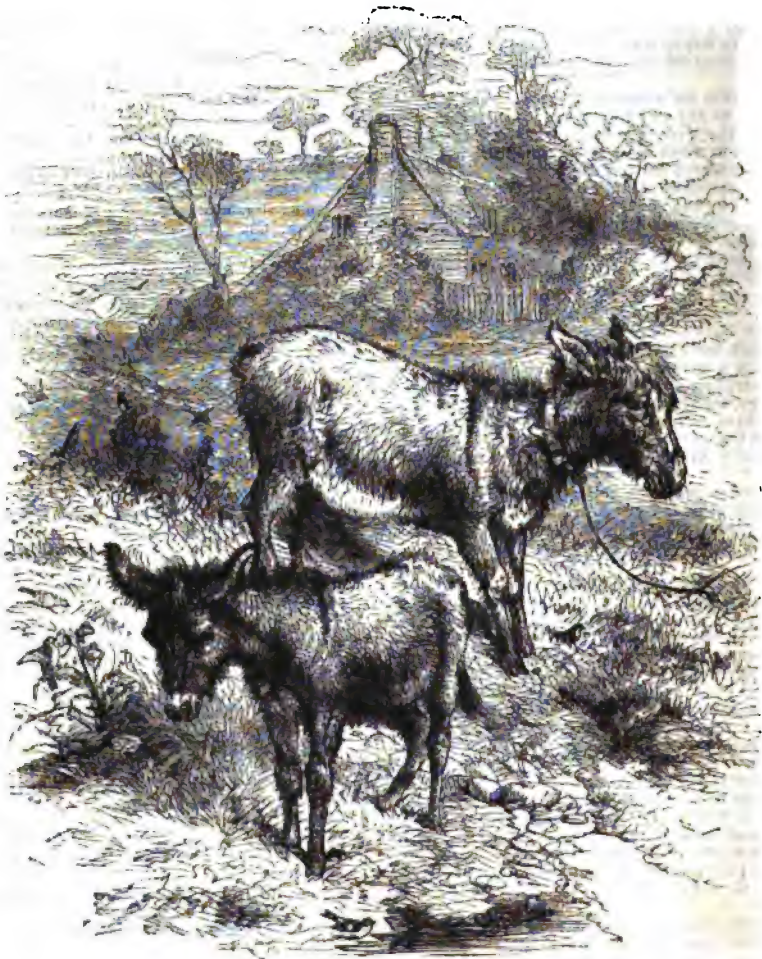
"Thanks for your sympathy and good wishes," her brother says, kissing her; and then they go into Aunt Kate's presence, and tell her how love has undermined the family fortress, and carried the little fraternal garrison.

Meanwhile the "strange lady," as she is called throughout the village, is waiting the march of events at the "Huntsman's Rest!" She has occupied the two pretty, quiet, little rose-shaded rooms for three or four weeks, and has come to be quite familiar with the landlady, from whom she has gained a great deal of information respecting the inhabitants of the neighborhood. But this much must be accorded to her tact, she has given marvelously little information concerning herself to anybody.

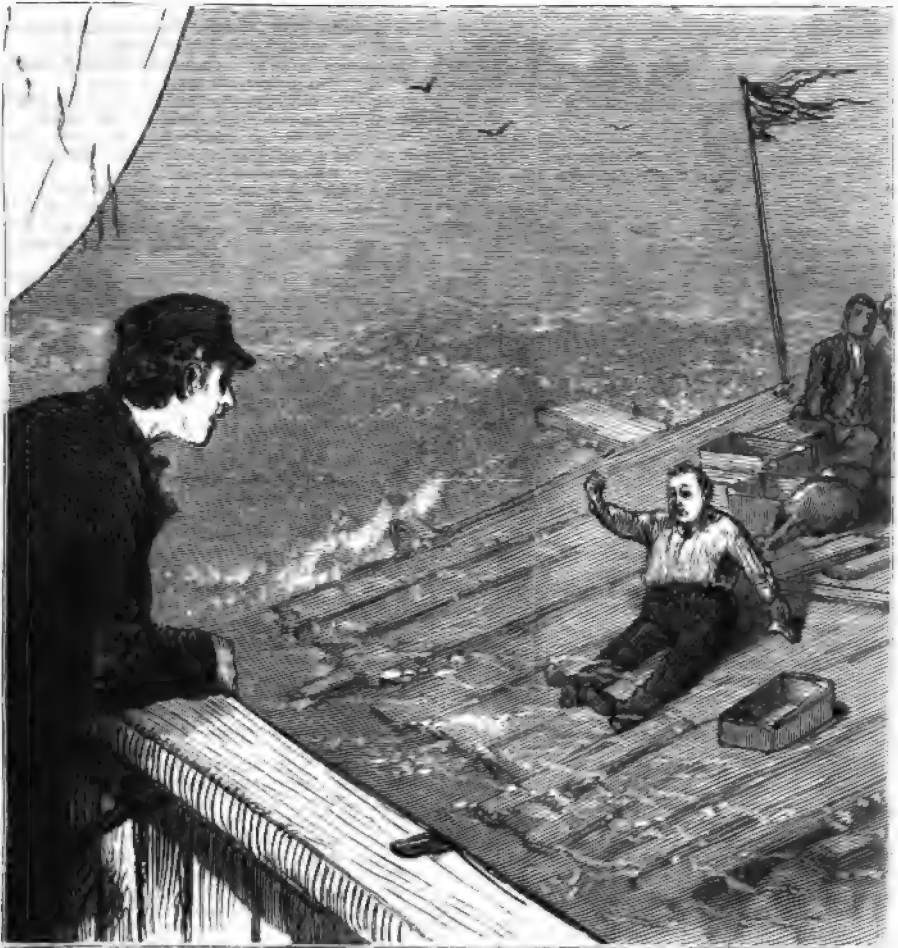
Not that she has observed a saturnine silence. On the contrary, she has talked glibly, but she has,

with discretion that is rare in her sex, confined herself to generalities. Prostrated as she been by sharp and severe illness, she has made no compromising revelations, even when in the extremity of her physical weakness. Therefore this satisfaction is hers, now that she is well and strong again, namely, that she is in the same position, that she is as little known and as little suspected as when she first came to Romanswell. "Certainly a woman with a history," any one seeing her, when she believes herself to be unobserved, would be apt to say. But whether that history is sad or shameful, unhappy or unfortunate, it is difficult to determine.

Mrs. Porter has one fact about her that is as bright, pure and undisguised as a morning sunbeam, and that is her beauty. About this there is no manner of doubt or concealment. Every portion of her exquisitely-molded figure, every tress of her luxuriant chestnut hair, every hue of her perfect complexion, is genuine and above suspicion. Her loveliness is all her own. No man can doubt or distrust, no woman can dispute her claim to it, yet she views it discontentedly this day, as she tells herself that it has brought her nothing better than this humdrum prospect of peace and security as a country parson's wife!



THE ASS.—SEE PAGE 91.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE CARIBOO.—"FINALLY A SEA A LITTLE WETTER THAN THE OTHERS BROUGHT HIM ROUND, AND HE ROARED SOMETHING WHICH SOUNDED LIKE: 'TAKE HER AND BE—HAPPY!' ONLY 'HAPPY' WASN'T THE LAST WORD."—SEE PAGE 91.

"His old-maid aunt and his pert young sister will be coming to call upon and inspect and interrogate me soon, I suppose," she says, wearily, "and they will conjecture, and want to have confidences reposed in them concerning my 'first marriage,' until my inventive powers will ache under the strain to which they'll be subjected. Oh, dear, dear! why did I not play for higher stakes while I was about it? there will be no 'nepenthe' for me in this obscurity; but danger is better than this dullness, in which memory will drive me mad."

Despite her wild words, she looks sane enough presently, when the man she has this morning promised to marry comes in with his sister.

"It has to be done, therefore we may as well do it without demur and without delay," Alice has said, with a shrug of her shoulders, in reply to her aunt's suggestion that the visit of recognition should be deferred "for a day or two, at least, in order that we may get need to the idea which has been presented to her to-day in such a startling and distressing manner."

"I don't see why you should be either startled or distressed, Aunt Kate, it is only natural that Bob said I should marry."

"But it is not natural that Bob and you should have picked up with nobody knows who," Aunt Kate responds, with energy, and Alice cannot find anything to say against the justice and truth and wisdom of this sentiment. Accordingly, she kisses the rod as gracefully as possible, and merely remarks that it will be well for some of the family to know the newly-proposed member of it; she will go down to the "Huntman's Rest" with her brother this same afternoon.

Alice Langley is impressed with the beauty and cordiality of Mrs. Porter, unmistakably impressed at once. But Mrs. Porter feels a repulsion to the girl, which nothing in the girl's manner can account for.

"You will love Alice?" Mr. Langley half asserts, half questions, the next time he finds himself alone with the lady whom, for his sake, Alice has so confidently and sweetly taken upon trust, and even her strong sense of expediency cannot induce Mrs. Porter to say more than, "I will try."

To herself and to her lover, the following day, Alice admits more than she does either to her brother or her aunt.

"I had no sooner let off my bombshell than

sound of it was drowned by a heavier cannonade from Bob, Archie," she begins, as she lifts herself back into an erect position in the saddle after receiving a long, close embrace from the handsome fellow in shooting costume who stands by her horse's side.

"Has this clerical admirable Crichton fallen in love with one of the thirteen dowless daughters of a neighboring vicar?" Mr. Lascelles asks, with a laugh.

"He's done something even rasher than that," Alice answers. "Fancy Bob—wise, solemn, good Bob—being led away by a pretty face to the degree of offering to marry its owner, though he knows nothing of her beyond these two facts, that she is lovely and in trouble!"

"Where did he pick up his unknown enslaver?" Archie asks, carelessly. The love affair of another man is the last thing in life to interest Mr. Lascelles.

"At the village inn—"

"You don't mean to tell me that I am to have the honor of being connected with a bar-maid?"

"No, Archie, no; she's a lady staying there to recruit her health, which has been shattered by some unknown trouble. You know we're very healthy at Romanswell, and the little rooms at the 'Huntsman's Rest' are nearly always occupied by some one who is troubled in mind, body or estate."

"Is she a runaway wife, or—?" He pauses, unwilling to sully the atmosphere of purity which surrounds this wild-rose whom he has won with the words, "or a discarded mistress," which he had been about to utter.

"She's a Mrs. Porter, a widow."

"The deuce she is!" he says; and though he does not start melodramatically, Alice gets the impression of his being most infinitely shocked and surprised at her innocent tidings.

"Why, do you know her?" the girl asks, in astonishment.

"Know her! How should I know her?" he answers petulantly. Then he draws Alice's slight, supple figure down closely to his breast and adds, in a tone that is charged with passion:

"My darling, I can only think of you; the fear crosses me sometimes that I may lose you. Put that fear to flight for ever by marrying me at once, without delay or parade?"

"Archie! at once?"

"Yes, at once! Come away with me now, and telegraph from Paddington to your brother that you will be back with your husband at Romanswell in the course of a few days. No one can part us then, Alice, my darling, my precious darling, my idol, my love! A thousand heads, or a thousand Mrs. Porters would intervene in vain then!"

"But, Archie, how could she interfere with us?" she begins, remonstrating; and then, though she is the reverse of displeased at his ardor, she goes on to protest that the sudden step is "impossible, utterly impossible. I should never feel properly married, Archie I; should never be able to look any one in the face again, if I took such a leap in the dark, without the sanction of my people, or yours, either!"

He does not hesitate for a moment. "If you will trust yourself to me, I will take you straight to my mother this evening. She will tell you that you're right in trusting me, Alice, and her words will carry conviction to your heart, for she never told a lie in her life."

"But why?" Alice begins questioning. "What made you think of such a thing so suddenly?" Then a gleam of suspicion flashes across her mind. "Archie! is it Mrs. Porter?"

"Is what Mrs. Porter?" he says, evasively.

"Has your sudden desire—your determination to bring matters to a climax anything to do with Mrs. Porter? Are you?"—with a sorrowful gulp—"engaged to her? Oh, Archie, tell me the truth!"

She almost moans her words out. She loves this

man so thoroughly, that the doubt of him which he himself has created gives her poignant pain.

"Engaged to her!" he repeats, contemptuously.

"Then what power has she over you?"

"My dear child, none whatever," he says, gayly, making a strenuous effort to recover his balance.

"Then why has the mention of her name upset you so, and caused you to form sudden plans?" she persists. "Do you know her?"

"I did know a Mrs. Porter some time ago."

"Was she lovely like this one? Was she good and sweet enough to be Bob's wife?" the girl asks, earnestly; and the answer falls unwillingly from her lover's lips:

"I can't tell you, Alice. Never ask me anything about that woman again. As soon as you are my wife—as soon as I have a brother's right to address him on the subject—I will speak to Bob about her—about the advisability of such a marriage, I mean."

"How natural it seems to hear you call him Bob," she says, delightedly. "Come back with me to Romanswell now, Archie—come, darling. Will you—will you?"

She pleads very fervently, but he is firm in his refusal, and the end of it is that King Cole is left at the railway-station stables, and that Alice Langley goes up to London by the midday train, in her lover's company, to his mother's house.

He is "the only son of his mother, and she is a widow." That she should idolize him is only natural, womanly and well, in Alice's eyes; but the girl is touched both to tenderness and wonderment by the old lady's reception of herself.

"My boy has told me all about you, and I love you as a daughter already," Mrs. Lascelles says, as she clasps and kisses Alice. "And though the sacrifice he has wrought upon you to make for him is a great one, he is worthy of it, if repentance for a bygone error and great love for yourself can make him worthy."

Alice has little time and less inclination to question aught concerning this bygone error of which she is told her lover has repented. Before she can collect her faculties sufficiently to be suspicious, or even curious, about it, she is his wife—she has taken the irrevocable step, and bound up her interests with his for better, for worse.

She is a courageous girl, and she can pretty accurately estimate her brother Bob's long-suffering affection for her. Nevertheless, her heart sinks low many times during the return journey, and when at night they enter Romanswell, she breaks down utterly, and begins to cry.

"Bob always said I played fair in our games when we were children," she sobs out, with a shiver; and it requires all her husband's powers of persuasion, and all his recently gained authority over her, to convince her that she will not be childless as severely as she deserves to be.

"Brace yourself to bear a little bitterness—a little unpleasantness—for my sake," Archie whispers; "and for your brother's sake, too, be a brave little woman. He must hear some truths about Mrs. Porter; he mustn't think of marrying her, Alice; and he will bear hearing these truths better from a brother than from a stranger."

"He'll hate us both if you tell him anything about her that may make him love her less," Alice replies, sagaciously. "I know what it will be. I know what it would have been if he or any one had disparaged you to me. Can't you let it go on, Archie? Can't you let him be happy?"

"I can't let my wife's brother be dishonored, Alice," he says; and as he says it they reach the vicarage-door.

There is a good deal of emotion, a good deal of confusion, and a good deal of awkwardness for a space of time that may in reality be measured by minutes, but that appears an age to Alice. At the expiration of that space of time the brother takes his truant sister to his heart, and Aunt Kate ceases

to wall about the scandalous nature of the whole proceeding.

Just as they have arrived at this happy consummation, a sweet, ringing voice is heard at the entrance-door, and a bright, beautiful womanly presence glides into their midst.

"I have come to welcome the runaway," she begins, blithely stepping into the circle with hands outstretched toward Alice. "As your brother's promised wife, I have a right to be here on this auspicious occasion, have I not?"

Despite her exquisite feminine beauty, and the low, musical tones of her voice, there is more defiance than decorum in her manner, as she stands there with head erect, and eyes that flashed too rapidly and furtive from one face to another to be quite honest.

If any one of them had time to watch him, that one would perceive that a mighty struggle is reigning in Archie Lascelles's breast as he listens to these words and looks at this woman. It lasts but for a moment, and then he resolves to do his duty to the girl he has married, to the family into which he has entered, at any cost of pain to himself or to the woman whom at one time it was his misfortune to believe worthy of his love.

"No human being knows better than you do that you have not that right," he says, very sadly but very sternly, and the beautiful adventuress winces for the first time as she listens to him. She recovers herself quickly, however, and retorts:

"You, the gallant, and I, the gay, ought not to reproach one another, Archie Lascelles. Mr. Langley, will you tell this man to keep his knowledge of me to himself? Will you still stand to your word, and take me as your wife, nothing doubting, nothing fearing, as your sister has taken him for her husband?"

"Gallant and gay," Archie Lascelles strikes in, before the other man can collect his faculties sufficiently to speak. "What a mockery to use such words as descriptive of either of us? Defer your decision till to-morrow morning, Langley, when you shall be fully informed as to what this woman's life has been. If, after that, you can still take her, 'nothing doubting, nothing fearing,' you must go your own way, and Alice and I will go ours."

He stands aside, and holds the door open for Mrs. Porter to pass out, but Mrs. Porter makes one struggle more before she goes.

"This might be the turning-point in my career, Archie. If this chance fails me, and I fall lower, it will be you that condemned me to destruction."

"Fall lower?" Mr. Langley questions. "What does this mean? Are you—"

"Unworthy to sully the atmosphere breathed by your sister, Langley," Archie Lascelles interrupts. "I would not use these cruel words about a woman, who, however weak and unfortunate she had been, had not been wicked, too; but this one has time after time wounded the hands that have been held out to save her—time after time has she broken every bond, every promise, every barrier of honor and respectability. She called me 'gallant' just now. Well, I was not so in the way she meant; but the most gallant thing I ever did in my life was to stand by her and strive to save her from destruction when she led my brother, *her husband*, to believe that I was loving her better than his brother should. He died of the imaginary despair, and in all our lives before there had never been an unkind thought between us. Do you wonder any longer that I ask you to cast her out as you would a fiend from among us?"

She has slunk away before he utters this last sentence, and so Bob is spared the agony of taking the extremely active measure proposed. In the morning they hear that she has left by an early train, and the landlady of the "Huntsman's Rest" has been ordered by her to fire this parting shot:

"She'll be a good dead missed by us all here, sir, for a freer-handed, freer-tongued lady never lived. She bid me tell you that she was sorry to disappoint you, but the life of a country clergyman's wife

wouldn't suit her, and, besides, she hasn't too good an opinion, she says, of the gentleman Miss Alice has married."

So the serpent left her trail behind her; but, in spite of the occasional glisten this trail made on the flat surface of life in the neighborhood, Alice and Archie are very happy, and Bob has quite recovered from the shock of his very narrow escape.

The Ass.

THE patient ass is not generally credited with much intelligence. It is faithful, and in some countries the great beast of burden of the poorer classes.

Yet there are anecdotes that entitle the ass to a higher pleasure in our opinion. Doctor Otway writes: "I shall tell you what I know of an ass. There is a lady resident in a parish where I was for some years minister. She is the most tender-hearted of the human race; her tenderness, though a general feeling, is principally confined to the lower animals. I am disposed to think that, if in India or Turkey, she would leave all her worldly goods to endow a hospital for deserted, disowned and abused animals."

"Well, this lady was walking along the road, and she met a train of tinkers, proceeding toward Connaught, and one tall, tan-skinned, black-haired, curly-poll'd fellow, in all the excited cruelty of drunkenness, was belaboring his ass's sides with a blackthorn cudgel. This was too much for my friend. She first rated the man for his barbarity; she might as well have scolded Beelzebub. She then coaxed the ruffian, and asked him would he sell the creature, which he consented at once to do, asking, of course, three times the proper price. You may judge of the joy of this amiable woman when the beast, now her own ass, was relieved from its panniers, allowed to roll about in the dust and graze at liberty.

"For a long time she kept him perfectly idle, until he recovered his spirits; then he became troublesome, and would break his bonds, and used to go a-braying and curveting, and seeking for asinine society all over the country. Idleness is certainly, after all, a bad thing for asses as well as men, and so this capricious fellow found it: for shortly a tinker, perhaps the very one that sold it, stole it, and for three or four years there were no tidings of the ass, until one day, as his kind mistress was taking her usual walk upon the road, she saw a man urging along an ass, straining and bending under a very heavy cart.

"Now the moment my friend came near, there was an alteration in the deportment of the ass; immediately the ears, that were but just now hanging listlessly over its eyes, were cocked, and its head elevated in the air; and, raising its voice, more like a laugh than a bray, it urged itself under its heavy load into a trot, and came and laid its snout on the shoulders of the lady, who at once, and not until now, recognized her long-lost property, which she had again to purchase at a high price. It is many years since that occurred; the beast is alive, and so is the lady. I hope it won't be her lot to see in it that rare spectacle a dead ass."

The Captain of the Cariboo.

OLD Hezekiah Gatherem was a solid man of Boston.

Like a great many other men similarly fixed, by reason of his wealth, old Gatherem was as conceited as a college graduate, as contrary as a drove of Kansas mules, and as proud as a young parson; and when, in the fullness of time, Jack Furlaway, the captain of the little brig Cariboo, asked him for the hand of his daughter Jenny, old Gatherem's face grew as red as the good port wine he was in the habit of drinking, and nothing but Captain Jack's

rather muscular appearance saved him from being kicked across the street into the baker's shop opposite.

"What, sir, you—you, the captain of a miserable little West India sugar-drogher—marry my daughter!"

"Certainly, sir. Wouldn't think of taking her without marrying her," said Captain Furlaway, coolly.

Old Gatherem rang the bell violently, and ordered the servant to show Jack the door.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Ebony," remarked our maritime friend, placidly. "I rather labor under the delusion that I can manage to find my way out alone. Good-day, pa. Hope to find you in a better humor some other time. I won't object to Jenny on account of her near relatives."

But Jack departed rather ruefully for all that, for bonny Jenny Gatherem had gotten him fast tangled in her golden brown hair, and it had been his waking dream during many a lonely watch on deck, as the little clipper Cariboo danced merrily over the phosphorescent waves of Old Ocean, to make her Mrs. Furlaway, and he had even gone so far as to resolve to be a very dutiful and respectful son-in-law to that disagreeable old person, her father.

Jenny met him just around the corner, like a faithful little sweetheart, and Jack dolorously enough told her the direful result of his interview.

"Never mind, Jack, dear," said Jenny, consolingly. "Something will be certain to turn up more favorable. Wait patiently, and if the worst must come, why—"

And the young damsel's eyes sparkled in a manner which presaged no very good luck to the solid old person of Boston.

So Captain Jack Furlaway squared the yards of his skimmer, the Cariboo, for the West Indies, and by way of giving vent to his ill-feeling toward Mr. Hezekiah Gatherem, carried sail on his craft until the water rolled in torrents over her sharp bows, and the old salts wondered what the d—ence had come over the "old man," that he cracked on so much dimity, and, finally, settled down into the belief that he was racing for a heavy bet with the famous Fiery Cross, whose long black hull and towering pile of canvas had lain on their windward quarter longer than any ship had ever yet succeeded in doing.

Much port wine, much conceit and much bad temper had made old Gatherem sick, and the learned leeches of the Hub had advised a change of air, and recommended the balmy atmosphere of the ever-faithful Isle of Cuba, so that cheerful old gentleman packed his trunks, and, fearing some enterprising young Bostonian might steal his daughter while he was gone, also packed her along, and took passage in the A1 clipper Skymme Myke, a ship owned by various pious persons, and named by them after their beloved pastor.

The Skymme Myke boomed along at a roaring gait, and soon the lights of Boston harbor were far behind her.

The solid old party was very seasick, and as he tried to heave his boot-heels upward he heave curses deep and wrathful at the doctors who had persuaded him to trust himself to the uncertain motions of a sharp clipper diving into a head sea.

Though the Skymme Myke was owned by persons of piety, and named after a person of sanctity, her master, Captain Ralph Rattler, was by no means religiously inclined.

No one ever knew whether Captain Rattler swore most or drank most.

At any rate he drank enough to carry sail until his ship opened a seam, and when he became conscious that he was cracking it on a little too heavily, and endeavored to take in some of his canvas the gale saved him the trouble by sending his masts over to the leeward, and the gallant Skymme Myke rolled and pitched and floundered, opening more seams, and commenced sinking rapidly.

At last down went the ship, and Captain Ralph, with his sea-cherubs and the passengers, committed themselves to the tender mercies of a rickety raft, with scant provisions and water, and, for a week or more, they scanned the lonely sea with anxious eyes for a delivering sail.

Jenny bore up bravely, as women generally do; but her grumpy old parent had ceased to be solid, and the lamentations of Jeremiah were zephyrs compared to those he sent howling through the atmosphere.

He vowed he'd give his whole fortune to the captain who would rescue him; and as a sea would wash over him, he swore he'd add himself to the bargain, and wait upon his deliverer as a servant during the remainder of his natural life.

At last, one day a white spot not larger than a seagull's wing appeared on the horizon, and soon the royal of a square rigger could be seen, and then one sail after another rose out of the sea with wonderful rapidity.

"That's a skimmer," said Captain Ralph.

"That's an angel, sir," said old Gatherem.

It was not long before a sharp little brig dashed by, and hove-to within a hundred yards of the doleful crew on the raft.

Jenny could not restrain an exclamation of joy as she read the word "Cariboo" in golden letters on the quarter-boards of the newcomer, and when Jack made his appearance on the quarter-deck, she waved her handkerchief at him in a very frantic manner.

Jack, not knowing who it was, was acting in the coolest possible way.

Soon a boat, manned by sturdy rowers, was alongside, and the women and children were taken on board of the Cariboo.

Old Gatherem prayed to be taken among the first, but the second-mate of the brig, who was in command of the boat, was obdurate, and he was forced to content himself with the reflection that he was saved, at any rate.

When Jenny's foot touched the deck of the Cariboo, it stopped just long enough for her to bound to the arms of the astonished Furlaway.

As the novel-writers say when they get hold of something they can't properly describe, "we drop the curtain upon the scene."

And now we grieve to relate that Captain Furlaway was guilty of a very reprehensible stratagem, having for its object the destruction of the peace of mind of Mr. Hezekiah Gatherem.

He handled the brig like a pilot-boat, and laid her close aboard of the raft.

"Raft ahoy!" he hailed. "Are there any doctors of divinity on board?"

"Sir," reproachfully exclaimed a long, lank man, who had just arisen from a codfish-box, "we are from Boston! There are seven of us."

"One will do," responded Jack. "The rest of you had better offer consolation to my father-in-law—who-is-to-be, Mr. Hezekiah Gatherem. The boat is going for one parson and some more of the passengers."

When the second batch were safely on board of the Cariboo, Jack again hailed the raft.

"I say, pa," said he, "I'm going to marry Jenny. Will you give your consent?"

"No!" came grimly from the raft.

"Then, I'm to say that you will be very apt to inhabit that raft until you do give us your consent. Nice place, ain't it?"

It was all the six brethren could do to keep him from jumping overboard, but, finally a sea a little wetter than the others brought him round, and he roared something which sounded like:

"Take her and be—happy!" only "happy" wasn't the last word.

So the long, lank parson from Boston made them one and indivisible as they stood on the windward side of the quarter-deck, and, after the remainder of the unfortunates were safely on board, the Cariboo

boo bounded lightly, with a spanking breeze, toward the port of Modern Athens.

And Captain Jack Farlaway says that nothing but pure coaxing ever induced the old gentleman to consent, but Mr. Gatherem has his own opinion about part of the subject.

T'Other, or Which?

WHILE the mother groaned over the care of four girls, the father delighted in it. She was provident and fretful, disturbed if the hair of the one was too long distressed in crimping-pins, or if another cheated in her practicing. Holding dreamy Gertrude to some useful work, keeping an eye on Mollie's flirtations—these were her hourly anxieties. The poor lady's face was a network of perplexities. They were not rich, and the requirements of four girls are endless. Somebody must devise economies. Somebody must retrim the dresses and make the bonnets. Poor Gertrude, who possessed a temper that would bear any amount of domestic oppression, was dragged out to stores with mamma to consult about striped or plain, gray or green. She must walk the mile, and mount the fifty stairs to the dressmaker, and sew with her when she came. Mollie never had time to sew—she had too many visitors. Annie must practice, she was the musical one; and, as for Mattie, she was never known to set a stitch that had not to be pulled out afterward. So Gertrude, who has no knack at gayety, whose music will die within her, and who sews like a fairy, sits hour after hour listening to the dull clack of the seamstress's tongue, endures her mother's hurries, lives other people's lives, until the click of a key in the hall-door is followed by a cheerful roar: "Holloo, children!"

Every girl runs down to hug the rosy, smiling, gray-whiskered man in a big white coat like a miller.

"Goodness alive!" says Mrs. Braye, in her discouraged voice, "nothing to be done now—there's father!"

She smiled, however, as the head of the family came into the sitting-room entwined with two girls, a rough sketch of the Laocoon.

"Now we'll see if he has anything for us," says Mollie; and they began to search his pockets.

"I've a letter!" shouts Annie, pulling it out with a great flourish. "Oh, you wretched man, it's the one we wrote to Brunnie! Papa, how could you?"

Papa smiled confusedly—he is often caught in such delinquencies—but declares he has a letter from the young man himself, somewhere, which will, he thinks, atone—fumbles—hopes he hasn't left it at the office.

They all scramble.

Papa, with surprising alacrity, jumps on a chair to escape the thirty or forty fingers.

A scream from Mrs. Braye.

"Father, how can you! You'll spoil the springs!" Down he comes, obedient ever, and rolls downstairs to the dining-room, followed by the family. He holds the missive above his head. Gertrude, noiseless as a conspirator, has seized a pair of tongs, and, stealing behind, captures the treasure by an unexpected, magnificent snip. Then the letter is read over the supper-table by mamma, to whom it was found to be addressed:

"Brunnie, to his dearest auntie and the household, greeting: Hopes to be in their embrace about seven o'clock, Tuesday eve."

Gertrude runs into the kitchen to make coffee, for it is cold, and Brunnie despises tea. While in the depths of the kitchen, the bell rings; a soft feminine hurrah assures her of her hero's arrival. She comes, in her silent, sandaled way, to have her hands seized by an effusive young man, who is warming himself at the grate and having bits of questions and answers flung at him from the table.

"Brunnie!" she exclaims, under her breath, "you are going!"

"Huh—h!" he returns, warningly, and gives her hand a consoling squeeze, then, dropping it, walks to the table and takes his place by Annie.

"Where is my Matilda?"

"Gone to New Haven to visit the Bernes."

Here the father winks violently at Brunnie, and the mother's face assumes that placidity of satisfaction produced by the feeling that one charming daughter is disposed of well.

Gertrude fixes her great dark eyes on Brunnie. She remembers a lock of hair exchanged, and other tender passages.

What petted young man can composedly endure that another should carry off one of his admirers before he has time to consider whether he can do without her himself?

Brunnie colored high, and Gertrude's eyes met his. He laughed, too, and stroked his beautiful mustache as the old maid caresses her cat. His mustache was a great comfort to him.

"Then that match is settled," he pronounces.

They declare it is an engagement, and that it was written to him in a letter papa never put in the office; which defaulting missive papa now gives up.

Brunnie listens to the expression of family content, says it is a good thing, but is grave when he returns to the discussion of his supper.

Mattie given up to that great raw-boned Bernes? But Bernes is rich! He sighs in his coffee, and takes an enormous slice of charlotte-russe.

Before the evening was over, Gertrude found Brunnie trying to unlock a bag, diving gloomily into his eight pockets, searching for the missing key. She brought him the family bunch, and waited while he tried them.

"Brunnie, do tell me about it—have you, really?"

"Really what? There, that will go. No—it won't turn. Another key. Girlie, why, what cold fingers!" and he looked up at the troubled, brown eyes and rosy, compressed mouth. "I can't tell you now, dear—I must get all my letters first. Don't say a word to them about it," indicating the gay group in the parlor. "How did you know?"

"I didn't know; I felt it."

"Woman all over," said he, and looked at her again.

He must have had considerable coolness of temperament to resist that pretty, plaintive face.

"How sweet she is!" thought he; "the sweetest and truest of the four. Little darling, you are like a picture"—said aloud. "Do you care a bit about the plague of a cousin?"

He put his arm round her, kissed her two or three times, as, of course, he felt he had a relative's right to do. The tears were just rounding.

"I shall not be so very far away, you know."

"Two years and a thousand miles," said she; and, breaking from him, ran up-stairs.

"I wonder if Mattie will care half as much?" thought the flattered Brunnie, as he went on with his key-fitting. "Why couldn't she have waited?"

When the grand announcement was made that Brunswick Starkey was going to the Pacific Coast for two years; that he had a capital post as engineer; was going to make his fortune—that needed making—there was a lamentable outcry. But after a day of dolor, the girls recovered their spirits, and resumed their tricks.

There were three months before he would have to start. What a glorious time of farewells and festival-making, last rides and dangerous *tele-a-tote*! The girls of his acquaintance embroidered pocket-handkerchief corners, suspenders, slippers, watch-cases, towels—everything a young working engineer on the frontier would be likely to want in a dream of luxury.

He went among them a conquering hero. Was he not a beauty going beyond their reach?—to be shot by Indians, or blown up by a mine! So they

lapped him in love and idleness. But he said there was such a thing as enough. He was longing for work.

Here he caught Gertrude's smile as she softly moved away with a pile of his shirts she had been marking. He was sitting by Annie, her little fingers pinning a sprig of mignonette in his buttonhole. He would have walked after her if he hadn't been so pleasantly detained.

He didn't understand that smile. It was doubtful, sad and provoking at once. There were several things he would like to ask Gertrude; but she had in these last weeks managed to distance him as he had never before been distanced. Was it because Captain Spenser was making love to her?

He grew hot and cold at the thought of it. Girlie, his own especial darning and consoler, to whom he told his sorrows and his loves, and left his love-letters with—had he lost her?

"Annie, whom does that Spenser come here to see? Not you?"

"Well, Brunisie, suppose he does?"

"Do you like him?"

"Very much."

"You do?"

"Why, yes, dear. What's the matter?"

"Better than anybody in the world?"

"No—o," said Annie, blushing extravagantly, and hanging her golden head in a suspicious manner.

"I believe you do. He comes here too often," the excited Brunisie declared.

"Almost every day," added Annie; "but I don't love him."

This was said in a way to upset any man's pride, her eyelids rising and falling.

"Annie"—softly—"whom do you love best in the world? Tell Brunisie."

She hesitates, blushes more, smiles. She is trying to push two fingers through one buttonhole now.

"Do I know him?" whispers Brunisie, who thinks he will say a little more.

It is almost like being made love to, this, and slightly intoxicating.

Annie makes up a queer little face and bends it down, so that Brunisie can't see it to his satisfaction. He puts an arm round her shoulders, and turns her charming visage upward.

"You don't love anybody best?"

The answer to this is a look, and then a grieved sob like a baby's.

"Precious child!" returns he.

"You are going away so far!" cries Annie, who has succeeded in making the object of her preference known.

"Can you wait—so long?"

She says she will wait a hundred years.

"Only two," responds Brunisie, with a queer feeling of being actually that century old.

And then she nestles in his arms, and he kisses her curls and soft cheeks and fringed eyelids, and believes he is engaged.

Voices are now heard, and Annie runs off. For the first time in her life she does not want to be found sitting alone with Brunisie.

There is a party that night, and two of the girls are going. Brunisie has business, but he will come after them. He writes his letters, and walks up and down alone till the time comes for starting.

He goes up-stairs to prick a little, and catches a sight of Spenser sitting by Gertrude's work-table, trying her thumb on his big finger, and winding up spools of thread. He feels like going in and giving that table a kick.

When he has succeeded in finding a becoming necktie, and got his hair to wave just right, and found gloves to match his ribbon's tint, he takes his way down-stairs, to hear the front door shut before him—to see Gertrude sitting alone.

He goes in, he knows not why, seats himself in the Spenserian place, looks wretched, and Gertrude notices it.

"Does your head ache, Brunisie?"

"No—yes—a little."

He draws his gloves through his hands so roughly that Gertrude says, "You will soil them before you get there," and takes them out of his hand.

He sits a few moments, replies shortly to Gertrude's remarks, and presently gets up and walks away. Half-way down the street he remembers his gloves, and comes back. He stands in the sitting-room-door again, just in time to see Gertrude take up his gloves, kiss them, and, putting them down with a sigh, resume her sewing; but she looks up as she does so, and sees Brunisie with passionate eyes on the threshold. He comes swiftly forward, drops on the cushion at her feet, grasps her hand and looks up in her face, kissing the resisting fingers.

"Brunisie, what ails you? Get up. I thought you had gone. Let me go, Brunisie. Indeed, I shall have to call mamma."

He half releases her, asking, gently:

"My gloves, where are they?"

"Where you left them, forgetful boy."

"What were you doing to the senseless things? Oh, my darling—"

"Brunisie, I was smelling them. What is this new scent?" and she puts her hand toward them.

He snatches them from the table, mutters something about being late, and disappears.

Gertrude, the color now coming over neck and brow, hides her face in her hands, and laughs and cries.

Brunisie went down the street with an uncommon sensation. It is all Spenser. Then he thinks of Annie, and walks faster than ever. He reached the lighted house, passed up the dusky avenue, walking by groups of girls in their tinkling trains. There are people everywhere. He sees the handsomest one leaning over the balustrade of the winding staircase. As she descends, it is indeed Mattie herself, with her pale oval face and moony brow. She sees him; smiles. He is by her side entreating for a waltz, the last one they are likely to have together. She puts her hand through his arm.

"Richard Bernes doesn't like to have me waltz, Brunisie."

"My chief!" exclaims the young man, who has a habit of swearing by his directing head, the chief-engineer. "Not with your cousin. He can't object to that."

"He just does."

"Hum—in!" said Brunisie.

"He is jealous of you, you see."

"Did you tell him about all our childish courting?"

"Of course I did. You don't think I would engage to be a man's wife and not let him read every leaf out of my past life?"

"Then he kindly turned over his diary for your inspection?"

"Not in the least. Nor did I want to know about it," said Mattie, sorrowfully. "It is a matter of complete indifference to me."

"You don't like him?"

"I respect him. I trust him. I mean to make him a good wife."

Brunisie sighed like a volcano.

"Oh, why didn't this splendid chance of yours come before I went to New Haven? Just too late. We could have waltzed two years."

"I know it," he answered, striding away with her into the winding paths that ran through the shrubbery. "Everything comes too late."

"I told him all about it," she went on. "I thought he would give me up, but he has no thought of it."

"Twenty thousand a year," pronounced Brunisie, which was the popular estimate of the younger Bernes's income. "You won't refuse me this last waltz?" added he, in the Laird of Ravenswood style.

"I'll refuse you nothing you please to take," was the desperate reply. "There is the Sophie Waltz—if I could have her fate!"

"Hush!" said Brunsie, as if he were soothing a child, and they moved off to the sighs of the orchestra.

Brunsie became conscious of an adorable being in turquoise blue, who kept passing him with her cavalier, a dark man with a long black mustache. It was Annie, evidently in high delight at having captivated the fancy of an elegant Baltimorean, who had attended her the whole evening. It occurred to her possible future husband that his position had not been discussed by the sisters.

The dance was over. Mattie told Richard Bernes she would like to go home. He seemed relieved, and went to look for the carriage. The pair walked up and down the avenue waiting for it, and Brunsie quoted:

"She walks in beauty like the night."

Mattie was tragically silent, was placed by her lover's side in the carriage, and was whirled from sight, while Brunsie, one occupation gone, went for the other. If Mr. Lansing hoped for the honor of taking Miss Annie home, this she denied him, and shawled herself for the attending Brunsie. Once away, on foot, as Annie chose, slowly pacing down the deserted streets—

"Brunsie," began his ladylove, "I've been thinking about what you said to me after tea this evening. I'm such a baby in everything, they all say, and we are cousins, and we don't know what we want. I'm so young—" stopping helplessly with a gasp.

"You don't want to wait for me, that's it, is it, dear?"

"I suppose it will be better not. It is a long time."

"All right," said he.

"And you're not angry with me?"

"Not angrier than I would be with a butterfly that escaped from my hand and fluttered away into the flower-garden. It is a wise decision."

"I'm so glad you're not vexed," said Annie, both hands clasped around his arm. "Gertrude did scold me so, and said I wasn't treating you well at all. You know we always tell her everything; for she helps us out of scrapes. But she said you must not be made unhappy."

"Little Annie must not be made unhappy. That is the most important. I may be poor at the end of my term, and then what would my girl do? She couldn't marry a poor man."

"That's just what I told Gertie," confessed Annie, ardently, as they went to the steps. Brunsie stopped a moment and looked by the hall-lamp into the rose-leaf face.

"Go to sleep and dream of that handsome fellow you danced with," he said, shrewdly, and so bade her short good-night.

She ran up-stairs, and the jilted man thought he must have a cigar. He walked into the library where the gas was burning low, and turned it up. Started to find Mollie there, crying. She jumped up with an exclamation, "Oh, Brunsie Starkey, what made you come in here?" wiping her eyes and trying to stop her tears. "I wanted to have it all out alone. There is such an army of us, that if one has the blues and will indulge in a good howl, one has to hide. I supposed, of course, you would go up-stairs."

"Must smoke, you know. I've the blues, too, abominably. We'll console each other. Don't cry, Mollie, there's a good girl. Tell me all about it. Since I've come in, I'm going to know the whole."

Mollie was afraid he would find out how silly she was. He always did, and had whatever it pleased him. He didn't think so himself. Was this part of her martyrdom? He had her hand, and had pulled her toward him.

"You want your pipe, Brunsie?"

"Time enough. I don't expect to go to bed at all, Mollie; for I have my orders to leave to-morrow."

Mollie gasped. She trembled from head to foot, poor little thing.

"Is this truly the last night? Why didn't you tell us?"

"I did not certainly know till the mail came in this evening. I hadn't the heart. Comfort me, pussy."

But she was standing with averted face.

"Tell me what you were crying about. What was that you thrust in your pocket? A letter? Pussy, tell."

"I've had an offer," sighed Mollie, seeing no way out of her difficulty.

"My chief!" exclaimed Brunsie. "And in tears! Don't you like him? Who is it?"

"It's Captain Spenser."

"Spenser! Hurrah! A capital fellow, Mollie. Were you crying because you had accepted him, or because you didn't?"

"I have done neither."

"How was that?" persisted the youth, who had a little of woman's curiosity.

"He came this evening, talked with Gertie—and—when he spoke to me, I said I would—tell him to-morrow."

Here she broke down, pulled out a handkerchief—with it a photograph, which Brunsie at once picked up.

"Oh, pussy, there is another one you like better. I see. Tell me all about it. I'll bring him up to the scratch."

Mollie tried in an agony to repossess herself of the picture. She did so easily, for he instantly yielded it, begging pardon for annoying his little cousin; but in the rapid passage from one hand to the other he could not help recognizing his own face.

"Good-night, little cousin—good-night. I must not keep you up any longer. When I come again you will be somebody's darling, as you deserve." He kissed her, opened the door for her, closed it after her, sighed, looked round for his meserechaum, concluded he wouldn't smoke, after all, sat down by the table, and, leaning his head on it, was for some moments lost in thought. A light touch on his shoulder roused him.

"Brunsie, are you asleep? Come, boy, it is two o'clock."

He raised his head; his eyes were wet. It was Gertrude in her pink wrapper who stood before him.

"Have I raised you by my incantations? I was longing for you. Did you come because of that?"

"I was awake, and the girls couldn't tell whether the gas was turned out or the door fastened. I knew I could not trust you either, so I came to see. Come, my poor boy, you must go to bed."

"You are sorry for me?"

"Very sorry."

"You would give me whatever I wanted, if you could?"

"Indeed I would. But don't be utterly out of heart; she is a thoughtless, impressible child, but she will grow steadier. I will not let her forget you."

"Let her; I don't want her to remember me that way. I never had a thought of being her husband till I found her in my arms and thought she loved me. My chief! she said so. And you, Gertrude, what webs have been weaving between us! I was sure you were to marry Spenser—that it was all over for me! And if Annie loved me—it didn't matter what other it was. Don't tell me that you think I am a weak good-for-nothing, for whom you have only pity; don't tell me that I have indeed lost everything!"

"Children! Hoity-toity! What's going on here?" said the deep voice of Mr. Braye. He had heard a good deal of noise, suspicious whisperings and soft accents—had seen gleams of light; at last had arrayed himself in burglar costume and come down to investigate, rifle-in-hand.

"Uncle Braye!" exclaimed Brunnie, looking up into the kindly but amazed countenance beneath its pointed nightcap, "I want Gertrude to marry me."

"Not at three o'clock in the morning, if I know myself," returned Uncle Braye.

"I've got my orders, and must leave to-day," And the nephew explained the situation.

"Gertrude, go to bed, my dear," said her father. "I have sometimes thought," continued Mr. Braye, leaning meditatively on the end of his gun, "that it is to my girls' disadvantage that they have been brought up so intimately with you. You're a good fellow, but they have no chance of knowing their own minds with regard to you or any other man. It is my advice, to put yourself on the old cousinly terms, write to Gertrude if she likes, and see how you both feel when you come back."

Brunnie groaned.

"Too hard, am I?"

"No, sir; kind, as ever. I owe all to you that I am or expect to be; I am not good enough for one of my cousins."

"I don't know that you are," Mr. Braye assented, calmly; "but if Gertrude likes you—she's a sensible child—"

"I don't know that she does; she hasn't answered

me, sir. I don't know that she will have anything to do with me."

"In that case," said Mr. Braye, in the midst of a tremendous yawn, "let's go to bed. I think I will let you two manage your own affairs; I can trust you!" with a resounding slap on Brunnie's shoulder.

The young man went into his room as the birds began their singing. A soft breeze of dawn waved the curtains. On the bureau lay half a dozen of the white rosebuds that climbed round Gertrude's window, with a shred of a note:

"With Gertrude's unchanging love."

And, in my opinion, he was a great deal happier than he deserved.

A Bad Mistake.—One of Detroit's philanthropists saw an old man seated on a salt-barrel in front of a grocery store the other day, and the white locks and sad face touched a tender chord. Laying his hand on the old man's shoulder, he asked: "And so you are waiting to be gathered home, are you?" "No, sir, I ain't," promptly replied the old man. "I'm waiting for the bank to open so that I can gather in \$3,300 on this check." He happened to own four or five big farms.



T'OTHER, OR WHICH?—"GERTRUDE, NOISELESS AS A CONSPIRATOR, HAS SEIZED A PAIR OF TONGS AND, STRALING BEHIND, CAPTURES THE TREASURE BY AN UNEXPECTED, MAGNIFICENT SNIP."



THAT BLUE TRUNK.—“‘NOW WE SHALL SEE!’ DECLARES MRS. P., IN HOT ANGER OF SPEECH, AS SHE FLUNG OFF THE TOP. ‘ALL OF YOU LOOK!’ THEY LOOKED. BOB WAS RIGHT. A MASS OF BONES WAS REVEALED. MRS. PRIDGON THREW UP HER HANDS IN HORROR.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Life's Voyage.

The sun shines in the eastern sky,
On the sea its splendor pours,
And a ship is sailing into sight,
And it comes from distant shores.

Sweet music make the flapping sails,
As into port it steers,
And from the shore, the pleasant sound,
A welcoming of cheers.

A little life is welcomed in
A bark from unknown shores;
Upon the world it casts its freight
Of precious goods and stores.

Sweet music make the welcome words—
"To thee a child is given."
We hail it, as the ship is hailed,
A blessing sent from heaven.

The sun sinks in the western sky,
The evening tints in night,
As the ship sails out to the unknown seas,
And soon is lost to sight.

Sad music make the flapping sails,
As seaward far it steers,
And dimly faint the shadowy masts,
Seen through a mist of tears.

A weary life goes sinking out,
And it drifts to a distant sea,
And its goal is the everlasting shores
Of wide eternity.

A voyage made by ships and men
Across an ocean vast—
The goods and ills of life and death,
The future and the past.

That Blue Trunk.

Mrs. Pridgeon kept a boarding-house of the highest respectability. The unfortunate demise of Mr. Pridgeon at a somewhat early period of their married life, and the care of two pretty daughters and a son, rendered this profession an absolute necessity for the widow. She assumed it as a sort of hereditary, her father having been porter of a hotel, and her mother the daughter of a farmer in good circumstances.

Mrs. Pridgeon resided in a house that looked out upon a nice little park and "a dainty bit of Nicholson pavement," as she called it; and she had a glass door-plate on the front door, and a large number of pieces of dirty plate around the back door, with a few mounds of coal-ashers and ashes to break the monotonous level of the grassless back yard. But the place was a rented one, and she cared little for looks, so long as she satisfied the appetites of her boarders, and made what is called "a livin'."

At first these patrons numbered three, to wit: Mr. and Mrs. Grimaby, who were thin, spare, querulous, and sixty years of age; who ate like anacondas and snarled like hyenas; and who, having extracted all the juiciness out of the years of their prolonged existence, now lived on gruel and oat-meal. Next came Mrs. Strong, a widow under forty years of age, still good-looking, weighing two hundred, if a pound, jolly as a priest, glib with her tongue, and curious as a deer. She was just the woman for boarding-house diplomacy—keen of vision, quick of intellect, imperturbable in demeanor, and with an experience in boarding that made her the terror of landladies.

These three people fought each other in a civilized way with the sharpest of words, and in alliance gave Mrs. Pridgeon hot shot whenever she interfered in their petty discords. Mr. and Mrs. Grimaby would squeak out their spite, and Mrs. Strong would laugh at them until the thin pair grew red with wrath, that escaped them like steam from a motionless locomotive. Did the Widow Strong hum a tune, the Grimabys cracked a few notes in

ridiculous mockery. Mrs. Strong had her shafts ready for return shots, and invariably sent the aged couple into flight.

As the three paid their bills with extraordinary promptness, Mrs. Pridgeon cared very little, one way or another, how the battle went among her boarders. She could stomach her own insults with equanimity equal to that which characterized her disposition of the vials she displayed upon her table. Roast beef in all its various mysterious manipulations was of more account to her than the snapping conversation of the Grimabys, or the raffery of the buxom Strong, whose jewelry, laces and rich wardrobe added not a little to the envy with which the rest regarded her.

This oppressively sultry condition of the domestic atmosphere was broken one morning in August by the appearance before the door of the Pridgeon house of an express wagon, in which was borne a most conspicuous and startling object—a blue trunk. It was an architectural affair of lumber, arched top, iron-strapped, with rattling iron handles, which had a coffin-like olok, and the whole painted in a dingy blue color, as if wrapped in a bit of sky that had been thrown aside, and, 'twixt wind and rain and sun, had had a rough time of it.

Mrs. Pridgeon welcomed that trunk, and gave it the best front bedroom, and had Betty dust and rub it down with a wet rag—the poor servant postponing the affair until she grew as red in the face as a rose.

Evidently it was a trunk of distinction, and in a temporary truce between the Grimabys and Mrs. Strong they put their heads together in consultation as to the why and wherefore of such a miserable, unfashionable trunk, blue at that, receiving such welcome and the best room.

Their curiosity was partly appeased and partly increased by the appearance, two days afterward, of a short, bald-headed, fat, red-faced, pudgy old fellow of at least sixty years of age, who carried a heavy stick, and who walked along like an irascible old chap, with the bad habit of muttering to himself.

He had the peculiarity, too, of giving his head quick, nervous jerks or shakes, from time to time, as if his stand-up collar chafed his neck. But everything about his raiment was as neat as neat could be. His highly polished Oxford ties glistened in the morning's sunlight as he mounted the steps; his linen was snowy; his clothes fitted him with marvelous exactness, and he moved like one accustomed to the hard, devious ways of great cities.

Mrs. Pridgeon welcomed him warmly, and, after a few minutes' talk with him in the dusky parlor, sent him, under escort of a servant, to the room where the blue trunk lay in wait.

When the listeners below heard, after a while, the falling of the lid of that great chest—a falling that shook the house like a young earthquake—they were satisfied that its master had arrived; that a new spirit of wrath had entered the house of Pridgeon; that henceforth their petty spite would become insignificant in comparison with the thunderous wrath of the little man pacing the floor above; and that, finally, whoever wished to be on the winning side must make an ally of this vigorous boarder, this man of condensed wrath.

At dinner, the hungry curiosity of the coterie, worked up to an intensity quite unusual, received its first repast.

The name of the owner of the blue trunk was McLarahan. Mrs. Pridgeon said so as the stranger grasped the back of his chair, and the stranger repeated it as, with mixed cough, growl and nervous twist of the head, he said:

"Captain McLarahan, at your service, ladies."

Whereupon he proceeded to assault his dinner in a rapid and silent way, that did honor to his appetite and to his discretion in the presence of temporary neutrals.

He spoke but once during the meal, and that was

to announce, as he pushed back his chair, that he would do himself the pleasure to eat his supper at seven o'clock.

Captain McFarahan was a genius. Mrs. Strong ogled and smiled, and used her best conversational wiles against that gentleman. She hinted at operas, was outspoken in her desire for theatrical entertainments, talked text poetry and prose, humored his whims, coaxed him, and employed every artifice to secure the old gentleman for an ally.

In vain were all her efforts. The Grimsbys were equally unsuccessful. The captain was imperturbable. He would not be enticed into a conversation of any length; or permit to be lifted to his shoulders the burden of inquiries which required from him the slightest of self-revelations.

His blue trunk and himself were society for each other. He paid his board with commendable promptness, did not practice upon horn, flute or violin in his apartment, and was in every respect, save that of gruffness, an irreproachable boarder.

At the end of six months he was no more intimate, no better known, than on the warm August day when he spluttered out his first greeting, and then sat grimly down to his first meal at Mrs. Pridgeon's. Mrs. Strong was compelled to battle alone with her fellow-boarders, and they, in turn, had given up any expectation of aid from the captain. In fact, he was hardly thought of, save when his growl and his shake of the head indicated the coming of a storm of monosyllables. But even then they were all so used to his ways as to be amused rather than annoyed by his explosiveness.

Among Mrs. Pridgeon's possessions was one which excited no envy. It was Bob, her son, a strong, fun-loving young rascal of fourteen, to whom mischief was as necessary as his meals; who knew his mother's house from garret to cellar, and who had as many tricks as a boy of his experience could very well employ.

One evening, at about sunset, this Bob was heard to thump from the top to the bottom of the garret-stairs; at the same time he yelled lustily.

"Murder! I have discovered a murder!" he shouted, as the inmates of the house gathered about him.

"Don't be a fool!" was the advice of his frightened mother. "If you've seen a ghost, tell me!" emphasizing her remark with a shake that would have set any dislocated joints, or vice versa.

"Lem' me alone, can't you?" he inquired. "Tain't every boy's seen what I saw up in the garret. I see them now!" his eyes starting out of his head as he looked at the ceiling. All the rest of the eyes turned upward, as if to see the same sight.

"What is it, Bobby?" says the anxious mother. "Tell mamma all about it! What did you see?"

"Bones!" with a tragic tone of voice.

The women shuddered and drew away. "Where?" demanded Mrs. Strong, with a trembling voice, and a shade paler than usual. Whereupon every one stuck out their heads like cranes at the poor youth.

"Where?" he repeated. "Where? In that blue trunk!"

"Oh! that villain of a captain!" shouted Mrs. Pridgeon. "He has out up somebody—I know he has—and left me the remains! me, a poor widow with a family! Everybody will suspect me—I know they will. I'm ruined—ruined—ruined! But, son," her curiosity overcoming her fears, "tell us all about it!"

"Well, you see," says Bob, quite calmly, "I went up into the attic, and I saw this old, funny-colored trunk. It wouldn't open at first, so I gave a jerk at the top and it pulled off and showed me something inside that looked like white sticks. I put in my hand and pulled out a skull. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! what a heap of old musty bones there was! I didn't wait to count 'em, but just hooked it. No, I won't go back!" he says, in answer to Mrs. Grimsby.

"Will you go for the police?" That was Mrs. Strong's question.

Bob, sees a chance to become an envied hero among the boys and says he will go, and dashes out of doors to spread the news of his discovery. Mrs. Pridgeon sinks into a chair with a groan, and begins to berate the captain.

"Won't I talk to him when he comes in!" she cries. "To think that he could so misuse me after doing him a favor! Last night, when he paid his bill, he says to me: 'Mrs. Pridgeon, I've treated myself to a new trunk, and would like to put my old blue fellow-traveler in your garret. There are some old traps in it I've no use for at present.' Old traps, indeed!—dead man's bones! It's a wonder we haven't had ghosts and rappings, and all that sort of thing! And to think I treated him so sweetly, and told him he could leave that trunk for a year! Trunk? It's a coffin! and my house has been a graveyard!" And, in the agony of the minute, her feet beat the floor like twin trip-hammers; then a look of determination came over her face. "I will not suffer this horrible suspense!" she cried, and ran out of the room.

In about five minutes a racket was heard in the attic, and the tramp of cumbrous feet and the thump of a box against steps and walls were heard. Mrs. Pridgeon had hired two men to bring down the captain's trunk to the hall, where it was deposited, and the carriers withdrew.

"Now we shall see!" declares Mrs. P., in hot anger of speech, as she flung off the top. "All of you look!"

They looked. Bob was right. A mass of bones was revealed. A musty smell came out of the chest. Mrs. Pridgeon threw up her hands in horror. The Grimsbys looked, sniffed, and suffered a shiver of their own emaciated anatomies. Mrs. Strong saw their motions with malignant delight.

"Don't fall in!" she says, warningly, "for we shall never be able to sort you out. De, my dear Mrs. Pridgeon, close that grotesque casket. My modesty is freezing at the sight. Where is the gallant captain? He should be here to prove that these are not the remains of his wife."

"Your self-interest would show, I was sure," remarks Mrs. Grimsby, in a voice thin as to cut like a razor. "I always thought you would like to be Mrs. McFarahan."

"And live to a fat old age, Mrs. Grimsby," says Mrs. Strong, with a laugh.

This skirmish of words would, probably, have continued had not the front door opened at that minute and admitted Bob and a policeman and the two Pridgeon girls, home from their work.

"Here's our coop!" shouted Bob, proudly. "I knowed him, 'cause he comes to see our Betty, down-stairs. And he knows me, he does."

Now, Betty was the chambermaid, and a very pretty, neat, and well-behaved young girl, and it showed the policeman's good taste to have her acquaintance, though the stout young fellow blushed under Bob's announcement until his blue uniform seemed to have scarlet facings. But he braced up nobly and said:

"I'm Patrolman Digley, m'm, and at your service. Master Bob says it's a murder."

Mrs. Pridgeon pointed at the trunk. "It's in there," she announced.

Digley lifted off the top, and he and Master Bob and his sisters looked in. The girls gave two little shrieks. Bob declared it was an uncomfortable lot of bones, and Digley, putting back the cover, sententiously remarked, "that it was an old 'un," an opinion which was as scant of satisfaction as the bones themselves. The silence of a minute was broken by a volley of questions.

"Was it a woman?" "Was it a man?" "Was it shot?" "Threat cut?" "Jumpertzed?" "Killed for love?" "For money?" "For revenge?" "For—"

The poor man held up his hand to implore silence. "I don't think anything about it! Bones are

found every day. The coroner and his jury can answer your question—perhaps. He will come in the morning. It's too late now."

"It shan't stay in the house to-night!" says Mrs. Pridgeon. "I couldn't sleep. I'd hear them bones rattling around the rooms and up and down-stairs. I'd die of fright."

"All bosh!" Mrs. Strong exclaimed. "They have been here six months and never bothered you. They're not half so dangerous as they would be if covered with flesh."

"Put them in the closet there under the stairs, and lock the door," suggests Digley, which being agreed to and done, he descended to the kitchen to watch Betty and to wait for Captain McLarahan.

With odd luck both for Digley and the captain, the latter failed to put in an appearance, much to the delight of the former, who thus had a plausible excuse for lingering near the divinity of his life.

The startled tenants of the house finally went to bed, locking and bolting doors with unusual vigilance, to guard against the incoming or outgoing of evil spirits, and anxious for, yet fearing, the return of the captain for that horrible gathering of human remnants so snugly stowed away beneath the stairs. But the captain did not come back, and sleep finally pressed together the nervous eyelids of the wakeful household.

With the early morning Mrs. Pridgeon awoke as usual, and as was necessary. With daylight, returned courage, audacity, composure. She remembered, as if it were a dream, the horrible revelations of a previous evening. Recalling them, she vowed a vow of vengeance against the captain who could thus coolly shock the even tenor of her domestic life, and bring into notoriety a home which had heretofore been one of comparative tranquillity. "It will be in all the papers to-night, and to-morrow I shall be notorious. Ah! widows do have hard lots in life!" With that she went immediately down the stairs. At the foot of them she glanced toward the closet underneath. A shriek rose to her lips but was repressed. The closet-door was open, and a look within showed that the blue trunk and its contents, carefully secured the night before, had disappeared. Not a clue to their abstraction was left. She glanced toward the front door. It was ajar, and on the steps without, imprints of muddy feet.

"Thieves! Police! Thieves! We've been robbed!" cried Mrs. Pridgeon, up and down the hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Grimsby's door opened, and Mrs. Grimsby, her teeth chattering with alarm, informed the landlady that she knew "there'd be trouble all along of them bones." And she added, in a consolatory way, "that she'd said McLarahan was a thief"—which she hadn't said, however. Then, Mrs. Strong's head, bulbous with paper wads and quilled like a porcupine with crimping-pins, came through a goodly-sized crack in the door.

"Mrs. Pridgeon!" she cries.

"I hear you!" says Mrs. P.

"Call the police. My diamonds, watch, jewelry and laces have been stolen. Call the police! Call the police instantly!" and Mrs. Strong slams the door together with a bang that shakes the house.

Mr. Pridgeon, instead of calling the police as desired so energetically, proceeded to call the girls; during which process she discovered that Betty, the chamber-maid, had disappeared. Her clothes had been removed, and the bed she usually occupied showed that no one had slept upon it the previous night.

"Aha!" ejaculates Mrs. Pridgeon, with grim satisfaction, as she rummaged the closet, punched the pillow and hurled back the bed-cover, "she has eloped with Digley; and she and Digley have carried off the blue trunk and the bones and Mrs. Strong's jewels. I see it all. My good repute goes with them. I am ruined." Whereupon the unhappy woman sank upon the floor, and, with her head upon the bed, gave way to a fit of hysterical

grief, from which she was aroused by the sudden appearance of Patrolman Digley, who, in the majesty of injured innocence, towered above her like a giant.

"They tell me Betty has run away," he begins.

Mrs. Pridgeon springs to her feet like a cat.

"Don't speak to me!" she commands, her eyes ablaze with fury. "It is you who have brought disgrace upon me. You should have protected us all. Where is that girl—that trunk, those jewels, which were taken from this house last night? You know what has become of them."

"I know no more about them than you know, ma'am. That I can prove. I was going by just now, and heard you. In the kitchen they told me the reason, and I came up here to help you. That is all."

"Well! If you don't know, you ought to!" she declares. "It's all owing to that horrible trunk. You ought to have taken it away last night. You'd no business to leave it."

"That may or may not be true," Digley replies, pulling his coat downward from the belt. "It is too late to discuss it; but I do this, Mrs. Pridgeon—I pledge myself to find that trunk, or the girl, or the jewels. I won't say all three, but I think they'll be pretty near together. I'll not say why I think so—I can't." The poor fellow seems to choke at this point, and he stepped to the closet-door and examined, or pretended to examine, it. "There's a key in the door, ma'am," he says, "and I've the regular one in my pocket. It is odd, perhaps, to you, but not to me. Some one inside did it, though what they should want of the bones I don't understand, unless—unless a murder's been committed."

"And what about my jewels, policeman?" came from Mrs. Strong, on the landing above. "Everything's gone that I left on my bureau. It's just as the papers say, I do believe, and that is, that the police are in league with the thieves."

"I don't see what they want of your brass castings!" squeals Mrs. Grimsby; and then her door is shut with a slam that drowned the reply of her adversary.

"Of course I'll report this matter," Digley begins; "but not much'll come of it, probably. As I said, I'll look out the matter for myself. By-the-way, has the captain returned? Has not, eh? That looks bad—mind you, I say that that looks bad. I want that captain."

After looking around a while, the policeman disappears.

By noon the Pridgeon mansion has quieted. Mrs. Strong sighs a little over her loss, Mrs. P. is nervous, and the aged pair chuckle to each other, and exchange brief conversations in whispers, italicised by sly looks at the widow. By night the adventure is stale. In a week it was forgotten even by Master Bob, who had greatly impaired his vitality by constant repetitions of the story to his juvenile friends. But Digley's memory was good. Betty's disappearance had wounded him. Evidently he knew something that had given his love for her a deathblow. Men in love often forget. Out of love their memory is generously retentive. Digley watched like a weasel.

One day, three months after the robbery, Digley, off duty for the hour, saw a hack roll rapidly across the street in which he was standing. The carriage was a half-block distant—in fact, he had but a glimpse of it. That glimpse showed him on the seat in front, next the driver, a large blue trunk. It was out of sight before he could recall why he wanted that trunk. Then he remembered the Pridgeon mystery, and ran after the vehicle. It was blocks ahead of him when he turned the corner, and approaching the railroad depot.

"The man cannot make the train," thought Digley, as he looked at his watch, "for the time is up." He ran the harder, thinking he would surely catch the hack.

The people stared at him and laughed, so odd,

so ridiculous a sight is a running policeman. They even stopped to see why he ran, and others, noticing the crowds, came to doors and windows, and craned their necks to see the end of the race, and what it was all about.

The hack was at the depot without a driver, and Digley dashed into the building just in time to see the train beginning to move out of the other end, and to note with rage the blue trunk pitched into the baggage-car.

He ran a few feet in pursuit, and stopped. A brakeman on the rear of the train discouraged him by twisting his fingers at the end of his nose. Digley did not despair. He caught the hackman.

"Who came down with that trunk?" he demanded. "Describe him in a hurry!"

"Wasn't a him, but a she. Fat old lady of sixty, hitched on to one band-box, two baskets, a valise, an umbrella, and a brown paper parcel. Trunk marked 'Mrs. C. E. Stinger'; old woman marked with the chicken-pox and a red nose. Why didn't you write and tell her you was a-coming? I needn't wait? Good! Get in and ride back. You came down flyin', but I'll take you backblown."

Digley was glad to hide himself in the carriage, and returned as ill-natured as a hungry bear. He had run half a mile, won the plaudits of hundreds of people who didn't know what the trouble was all about, made himself very uncomfortable, and all to no purpose save that result which left

person in a million would be possessed of such an architectural street. His only hope of tracking Betty or the captain lay on the trail of such a trunk; but he could find nothing save opportunities to make a fool of himself. If a crime had been committed, as seemed unquestionable, then his efforts promised to be abortive. He turned gloomily away from the hotel, ready to give up his chase. At that moment a woman passed him—a glance showed Mrs. Strong. At first he thought of addressing her for information; that impulse was succeeded by a feeling of curiosity, and he strolled along after the woman. She stopped at one or two dry-goods houses. He waited. Finally she made a straight line for a pawnbroker's shop, and after remaining five minutes, perhaps, came out and took a course that would lead her to Mrs. Fridgeon's. Mr. Digley entered the shop.

"Ah, Abrahamson, how do-do?" he inquires of the proprietor.

"Poorly, Mr. Digley—very poorly."

"And how's business?"

"Bad—very bad."

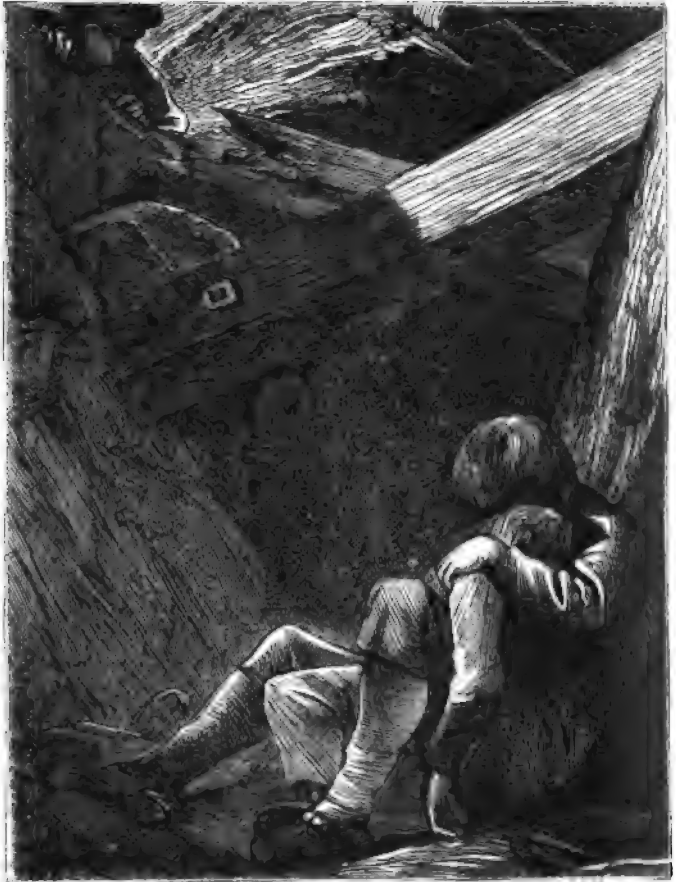
"Mr. Abrahamson, what did that woman leave with you?—the woman who just went out."

"Nothing to-day, sir."

"Well, then, any day? Who is she? What did she leave? Show it to me?"

Digley commands; the pawnbroker grumbles and swears, but finally produces a diamond-pin, a

him without prisoner or trunk. Digley swore to himself and at himself, as became a philosopher, and left the hack with a feeling that he was the greatest ass in shoes. Catch him legging it again after a hack with two blocks the start! In such a case the trunk could go to the "Old Nick" before he would stop it—and so on, *ad infinitum*. Yet, three days had not passed away before the poor fellow saw a hotel-porter shoulder and carry into the hotel a large blue trunk. "This time," thought Digley, "I'll have the trunk, sure." And he walked slowly up to the office, strolling thence to the register, and then to a pile of trunks, on top of which reposed a blue-colored trunk. He surrounded it, touched its ribs, pulled at the straps, pushed it a little to test its weight, and finally gazed at one end of it. Thereon, in plain letters, was painted, "Mrs. C. E. Stinger." He read it at a glance, and walked away from that great hotel in a mood that threatened a thunderstorm of passion. Twice he had run the same chest to cover, and twice been disappointed in its identity. He was ready to give up the job in despair. Blue trunks were thicker than black-berries in season, when he thought that not one



BURIED ALIVE.—BODEN AND PEARSON IN THE MINE.—SEE PAGE 106.

watch and other trinkets. They were Mrs. Strong's, answering perfectly the description given by Mrs. Pridgeon.

"I've had 'em a month, perhaps," says Abrahamson. "She was just in to get the loan renewed. Nice lady, Mr. Digley."

"V-e-r-y!" is the reply.

"And the jewels are all right, eh, Mr. Digley?"

Mr. Digley says that he supposes so; has heard nothing to the contrary, and that he'd hear from him if there was anything wrong; but he has picked up a thread that may lead him out of the labyrinth of the blue trunk mystery, and has no patience to talk with the Jew. He hastens to Mrs. Pridgeon. She has nothing new to tell. Her missing boarder, the captain, has not returned, nor has Betty been heard from. Mrs. Strong was still with her. Also the Grimshys.

"Had Mrs. Strong always paid her board?" questions Digley.

"Always," answers Mrs. P., enthusiastically.

"Now, Mrs. Pridgeon, do you think—" a violent ring at the door-bell makes them start up in alarm—"I was going to say do you think that Mrs. Strong is a woman—a woman—"

"Of course I do, I don't think her a man," interrupts Mrs. Pridgeon, flaring up and beginning to rub at her sleeves as if to roll them up.

"No! No! You misunderstand me," continues Digley, laughing at her blunder. Before he could finish his question, however, the sound of voices and footsteps in the hall terminated the conversation on that topic. Immediately the door was opened, and in walked a gentleman and lady. The gentleman was old, short, fat and pudgy, with a red face and a nervousness that was infectious.

"Bless my soul! Hem! Hem! And you are still alive, my dear Mrs. Pridgeon, and prettier than ever," declares the newcomer, putting out his hand and jerking his head, quickly from side to side. "I'm delighted to see you again, madame. I trust you are well!"

The landlady wriggled and emulated the roseate hue in the newcomer's face. Then, as with a terrible effort, she sang out, "I am glad, very glad to see you, Captain McLarahan. I am anxious to know about those bones."

"Bones, madame, bones? Is this a joke, ma'am, or an insult. Bones —?"

"Let me add—blue trunk, sir, blue trunk!" interposes Digley.

"Blue devils, of whom you are one!" roars the captain. "Mind your own business! Is this, my good woman, the way you receive me on my return from Europe? Is it proper treatment for a man like me—me, madame?" and the little fellow stamped about the room in a terrible passion. "But stop!" he cries, suddenly. "I'm an old fool. This lady is forgotten. My wife, ma'am—my wife!"

The woman beside him raised her veil, and exhibited a pretty face broken into smiles.

"Heavens!" shouts Mrs. Pridgeon. "It's our Betty."

"Betty—my Betty!" wails Digley, at the same instant.

"No! You're both wrong. She is mine. I always liked the girl—didn't I, Betty?"

"You said you did!" she answered.

"Hang it! of course I did; and I did. And when the news came from Liverpool of the death of my brother—you remember I mentioned it to you, Mrs. Pridgeon—I said to Betty 'Now, I think you'll make a good wife for me. Let us get married and go to England together.' And we were married. Eh, wife?"

The wife, thus appealed to, blushing, assented by nods.

"But the blue trunk and the bones!" urges Digley. "How about them?"

The captain straddled his nose with a pair of eyeglasses and gazed upon his interrogator long and

steadily. His wife whispered something in his ear.

"Oh! He's a policeman, is he? And you want to know, do you? I remember you, sir. You showed your good taste by admiring my wife—a compliment to both of us. I suppose that trunk and those bones bothered you terribly since I've been gone. I don't mind telling you about them. The trunk was mine. The bones were mine. I had them when I studied medicine, years ago. Your people took it from the garret. That night when I came after my wife—that was to be, and found she had no trunk, we took our blue one from the closet under the stairs, as I had a right to do, and it went to Europe with us. And the bones I tumbled overboard, and, I presume, they are at the bottom of the Atlantic. They ought to be there by this time. I had a right to do all this. I had a right to marry whom, where and when I chose. Betty and I didn't choose to be laughed at, so we were married downtown, and went to sea on our bridal-trip. Nothing mysterious about that, eh? Of course not. I ought to have been married thirty years; I would have been, only I waited for Mrs. McLarahan to grow up. That's all right, isn't it?"

Mr. Digley, terribly uncomfortable, intimated that he was satisfied. And Mrs. Pridgeon said she was glad that Mrs. McLarahan had done so well. Mr. Digley then remarked that it was time for him to go, which he did after a despairing look at his lost love and a hot resolve to go out at once and commit suicide as soon as he could find a spare moment. He thought better of that as soon as he had breathed the fresh air, and went round to Abrahamson's, where he took Mrs. Strong's trinkets out of pawn, and sent them to her with a kindly note, which he did not sign—an act which led Digley to visit Mrs. Pridgeon's so often, as to induce the latter lady to believe that the worthy policeman has an ambition to become a father by proxy to her children.

After Digley's departure, the McLarahans were urged to take dinner with Mrs. P., and, in fact, to remain as boarders, which they did, much to the disgust of Mr. and Mrs. Grimshy, who could not forget the shock given them by the poor bones of the captain, nor consent to receive as an equal the girl who once had served them as a menial.

They departed, much to the delight of Mrs. Strong, who was left a free field for the torment of the irascible captain.

Digley has quit the force, gone into the green-grocer business, and blesses the day that gave him the mystery of the blue trunk and a chance to relieve the wants of the sprightly widow. But he remains in doubt whether he will ever make her change her name for his, and finally fill the aching void created by Mrs. Captain McLarahan's treachery, as he delights to call it.

Opening a Cage-door.

In the early days of Braham, the famous English vocalist, a very close and warm friendship sprang up between him and a young midshipman named Bedford, who was a very fine singer also. Whenever the latter was in London, they were constant companions, and might always be found singing duos together, or visiting the various musical centres of which Braham had already become an acknowledged star.

After these long years of intimacy, however, the sailor suddenly disappeared, and nothing was ever heard of him by his devoted friend save that, after having voyaged more than once round the world, he left the navy and settled in America.

Matters stood in this way for nearly forty years, when Braham crossed the Atlantic on a professional tour, and visited this country and Canada. While journeying through the latter, he announced a concert at Cobourg, where, in consequence of the town-hall being considered too small, the sheriff placed the court-house at his service, which was

situated in the township of Hamilton, distant about two miles.

Imprisonment for debt not having been abolished in the provinces at that period, there were many persons deprived of their liberty at the time of his visit, and some of these were confined in a wing of the court-house, which served the purposes of a jail.

After the performance, which, strange to say, was not very well attended, although some enthusiasts had come a distance of forty miles to hear it, I went down one of the corridors to visit a very intimate friend of mine, who happened to be in quod, and was surprised to find him in full dress, and walking up and down his quarters in a state of great excitement, while a table, with wines and a fine repast, was spread before him.

He welcomed me, as I knew he would; but before there was any time for explanation, the door opened, and in walked Mr. Bierny, the governor of the jail, accompanied by Braham.

The vocalist, who had not, it appeared, been made acquainted with the name or purpose of the prisoner, was somewhat astonished at the position into which he had been betrayed; but, fastening his eyes keenly upon the debtor, who held out his arms toward him, in an instant he was folded in his embrace.

It was Bedford! He had been apprised of the arrival of Braham, and, with the consent of Mr. Bierny, had devised this little surprise for him. Braham, who was now upward of seventy, was very much touched by the whole affair, and again and again embraced his old companion, who had long passed into the sere and yellow leaf also.

After a cordial introduction and a glass or two of wine, I rose to take my leave, but my friend would not suffer my departure. I was not over difficult of persuasion, and as I perceived that Mr. Bierny was to be one of the little party, I readily resumed my chair, as I could not consider my presence an intrusion. Both the old gentlemen were full of anecdote and mirth, and many a story and witicism of rare worth and brilliancy passed between them, while they sang "All's Well" for auld lang syne. It was late when I took my leave of them, as they still sat chatting together; and as I was obliged to leave town on the following morning, I promised to call and say good-by to my friend.

About ten o'clock I made my appearance, when what was my surprise to meet him coming down the steps arm-in-arm with Braham, a free man!

Great Men Good Sleepers.

NAPOLÉON, at St. Helena, censured what he called historical silliness (*niaiserie*) on the part of historians who judged ill of men and events. "It was wrong, for example, to expatiate on the calmness of Alexander, Cæsar, and others, for having slept on the eve of a battle. There are none of our soldiers, of our generals, who have not repeated this marvel twenty times, and nearly all the heroism lay in the foregoing fatigue." M. de Ségur describes him passing the night before Wagram, within reach of the enemy, on the alert, the horses bridled.

"The emperor was in the middle of his guard. A spread mantle served him for a tent. He slept under it scarcely three or four hours, but as profoundly as usual. It was necessary to wake him in the morning. This will excite no astonishment if we reflect that at these critical moments history shows us hardly any great man without sleep or appetite; not that robust health is indispensable to these great actions, but, rather, because they require elevated and firm characters which maintain their calm."

Condé was an excellent sleeper; so was the Duke of Wellington; so was Pitt, till his health became fatally shattered; and the power or habit is quite as

essential in civil as in military affairs, for without it both the mind and body must prove unequal to a strain. One striking exception was Nelson, who, when everything was ready for the attack on Copenhagen, and he was only waiting for a wind, was with difficulty persuaded to attempt an hour or two of rest. He allowed his cot to be placed on the deck, and lay down on it, but never closed his eyes a moment, and at brief intervals during some hours kept anxiously inquiring about the wind. Napoleon or Wellington would have ordered himself to be called when the wind was favorable, and gone quietly to sleep. Yet Nelson was a hero in the brightest acceptance of the word:

"The fiery spirit, working out its way,
Froited the puny body to decay."

At Wagram there was a time when the French left was routed and the artillery at Bondet taken. Intelligence of this disaster and of the threatening advance of the Austrian right to operate on the French rear being brought by one of Massena's aides-de-camp, the emperor remained silent, impassive, as if he had heard nothing, with looks fixed on the opposite side, on Neusiedl and Davoust. It was not till he saw the fire of Davoust, and his victorious right wing pass the high tower of the village, that he turned to this aide-de-camp. "Bondet's artillery is taken. Well, it was there to be taken. Go and tell Massena that the battle is won." It was then far from won; a desperate effort was required to redeem it, and he was obliged to order up his reserve, to which he never resorted except in the last emergency. M. de Ségur says, in his "Mémoires":

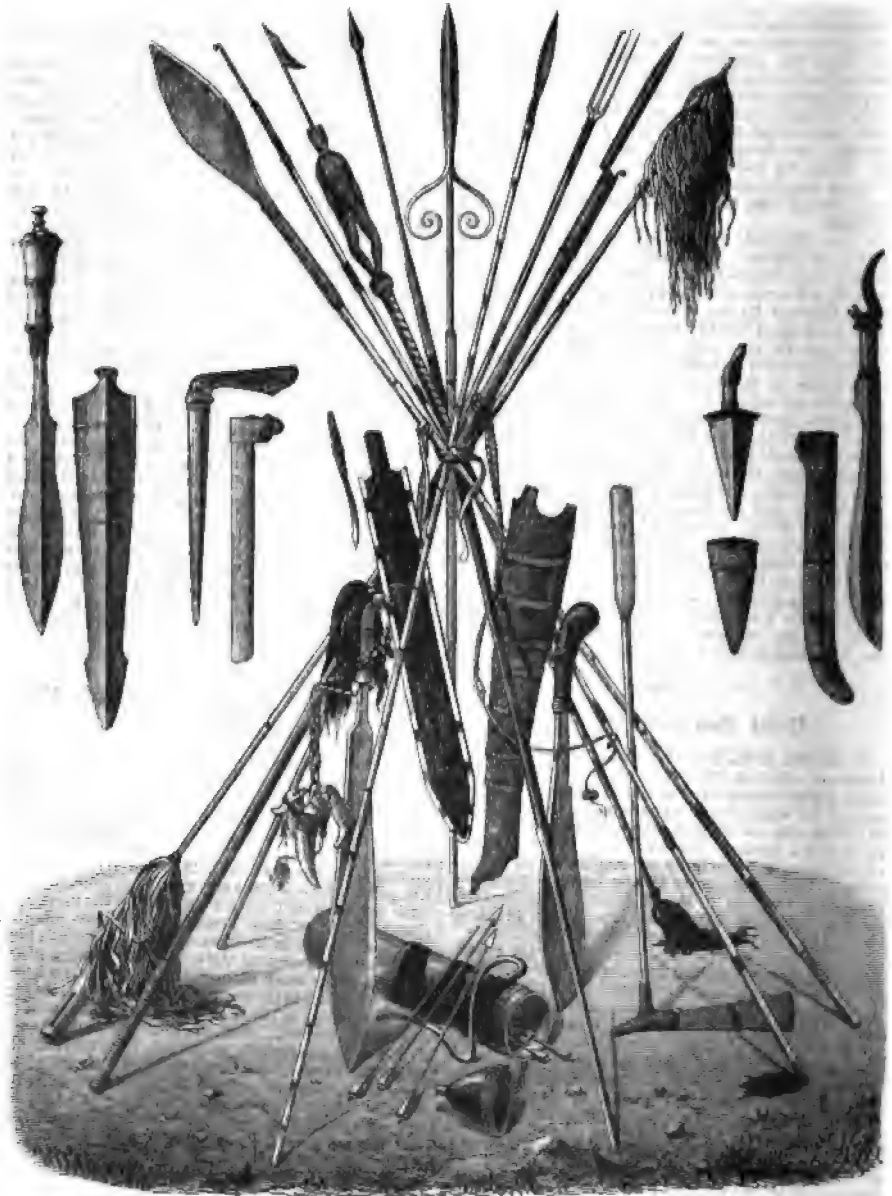
"Having given this order, confident of its execution by Lauriston, Devoust, and D'Aboville, and sure of its effect, tranquilized, moreover, by the progress of Davoust and our right wing, Napoleon alighted, and that which will astonish, but is certain, is, that, calling Rustan (the Mamelonk), he caused his bearskin to be spread out, stretched himself upon it, and fell into a deep sleep! This sleep had already lasted nearly twenty minutes and was beginning to create inquiet, when he awoke, without surprise, without eagerness, to know what had come to pass during this absence of his consciousness. We could even see, by the direction of his first look, and by the orders which he redoubled, that he resumed, or, rather, followed, his train of thought as if it had undergone no interruption."

Arms and Implements of the Natives of Borneo.

AS ANOTHER type of savage life, we give a group, quite artistic, it must be admitted, of arms and implements used by the Dyaks of Borneo. There are arrows and a quiver, but no bow is seen. The Dyaks use not a bow, but the sumpitan, or blow-pipe; and if the reader looks in vain for that implement, we must explain that the Dyaks, finding the pike, or spear, a very useful weapon, did not wish to abandon it when they took up the sumpitan. Europe felt the same hesitation when she adopted the musket, and as she retained the old arm, in fact, by fixing a bayonet at the side of the muzzle of the musket, in the same manner the Dyak binds a broad flat spear-head to the mouth of his sumpitan, making it available as a lance after having been used to discharge arrows. The bore of the sumpitan is about half an inch in diameter, very smooth and polished. The arrow is made of the thorn of the sago-palm, seven to eight inches long, and not thicker than a darning-needle. It is fitted at the end with a conical piece of pith or soft wood that just fits the bore. In some specimens this cone is hollow, and in some the shaft is feathered. This arrow would in itself be a very insignificant weapon

were it not that the point is dipped in upas poison. This poison is the juice of the upas-tree, obtained by simply boring the trunk and gathering the white sap in a bamboo flask. The poison soon loses its power when exposed to the air, but when fresh is fatal. A dose of spirits, sucking the wound, and keeping the patient moving, will, however, generally save the person. The range of the sumpitan is about forty yards. The knives and swords of the Dyaks are peculiar in the shape of the bent handle and the forms of the blade. The parang-ihlang is a very curious sword, the blade being thick and heavy

toward the hilt, and, what is very strange, convex on one side and concave on the other. It can be used only for a downward and an upward cut, and if an inexperienced person attempts to use it, the parang-ihlang is almost certain to inflict a wound on the man who wields it. They are said to be manufactured out of old files, but at all events the temper is excellent. The best are those taken from old graves of the Kayan Dyaks. The scabbards of their knives and swords are often highly ornamented, showing the esteem of the owner for a favorite weapon.



ARMS AND IMPLEMENTS OF THE NATIVES OF BORNEO



TWO WOMEN.—“I NEVER LOVED YOU!” HE EXCLAIMED, LOOKING PASSIONATELY INTO HIS WIFE’S BLACK EYES. ‘YOU WRECKED MY LIFE! BUT YOU SHALL NOT BURN,’ HE ADDED. ‘I WILL COME BACK FOR YOU.’—SEE PAGE 106.

Buried Alive.

THE miner, in the pursuit of his daily work, is so frequently exposed to danger, that his life appears to be in continual jeopardy. In the Winter of 1815, at Hucklow, in Derbyshire, a man of the name of Frost was engaged in one of the mines, and while thus occupied a large mass of earth fell in, and he was buried beneath. His companions soon hurried to the spot, and heard his voice, by which they ascertained that his head and his body remained unhurt, the principal weight having fallen upon and bruised his thighs and legs. Great care was required to effect his release, and some of the most experienced miners were employed for that purpose. A mass of earth had been stopped in its fall, and hung suspended over the head of the poor man, ready at the slightest touch to crush him to pieces. The miners, aware of his great peril, were not able to attempt his release by the most direct and expeditious means of removing the earth over him, but they were obliged to dig through the side of the pit, and make a gallery, in order to reach the place where the man was lying, and this occupied them from Monday, the day when the accident took place, until the evening of the following Thursday, when they were able to release poor Frost from his dreadful situation, after a temporary burial of seventy-five hours. He had received a few slight bruises, but a mass of stone had fallen upon one of his legs, and crushed it. A few drops of water that fell near his head, and which he contrived to catch in the hollow of his hand, allayed his thirst, and, no doubt, contributed to his preservation. He was cheerful even in the midst of his great danger and pain, for Frost was a religious man, and placed all his confidence in the merciful God who saved him from death. He was removed to his home, and, with careful treatment, recovered his strength, and the loss of a leg did not prevent him from pursuing his work in the mine.

The Godbeheres Founder mine, in Derbyshire, is rendered memorable from an occurrence that took place there about sixty years ago. Two men, named Boden and Pearson, were working in the mine at different depths, when the earth and water suddenly rushed in upon them, and, in one moment, buried them alive in the deep recess below. On the third day after this accident happened, Pearson was found dead among the rubbish, and the men who were employed in clearing away the earth, that had closed up the entrance to the mine, had now so little hope of finding Boden alive, that they were scarcely disposed to pursue their labors. They were, however, prevailed upon to proceed, until, on the eighth day of their work, they distinctly heard Boden's signal, and ascertained that he was living. They now worked with greater energy and with more care, and, after a few hours, they found the object of their search, almost exhausted, but still in existence, and fully aware of the providential nature of his escape.

His recovery from the effects of this premature entombment was slow, but effectual, and he returned to the mine in about thirteen weeks, and lived many years afterward. When the accident took place, Boden was in the lower part of the mine; Pearson was in the drift above when the earth fell upon and killed him. Boden's situation was equally perilous, but the earth was stopped in its fall by a projecting mass of rock, and this saved his life. In this situation, with no prospect before him but death, the poor man passed eight days in his narrow cell without light or food, or wherewithal to quench his thirst, which he felt more severely than any other deprivation. Hunger he bore with fortitude, but thirst was intolerable; and during the whole of his confinement he was sufficiently sensible to feel all the horrors of his situation. He likewise suffered greatly from cold, but having a few yards to move in, he found a windlass (a handle by which a rope is turned), and exercised

himself in moving it round, but by some mishap the handle fell into the shaft below, and he could not recover it again. Deprived of this means of employment, he still found something to do. In that part of the shaft where he was imprisoned, a rope was suspended over his head; he clambered up it, and, working at the earth above him, he loosened a portion, which fell into the chasm at his feet. While he was thus engaged, he thought he heard the noise of men laboring to release him; he listened again, almost breathless with anxiety. The sound, for a time, almost paralysed him. Shortly afterward he saw the light of heaven and human faces gazing upon him, as if they had actually beheld a man rising from the grave, and not a living body. He was, indeed, little more than a skeleton compared to what he had been, for mental and bodily suffering had so reduced him, and the pallid hue and altered expression of his countenance had nearly obliterated his personal identity. In this state he was restored to his friends. Boden kept the anniversary of his deliverance from his subterranean prison as a day of thanksgiving to the Almighty for his wonderful preservation.

Two Women.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was one drop of black blood in Eleanor Granby's fair body—transmitted, perhaps, from her morose and suspicious old grandfather; but with it she had inherited Grasslands, the most magnificent old estate in the country. From her babyhood she had been an heiress.

She had always been courted—that was inevitable. She said it was for her money. When young gentlemen said to her, "I love you," she looked askance at them, with a little wary smile. She was not less pleasant, perhaps; and when she "found them out"—as she expressed it—they never knew it.

But who guessed, from her serene brow and bright eyes, that the "finding out" hurt her woman's heart? Who guessed that sometimes she would have exchanged places with her little maid Jeanne, who could not be sought for her wealth?

But Eleanor did not suspect Dale Norton—that was too preposterous. He was the millionaire manufacturer of Bronxville. She had known him well for five years—when he came to Grasslands, wooing—known him for a high-minded man of philanthropic generosity. His cotton-mills were the most comfortable, his employes the best cared-for and most liberally paid of any in the country. It was distinction, it was honor, to be loved by such a man? Ay, it was heaven itself to Eleanor Granby's proud, reserved heart!

For she was quite alone in the world; she had neither kith nor kin; she was the last of the grand old Granby race. They had been noted for the warmth of their affections, the strength of their friendships. "Eleanor was an odd one," people said; "so few intimate friends; not married at eight-and-twenty, and as handsome as a princess!" The world judged as correctly as usual, and no more so. Eleanor was prouder and stronger than all the Granbys that had gone before her. When her lonely heart seemed dying in her bosom, she wore the same serene brow, the same sweet smile. She bore her own burdens, as the safer and better way of carrying them.

But every one could see that she was happier now that she was engaged to Dale Norton. Kinder to her dependents she could not be; but never before had she seemed joyous. And where she had before been simply fair, she was now radiantly beautiful.

She ordered the carriage one day and drove to Mr. Norton's counting-room, to bring him to Grasslands. He had promised to come and arrange her rooms for an evening party, if she "would fetch him."

As they drove away from the counting-room, a group of girls emerged from the mill-gate.

"Did you see that face, Eleanor?" exclaimed Norton. "Why, it was perfectly beautiful!"

"I did not notice, Dale."

"A perfect Hebe, with an angelic smile. She must be a new-comer."

"Are factory-girls apt to be pretty, Dale?"

"So, so—like other girls."

"And now that a beauty has arrived, there will be, perhaps, a call of King Cophetua and the begger-maid," smiling archly into his handsome face.

"Hardly, my darling."

"Do you know, Dale, I have often wondered why your lady mother has not picked you out a wife long before this?"

He laughed.

"Do you think I would be mated like a tame canary in a cage, Eleanor. No, no! I was waiting to find my Eleanor, dearest."

"Who would ever have believed that the proud Miss Granby and the distinguished Mr. Norton would ever have made such a pair of good little kittens?"

She laughed lightly to hide the tears which sprang quickly into her eyes.

Down the long, dusty street the beautiful factory employé, Hortense Almonte, smiled yet more brightly than she had done in glancing toward the carriage.

"He turned to look after me," she said to herself. "So that is the rich Mr. Norton. He is very handsome. Umph! Everything is possible in American society, they tell me."

She looked two-and-twenty. She was two-and-thirty, and had been twice married in St. Etienne, France. But this was Hortense's secret. She was skilled as a workwoman. She commanded a superior position in the mills. She knew how it would be before she came to America. It was the land of opportunity for the ambitious. And Hortense Almonte, *alias* Pallion, was very ambitious.

Dale Norton very infrequently entered the mills. His province was the counting-house; but the following morning the report of his presence in the main building spread among the people. Hortense Almonte looked up from her loom.

A spark in her gray eyes, hid quickly by the drooping of the white lids, a moment's waiting, and then, as Mr. Norton approached one end of the long alley between the rows of looms, a woman's figure fell quickly across it, and lay prone at his very feet.

"See, one of the girls has fainted!" he exclaimed, to the overseer. "Let me assist you. Open the windows—bring some water," and the amazed operatives saw the elegant Mr. Norton pass down the room, with the beautiful French woman lying motionless in his arms.

The faint was well-simulated. A long sigh—a moan—a slow lifting of the white lids.

"You are feeling better? Try and drink a little water," syllabled Mr. Norton's modulated voice. "Geoffrey, how does this happen? Have the help been working over-hours?"

The last mechanically. He was looking at the perfection of Hortense Almonte's dusky brows with an involuntary amaze.

"Who is she?"—aside.

The overseer shook his head.

"Oh, I am so ill—so ill!" murmured Hortense. As if delirious, she put her little hands up, helplessly, and brushed Mr. Norton's face as he bent over her. He blushed.

"Poor child!—lovely little creature!" under his breath. "She must be taken home. Stay!—my carriage is at the counting-house. Let some one drive her to her home. Be sure she is well taken care of," as the group around the indisposed young lady grew thicker, and Mr. Norton felt constrained to take his leave. As he went back to the count-

ing-room; Tommison's rhythmic *has* haunted him: "Perfectly beautiful—let it be granted her—where is the fault?" He was strangely susceptible to beauty, for a man of his stamp—none of the æsthetic cant or *dilettantism* of the day about him. He was a real man.

But a real man is not without weaknesses. He was not doing a wise thing when he drove out to the cottage where the French girl lived, the next morning, to see how she was.

"What folly! for a pair of peach cheeks," he said to himself as he looked at his watch, and knew that he would certainly lose an important engagement thereby. But he went.

CHAPTER II.

"Confusion, I say, to a love that thrills,

Like strong red wine, through each pulsing vein!

Confusion, I say, to a joy that kills,

And a pleasure that ends in a trance of pain!"

A strong baritone warbled the song melodiously in Miss Granby's parlors. Mr. Norton turned a pale face from the company.

"You are looking pale, Dale," said Eleanor, approaching him, and speaking under cover of the music. "Are you tired?"

"Tired of myself."

She looked up at him, as she drew him into the alcove of a window, lighted only by the moonlight, and he looked down at her with a kind of sad yearning. She was lovely as some marble ideal of Peace.

"Poor old boy, he works too hard," with a little tender gesture. "Dale, when we are married, you must take a vacation, and we will go to France."

He started.

"Why to France, Eleanor?"

"Because everything is light and gay there—gay and happy," she repeated.

"Happy! Eleanor, there is sin everywhere."

"Dale, why are you so gloomy?" with a look of dismay.

"If I were to tell her!" he said, under his breath.

"Come back to your guests, dear—they are looking for you," he said, drawing her back to the room.

A twelvemonth had passed.

Eleanor Granby was Eleanor Granby still. It was Christmas-Day. She sat before the glowing grate at Grasslands, turning her diamond engagement-ring round and round upon her slender roseate finger. Her white kitten, Tibbie, brushed unnoticed against her morning robe of crimson cashmere—her goldfinch trilled in vain, and did not attract her attention.

She was deeply thoughtful. Her brow was not untroubled. She had sat thus for two hours.

Suddenly she rang the bell. Her little maid, Jeanne, appeared.

"Mam'selle, your hair"—offering to fasten a loosened curl.

"Never mind my hair, Jeanne; I do not wish to see you on account of my toilet. Sit down on this low seat for a minute. I wish you to repeat to me what you said this morning."

The girl looked uneasy, but was forced to obey.

"Oh, mam'selle, it is not worth repeating!"

"But I wish to hear it."

"This place that you spoke of—"

"Strawberry Cottage, mam'selle."

"Strawberry Cottage, Jeanne. A French woman lives there."

"Hortense Almonte. I knew her when she first came here. She speaks French well, quick—and English as well."

"You said she was beautiful."

"Very, mam'selle."

"That she no longer works in Mr. Norton's mill."

Jeanne shook her head.

"That she has a child—an infant."

Jeanne nodded.

"That," Eleanor spoke with difficulty now, "Mr. Norton visits there."

"I said so, mam'selle, but there is plenty gossip 'bout. I never did believe—"

"Wait. How did you learn all this?"

"I have heard it plenty of times!" exclaimed Jeanne. "I have a sister in the factory; she told me first. I have heard the mill-hands talking of it. But they tell plenty of stories that have no truth," with an anxious glance at the pale cheek of the mistress whom she loved.

"That will do, Jeanne. Stay! Strawberry Cottage is situated—"

"On the turnpike, mam'selle."

Eleanor made a motion of dismissal.

It was evening when a woman's gloved hand opened the low gate of Strawberry Cottage. A light shone out on a small, neglected garden. She approached the door and knocked.

A half-grown girl opened it wide, as if some one were expected, and Eleanor Granby stepped directly into a warmed and lighted room. It was a comfortable but not luxurious apartment, and not over neat. In an old velvet easy-chair, before an open grate, a voluptuously beautiful woman sat, with a babe lying across her knees. She was swaying a necklace of gold beads before the child's little eyes.

"Dale, have you come?" she said, in a lazy voice, without turning her head.

The silence startled her. She turned, and saw Miss Granby.

"I beg your pardon for intruding," Eleanor said, in a steady tone; "but I have come on business. I wish to know if Mr. Dale Norton, of Bronxville, visits here?"

There was a silence.

Miss Granby could never be aught but stately and graceful. The light fell on the soft folds of her gray cloak, on her calm, pale face, on her gloved hand, as she rested it upon a chair.

"Visits here?" exclaimed the other. "He is the father of my child! He is married to me!"

An instant's stillness.

"Thanks! That is what I wished—pardon me—needed to know. I will not trouble you longer."

She glided away as she came.

As she closed the door after her, Hortense Almonte rose, and, throwing the child rudely upon a couch, rushed to the window. But Eleanor was out of sight.

"The lady I saw with him in a carriage the first time?" Hortense exclaimed. "And I have spoiled his marriage with her!"

She returned to her chair again, and sat staring into the fire, unheeding the wailing of the child.

"You have sent for me, Eleanor. You know all?"

There was bitter anguish in his white face. Her cheek was bleached like the rose in her hair. But her hand was warm and gentle in touch. The touch of that tender hand made him grind his teeth.

"God!—to think you should lay even a finger kindly on me, Eleanor! I should think you had rather smite me in the face!"

She sat down on the same sofa with him, but their hands fell apart. There was a moment's silence.

"You are looking at me with new eyes, now. You see my altered looks as never before. Do you know what has changed me so?" he asked.

"I can guess."

"Remorse."

She leaned further away from him.

"That I should hurt you!" he groaned.

"You have hurt my soul," she said, in a low, far-away voice.

He looked at her sweet, pallid face with dry, burning, anguished eyes.

"My poor bird! Oh, I know you, Eleanor! I know how you staked your trust in all mankind on me. Base wretch that I am!"

She looked wearily past him at the sunshine, and saw it not.

"I was not made a fool! I have no excuse. But you shall witness my punishment, Eleanor. You shall see my sin track me to my grave!"

"Dale, do you think I hate you?" and a moment's surprise gleamed in her eyes.

"Yes. You must."

She shook her head.

"No; I am too tired, perhaps. Dale"—after an instant's pause—"I sent for you to give you that." She drew his diamond from her hand. He had seen her kiss it with smiling, happy lips. "I am going away—to France—alone." He winced as if he had been stabbed. "Perhaps in this life we shall never meet again—and so—Dale—kiss me once!"

He sprang to his feet. She rose, also, and laid her arms softly about his neck.

One moment they looked into each other's eyes. He bent his head, then, and kissed her—as if he were kissing the cross. She swayed heavily in his arms. He lifted and laid her softly upon the sofa, and rang the bell for Jeanne.

When Eleanor Granby awoke to consciousness, Dale Norton was gone.

CHAPTER III.

"MISS GRANBY has come back."

Dale Norton heard the words on board a railroad train. His eyes flashed, his brow clouded, then he fell wearily back in his seat.

"Eleanor back from France? After five years she has forgotten—has become indifferent. She can meet me without pain. Well, that is as it should be. She is innocent of wrong. She was the sinned against—I the sinner."

His whole aspect was utterly altered from what it had been five years before. The light, frank, debonaire air was gone. His brows were furrowed with lines. There were silver threads about his temples.

After a moment he leaned forward and touched the speaker. The man was a newcomer into the neighborhood, and could know nothing of his history.

"When did you say Miss Granby returned?"

"A fortnight back. The lady, you know, who owns that fine old place on the south road—Grasslands they call it—"

"I know—thank you."

He sank back in his seat again. He had been absent from Bronxville—and Mrs. Norton—for six weeks, and was just returning. It was not a happy going home—far from that, and now to see Eleanor, to mark her indifferent mien, to meet her brown eyes and read in them wonder that she had ever loved "so mean a thing," would give him a keener pang than she, in her restored peace, could understand. A feverish color rose up to his temples, and then died away, leaving him looking very ill.

He was still a handsome and distinguished-looking man, as he stepped from the train into the full light. His carriage was in waiting.

"Drive home by the north road, Tom."

He did not wish to pass by Grasslands.

His wife had claimed her rights in society. She was mistress of his family home, Ashpark. Why not?—she *was* his wife. He had made her so to make the best of a bad matter—and the matter had since grown very bad, indeed. Now, that the glamour of his passion had passed, he had no more in common with this woman than with the furthest stranger in the country.

Hortense cared little that her husband did not love her; she had his money to spend, and she spent it freely. She aired herself in the Norton carriage, talked loudly about "our child," without referring to the date of its birth, and had arranged a dramatic funeral when the little creature, at four years old, died.

Mrs. Norton was fond of making excursions to

the Norton Mills—perhaps because her old companions were the only ones who appreciated her expensive dress and superior position. Hortense was not popular with Mr. Norton's family or family friends.

About a month after Eleanor's return, she found it necessary to go to the mills in behalf of her little maid Jeanne, who was in trouble. Jeanne had a pretty cousin, a mere child, who was getting into bad company in the mills, and she had begged Eleanor to take the girl into her service.

Eleanor's heart warmed to the simple, bright-eyed creature who, won by her tender smile, promised to leave the mills and come to Grasslands; and when the bargain was made, the lady stood for a minute looking about her. Her quiet air, the dark, appropriate dress, made her hardly noticeable in the crowded place. Not so the purple silk and snowy plumes of Mrs. Norton, who, looking her handsomest, was pushing her way among the looms, showing some people who accompanied her the process of weaving—talking volubly, laughing loudly.

"Miss Granby," said Lottie, "would you like to go up in the tower? The view is very fine. The speed is going down—I can leave my work a moment, and I will show you?"

Eleanor smiled assent. As she went up the stairs she wondered if the place commanded a view of Ashpark.

When Lottie had left her alone in the tower, being obliged to return to her looms, Eleanor sat down on a bench and looked thoughtfully over the lovely, varied landscape. How long she remained alone there, she could not tell; she was aroused at last by the rustling of Mrs. Norton's dress, by her nodding plumes and voluble tongue, as she appeared at the head of her party.

She started slightly at sight of Eleanor, who made no sign of recognition; but in an instant gained her customary self-possession, and did the honors of the place with smiling assurance.

The babble of her talk made no impression on Eleanor.

By-and-by she heard them saying that the speed was down—that something was wrong—that there was confusion and alarm below.

Still they lingered.

Suddenly the bell clanged deafeningly over their heads. With a shriek, Mrs. Norton disappeared, followed by her friends. But Eleanor did not understand; she descended more slowly. The room below was deserted, silent, and filled with smoke. Up through the elevators and from the halls came the sounds of a fearful struggle.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The frightful scream came up the elevator close beside her. With a cry of horror she sprang into the hall. The halls and stairways below were packed with struggling, swearing, screaming human creatures fighting for their lives.

It was utterly useless to make one more of that horrible mass. With the deafening bell still clanging above her, she turned back. Was there not some other means of egress? She searched anxiously. No, there was but the one.

The smoke was making her dizzy—numbing her senses. She staggered to the tower-door, opened it, and closed it after her, to shut out the smoke. As she did so, she felt all the building tremble.

White-faced, wild-eyed, she climbed up the solitary stair. All about the circular windows the smoke was rising black to the skies. Underneath, the demon roared louder and stronger. Unable to stand, she knelt down, and dropped her face in her folded arms upon a bench.

Suddenly some one clutched her shoulder.

"God of heaven! what shall we do!"

It was Mrs. Norton.

"You!" she cried, at sight of Eleanor's face.

A monstrous, swift, unrelenting fire. The build-

ing was full of oil and cotton. The very floors were soaked with oil, ignited by the careless hands. No hope for Norton's Mills.

He came tearing to the place on horseback from twelve miles out of town.

"Let no one work on the building! Save the women—the men!" he cried.

Many had escaped. Others were escaping, tumbling over each other like rats—a trampled heap of those who were weak or had fainted blocking the great doorway, and the others pouring over them; the flames were rioting above, and bursting from every door and window.

"In the tower! My God, in the tower!" screamed a woman's voice in Norton's ear. "Women—two of 'em!"

The wind had turned, and one side of the tower stood revealed—the faces of two women at a window. One was white and still; the other was screaming wildly.

"Them's none o' us," said a man's voice; "them's some o' the visitors what come this arternoon."

"God help them! It's no use," said the captain of a fire-company. "I've got as brave men as any, but they know it's no use way up there."

He spoke to Mr. Norton, who was shading his face with his hand, and looking intently up at the tower-window.

"My God, Eleanor!"

He broke away with that cry. A network of ladders covered the building. He was half way up the wall, that was like a sheet of flame, before he was seen again. Swiftly and surely he went from point to point.

Above, the dark-haired woman suddenly stopped her screams.

"Do you know who is coming? Norton himself. It is not for me," said Hortense.



THE STREET ARCHITECTURE OF OTHER DAYS.
SEE PAGE 110.

Eleanor did not understand. She was leaning her face against the window for the air—the sweet air which would soon be stopped for ever upon her lips.

"You have not come for me!" Hortense shrieked, passionately, as a man's shoulders came abreast the window. "It is for her!"

"I cannot take but one at a time," said Norton, leaning in and lifting Eleanor like a child in his arms.

The weight of that dear form upon his breast excited him as all the danger of death had not done.

"I never loved you!" he exclaimed, looking passionately into his wife's black eyes. "You wrecked my life! But you shall not burn," he added. "I will come back for you."

In his utter fearlessness he believed he spoke the truth; but when the man below got a hold on him, they seized him and forced him from the spot as they would a madman. And in three minutes more the building fell.

Out of the ruin not one was saved alive.

Back and forth at Grasslands went the ruined manufacturer until Miss Granby was reported convalescent. Then he was absent until she sent for him.

When he saw her face against the crimson back of a chair, grown wan and small and white, he fell on his knees and kissed her hands.

"Am I and my belongings always to be a curse to you, Eleanor?" he cried.

"No, I hope not. Stay, Dale; you rest me;" and she put her arms about his neck and leaned her face against his shoulder.

And so he clasped her close, and no useless words were spoken.

The Street Architecture of Other Days.

Our country, until very recently, has displayed in all its edifices a wearying sameness, due, in a great measure, to the predominance in houses, churches, stores and public edifices of long unbroken series of straight lines, the very things that nature abhors, and never attempts to use in forms of beauty except in the dazzling composition of crystals.

Making every allowance for the charm of novelty, which of course goes far to enhance a stranger's enjoyment on these occasions, we cannot doubt that there is much in the external appearance of foreign life which possesses special attractions for our countrymen. The first glimpse, for instance, which we get, after crossing the Atlantic, of such a watering-place as Dieppe, or the charm which we experience in wandering for the first time through the streets of a city like Nuremberg, whose general aspect has remained unaltered since the Middle Ages, fills us with a sense of what may be called eye-pleasure, which is utterly absent in our own cities and towns. The latter may be better paved, cleaner swept, and more expensively laid out than their European rivals; but they are for the most part utterly wanting in one important element of architectural merit—viz., the picturesque.

Our Handsome Neighbor.

"O, I am so glad you have come, Maurice!" said pretty little Emma. "If you can't discover what is the matter with Howard, his case is hopeless."

Maurice Aubray was as fat as Count Fosco; but, it is to be hoped, not much like that nobleman in any other respect. Handsome also was Maurice—rather leonine about the head—born, as he was accustomed to explain, under the sign Leo. He was

the man for an emergency, and had come to, his brother's postchaise, summoned by Howard's distressed wife.

"I have just shaken hands with Howard and your sister both," said Maurice. "He looks peevish; but that is nothing new. I suppose you have not indicated the object of my sudden descent?"

"Not a syllable. Marian simply consulted with me as to what would be best. She fears he is losing his mind."

Maurice laughed a little.

"Rather depressing here—the place to have one's head turned away. Don't you find it dull?"

Miss Emma blushed, and glanced along the grass, unaccountably disconcerted.

"I—I don't know. I like the country."

"This is the country, with a vengeance! I dare say you have no society at all. Who lives in the cottage next door?" asked Maurice, scanning the pretty gothic building through his eyeglass. "A brick wall to divide the two gardens! How odd! Not an asylum, or that sort of thing, is it?"

"Oh, no!" replied the young lady. "A young man lives there—a hermit."

"A hermit! Handsome, of course?"

"Oh, very handsome. He is a student, and writes."

"I see—another Tennyson. 'He lived shut up within himself, a tongue-tied poet in the feverous days'—isn't that it?"

Just then there was a tap on the window-pane. Maurice re-entered the house quickly. He was met by his sister-in-law—a beautiful woman, whose face was pale and careworn.

"Maurice, your brother is ready to receive you now," she said. "I hope you will be able to dissipate this terrible cloud that hangs over us. I have sent for you as a last step."

"I shall do what I can, of course; but are you sure you don't exaggerate matters a little?"

"Not the least. I begin to grow satisfied he is mad. He remains moody and sullen in his room all the time—seldom speaks to me—when a servant knocks at the door, he gives way to a burst of fury—all night he paces the floor—are not these things the signs of insanity?"

"Of insanity, or dyspepsia. And can you not imagine whether there is a secret foundation?"

"None—none! I assure you there is not the shadow of a cause. We live like hermits, and under almost no expense. For several years Howard has not spent half his income."

Fat brother Maurice frowned, and shook his big head.

"Puzzling—puzzling," he said. "Well, depend upon me to do my best."

Howard Aubray was in his study. Slender, pale and dark, he looked the picture of an invalid; and this effect was heightened by another fact: he was crippled. He sat in his chair, silent, gloomy and suffering; his cheek resting upon his hand. At the entrance of Maurice, he did not rise; but peevishly offered his hand.

"I am glad to see you, Maurice," he said: "though you probably don't think so. Sit down—tumble those books off that armchair. What on earth has brought you to this forlorn place?"

"Wanted a change of air and scene," answered Maurice, briskly. "My old rule, you know—bird of passage."

"You always were an active spirit, it is true; and I, passive as a stone monument. Don't you think I look like the fiend himself?" and he cast a sour sneer at the cornice.

"You don't look well, I admit, and I know very well there is something at the bottom of it."

"There is!" said the invalid, clinching his fingers with sudden fury. "I am the most miserable dog alive, and I couldn't hide it if I would. It is strange I have not blown my brains out long ago."

"Well, what's the trouble? Some nonsense, I dare say."

"Yes; very foolish," said Howard Aubray, with a short laugh. "Amusing enough to others not in the same fix."

"Owe money?"

"I owe vengeance—a debt that is accumulating from hour to hour, from minute to minute, at compound interest!" he cried, rising and limping about the floor. "I have discovered that my wife is in love with my handsome neighbor! Too absurd, isn't it, to treat seriously! Such an old story, you know; but it ends tragically sometimes!"

"What do you mean?"

"You, perhaps, noticed the pretty cottage next door! A very good-looking and very fascinating young man lives there—Mr. Ashley Travers. He is not a sulky cripple like me, and the lady who passes for my wife has been discerning enough to see the difference."

Maurice heard this with alarm and pain. Of all the conjectures he had made regarding the cause of his brother's conduct, the miserable truth that he was on the rack of jealousy had never entered his mind.

"You cannot be serious," he said.

"Perhaps you will learn better soon. I am waiting, and on the watch; the drama draws to a close."

"We never had anything from each other in the old days, Howard," said Maurice, kindly. "Many a scrape we were in together, and many the licking we shared, eh? Do you remember the time we took away the eggs from old Willock's hen and put goose, turkey and duck, and all sorts of other eggs, under her, and then persuaded the old man we heard the Gipsies bewitch him around their fire one night? And have you forgotten old Willock's fright when his old hen came marching out of her nest one morning with almost every feathered thing in creation among her brood, instead of the expected brambles; and how the old fellow thought this was the working-out of the Gipsies' spell? And don't you recollect the unmerciful trimming we caught at home? My bones ache yet!"

Maurice was laughing uproariously over these reminiscences, and his mirth was contagious, for his brother laughed too, long and heartily—evidently for the first time in many months.

"Why, then, can't you trust me as fully now as you did in those times, Howard?" continued Maurice, following up his advantage. "I hope I am as true, and certainly there is no doubt I am much less giddy. I have learned a thing or two in all those years."

"You always were shrewd and clever, Maurice, and perhaps I had better be frank with you, after all. You know what a life I am forced to lead, and Marian has been forced to share it. She has not had my resignation; her love has been a woman's love—ardent enough to begin with, but cooling with time and trial. Her fidelity has changed from that pretty sentiment we read of in poetry to that other sort we too often experience—the fidelity of a slave who clings to you because he can't get away."

"This is unjust—most cruel! You wrong her; she never loved you more devotedly, brother."

"She has been holding conference with you, I see," said Howard, with a dark, peevish smile.

"What she has said will weigh nothing against what I have seen. Last night I was standing at the window at the top of the staircase, watching the star Jupiter, and noting the peculiar brightness it so beautifully takes as twilight deepens into night. All kinds of idle fancies were in my mind. Suddenly I looked down into the garden, and—I suppose you noticed the brick wall which divides it from that next door—two persons stood there—my wife, in her white burnoose, was one, lingering on this side of the wall and leaning over. On the other side stood my handsome neighbor, Mr. Ashley Travers. I watched them with a good deal of interest. It was a situation suggestive of that in Millais's picture. Presently Mr. Travers leaned over and kissed my

wife, she waved her hand, and they separated. These things I saw, remember."

Maurice looked very grave and disturbed. "But you have been troubled for weeks, they tell me?"

"With good reason; about a month ago I found a love-letter, in my wife's handwriting, which first gave rise to my suspicions."

"Indeed!"

"Judge of this for yourself."

He handed his brother a note in Marian's well-known penmanship, and these were the contents:

"MR. OWEN ASHLEY—You are too imprudent; sometimes I believe we are observed. Patience, and all may yet be well. In any event, do not doubt my love and faith."

"I don't know what to think," said Maurice, as he handed the note back. "I thought Marian the purest and best of women. My advice is, to go to her at once and demand an explanation."

Howard Aubray laughed bitterly.

"She could explain it, of course—what woman could not? You don't know the cunning of the sex, my good brother. She would give me such plausible explanation that I should rather doubt my own senses than not accept it. No! What does the Moor say in that great play?—'When I don't I'll prove, and on the proof, there is no more but this: away at once with love or jealousy.' You know what I mean by that!"

"But you must not act rashly. Come, let us take a good long drive together, and have the benefit of the fresh air. I am ready to act with you in anything that concerns your honor; but there are things sometimes done which cannot be undone."

Howard Aubray did not care to go; but his brother insisted. They rode far away together, discussing but the one wretched subject; and night had fallen as they returned. The horse and vehicle were given to the hostler at the gate, and the two brothers walked toward the house on foot.

The shining copper disk of the moon was just visible through the trees. Everything around was cut white and sharp in its brilliant light. The melancholy-chant of the tree-frogs mingled with the sweet, sad contralto of the whippoorwill.

"Sounds like an oratorio, doesn't it?" said Maurice.

So pleasant was the scene that, for the moment, Howard, also, forgot everything in contemplation. There was not a chord in his nature unmoved. The air, stirred very lightly by the breeze, was full of that peculiar fragrance which belongs to a Summer evening in the country. Bright as the moon was, its splendor did not dim a single constellation, and overhead the heavens glittered with the stars that had mustered there.

"Intoxicating!" murmured Howard.

They went on, passing the garden-gate, the latch tinkling softly; and then quietly across the deep grass. The fire-flies were darting about, and from the distance came the deep-mouthed bay of a watchdog. Suddenly Howard paused.

"Look!" he said, his eyeballs fierce and round in the moonlight, and his face pale as death.

By the brick wall on this side stood a woman with a white burnoose on her head. Her figure was unmistakable. It was Marian.

On the other side stood a young man, tall and dark. He held her hand, and her arm shone pallid as ivory under the golden shimmer that fell streaming from the stars.

Suddenly he leaned over and kissed her.

With a horrid curse of fury and despair, Howard Aubray took something from his breast and held it before him. There was a flash and a report, and then a scream. The guilty wife recoiled and fell.

Maurice ran toward her instantly and, falling on his knee, raised her up. It was not Marian—but poor little Emma.

Happily the wound was not serious, or the result of

a hypochondriac's diseased imagination might have wrought a more costly cure than followed as soon as he had discovered the truth. That his pretty sister-in-law should, in the absence of other occupation, fall deeply in love with a handsome neighbor, was the most natural event in the world. That, knowing Howard's prejudice, she should conceal her passion, was no more strange. But at first it seemed odd that she should wear Marian's bur-noose, though that also was presently explained when it appeared that the article was particularly bewitching to Mr. Ashley Travers's senses, and the young lady had none of her own. There remained only one dark doubt—the love-letter.

"Well," said Miss Emma, defiantly, "everybody can't write a good hand. I never could. Marian was always clever with her pen, and I don't think it was any more than sisterly service to come to my assistance."

"Nor was it," said Howard, kissing his wife.

The Clove-tree (*Caryophyllus aromaticus*)—The nail-like fruit of the clove is well known. The French call them *clous* (nails) *de giroflie*. The carnations and pinks belong to the same order. The aromatic clove-tree was brought from the Moluccas to Europe toward the close of the last century, and is with us a hothouse plant. It is said that in its native country the word "clove" is used as a mark of distinction and dignity, hence its significance. At their funerals, and in public ceremonies, nobles, in naming their titles, are spoken of as of one, two or three cloves.

Musk, such as is used for perfumery, is prepared from the musk-root, *simbal*, or *jatamansi*, a substance imported from the East. The root itself has long been used in India and Persia as a medicine, as perfume, and for incense. It has a pleasant, musk-like odor, and acts as a powerful stimulant on the nervous system.



OUR HANDSOME NEIGHBOR.—"SUDDENLY HE LEANED OVER AND KISSED HER. THERE WAS A FLASH AND A REPORT, THEN A SCREAM. THE GUILTY WIFE REELED AND FELL."



A CHANGE OF HEART.—“‘RUTH! RUTH!’ CALLED AN OLD MAN’S VOICE. ‘YES, PAPA—COMING!’ SHE CRIED IN REPLY, FREEING HERSELF FROM WILL’S EMBRACE.”

A Change of Heart.

A RURAL ROMANCE.

Now, Will, I know you don’t believe a word that you are saying, and you’re just trying to plague me—so you are.

“Don’t believe what I know myself and what you have already admitted, Ruth? How can that be?”

“What a tease you are! You know well enough what I mean. I don’t deny that Andy Hauser brought me home from singing-school; but he went right away. Yes, indeed he did. And he shouldn’t if you had been there—as you ought to have been.”

“You know well enough why I wasn’t there.”

“No, I don’t. Gone to see Miss Sally Mays, I suppose.”

“Now, you know better than that, Ruth. I never go to see Sally Mays.”

“Maybe not; but you look at her in meeting as if you’d like to.”

“I never even thought of such a thing. A great, gawky, red-headed girl like her!”

“And you really didn’t get home from town that night until so late?”

“No; I did not!”

“And you don’t care for Sally Mays?”

“No more than for the man in the moon’s grandmother.”

“Then, I think, Will, I’ll have to forgive you.”

“Hello! I’d like to know what I’ve done to be forgiven? Don’t you think you’ve sort of jumped

the fence and got into the wrong field? You forgive me for Andy Hauser's taking you home from singing-school!"

"Don't be a goose, Will. I don't care a bit more for Andy than—than you do for Sally."

"Little enough that is, then. And, for me?"

As he spoke, the young man left off breaking the twigs from the bending apple-tree bough beside him, and stretched out his arms.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to like you just a little bit, even yet, if you don't scold me and are very, very good. Ah!"

That exclamation marked the precise point of time when pretty little Ruth, who had been coyly looking down and swinging her sun-bonnet by its strings, sprang forward, clawing vainly at her hair, and found shelter in Will's outstretched arms from some danger of which she only was at the moment conscious. A great blundering beetle, winging his clumsy way through the evening-air, had entangled himself in her loose brown tresses, an excellent excuse—even for a country girl familiar with the unreasoning ways of beetles—to put a happy ending to a lover's quarrel.

Will soon removed the offending insect—claimed and took, without resistance, his reward from her ruddy lips. There was no more talk of the objectionable proceedings of Andy Hauser or of the suspected Sally. Neither of the lovers, now in each other's arms, even remembered those persons. The stupid beetle, buzzing away to be eaten by some one of the many hungry swallows darting hither and thither among the trees, left behind him only thoughts and words of love.

Ruth Arney and William Kent were engaged to be married. As was, in, and probably will be until the end of time, the custom among the independent and self-reliant people of the West, they had formed that engagement without consulting parents or anybody else. They simply assumed that it would be time enough to mention it when they were ready to get married. Until then the growth of their affection might be observed by curious eyes and chatted about by gossiping tongues, but its positive knowledge was confined to themselves.

Tenderer and dearer seems love so concealed. Each loving heart sees its own reflection in the other, as in a mirror; but meddling breaths, with vulgar themes of settlements, and family precedence, and cold, prudential calculations, are sadly apt to tarnish the mirror's surface.

The shadowy resemblance of a quarrel, with which they, like all lovers, spiced the methuein of their heart's delight, gave a greater zest to a return to their moral condition of thorough trust and hopeful affection.

When it was ended, they stood long, as the shadows grew heavier—he with his arm about her waist, she with her head leaning upon his bosom—talking of the happiness before them, and even approximately fixed the date for its commencement. It should be in December.

Yes, that was settled at last. In December, when harvesting and thrashing were done, when the Fall wheat was seeded in, when the days would be full of leisure and the nights long, when Will's new house would be completed and Ruth's brother Richard would be home from college, then she would be his wife.

At the thought, Will's great honest heart swelled with a joy so full that he could find no expression in words; but when was speech necessary between true lovers at such a time? He was far more eloquent than any phrase could have been, when, with a sudden grasp, almost rude in its intensity, he clasped her tighter to his bosom, kissing her again and again in passionate silence.

"Ruth! Ruth!" called an old man's voice from the house vaguely visible beyond the edge of the orchard.

"Yes, papa—coming!" she cried in reply, freeing herself from Will's embrace

"Good-night, darling!" exclaimed the happy young man, pressing a farewell kiss upon her lips.

The next moment little Ruth was sitting away in the direction of the house, while Will was striding across an adjoining field on his way home.

While the foregoing scene was being enacted, another, much less enjoyable to the parties concerned, was in progress at the back of the old farmhouse, which was Ruth's home.

Mr. Arney, her father, a widower, past the prime of life by nearly, if not quite, twenty years, sat smoking his cob-pipe upon the steps of the back-porch overlooking the meadow. Perched upon a horse-block near the steps was Dan Briggs, a sturdy, dark-complexioned chap, who whittled in a destructive, purposeless way upon a piece of wood, chewed tobacco vigorously, and from time to time spat a little Niagara of moccasin juice and saliva at small objects upon the ground two or three yards off, as they seemed eligible for target-practice.

To a person near him, the fact would have been perceptible that Dan Briggs's breath bore the perfume of whisky. Old Mr. Arney observed it, and, not liking it, moved a little further away.

Evening had fallen; daylight was deepening into dusk. Here and there a pioneer of the starry hosts could be seen twinkling in the skies. The cool evening-air was full of sweet aromas from fragrant grass and flowers, drawn forth by the falling dew. A cricket's cheerful chirp rang loudly through the dark room of which the door stood open at the old man's beck, and was answered by a dozen voices in the grass outside. Swallows, in their graceful swoops and wheelings, swiftly darted to and fro. Bats, in eccentric zigzag flight, flitted hither and thither. A myriad of insect-voices—buzzing, murmuring, chirping, singing—made Nature's music, with which the tinkle of distant sheep-bells and the faint, far-off cry of a farmer's-boy calling cattle, seemed to mingle in delicious harmony.

"So you think you can't raise it, do you?" growled Dan, after several minutes of silence.

"I don't see how I can, Dan," responded the old man; "I've tried mighty hard, but tryin' don't seem to do no good."

"Can't you sell that quarter-section of bottom-land down by the mill?"

"What's the use talkin' that way, Dan Briggs? You know as well as I do that land's down. Nobody wants to buy!" was the reply, in rather a testy tone, as Mr. Arney sharply rapped the ashes out of his pipe and proceeded to refill it with tobacco from a loose pocket-full in his jacket. After a few moments' puffing at his relighted consoler, he sent out slowly a long cloud of smoke, passed his hand wearily over his brow, and continued, in a meditative way: "It ain't, by no manner of means, clear to me why them speculators a-smashin' up, and banks a-bustin', and railroads a-dummuxin' around away off in the East should make our land worth less this year than it was last, when there's improvement a-going on all the time and emigrants a-coming here for homes all the time, and everybody got to eat; but it's so, and land won't sell, and grain's down, and the price of wool has fell; and it seems to me as if nothing kept up but debt and interest on it."

Dan contented himself with a grunt by way of reply, whether expressive of assent, or of contempt for the old man's ignorance of the nice balances of actual and fictitious values in the labyrinthine ways of commerce and speculation, did not appear.

"It's a heap of money," sighed Mr. Arney, after another pause.

"Oh, not much!" rejoined Dan, with an accurate shot of tobacco-juice at a withered yellow dahlia in the little strip of flower-garden beside the back-yard fence.

"Not much! Why, it's six hundred dollars!"

"Six hundred and sixty-two."

"Eh? what? How do you make that out?"

"Six hundred for the principal; forty-two, interest; fifteen for searching title; five for making

out mortgage; yes—and one for recording. Six hundred and sixty-three it is."

"Goodness gracious! so it is. But so far as my paying it off when it falls due, it might be six million and sixty-three thousand. I don't even see where I'm to get the money for Dick's next term in college 'bout wheat goes up mightily!"

"What's the use of keeping Dick at college? Why don't you fetch him home and make a farmer of him? Heap better for him!"

"No, Dan; he sha'n't have to toil and sweat and wear his heart out all his life, and be poor still when he gets old, like his father's done, being a farmer. No, my boy shall have as good a chance as the best of them, if I have to go to the poorhouse giving it to him. Dick shall have an education!"

"H'm!" was Dan's grunted commentary, and again there was a brief season of silence, which the old man was the first to break.

"I wonder if Mr. Withers wouldn't extend it?" said he, his mind having reverted to the mortgage again.

"No, he wouldn't."

"Why do you say no? How do you know he wouldn't?"

"He hasn't got it any more—sold it six months ago."

"Sold it! Who to?"

"To me."

"You! Dan Briggs!" ejaculated the old man, dropping his pipe.

"Yes, me. Why not? I happened to have a little money just then to invest, and thought that was a good chance. Now I wish I hadn't."

"Well, I never! But you'll extend it for me, won't you, Dan? Give me time to pay it—just six months! You wouldn't foreclose?"

Dan silently and sullenly shook his head.

"Oh, yes, you will, Dan! I know you will, for you're a friend and can afford to well enough. Come, say yes."

In his eagerness the troubled farmer laid his lean, trembling hand upon Dan's arm and continued, appealingly: "You don't know how sick at heart it makes me, just to think of bein' turned out of house and home in my old age, with poor Dick's education not half-finished, and my little Ruth—they two the last of my children—turned out of the house from which I buried Mary and all the rest of our darlings! Oh, Dan, you wouldn't foreclose on me, I'm sure!"

Dan looked down at him with an air of embarrassed concern, and saw, by the dim light, tear-drops upon the old man's withered cheeks. With a sudden impulse he sprang down from his perch on the block, pocketed his knife, and walked away past the corner of the house. When he came back, a few minutes later, he found Mr. Arney as he had left him, sitting stolidly, his pipe still lying upon the ground. Had any one watched Dan during his brief absence, it would have been seen that he walked straight to a ponderous, shapeless-looking mass of machinery on wheels standing between the house and the barn, and taking a bottle from some mysterious recess in the clumsy pile, applied it for a few moments to his lips. This ceremonial seemed to have nerved him up to the desired point for making a business proposition. Picking up the pipe, and, with a sort of awkward courtesy, handing it and a match to the old man, he re-seated himself upon the horse-block and said, slowly and dubiously: "Well, I dunno but what we might fix it, if every-thing was agreeable."

"Ah, yes, Dan, I knew you would—of course. That's good of you! and I'm sure everything will be agreeable."

"H'm! that depends."

"How so?"

"Well, it's just this way: I want to marry Ruth. She don't seem to take much of a shine to me; but if you'll fix it so she'll have me, I'll make you a present of the mortgage. That's how it is."

"Ah!"

After a brief pause the old man asked, with a sigh: "Was that why you bought the mortgage, Dan?"

The younger man, thus questioned, hesitated for an instant, and then answered frankly, "Yes."

"I don't know how it'll be. I've no doubt you'd make her a good husband—"

"I'm sure I would," interrupted Dan, confidently.

"But you see," continued Mr. Arney, "Will Kent has been around with her a good deal for a while back, and though I don't know exactly, I'm afraid she's got her heart sort of sot on him."

"Will Kent be darned."

"Yes, of course. It's nat'ral for you to say so. I wish she mayn't have. I'd like to get shut of that blamed mortgage, but I tell you, Dan, I'd rather die or go to the poorhouse than force my little Ruth to marry one man if she loved another."

"Well, I've nothing more to say at present. You wanted to talk business, and I've talked it. Now I'm going to bed, for I'll have to be up early to set the machine. You'd better see Ruth, and it'll be time enough to tell me when the thrashing is done, to-morrow night."

Gruffly uttering this as his ultimatum, Dan Briggs entered the house. In a few moments a light shone out from an upper window. He knew where to find his quarters, evidently. Soon the light was extinguished. He had gone to bed.

The old man still remained sitting upon the porch, with his head resting in his hands, lost in reverie. At length he recalled himself, shivered, arose and, going to the end of the house, called "Ruth, Ruth."

This was the summons which the lovers heard in the orchard.

The little maid came tripping lightly to her father, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. Her heart was full of innocent joy and love. Seating her upon the steps beside him, the old man asked in a low tone:

"Ruth, my child, isn't it about time for you to think of getting married?"

Shyly hiding her face upon his shoulder, the girl replied, evasively:

"Why, what a question, papa!"

"But, answer me. Haven't you thought of it?"

"I don't know but what I have," she answered, with an entirely ineffectual pretense of doubt upon the subject.

"To anybody in particular?"

"I suppose so—else why should I?"

"And won't you tell papa who has made you think of it?"

"If he very much wants to know."

"Well, he does. Shall he guess?"

"Yes, please, papa."

"Suppose I say Andy Hauser?"

"Oh! how ridiculous both you and Will are about poor harmless Andy—as if anybody would want to marry such a goose," and she laughed merrily.

"So it isn't Andy. Well, then, suppose I say Dan Briggs?"

"Oh, no, papa, not for the world. He always makes me afraid."

"Afraid! Why?"

"He is so big, and looks so dark, and says so little—only when he gets mad, and then he swears so awfully. Yes, he does, for I heard him when he was here thrashing, last Fall, when the colt kicked him. Besides, he chews plug tobacco, and smells of whisky 'most all the time."

"But, lots of people chew tobacco, and nobody ever saw Dan tight. Besides, he's a fore-handed man—got a thrashin' machine that makes lots of money every Fall, and he's got a good farm well-stocked, and money in the bank."

In his eager enumeration of Dan's claims to consideration, Mr. Arney did not, at first, notice a change in his daughter's attitude. When he did, he stopped abruptly and stared at her. She had drawn herself a little away from him, and, by the light of the rising moon, he saw that she was very

pale, and regarding him with a frightened, anxious expression that went straight to his heart.

"What is the matter, child?" he asked, soothingly.

"Why do you tell me all this, father?" was her response, in a hollow tone of forced composure.

The old man hesitated. He was trying as hard as he could to shut his own eyes to the fact that he was endeavoring to barter away his "dear little Ruth." But the truth would out.

"He has bought Withers's mortgage, and if he chooses to foreclose, in three weeks from now, we may be turned out of house and home."

"Surely, he would not do that?"

"You can prevent it."

"How?"

"By marrying him."

"Oh! I cannot, father—I cannot!" exclaimed Ruth, bursting into tears. The face but a moment since so pale, burned with blushes, and, throwing her arms about her father's neck, she sobbed out, "Will Kent has asked me to be his wife—I love him—and—we are to be married in December."

He did not reply in words, but drawing her closer to him, softly patted her shoulder in a consolatory and affectionate way, while he quietly buried in his own heart all selfish regrets and too well-founded fears of the future.

Early morning found Dan Briggs and his helper at work, almost with the dawn, dismembering and reconstructing the mechanical monster already spoken of as stationed in the yard. They dug a shallow pit for the "master wheel," fixed the "sweeps" in their places, connected the "shaft," rigged up the long "straw-carrier," saw that the toothed "cylinder" was clear, put the "feeding-table" in place, and then sauntered into the house for breakfast. Dan was, as usual, reticent almost to sullenness. He did not seem even to notice Ruth, who blushed red as fire upon first seeing him that morning, and then bridled up in a pretty little offended way, when she saw that he did not even look at her. After breakfast, Dan went out to the barn, and, drawing from its concealment in a corn-bin the bottle which he had removed from the bowels of the thrashing-machine to that new hiding-place, took a big drink—his third that morning.

By this time a number of young men and boys had arrived from neighboring farms to help in the day's work, it being the custom of the country to render mutual assistance upon such occasions. Dan's four stout horses, and as many more of Mr. Arney's, were hitched to the "sweeps." The helper took his station, whip in hand, upon the platform over the "master-wheel." Three merry boys mounted to the top of a tall "stack" of grain near the machine, and threw down a pile of golden sheaves. Others, with pitchforks in their hands, formed a line from the end of the "straw-carrier" to where the straw was to be stacked. One man with a keen knife cut the bands of a half dozen sheaves and piled them upon the "feeding-table," ready for Dan to cram into the yawning mouth of the machine. Mr. Arney and a couple of assistants, armed with a grain-shovel and a great pile of three-bushel bags, stood near the grain-spot. Then the words "Go ahead" were given by Dan, and the horses lazily started. First a buzz, then a hum which rapidly grew into a roar, swelled out from the machine.

The next moment Dan's arms were moving from side to side with the precision of clockwork as the opened sheaves seemed to glide through his hands into the maw of the devouring machine. The golden kernels of grain were pouring forth from the spout; a huge winnow of straw was hurrying up the "carrier" toward the sky; the boys on the stack were shouting with excitement and glee as they tumbled down the sheaves; every one was busy, and over all floated a huge canopy of dust.

For half an hour the work went steadily on. Then a brief halt was called for rest. Dan and his helper

exchanged places—after the former had paid another visit to the bottle in the barn. Again began the busy hum, quickly deepening into a roar, and the work was once more under full headway.

One of the boys found a crooked branch packed in by accident among the sheaves, and carelessly tossed it down. It fell in the circular path which the horses were trampling.

The next moment a young horse got it entangled among his legs, and, in his violent kicking to free himself from it, he managed to get one leg outside the traces.

Dan, seeing the accident, sprang down from his platform between the sweeps, thinking to move around with them, and get the animal in his proper place without stopping the machine. But either the man's foot slipped, or the liquor he had drank made him careless.

A tumbling coupling on the shaft caught his pantaloon, hurling him to the ground, and rapidly winding him up on the rapidly turning bar of iron. He retained sufficient presence of mind to shout at his horses, and they, fortunately recognizing his voice, instantly stopped.

When Dan was freed from the shaft, his left leg was found to be broken. They carried him into the house and put him to bed. The agony of being moved made him turn pale, and great beads of cold perspiration stood upon his brow, but not a groan or complaint escaped him. He simply ground his teeth, and suffered in silence.

But when the doctor came, and, after pulling, and twisting, and squeezing the injured member, chirpily remarked, with an air of satisfaction, "Yes, leg broken in two places—comminuted fracture," then the long word proved too much for the suffering sinner's patience, and he sulkily growled between his teeth, "Comminuted damnation!"

Leaving the doctor and Ruth to care for poor Dan, the others went back to their work. All the rest of that day, and the succeeding one, the roar of the thrashing-machine continued. Then Dan's helper went off somewhere to fill an engagement with another farmer, taking the noisy monster along, and leaving his employer behind to be cared for in the Arney farmhouse.

Those Autumn days seemed very long to the sufferer as he lay in one tiresome posture, waiting for his broken bones to grow together again. In through his open window floated rich, fruity perfumes from the adjacent orchard, and sweet odors from the honeysuckles still blooming on the wall. Birds caroled matin and vesper songs in the boughs that shaded the casement, little more than an arm's length from him, and all the day great lazy bumblebees buzzed in and out between the sunshine and the shade.

But these gentle influences of nature were slow in affecting Dan. He hated inaction, and was very restless. The doctor had forbidden his whisky; he did not care much for reading; nobody had time to keep him company except in the evenings; his leg was strapped in what he termed "an infernal feed-trough," which prevented his lying in any other position than flat upon his back; and altogether it may readily be understood that this was for him a troublesome season.

Still, no one heard him swear. He waited until he was alone for that relief to his feelings; but it would have required a verylachrymose recording angel to blot out with tears the savage curses which he whispered softly to himself in his hours of solitude during the first fortnight of his confinement. After that he got into new habits. He listened to the birds and the bees, and began to think better and gentler thoughts than had for many years occurred to him.

When he substituted philosophy for profanity, as he finally did, even when alone, he found quite as good a "safety-valve," and wondered why the idea of using it never occurred to him before. But Dan was naturally reticent, and none of those about him

had any idea that he was actually undergoing a change of heart.

Gradually evening's shades fell earlier and earlier, later and yet later the sun crawled up from the eastern horizon, and colder grew the air. Then a rime of hoar-frost whitened the earth at early dawn, and each blast of the rude winds tore down the Autumn-tinted, leafy glory of the trees. The sweetest feathered songsters hied away to warmer climes, and the bees droned no more among the barren honeysuckle vines. December was nigh at hand.

Motives of mingled delicacy and fear had restrained Mr. Arney from making any reference to the dreaded mortgage—long since fallen due—and for reasons of his own Dan Briggs was equally silent. But an explanation had to come some time, and finally Dan himself brought it on.

Sitting in an easy-chair beside the fire in his room one evening, listening to a monotonous ripple of farm-talk and local gossip from Mr. Arney—to which he paid very little attention—the fit occasion seemed to him to have arrived, and he bluntly interrupted the harmless gabble:

"I suppose you remember a talk we had the night afore I was hurt, don't you?"

"Y—y—yes," stammered the old man, with an ill-concealed shudder of anticipation.

"Well?"

"Well."

"You were to speak to Ruth. Did you?"

"Yes; but she didn't somehow seem to kind of take to the notion, so to speak."

"She refused, eh?"

"I'm rather afraid, Dan, that that was the general sense of what she seemed to think—at the time."

"In love with somebody else, I suppose?"

"There did appear to be something of the sort, Dan; and you know I told you I couldn't force my little Ruth to go dead against her feelings on a thing like that."

"That's for you to say—not me. I made you a square proposition. The mortgage is over-due, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know," sighed the old man, in a tremulous way, as he passed a quivering hand across his wrinkled brow; "but you wouldn't foreclose on me so sudden-like, would you, Dan? I'm sure I did the best I could."

"Maybe you didn't talk to her right."

"Ah! you don't know how it is, my boy. There's no use talking to a girl when her heart is set on anything."

"Well, let me try. Call her up."

"Now, what's the use, Dan? 'Twon't do no good."

"Call her up."

Mr. Arney, shaking his head in feeble protest against what he deemed a useless proceeding, nevertheless did as he was bidden, and in a few moments Ruth glided into the room.

She seemed to know instinctively that there would be trouble in the interview, for she blushed, and nervously fingered her apron as she took the seat pushed toward her by the occupant of the easy-chair.

"Miss Ruth," said he, "your father and I have been talking some business, but we don't seem to hitch, so I've sent for you to see if you can't straighten us out."

He waited a few moments for some reply from her, but she only turned pale and looked down, seeing which he went on:

"I hold a mortgage—over-due now—on your father's farm, and he can't pay it off. I say to him, 'Give me Ruth as my wife, and we'll call it square.' I know it looks sort of like buying a wife—it's more that way to me now than when I offered the trade—but I meant it well. You see, I'm no hand at courting and soft talk, and it seemed to me as if that was a good, straight business way. Now, how does it look to you?"

"Oh, Mr. Briggs—if you please—I'm very sorry—but I can't. Oh, no, indeed I can't," whimpered Ruth, with great difficulty restraining her tears.

"There, there. Don't cry, my girl. I don't mean you any harm," urged Dan, soothingly. "Just hear me through. If I could talk like some chaps, I'd tell you that much as I loved you before, I've loved you ten thousand times more since I've been lying sick here, and had a chance to see how kind and gentle and helpful you were. Why, my heart was hungry for the sight of you every minute you were away from me."

Ruth would have risen from her seat and fled to hide her blushes had he not put forth his strong right hand and detained her.

"Sit down a little, Ruth. I'm most done. But I want to tell you yet that after a while I got to love you so much that I could think of what would make you happiest, instead of just what I wanted, and that is a love that will never fade. It will last me all my life. See here, old man, do you recognize that?"

Mr. Arney put on his spectacles, and peered at the document which Dan drew from his pocket and offered for inspection.

"Yes, Dan," he assented, with a sigh. "It's the mortgage."

Without another word, the younger man leaned forward and laid the paper among the flames in the great open fire-place.

Both Mr. Arney and Ruth uttered exclamations of surprise as the mortgage curled, blazed and shriveled to ashes; but Dan smiled and said:

"There, Ruth, I chip that in toward your marriage with the man you do love, and all I ask is that, if you can dance with a fellow who chews plug-tobacco, and used to smell of whisky most all the time, and swears so awfully, you will stand up with me for the first set on your wedding-night. And remember this, love—for your has made me a better man, and if ever you or yours want a true friend, while I am alive, don't forget that your best bower is big, dark Dan Briggs."

"Oh, Mr. Briggs, you must have heard all the foolish things I said that night!"

"I'm afraid I did hear you, for my window was open right over you and I was awake and couldn't help it. But I don't know now as you said anything that wasn't true, though I did think it a little rough on me at the time."

Of course the old man thanked Dan, and shook his hand, and laughed and cried for very joy, while little Ruth, in an outburst of gratitude and happiness, actually kissed the big fellow—an event which he declared would make him happy as long as he lived.

But, then, the reader can easily imagine, if he or she chooses to do so, all about that, as also all the particulars of the very jolly wedding in December, when Dick had come home, and Ruth redeemed her promise of a dance with the man who loved her well enough to wish her joy in marrying another.

The story-teller has done enough, if his homely narrative of rural romance has afforded an illustration of unselfish, generous love.

A Tiger Hunt in Cochin China.

WHILE spending some months at Saigon as a convalescent, in 1885, having injured myself severely in Upper Cambodia, I made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Mourin d'Arfeuille, of the French Navy, then Commandant of the Circle of Baris, in the province of Bienhoa, or French Cochin China.

He was a hunter of the most ardent temper, and could boast of having bagged five or six tigers and a couple of elephants in his excursions through his circle.

When he burst into my room like a bombshell one morning and proposed that I should go with him to

Baria, for which he was bound in all haste, and then join him in a hunt to rid his circle of an immense tiger that was ravaging the country, I jumped at the opportunity.

Admiral de la Grandière, Governor of Cochin China, had just informed him that the courier of the post had been carried off by the fierce creature, making five victims within a month. "The tigers seem to know, lieutenant," said he, "when you are absent on leave, for they keep very quiet when you are at your post. So you must be off at once, and do not forget to send this tiger-skin to Madame de la Grandière."

"You see," said the lieutenant, "I must oblige the lady, and you must join me. The mountain-air and the exercise will do you good; it is a new part of the country for you. It is settled, is it not, you will go?"

"I was only too eager, but I was still in the doctor's hands."

"My dear commandant, you must let me consult Doctor Demay before I can give a positive answer."

"All right," he replied; "I am certain he will raise no objection, and when I get you to Baria I will give you an agreeable surprise."

"You wish to stimulate my curiosity, I see; but I warn you it is all in vain."

"You think so, colonel? Well! If I told you that Lieutenant Duplex is at Baria, in command of the Spahis, we mess together, and he has often talked to me of your adventurous life, and deeds as creditable as heroic! What do you say to that?"

"I say, dear D'Arfeuille, that my good friend Duplex is a babbler, and his friendship for me has swelled ordinary matters into deeds of high enterprise; but for all that, I shall be delighted to see him again."

We soon after started in a native boat for his post.

Midway we encountered one of those sudden storms so common in Further India. But in half an hour the sun came out like a thirsty gormand eager to drink up the drops that were falling in long cascades of brilliant pearls from leaf to leaf of the aromatic trees of the tropics. With one wide beam he lapped up the water from the surface of the earth, so that in half an hour it was as dry as ever. Fortunately the wind was in our favor, and we were able to sail on rapidly, making six knots an hour, so that at nine in the evening we reached our destination.

We were received by a crowd of natives, who, talking all at once, told us that the *koukap* (tiger) had carried off the courier, as we already knew, and since then an Annamite woman, raising the number of victims to six human beings, without counting cattle.

D'Arfeuille encouraged them, telling them that he had come on purpose to kill the brute, and we then made our way to the quarters, escorted by these good people, some of them lighting our way by torches of resinous wood, others carrying our baggage.

In half an hour we were installed. Duplex was there to welcome us. I had not seen him for two years, and he was just back from a leave of absence in France.

Next morning at seven I was awakened by the lieutenant's gong, sounded to call in all the chief men of the neighboring Annamite villages to concert measures for a general *battue* to finish the tiger.

When the council broke up, I learned that a number of brave and steady Annamites had set out to find the tiger's trail and follow it to its lair, so as to ascertain its age, and its times of sleeping and of prowling.

The details of the courier's fate were now related to us. Dispatches from Saigon were still sent by the system of couriers on foot, common throughout Indo-China. A courier starts from Saigon at full speed with a locked tin box containing dispatches,

the box of each circle having a lock and key of its own. This box was carried on the back by means of a strap. Each courier ran a mile, and then handed his box to another, whom he found ready, who took it and started off at a run till he reached the next courier, and so it was kept up till the designated post was reached. It was one of these poor fellows who was flying by that the tiger had pounced upon.

The day was spent in preparations of all kinds. I saw nothing of D'Arfeuille till night set in; then he made his appearance, with every mark of satisfaction.

"Ah!" he cried; "I've got the tiger!"

"You have not killed it?" exclaimed Duplex and I in a breath.

"No, not yet; but I have found out how to capture it, for I must tell you that I do not wish to kill it, but to capture it alive. You know, D'Abain, that, before we started, the admiral rather quizzed me on the tiger question, and asked me in a bantering way for this fellow's skin for Madame de la Grandière?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am bent on taking it alive."

"How do you expect to do it?"

"In a net."

"In a net?" we both echoed.

"Yes, gentlemen, in a net. It is an idea of Thao, who assures me that it is customary to do so in Moys, a wild, woody, mountainous part of the country. I must tell you that Thao is an old Annamite, long resident here, and a famous hunter, and he has been for more than four years in my service. When I told him how I should like to catch the fellow alive, Thao told me that it was not impossible to take it in a net. He knew where to find one, and he started off to get it. As he has been gone some four hours, we may look for him any minute."

"But, honor bright, D'Arfeuille, is not this all a joke, taking tigers in nets like butterflies?" said I.

"I am not joking, I tell you, and Thao will soon be here to convince you."

D'Arfeuille was a six-footer of giant strength, though as timid as a shy schoolgirl in a parlor. In a small circle of friends he talked more freely; but in danger, his real character was shown, and he rushed on with calm brovery. Thanks to a solid education, his judgment was sound. He was loved and venerated in the province, and his subordinates regarded him more as a father than a governor.

During supper Thao came in to report that he had not found what he had gone for, but that, if the commandant would permit, he would turn us out a couple of new nets, asking for the skins of two elephants which D'Arfeuille had killed some six months previously. The commandant, bent on taking his tiger in a net, gave the permission. In fact, I believe he would have sacrificed then and there all the skins he had taken, or expected to take, in order to get the necessary Thao nets.

Our native hunter went off in high glee. He was the commandant's chief huntsman, or *Shékarry*, all details of hunts being left to him, and Thao always fulfilled his duties to the entire satisfaction of his master, who never failed to reward him liberally. The reader will easily infer that Thao was devoted heart and soul to the commandant. During the latter's absence, and before the tiger's depredations, the Annamites had called on Thao, who was highly esteemed, to lead a general hunt and kill the tiger; but Thao's answer was, "Captain 4-Stripes not here, me not kill *koukap*."

The Annamites "captain" everybody. A common soldier is Captain No-stripe; a sub-lieutenant, Captain 1-Stripe, and so up to the admiral in command, who is Captain 10-Stripes. Even a wine-dealer is Captain Chem Choum, and an apothecary, Captain Ta bah (medicine).

When we arrived, D'Arfeuille promised Thao a hundred francs in gold—a small fortune for the

place—if he succeeded in taking the tiger alive by his net plan, and he was working for it, as we say, like a tiger. The next day he came in to tell us that the man-eater had been seen five miles from Bienhoa; that he had followed the trail, but found the country unsuited for netting. So we began to drive him by gunshots toward a dense wood at the foot of a mountain near the Moys of Baria. According to our Shekarry, all would be ready in two days; his nets were getting on finely, and would be ready by that time. It was now Wednesday, and Saturday was set for the hunt. Thao left us, refusing offers made by Captain 2-Stripes (Dupleix) and Captain Klete (Sick) as he styled me. I had left my uniform at Saigon, and wore simply the usual blue flannel costume of Cochin China, with a white flannel cloak, so our Shekarry simplified matters by calling me Sick Captain.

The two days were taken up in our preparations, while from time to time reports came in of the movements of our tiger.

On Friday morning, Thao exhibited two splendid nets made of elephant-hide in strips. Each net was about five yards high and six broad. The meshes were lozenges, about a foot high and eight inches broad. Thao assured us that no tiger could break, tear or bite through these meshes. We began to put some faith in the system after testing the strength of the net and trying to strain or break a mesh. Thao was in ecstasies. We now anticipated the most complete success.

D'Arfeuille gave the general orders for the hunt. A hundred Annamites, with tamtams or some vessel to take its place, beating them and shouting, were to go ahead, encircle the man-eater's lair, and drive it toward the nets. Thao followed. Then came two hundred and fifty Mathas, or native troops, under their officers, to protect the tamtam-men, and in the meantime help them by shouts and volleys of musketry. Next were thirty mounted Spahis under Dupleix, ready to serve where needed. D'Arfeuille, also mounted, followed, surrounded by thirty Phous, or village mayors. Captain Sick, mounted on an elephant, came last, as a mere spectator, to see the fun. We numbered at least three hundred for our tiger-net hunt.

During the night the town was in commotion. We took a turn around. Thao and his men were going through the huts, making a requisition for tamtams or any dish or kettle that could be beaten, some, alas! to come back pretty well banged up. No one thought of that. The articles came readily out, each taking care to mark his own. It was going to serve against the tiger. D'Arfeuille's establishment was ransacked like the rest, and gave five, which made up the hundred.

At two in the morning all was still, and the village slept in peace. At seven, all the hunters were assembled at the barracks, and presented a fine spectacle, the European dresses mingling with the quaint styles of the East. I mounted D'Arfeuille's elephant with John, my orderly, behind me, holding my rifle, and we started to capture the King of the Jungles.

About half-way, the tamtam-men and the Mathas left us, and took another route that was to lead them behind the tiger's lair. The man-eater had spent the night just where Thao had planned and wished.

The heat was not very great, as it had rained from three to six; the ground was still damp, and helped us by not giving our scent to the brute.

We reached the foot of the mountain after marching about an hour. There, amid the vast clearing, ran out a wood of cocoas and palms, in which we saw jungles and undergrowth. We had reached our destination and found the place well chosen. Our guides showed us, on our left, the two nets skillfully stretched between trees, and just above the undergrowth, which here often was twelve or fifteen feet.

As the tiger came bounding on, he was to be drawn in this direction, and would thus in one of

his leaps plunge headforemost into the net, which, in the dense darkness, he would not perceive till too late. The weight of his body would tighten the meshes, and he would be thus suspended in the air like a spider in its net. We waited in silence, keeping far enough away not to divert the animal.

An anxious half-hour passed.

Then we heard the cries of the startled peacocks as they rose screaming, followed by an infernal clamor mingled with sharp cries, tamtam and firing, to which my elephant responded by a stunning trumpeting, which gradually died away as my driver stilled him by a few words of command.

The decisive moment was at hand. D'Arfeuille motioned to me to be on the alert; I cocked my rifle as he did. The din drew nearer, and our anxiety became intense. Soon the horses began to tremble and paw the ground. My elephant stretched out his trunk toward the net—the tiger was surely coming. Suddenly a terrible and alarming mewling resounded near us. I felt something spring on my back. I turned instantly; it was my wretched attendant, quivering with fear, and crying: "Oh! sir, the tiger! the tiger! We're done for." I made the fellow get back and stop choking me, as he was doing in his fright.

Exultant cries had now followed the infernal din, and I told my elephant-driver to advance a little. Then I beheld an enormous tiger poised in the air, his head and four paws caught in the net. His position was a curious one, indeed; every struggle that he made with his powerful limbs only tightened the mesh around his neck. I believe surprise at finding himself arrested in mid-air had drawn from him his cry of anger, rather than any actual pain. But be that as it may, we had him fast.

D'Arfeuille was in ecstasies. He fired his rifle three times, the capture signal, and then we waited for Thao, who was to perform the delicate task of getting our prey down. I told John to fire as well, which he did at last, when he had convinced his cowardly heart that the tiger could not get at him.

Thao came up with his men and the Mathas, and was delighted to see his terrible enemy caught.

We had now to get down the net. This was at once a critical and dangerous operation, for a single slip might let the monster loose, and God knows what the consequences would have been. Master Thao undertook this, and accomplished it without an accident. The two lower edges of the net were first loosed and brought up over the animal, which was thus completely enveloped; it was then lowered till about six feet from the ground. Then a long wagon, prepared for the occasion, was pushed under. It had a stout wooden wall at each end eight feet high, and these were connected by a cross-timber. The wagon was in all fifteen feet long.

What was left of the net was once more wound around our captive and the net let down, the ends secured carefully to the end-walls. The tiger hung in the middle, swaying to and fro with the jolts of the wagon, like a mandarin making his visits in his hammock. The *piquesars* marched ahead, singing and dancing to the music of their extemporized tamtams, and you can well conceive what charming music that was. Behind the wagon came D'Arfeuille and the mayor of the village, then the Spahis—the company of Mathas forming an escort in single file on each side—while I brought up the rear on my elephant.

Not far from the village, the whole population poured out to meet us. It is impossible to describe the exultant shouts, the imprecations, heaped on the tiger. I leave that to the reader's imagination. An hour later the vast assemblage was gathered in the Government Square. A courier was at once dispatched to Saigon, and we retired to rest. All went safe and sound; not an accident had marred our success. After the siesta we visited our captive. He was one of the finest tigers I ever saw—eight feet long by five high. The

admiral sent a strong cage, with stout iron bars, from Saigon, and a week later D'Arfeuille and I accompanied the tiger to that capital.

Madame de la Grandière presented it to the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Saigon, and it is probably still there. Beside the cage is the inscription:

"Here lie, in the body of this tiger, six Annamites. He was taken in a net at Baria, and presented to Madame de la Grandière by M. Mourin d'Arfeuille, Lieutenant in the Navy and Commandant of the Circle of Baria; and was presented by that lady to the Jardin d'Acclimatation of this city in 1865."



A TIGER HUNT IN COCHIN-CHINA.



LOVE VERSUS SPIRITUALISM.—“‘RACHEL! LITTLE RAY!’ SHE SHIVERED AWAY FROM HIM, AND WAVERED TO HER FEET WITH A STARTLED, UNCERTAIN MOVEMENT.”

Love versus Spiritualism.

PAUL WINWOOD, aged thirty-five, a man of wealth, of leisure, handsome, refined, scholarly, a gentleman in every sense of the word, yet that most inveterate hater of all womankind—a disappointed man. That is his summing-up in a dozen words.

Fifteen years before, coming, a stranger, into the wealthy little town of Hetherbridge, Winwood had purchased the old “Govenour Place,” the “show” estate of the town, then for sale by a parcel of quarrelsome heirs, and repaired, added to and magnificently furnished the old mansion-house for the reception of a bride.

There was a sad story hidden somewhere, for the expected bride never came, and in a single day the bright, cheery, genial nature of the expectant bridegroom settled into the stern, impenetrable, gloomy reserve which ever after had characterized the habitual recluse.

He withdrew from all society, shutting himself persistently within the gates of his luxuriant though solitary home. He held only business communication with the outside world; he admitted no visitors,

and was only on exceedingly rare occasions seen outside his own grounds.

Since that day—it had been handed down in the legendary lore of the town-folk—he had never spoken to a woman. In fact, he carried his antipathy to such an extent as to employ only male servants in his household, and from dishwasher to chamberman there wasn't a petticoat allowed about the place.

It was further related that on one occasion, when a group of wild girls, on the strength of a wager, walked boldly into the grounds of the wealthy bachelor, he sent out the “chef” of his domestic force, invited them to a beautiful little summer-house, where they were served with the most delicate and costly of refreshments, and on their departure loaded with armfuls of rare hothouse flowers; but the next day the summer-house was demolished, and workmen sent for to put up a high plank fence, with double-barred gates to match, on three sides of the grounds, the fourth being protected already by an impassible hedge. He was subjected to no further intrusion after that.

Additional report had, and truly, set the handsome recluse of Hetherbridge—who regularly paid

for a pew in an orthodox church, but never occupied it—down for a liberalist and free-thinker: that most advanced of free-thinkers, a Spiritualist. So much for introductory.

Paul Winwood, bachelor, comfortably ensconced in his favorite armchair in his favorite retreat, the smoking-room, lastly puffed at a prime Havana, and read "Andrew Jackson Davis." Through the open window drifted the incense of June roses, and one tardy bee, late on the wing, buzzed slowly past, freighted with stolen sweets. In softly curtaining folds twilight came slowly down.

He closed the book, leaned back in his chair, and dreamily watched the curling wreaths of smoke as they wound upward from the ash of his cigar. The half-light lent a marvelous youthful softness to the clear-cut outline of his pale, patrician face.

"Tending upward, always upward, beautiful, shadowy, indistinct, yet real, truthfully real, and almost—tangible!" he murmured to himself.

There was a pause—a low and almost painful sigh.

"The growing darkness hides them; but we know, we know that they are yet there, beautiful, shadowy, real as ever, if only the mists could be lifted, or our vision cleared. Thus it is with those who have passed beyond—only a veil separates the finite from the infinite. There are shadowy forms always about us, bending over us, lulling voices murmuring in our ears, soft hands soothing us with tender contact; and sometimes the dark curtain parts a little, and we see as well feel them."

Again he paused, sinking into silent reverie. There was no sound but the chirping of a cricket underneath the window-ledge, and once, the soft complaining of a startled bird, roused by the flash of a fire-fly's lantern glancing past her perch. An hour passed, and he had scarcely moved. There came tolling from the old church-tower the hour of ten. It brought him to himself again; he passed his hand over his forehead with a sigh.

There was the faintest rustle in the darkness—it might have been the folds of the curtain stirred by a breeze—and the echo of his sigh sounded close beside him. The man started upright in his chair.

"Who's there?"

There was no answer. He peered around into the darkened corner of the room, and, apparently reassured, resumed his former position.

"What a current of magnetism!" he muttered, presently. "If I were mediumistic I should say—"

Again that faint, low sigh, scarce more than a breath; then a sensation, as though a strong current of cool air—very different from the warm night-wind—swept suddenly past him.

His voice broke into a sort of smothered ecstasy.

"It is—it is—I feel it! I have waited and hoped so long, but felt that it was all in vain. Now, oh, guardian hand, strengthen my spiritual sight!"

As if in answer to his invocation, came for the third time that sigh, which seemed now more of pleasure than of pain, and from the furthest corner of the room, toward which some instinctive mind-warning appeared to direct his gaze, there seemed to gather a whiteness, which grew, and advanced, and took to itself human shape. A moment, the outline was perfect, then it gradually glimmered out and disappeared, leaving only the blackness visible; directly following came from an adjoining room the sound of swift fingers run lightly over the keys of the piano.

With a deep, full respiration, Paul Winwood sprang to his feet. Hastily lighting a gas-jet, he turned on the full blaze; in an instant the room was as light as day. One keen glance around, and, with a lighted taper in his hand, he advanced into the apartment adjoining.

The piano stood open. He was confident that it had been closed for at least a week, since he permitted no hand besides his own to touch the instrument.

Turning up a second jet, he searched carefully

every available place of concealment, even parting the curtains and peering out into the dusk beyond; he still saw—nothing. The mysterious visitant, be it spiritual or material, had left not the shadow of a trace behind.

Could he doubt the evidence of his own senses? His mind ran rapidly over the possibilities; there was no avenue of approach to the grounds that was not strictly guarded. It was contrary to his orders to admit any one inside the gates without his previous knowledge and permission.

His servants were old, trustworthy, and above reproach, and surely no one of his own household would dare make him the victim of a hoax.

To most thoroughly convince himself, however, the master returned to his smoking-room, rang the bell, and one after another called up and questioned every servant in his employ.

No one had gone out or been admitted through the gates that day. Each gave a satisfactory account of himself, which one or more of his fellow-servants stood ready to vouch for the truthfulness of. It was therefore impossible to suspect so unusual an occurrence as the result of déception or double-dealing on the part of his dependents.

Dismissing the subject once for all, Winwood retired that night under the firm conviction that he had been face to face with an inhabitant of a higher sphere; and Paul Winwood, bachelor, was a man of that indomitable, unchangeable will that, having once settled it in his own mind, and, in accordance with his belief, that the night's demonstrations had been purely spiritual, there was nothing short of a miracle which could have now convinced him to the contrary. Others claimed to have received these visitations; why not he?

His pillow was one of meditation rather than repose.

"Perhaps," mused he, "this sudden and unlooked-for appearance is but the natural development of the inner or clairvoyant sight. Should this be so, to-night is but the beginning—the foreshadowing, as it were, of what is to come. It is very probable that my solitary and meditative mode of life conduces to a harmonious state of conditions, such as can be readily seized and wrought upon by these silent forces. Ah! I shall yet have glorious proofs of the truth of our belief in the power of those gone before to revisit earth again, taking up the familiar semblance of the old mortal body."

Thus pondering, Paul Winwood fell asleep, confident that there had fallen upon him the mantle of prophecy: in common parlance that he had become that fervent desire of all true Spiritualists—a medium.

For three evenings succeeding that, to him, memorable one we have just described, Winwood watched, waited and hoped, sitting in darkness late into the night, listening, but in vain, for the rustle of angel wings.

Eye and ear were alike doomed to disappointment—nothing came. Yet he did not ask himself, as another might have done, "Was it not all a fancy—a delusive freak of the imagination?" He held firmly to his faith, invoking the support of the Supreme Intelligence.

Late into the fourth evening his watch was suddenly broken by the approach of that frigid current suggestive of the charnel-house, and generally believed to herald the coming of visible or invisible spirits.

The sensation was very nearly that of the draft from a huge fan. It passed by, and directly came a faint tapping from the reading-stand, on which stood his drop-light, and, as he remembered a moment later, a volume and a pencil, with which he had been making marginal notes.

He addressed himself to the sound.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, visitant from the unseen!" he exclaimed, earnestly. "Are you one whom I have known in earth-life? What message bring you from the Beyond?"

In answer came a second time the timid tapping, followed by a scratching sound as of pencil traveling upon paper, then a loud knock, and all was still.

Tremulous with excitement, Paul Winwood possessed himself quickly of a light, and bent over the reading-stand; a scrap of blank paper which had marked his page lay uppermost upon the open book, and there were now traced upon it several lines in a delicate though somewhat uncertain chirography. With pale, wrought features, he deciphered it as follows:

"Conquer your anxiety—be passive—don't concentrate your mind. Patience, and help us to be strong. I am the guardian of your band. Put out the light."

Even with this proof in his hand, it seemed so strange, so almost incredible, he could not resist one keen, penetrating glance around him. There was nothing human in sight! Out went the light, and the gentleman resumed his chair. In accordance with the usual custom of séance-holders, he began, in a fine baritone, one of "Herbert's" sacred songs.

Several quick taps expressed the satisfaction of the unseen band. As he continued singing, his eyes fastened intently upon the darkness before him. A luminous ball, seemingly detached from inkly space, appeared gliding slowly through the air with a will-o'-the-wisp movement, approaching, eluding, gracefully rising and falling, going totally out for an instant and rapidly reappearing; at the last, so near his countenance, that Winwood involuntarily shrunk away with a startled exclamation. It was seen no more.

After a short pause, the pencil was again heard scratching its way through a message; three quick taps, and silence. This time the writing was on the margin of the book.

"Conditions are very harmonious to-night. Will try and materialize. Turn the gas low in the next room. Play on your violin, 'Home, Sweet Home.' Don't come too near. Wait here until you get the signal."

As he turned to accomplish the unseen monitor's bidding, Paul Winwood felt with a thrill of exaltation that the air was peopled all around him; it seemed to his excited imagination that the rooms were full of disembodied, spiritual essences.

He lighted the gas, and turned it down to a soft, twilight glimmer; with trembling hands he drew a valuable Cremona from its rosewood case, and, retreating to the further apartment, drew the bow across the strings with a skillful touch. He ran over a little prelude, and then there stole out in charmed strains upon the still night-air the opening bars of the familiar melody.

Presently there chimed in with low but harmonious unison a perfect chord from the piano; and straightway there joined in a soft accompaniment to the air he was playing. Caressing with his cheek the violin, without a pause in the melody, he walked slowly and steadily to the intervening doorway.

Still playing, betraying outwardly no emotion, save one false note that inadvertently escaped him as he reached the threshold, he stood there looking upon—what?

It was a female figure wrapped in some white, mist-like vesture that swept around her form in full, flowing folds. Hair, dark as night, hung rippling underneath her fleecy veil far below her waist. The profile turned toward him was strikingly beautiful, full of character, of spirituality, and sweetness.

The man's face grew pallid in the half-light to his very lips; still he played on, his notes resting as it were upon that undercurrent of chord-melody; she with no movement beyond the gliding fingers; until at last, dashing his bow across the string, which echoed like a cry of pain, he threw out his arms with a passionate wail:

"Rachel! Little Ray!"

She shivered away from him, and wavered to her feet with a startled, uncertain movement, paused an instant, upright, tall, slender and *spirituelle*; then, half bent toward him with a willowy grace, smiling, extending one hand as if to draw him to her, the other pointing, with extended index finger, upward.

The lights flared as a breath from the open window reached them. Paul Winwood drew one hand across his eyes as though to clear his vision; in that instant the apparition vanished.

He stared wildly about, still ghastly pale, and sank down weakly in a chair.

"And she is dead—my God!"

There was a jar from the violin as it slipped to the carpeted floor. He bowed his face in his hands, and for a full hour never moved. The lights flickered in the breeze that waved the lace folds of the window drapery to and fro, and from out the dusky corners fitful shadows peered, then ventured out to dart and play upon the walls; but he never heeded. The very silence grew oppressive.

The moment came, however, when, with a sigh that was almost a groan, he unbent his attitude, rose, and tottered rather than walked back into the room he had left. There he lit a waxen taper that stood in a heavy silver candlestick, lifted it in his hand, and, without one backward glance, moved to an outer door.

In the long corridor he came face to face with an old servant.

"Savin' marcies! Wha'-wha' all yer, Mass' Winwood? Yer lookin' powerful bad. Is—the—geimplum gone!"

Winwood looked down sharply on the menial.

"Gentleman—what gentleman? Has there been any one here to-night?"

"Why—I tought, Mass' Paul—I heard—two of ye playin' de music in dere!" stammered the negro.

"There has been no gentleman with me," returned Winwood, sternly. "Keep your ears to yourself in future, and understand me, none of your gossip in the servants' hall down-stairs."

With evident consternation, the man watched his master as he ascended the staircase, stopping before a door half-way down the upper corridor.

"Fore hebben!" he muttered. "Ef he ain't goin' in dat room fur de fust time dese four years! No geimplum here to-night, an' he can't play bofe—yet Mass' Winwood nebbler lie. De bery ole debbel is in de house dis las' week, I do befebbe; twice de ghose walk, an' now he, lookin' like a libben dead man. Fore de Lor', b'lebe he's got his warnin'!" and with a gloomy shake of his pepper-and-salt wool, old Harris hobbled down-stairs, still muttering to himself.

And Paul Winwood? With dead-white face he let himself into the chamber he had thought never to enter until he should be carried there on his dying day.

Like the rest of the house, it was luxuriously furnished, and though shunned by the master, yet by the master's orders always kept in the perfection of neatness and order, as though continually in waiting for an occupant who never came.

At a glance the apartment told its own story; it had been fitted up for a nuptial chamber. There was the massive, high-canopied bed, with coverlet of white quilted satin and sweeping curtains of satin fringed with gold; white satin and flim-lace at the windows; the velvet carpet—its pure white groundwork set with arabesques of gold color; chairs and ottomans cushioned with white overshot with gold; and delicate and costly toilet furnishings—fine cut-glass and marvelously decorated china in unison with the prevailing hues. Over the marble mantel hung two portraits in massive gilded frames. One was of the master—the blonde face younger, less careworn, but unmistakably that of the master; the other hung turned to the wall.

Paul Winwood closed the door, his look wandering slowly from one object to another, the look of brooding pain deepening in his heavy-lidded eyes, a

painful quiver lurking about the lines of the sensitive mouth. Then, in a dazed kind of a way he went forward to the mantel, set down the candlestick, and, with nervous hand, turned the hidden face from the wall.

Young and girlish features looked out at him from the clear ivory background—a bright, dark, spirited face, with smiling mouth and mirthful eyes shaded by bands of dark hair; each tint and shade perfect and lifelike as life itself.

He leaned both arms upon the mantel and looked at it long and steadily.

"Rachel, Rachel," he murmured, fervently; "my Rachel, I forgive you! Bless you for coming to me to-night!"

He did not turn the portrait to the wall again, but left it hanging beside his own, took the candlestick and went down-stairs, moving as if in a dream.

Some impulse led him back to the reading-stand in his smoking-room; almost mechanically he took up the written communication that night received. Now, the lines were crossed in straggling though positive characters:

"No—no—no—not Rachel. BRUNA."

Not Rachel? In the dim, uncertain light the illusion had been perfect; the same clear-cut profile, dark wavy hair and smiling eyes, the same slender, willowy grace; yet it was not Rachel? How his brain whirled! Giddy and sick, he reeled backward and sank into his armchair; then, for the second time in his life, the strong man fainted dead away.

So old Harris found him, long past the hour of retiring.

"It's de old debbel, sho!" was the old man's muttered exclamation. "Seen dat ghose not two hour ago flutterin' down the lime-walk! It's de call, fo' martin! Pore Mass' Paul!"

With a tender, superstitious reverence, the faithful old fellow applied the usual restoratives and got his master away to bed.

"Lor' ye're under de wedder, Mass' Paul. Been powerful sudry dese tree days! 'Spect likely some blue-mass would chirk ye up wonderful!" was Harris's parting suggestion; but, outside the door, the whites of his eyes rolled up in ominous foreboding as he muttered under his breath: "No use aggerawaytin' him by sayin' I know anything 'bout it! Allers was tetchy 'bout keepin' his own affairs!"

Not Rachel! and he had been so sure she must—she surely would—come again!

For the next three days there was good reason for all old Harris's solicitude; he lost flesh and color, spent restless days and sleepless nights, went about continually muttering to himself, and—it was this last straw that broke the camel's back—"never noticed no mo' what he put into his mouf 'an' as ef it was so much sticks an' grabbel!"

By the third night—just one week, to a day, from the first visitation—Paul Winwood had worked himself up into a state verging on insanity. There was a wild, restless glitter in his eye, his forehead was flushed, the veins at either temple swollen and distended, his pulse beat madly, and his face, drawn and haggard, looked aged ten years in those few days. He lay back in his chair by the open window, his eyes turned toward the moon, which had risen at her full; the bright, mellow light bringing out every object as clear as day, illumining even the further corners of the room.

"Paul! Paul! I am come!"

There had not been the faintest sound to announce her presence, until those low, soft tones; yet there she stood, almost within reach of his arm, pure, calm, smiling in the moonlight, her dreamy dark eyes fastened intently upon his face.

With an eager start he leaned forward, fairly devouring her with his eyes.

"Not Rachel, and yet so like, so like!" he muttered. "Yet, it is rather a suggestion than actual

resemblance. I see it now—you are not Rachel—you are Bruna!"

His head sank weakly back against the cushions of the chair. She had wavered from him as he leaned toward her; now, she—floated, expresses nearest the motion—close to his side and bent over him. "Hush, Paul, don't move; yes, I am Bruna."

Two soft, cool hands fell like snowflakes on his throbbing temples.

"You are an angel, Bruna, dear Bruna! I love you, Bruna!" he murmured, dreamily.

For what seemed an age, Paul Winwood alternated between Elysium and Hades. Now he was wandering through green meadows, beside a crystal stream, hand in hand with a beautiful maiden, gathering for her armfuls of fragrant lilies, and lying in the cool, green grass at the feet of her who smiled on him with the bright dark eyes of Bruna, as she wove the snow-white lilies into twin chaplets—snow-white, with gold at the hearts—representing at once all that was purest and most precious. How had they been stolen from the decorations of the bridal-chamber? He struggled up toward them.

Instantly he was traversing alone an arid wilderness;—scorching sands blistered his weary feet, a torrid sun seemed piercing into his very brain. Not one drop of water to cool his parched tongue, and, far and near, not one human or living creature in sight. Panting, thirsting, dying, he fell prostrate on the burning sands, when suddenly a cloud drifted protectively between him and the scorching rays of the sun. In wonder he raised his head, and saw himself sheltered beneath the shadow of an angel's wing. She stooped and raised him, pressing to his lips with one hand a shell of pure, cold, limpid water. "I am Bruna, your guardian angel!" she whispered softly.

Again, he had lost and was seeking for her. Through the midst of a tropical, jungle-like luxuriance of growth he pressed his way; the green eyes of a leopardess glared at him threateningly from out a canebrake; slimy serpents drew their glistening lengths across his path, or coiled pendent from overhanging boughs, darting their poisonous fangs, breathing their fated breath in his very face; now a huge lioness paced majestically past him; a wild boar, from the foot of a giant tree, shook at him in fierce defiance his glittering tusks; or an untamed elephant, with trunk in air, stalked after him through the tall, rank grass. Still, on and on, for he must find her.

There were intervals when he seemed conscious of nothing but a sweet, soothing presence hovering about him, and he would reach out his hands, murmuring weakly:

"Bruna, Bruna, I love you, Bruna! You are an angel!"

There came a morning when Paul Winwood opened his eyes conscious, and clothed in his right mind. Old Harris was bending over him.

"Don't try to speak, Mass' Paul! You's been powerful sick, but de doctor say you all right now, ef ye let ole Harris take car 'ob ye. Eberyting been goin' on scrumptious sence ye was tuck, so dere ain't no cause for ye to worry! Jes' ye go to sleep, honey, an' ole Harris hab ye up an' well an' down-stairs nex' week, sho'!"

He fell asleep, and dreamed that Bruna stood by his bedside, laid a bunch of violets against his cheek, bent over and kissed him.

"Dear Bruna! I love you, Bruna!"

The sound of his own voice awakened him. He opened his eyes. Old Harris was standing beside him, and a bunch of freshly-gathered violets lay on his pillow.

"Where is she?" he asked, faintly.

"She, she?" queried the negro, with gradually-rising inflection. "You done ask for a woman in dis house? Fore de Lor', Mass' Paul, out o' yer head agin, sho'!"

"But the flowers——"

"Lan' sake, mass', dat little posy? I done jes' fotch 'em in dis bery minnit!"

So it was all a dream! Too weak and weary even to think, he dropped again into refreshing slumber.

The indefatigable Harris's "nex' week" grew into three before Paul Winwood was even able to totter about feebly in his own chamber. As his mind had become stronger and past events ranged themselves again lucidly before him, he discovered, with a strange wonder not unmixed with relief, that the thought of Rachel, always so bitter, had become no longer painful. The morbid feelings he had nursed in solitude and isolation had left him utterly—the spell was broken and for ever. But there came instead haunting memories of the guardian spirit of his dreams, she who had called herself Bruna—why did she not come to him? Were the conditions absolute? Could she not break them? An intense longing possessed him to get down-stairs. He felt so sure of finding her, if he could only get back into the old room; and he needed her—so much! Oh, for one touch of her soft hand on his brow, one sight of her angel face, more potent than medicine! Since he had not died and so been taken to her, the bond of sympathy created between them must lead her down to him. But Harris was inexorable.

"De doctor's order, mass'—'deed I couldn't go back on de doctor's 'ticular order! Nex' week, honey, nex' week, Harris 'll hab ye down, sho'!"

Paul Winwood left off useless pleading and resorted to stratagem. Feigning to submit, he had his medicine-stand wheeled to his side, everything for his comfort within easy reach and the bell-cord just at hand, and that afternoon dispatched the faithful Harris into town on a confidential errand.

"Pears like some ob de res' order go in my place," urged the old fellow, reluctantly, shifting from one foot to the other. "I want to 'bleege ye every way, Mass' Paul; but you oughtn't to be lef without summan to set by."

But here his master was firm. He wanted to be quiet—well, alone. There were plenty within call if he needed anything. He was particularly desirous that Harris, whom he knew he could rely upon, should attend to the business personally; if he would not, then, weak and ill as he was, he would get up and go out himself.

Between the threat and the compliment, this speech had the desired effect. Harris departed sorrowfully from his vigilant watch, and his master, with a countenance of supreme satisfaction, shortly arose and managed to get down-stairs unobserved.

The invalid, feeling very much like a truant schoolboy, paused at the door of the smoking-room, cautiously reconnoitring the hall.

"It will do me good—I know it will," he commented, reassuringly, *sotto voce*. "I'll have one peaceful half-hour before that black rascal scents me out."

He swung himself in by the door-knob, and closed and locked the door behind him; then, with a smile of absolute and guileless content, advanced slowly toward his sleepy-hollow of a chair. His limbs were trembling and his steps uncertain, and but for the friendly aid of a supporting chair-back the first named would have refused their office utterly, when he saw, all of an instant, that he was not the only occupant of the room.

By the reading-stand knelt a strangely familiar figure, clad all in white and fleecy drapery, the graceful, dark-tressed head bowed forward upon her clasped hands. Her face was turned from him toward the window. She never moved, but he heard presently a little sob, like that of a child that has cried itself to sleep. His eyes lighted up with new life, and he moved noiselessly forward and slipped into his chair.

He was so close then that he could put out his hand and touch the bowed head. It was as he had thought—Bruna; the Bruna of his dreams and visions, but looking wonderfully human now, with the

daylight shining in her face, all tear-stained and swollen, that grieved sob escaping every alternate breath through her parted lips. Was she a spirit or a woman?

A woman! Why, he had not been face to face with one for fifteen years before; and this one was so beautiful, so childishly innocent, and—sleeping!

As he looked, a wild, fierce, hungry longing filled the man's heart nearly to bursting. He reached out a thin hand and laid it gently upon one of hers. So, bending forward, he saw what he had failed to notice before, a letter lying on the table close beside that hand. He drew it quietly away and read the address—his own name. He opened the letter, and this is what he read:

"DEAR MR. PAUL—Now that I am going away, never to see your kind face again, perhaps you will forgive me the sorrow, the pain, and that dreadful illness of which I have been the unfortunate, but, oh, believe me, not willful cause! I must explain how it all came about. Two months ago I came out from the city to pass the Summer at Hetherbridge. Driving one day past your residence, some one told me what the world knows of your sad story: that you were a bachelor living solitary and alone in the midst of an earthly paradise, and hating all womankind, because one woman had once disappointed you—forgive me if I wound you, but I must tell you all. I was told that you were also an enthusiastic—morbidly enthusiastic Spiritualist.

"I, too, was at one time terribly fascinated by the investigation of so-called Spiritual manifestations, and just escaped being a stanch believer myself through the shameful exposure of popular 'mediums' in whom I had put my trust. Your story interested me more than I can say. I thought of your bitter, cynical, isolated life until I felt a strange, an incomprehensible desire to know you, and convince you that your misanthropy had been a sad mistake.

"The fullness of life is measured by the extent of it that flows outward in help or sympathy to those about us. Even the sight of a beautiful flower may make some heart less hard or happier, and be a gift of finest charity from him who rears it; but you had acres, a perfect wilderness of beauty, and you shut it resolutely out from every passer-by. You felt yourself so shined against, that you grew hard, and never dreamed that perhaps every day of your life was a sin against God and the world. You hid your talents in the earth, and never thought of a time to come when One might demand his own with usury. Oh, forgive me if I seem harsh—I, of all others, who should be tenderest!

"These thoughts so worked upon my feelings, my imagination, that I came to you; but oh, believe me, I never knew! From a little child I have been a somnambulist. When I came to you I was walking in my sleep. Ask old Harris, and prove my words by him, for he it was who found me that night you were taken ill. Some influence kept me with you. He awoke me and told me where I was. Instinctively I knew the partial truth, and your delirious ravings told me the rest. It is only too evident that, with my senses fast locked in sleep, I must have used some of the artifices common to professed mediums, of which I have often read.

"And now I need your forgiveness most of all—now, since I know the full story of your life—since I have been—to satisfy myself of the truth—into the locked chamber. I am poor Rachel's little sister. I never had known much of her early disappointment. I was a mere baby when you went away; I had never heard your name; but it all came to me watching by your sick-bed. The portrait is the portrait of my sister. I know now she was deceived as well as you. A jealous rival's plausible lies wrecked two lives. Pity her, for she married your rival, learning only too late what a perjured wretch he was. Could punishment be more bitter?

"Old Harris has befriended me, and I have been to see you while you lay ill every day. No one in the village has ever seen me come in. I slipped through a gap in the hedge at the end of the lime-walk. Harris alone has known of my being about the house. No one else will ever know from me.

"I don't think I shall ever be afraid for you again. You have such a good, noble heart, and are not at all hard or cynical, as I had thought. You won't feel angry to know that one poor girl who has injured you innocently will always remember you in her prayers.

"Good-by, Mr. Paul! When you read this I shall be miles and miles away from Hetherbridge. Harris says you won't get down-stairs for two days. I must go to-morrow. You will find this on the table when you come down.

"If you haven't lost all patience with reading so much—the words *would* come—and can forgive, will you sometimes remember, kindly, BRUNA."

So she was human, after all, and she had cried, soft heart, because she was going away!

Paul Winwood leaned forward and laid his cheek upon the table close beside her own.

"Bruna," he said, softly, "wake up! I love you, Bruna. You are my angel."

Half-awakened from sleep, a rosy blush stole softly to her cheek. Her lips moved.

"Dear Paul!"

The next instant she was in his arms.

And so old Harris found them, coming in anxious search of his master through by the further door. He paused, consternation written on every wrinkled feature.

"Fore dé Lor', mass'—"

But Winwood checked him.

"I forgive you, Harris—you under-handed old rascal, I forgive you! Not another word. Come and shake hands with your future mistress."

One Chance in a Million.

WHEN, something like a quarter of a century ago, the first wire suspension-bridge was thrown, by Mr. Roblin, across the mighty gorge of the Niagara River, about a mile and a half below the Falls, the structure was so seemingly frail, and was so sensitive to the feet of animals, that neither man nor beast felt over comfortable while crossing it. The flooring, in anything like a stiff breeze, was as billowy as the ocean; but it was under the weight of a line of carriages or of a seething drove of cattle that its commotion became abscutely appalling.

I had a very timid friend staying with me, quite convenient to the gate on the Canada side, whom, after repeated solicitations, I at last induced to creep out one fine morning before the hackmen began to move, to take a view of the Falls from the centre of the aerial highway, at the edge of which there hung beneath a strong iron cradle, that ran on pulleys from shore to shore, and was used for tightening nuts and for other purposes, under the flooring. I was unable to accompany him, so he set forth alone, and soon, as I supposed, picked his steps, with fear and trembling, to the point I had indicated.

He had not been gone more than ten or fifteen minutes, however, when my attention was attracted by a loud hallooing near the gate. I glanced in the direction, and perceived that a drove of cattle had just passed in between the towers close by, and were jostling each other in wild confusion as they rushed forward toward the American side of the river. This so alarmed me for the safety of my friend that I instantly started for the gate; but before I reached it, what was my dismay and consternation to behold, through some mistake of the gatekeeper, another drove of cattle rushing at the same moment from the opposite end of the bridge, while my poor friend, who seemed crazed with fear, was making

the best of his way over the wire cables, with a view to clinging to them outside, so that he should not be trampled or gored to death when both droves met.

He succeeded in gaining the outer narrow ledge of the flooring, and was hanging over an awful gulf of upward of three hundred feet in depth, when the crash came between the animals that now appeared to have become infuriated from some unknown cause. The collision was terrific, and, to render it more appalling, it was accompanied with dreadful bellowings. It took place just at the point where he was all but dangling over the blind chasm, through which one of the most savage floods in the world rolled in thunder. For a moment the struggle among the animals was indescribably terrible, while the bridge swayed to and fro in the most frightful manner. He might have withstood the shock, however, had not some of the cattle that had been dashed against the wires shaken him from his hold, when he fell with a long, loud cry!

I closed my eyes in horror, and sank, almost fainting, on one of the wooden seats hard by, where I buried my face in my hands in an agony of anguish and despair. How long I had remained in this position I was unable to say, when my name was called, and a hand at the same time placed tremblingly on my shoulder. I looked up, but refused to believe my senses, for my friend, pale and ghastly, stood before me! I started to my feet. It was no illusion. He had dropped into the iron cradle, which had broken from its slight moorings, and, through the impetus given it by the shock, had ran in along the wire rope and landed him at my feet!

German Merrymakings.

EVERY nation on the face of the globe has its peculiar way of amusement. Frenchmen like billiard-playing and military reviews and displays; Spaniards love bull-fights; the Anglo-Saxon race prefers racing on water and land, while the heathen Chinese is fond of smoking opium. Why should not, therefore, the great German nation have also a preference for some pleasant sport or game? Though many of them might be mentioned, if we take in consideration all the different provinces of the land, we quote as one of the most general popular displays the yearly recurring shooting festivals. These warlike amusements are of a very old date, some of them having been chronicled in Germany and Switzerland as early as the fifteenth century, and before gunpowder had come into general use, the burghers of the mediæval cities and their progeny were accustomed to shoot on festive days at wooden eagles, hawks, etc., raised on high poles, with arrows and crossbows.

The modern shooting festival was mainly developed in Switzerland to its actual large dimensions, and was then imitated in Belgium, England and France.

Owing to the patriarchal system of government then prevailing in Germany, large national or international gatherings of this kind could not take place in that country before 1848, and up to the year 1858 the good city of Bremen on the Weser had not yet seen any of them within its walls. An immense concourse of riders and visitors from all countries then made it a success, and the citizens were prompted to repeat the festival. Everybody desires once in a while to make merry on a trip away from home, and so this old commercial city repeatedly invited their countrymen from Fatherland and the strangers from all parts of the world to gather in its walls and take aim at the target.

Two months before the occasion, the committee of organization of one of these festivals concluded to start on a social excursion for the avowed purpose that the numerous members might become mutually acquainted and friendly relations might be

"increased." It was resolved to go down the river on a steamboat to the nice little village of Blumen-thal, so snugly ensconced in the woods near Vegesack. On a beautiful May day, at eleven o'clock, the different sections or sub-committees appointed for receptions; press-matters, speeches, etc., convened at the steamboat pier. According to a pre-arranged plan, the whole day was to be employed in giving the sections some practice in their own departments, and to arrive at this purpose, the way of fun and satirical criticism was thought to be the best.

When the company had embarked and the boat was in motion, this plan was carried out immediately. The members of the speeches section commenced to speechify in a furious manner: festive phraseology, stumping in spread-eagle style, endless toasts, began to buzz around the ears of the listeners, while the men of the kitchen-and-bar committee busied themselves in carrying around dishes with huge pastries, bakings, tumblers or heavy champagne-baskets; and spectators might soon have perceived that the average Bremen fellow can do much better in this business than in speechifying.

To make the fun of the day complete, the press section could not remain entirely inactive, and so this enterprising body filled a few sheets of paper with a tremendous array of comical and sharp invectives against the "prominents" of the other sections, against the management and arrangements of the festival, the political state of Germany and the world, against all things and everything.

These startling and side-splitting productions were read with loud voice at the table, and received with mighty applause; they were entitled Number Zero of the *Festblatt*, and intended to precede Number One, which was going to be published within a few days by the same committee-section. We hope to God that Number 0 has never been printed. Its satirical arrows were chiefly aiming at some real or imaginary blunders of the section for shooting arrangements; the members of this section listened with perplexity at the productions, but did not shoot in return, or resent them in any way. They evidently thought that blackmailers of the press "gang" were, in fact, not worth looking or shooting at, and so no revenge was taken.

After this, the position of the excursionists seemed to become critical, for the inhabitants and monsters of the sea assailed the boat, and paid a visit to the committee folks. A member by the name of Hufeland, who previously had, for the benefit of the sharpshooting community, published a book entitled, "The Art to Fight against Death," first gave the alarm.

He announced that an icebear had been caught in the river, and all went on one side of the boat to see what the matter was, and nearly caused the frail embarkation to upset. By means of a powerful rope, a fatty, lively and real polar bear was being drawn up the accommodation-ladder. Everything touched by the beast's clumsy paws and body was soiled and wetted, but how this was done remained a mystery. Finally it leaked out that the unwieldy monster had borrowed its polar dress from the theatrical wardrobe at Bremen.

After the display of all these inventive powers of comicallities, and of a *ne plus ultra* skill in their performance, the comic humor of the Bremers ceased to flow; silence and taciturnity commenced to reign without interruption until the landing-place near Blumenthal was reached. The men passed through a shady grove near the estate of a retired merchant, who counted his millions by the dozen and politely greeted the company passing by. The members waved their hats to return the compliment, more perhaps in respect for the millions, as their satirists said, than for the millionaire himself.

The now ensuing Bacchic carousal aroused again the spirit of conviviality. The Bremen claret was most effective in bringing about this happy change,

and copious draughts of Rhine-wine from the peculiarly shaped and colored glasses, which generally serve for this purpose, did their best.

Dinner was served in a vast frame-built shed. As long as the company was busy emptying the first dishes, the general silence was interrupted only by the clatter of the forks and spoons. Then commenced an "exchange of ideas," which soon gave way to witticisms, puns and laughter, and by-and-by, when the repast was over, there was fun in every corner, the company was as merry as grigs, and the alcoholic alacrity thoroughly prevalent. This was the time to improvise as suddenly as by enchantment a small prelude of the coming festival.

A shooting-gallery, as transparent and airy as could be, and a premium temple of exceeding simplicity, or, rather, a shadow of it, were set up. For the construction of the gift-temple a washer-woman's bucket was upturned, and on this solid foundation was placed a small grindstone with its wood frame, as our picture exhibits. On the level part of this rustic implement were exposed to the looks of the gazing committee-men the premiums, consisting in a glass bowl, plated with silver, in a beautiful wreath made of oak-leaves, and in three tickets of the Tivoli Theatre at Bremen. This would have been perhaps the most precious of all the offerings, but on close examination it was found that the happy winner could only have made use of them at the same hour when they were awarded to him, in the city of Bremen, then distant over fifteen miles.

Such a festive occasion would have been a failure if the genius of the common mother "Germania" had not been duly represented. Where there is a will there is a way. A rural youth was wrapped into a clean tablecloth, crowned with oak-leaves, seated on a rough table and surrounded with the city's and Germany's colors. The men then crowded around this dignified symbol of Fatherland, addressed it in poetical prose and prosaic rhyme, some of the latter so fit for the occasion that to translate it into English would be utterly impossible.

The boy with his interesting rustic features had been sufficiently jeered at, when another excellency, rigged up as a preacher, appeared among the crowd. In his features reigned a mild and unassuming serenity (as picture shows), produced probably by the long draughts which he took from the beer-glass he held in his hands. In his clerical head-dress, band and gown, he spoke with profound and exhaustive unction and "inspiration" about things never to be divulged and better not to be talked of. The rustic schoolboys crowding around him soon found out that the theatrical wardrobe had furnished the attire of this individual also, and made public their discovery in a somewhat excited manner. The section-men could not help accepting a few of the preacher's well-meant clerical "unctions," which were as harmless as they were well appropriated to the occasion.

Our company returned home by the boat late at night. The boat was beautifully illuminated with *lampions*, Chinese paper-lanterns, and at times sky-rockets started up to the heavens. The North German spirit of conviviality had achieved—aided by the wine-bottle—another of its great victories.

Avoid Marble-top Tables.—According to the *Herald of Health* marble-top tables are to be avoided. It says: "They are cold, and rapidly absorb the heat and vitality of the body, robbing it of its life. We have heard of one invalid whom the doctor could not cure, until one day he noticed she used a marble stand, and suspected it had something to do with her ill-health. So he forbade her to use it. Soon she was well. We know healthy people who feel the twinges of pain in the shoulders by sitting near one. They are handsome, but unhealthy for all that."

Many People are shamefully negligent about answering letters. Nothing is more annoying. In Europe it is regarded as the height of ill-breeding to allow a letter which needs a reply to go unanswered, and so it ought to be. This is a point on which parents should lay great stress.

You can Make a pretty window-ornament by taking a bowl of water and putting in two sweet-potatoes. In several weeks they will sprout and throw out their green leaves. It will be a beautiful vine, and can be trained in any manner which the taste of the person may desire.



GERMAN MERRYMAKING.



MY SUMMER JOURNEY.—“FRED HOLDS THE LETTER FAR OUT OF MY REACH, AND CATCHES ME IN HIS ARMS INSTEAD, BESTOWING UPON ME SOME OF THE OLD-TIME KISSES.”

My Summer Journey.

“If he cannot love me when he hears I am a poor shopgirl, he cannot love me at all.”

All very well in theory, but very poor in practice. I fold up Fred Langley's offer of marriage, and sit down to write him that, before he makes any further plans, with me for one of them, he must know that I am one of those superfluous beings, a girl who came into this world with no especial place prepared for her; that I have clerked at Sharp & Snipser's ever since I was seventeen—and I am now twenty-three; that I have two young sisters depending upon me for support, growing up in gawky, ill-clad ugliness; a shade plainer than myself even.

Someway, when I first met him at that pleasant Summer resort, the first breath I had had out of Sharp & Snipser's store for two years, I was so happy, I forgot to mention the scragging life I had left behind me at home, and I was so sick of poverty and third-rate people, I was glad to forget it.

How should he, being a man, know that the dress I wore had been turned twice; that I trimmed my bonnet myself; that the diamond ring I wore I had borrowed from my married sister, being the un-

valued relic of some forgotten lover of hers; that the beauty he said was in my face was due to my happiness in his society? For I do think the old saying of “Be good and you will be happy” ought to be reversed.

How did he know that charming *noisette* of mine was learned trying to induce customers to buy?

Old Snipser always says when he expects to sell a large bill of goods to a customer:

“Let Miss Jo manage him; *she* can smile the dollars out of his pocket, if any one can.”

So I smile and smile, and yet I am no villain, for they are enforced and innocent smiles for bread and butter.

How round and rosy I grew in those few weeks of ecstatic joy! What lovely walks and rides we had up and down the wood-paths and ravines! What charming walks through the dells, through the Witch's Gulch, and about the Devil's Elbow!

How brilliant and agreeable and how handsome my Fred was! Dare I call him *my* Fred before he knows that I clerk at Sharp & Snipser's?

I am no strong-minded woman. I frankly confess that I do not like to take care of myself. I am no clinging vine, however, having never had anything to cling to. I have grown up stiff and straight all

by myself, like a weed in the middle of a bare, ten-acre lot.

Perhaps I will not make such a bad wife, after all. I am a good housekeeper, and, having been no trouble or expense to any one since I can remember, I do not see why I should be so very much trouble now, even with my two sisters thrown in for ballast. Still, Fred must know all about the poverty and the encumbrances, and make up his mind accordingly. So I waste a great many sheets of paper writing an answer that shall be frank and truthful, and yet ladylike.

I inform him, in my most genteel manner, that he must marry three when he leads me to the altar.

I send it off in a pink envelope, my heart beating a painful tattoo, as I think of his elegant sister he has described to me, and of him, a rising young lawyer, and a member of the Legislature.

I piece down my sister Sophia's one-summer silk for her, that I bought at such a bargain, thinking peradventure there may be a wedding soon. I do not scold May when she comes home late from the picnic with my best sash drenched and soaked through, my lace fichu torn, and her toes through both her boots, and creeps into bed beside me. I hug her up into my arms instead, with that hungry, unsatisfied longing I always have for kisses and caresses; but she only says, "You strangle me, Jo, you soft, mushy thing!" and moves along out of my reach.

My name was never Jo, but I have always been called this on account of my enforced manly accomplishments.

For a week I sing about the bays like a lark; the next week I do not sing so much; the next week I do not sing at all, but go about, heavy-eyed and slow, and burst into tears when May sits down to the old, faint-hearted piano and begins to storm away at "Il Bacio," Fred's favorite waltz, and mine.

I might have known all the time he would never answer that letter; it has always been my luck. Let me see how many lovers have I had.

There was one waiting on me when my father died of heart-disease and left me penniless at seventeen. He came to see me after the funeral, and told me that he had a great sympathy and respect for me, and that he should never marry unless it was some poor girl thrown on her own resources, and with no one to take care of her, as he thought that was the true way for a true gentleman to do; and with these sentiments he bowed himself out for the last time.

Most heavenly philosophy! but then he married the same year the daughter of a wealthy man who had never done anything harder in her life than to curl her front hair over slate pencils.

Then there was the young man who wrote poetry, and threatened to die or shoot himself when I refused him—this was years ago. He is now in good health, with a wife and two children; but I always hated men who wrote poetry.

Then there was Judge Featherby. He visited me for a year, and told me he loved me; but something he disliked by the name of pride forbade him from saying anything more, and I have been heartily glad since that he was ashamed of me.

But the thought of none of these well-disposed-of and settled gentlemen makes the non-arrival of that letter any easier for me. I get weary and cross; my chest is getting weak, and I get faint and dizzy by spells.

Some days when I stand at the lace-counter waiting on some fashionable lady who is pricing this and cheapening that, I think I shall fall over in a dead faint from sheer exhaustion. Women are so much harder to suit than men, and, ten to one, go picking over everything and go out without buying anything, very likely, because so few of them, poor things, have any money of their own to spend.

The Fall winds come, and I walk to the store over beds of fallen leaves; then that long, awful Winter

of 1874 I wade through high drifts and through storms that take my breath away, to reach Sharp & Snipser's.

Sophia, the oldest of my young sisters, is sitting this Winter, so I get up and build the fire at five with numb fingers, so as to get to the store at seven. Before the Spring opens, that she so longs to see, poor, patient, hard-working Sophia dies.

Anticipating the life that was before her, I have tried to instill into her the principle that work is her end and aim, and that she must not expect anything beyond in the life of a woman who is both poor and unbeautiful.

She had done all the cooking and most of the housework for us three, while I have been at Snipser's and May has been at school.

I have come home, worn out and fretful, to help what I could by snatches.

She has had about half what she ought to have had to eat, and about a third of what she ought to have had to wear. Well, she is at rest now, and has gone where "all hearts are filled, and I stay where hearts are hollow."

I close her eyes; lay her out in the Summer silk that should have graced our wedding; take the seventy-five dollars I have laid away in the bank, to buy her coffin and pay the funeral expenses.

About this time there comes a legacy of a few hundred from an old uncle of ours. I send May off to school with this, determined she shall not be like Sophia. I am left alone. I do my own work. I eat my solitary meals, salted with lonely tears. I have ceased to ever hope to hear from Fred now.

The June days come again, hot and long. There is sunshine without happiness and stillness without rest.

I look in the glass—I am all eyes, my face is sharpening out, my collar-bones protrude. I am getting waxy and thin; so much for putting my trust in man.

Old Snipser looked at me to-day, even kindly, and said:

"Miss Jo, you must have a vacation a week or so; this hot weather in the country will do you good, and you can work the better on your return."

So I thank him, thinking sadly that no trip in the country can make me happy now; that I am henceforth only to woman's undisputed legacy, tears, and longings after the love and appreciation she will never receive.

The big-hearted manager of the road, who is acquainted with me, has given me a pass to St. Paul and return. I care little which way I go, and have selected this route because it passes through the town where Fred Langley lives. Though I half despise him for his fickleness, still I have a woman's curiosity to ride through his city, even though I only catch a glimpse of his office-windows.

I get me a brown poplin traveling-dress. I find that old maids generally have a brown poplin, and the older they get, the more colors they wear, especially scarlet. I have always hated red. I cannot see my way clear, just yet, to putting it on my bonnet, so I get a more youthful bunch of pale blush rosebuds for my hat.

One hot, bright July day I set out on my lonely trip: once seated in the train by the open window, my spirits rise, for I always did love to ride on the cars; there is a pleasant rush and excitement about them that pleases me; we are flying, so fast, so fast, through white towns, and over bridges, and out into the vast Wisconsin prairies—not smooth and rolling, like those of Illinois and Iowa, but rough and jagged, full of rocks and ragged thickets, with little cabins set down here and there like birds' nests in the grass; flocks of ragged children troop out of these and stare at the passengers—the dear little dirty creatures! What an inventory they take of my Milwaukee bonnet and my dusty suit! Here is a field all starred with swamp-lilies, scarlet lobellias and wild asters. How I long to get out and gather them.

I see by the towns on my ticket, and know by the warning whistle, that we are within a mile of Fred's home. The big manufacturing town is already in sight; the sand and sawdust and coal-smoke is flying. Of course I have my head and shoulders out of the window, and, with my eyes and mouth full of cinders, am gazing wildly about me.

The train grates, jars and stops. The usual amount of women with boxes, budgets and parasols bundle off the train. The Teachers' Association is held here this week, and a tribe of lank, sharp-nosed, hungry-faced women get off also, teacher written all over them, from their ugly hats to their ugly shoes.

Can I believe my eyes? Who is it steps up and shakes hands with two of the lankest, most wizened old-maidest of them all but my darling Fred, with a smile as sweet as the morning; takes their satchels and shawls, and turns to the lady who is with him, whom I know, by the elegance of her dress and a certain high-bred sweetness about her, is his sister. The oldest old maid says:

"So kind in you, Mr. Langley, to meet us! We should have been quite bewildered in this big place. So good in you to take so much trouble!"

"No trouble—most happy;" but he says it rather languidly.

He glances up at my window, and in spite of cinders and soot, my caved-in bonnet, my hair all flying, and my cheeks burning like live coals, he knows me, and drops the satchels.

"Take the shawl a moment, sis," I hear him say, and in another second he is on the train, leaning over my seat, with my hand held tightly in his, asking me a dozen questions in a breath.

"I am going to St. Paul," is all I have time to answer; and he whispers, "Good-by, Mignon; I will see you again;" and he is off the cars as the bell begins to ring.

I catch one more glimpse of him, as the train moves off, helping his sister, and the old maids with their satchels, and their ankles like ax-helves, into the carriage; I see him take the front seat beside the one with the red poppies in her bonnet, touch the reins, and the horses are off like birds. How I envy that old maid, though she has a wart on her nose, and looks like a last-year's mule-in-stalk!

Something gets into my throat and chokes me, and I refuse the orange the man in the next seat with the big beard offers me. Something chokes me all the way to St. Paul.

It may be the green peach I have eaten; but I think it is that old maid.

Why did I let him speak to me so familiarly, and call me "Mignon," his old name for me? Why did I not pull my hand away?

I busy myself with such thoughts as these until we have crossed the boundary-line, and have entered Minnesota; here the scenery gets wilder and wilder, the broad Mississippi winds lazily along at the foot of its tall bluffs, with trees tepping uncomfortably along their steep sides; close to the car-windows great walls of rock rise, oh, so high up in the air! The train balances dizzily along like a rope-walker over high skeleton-bridges and ledges of limestone rock, where it seems as if the least jar would send us down, down, I dare not think how far!

I ride along in a sort of mist until we reach St. Paul. What a queer, elevated town it is! as if every home in it had climbed up and sat down on the top of a hill. I get out in a pouring rain, greatly to the detriment of my bonnet. I stop at one of the grandest hotels there, the Metropolitan, and say to myself, spitefully:

"I will enjoy myself once, though I starve the rest of the year."

Rather a dreary magnificence, however, for I get tired the first day wandering up and down the parlors and long halls. I grow restless the second day and want to go home. As to Minnehaha Falls, what a baby-falls to come so far to see! I grow so tired of the strange faces and the scenery, that by

the third day my brilliant Summer *début* is getting to be unbearable, when a boy brings up a card with Fred Langley's name engraved upon it.

I try not to make indecent haste down into the parlor, but somehow my feet will take me two steps at a time.

Fred is there, with an open letter in a pink envelope in his hand, which I see by close scrutiny is my poor old letter written a year ago, telling him about my sisters.

The sight of it angers me beyond expression. I snatch at it fiercely. Fred holds the letter far out of my reach, and catches me in his arms instead, bestowing upon me some of the old-time kisses, whose forgotten sweetness I had trained myself to believe I should never feel again.

"Did you think me so mean, so sordid, so unmanly," he asked, "as not to answer your letter? It was lost, and was never found till yesterday, and I came as soon as the train would fetch me to answer it in person."

I ask no questions; I only lay my weary head down on his shoulders, and cry out my overhurdled heart upon his bosom.

It is not until afternoon, when we are driving in a nice carriage to Minnehaha Springs, near Minneapolis, the noise of St. Anthony's Falls in my ears, that I venture to say:

"How in the world did you ever lose that letter?"

"Well, you see, sister took it from the postman and put it on the high mantel, where it slipped away against the wall, and she forgot all about it, and being a bit of a woman like yourself, she never noticed the edge of it above the mantel, or no one else, until this week two rather oldish lady teachers came to spend a few days with us, and one of them, while looking at the nicknacks on this shelf, discovered and brought to light your letter."

"Did she have red poppies in her bonnet, and a wart on her nose?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes; on the whole, I believe she had," Heaven bless that old maid!

By Love and Courage.

CHAPTER I.

ONE awful stormy morning, some thirty years ago, an American bark, laden with tobacco, went ashore upon the Goodwin Sands, on the coast of Kent, England, and, after firing signals of distress, parted amidst ships, one portion being carried by the force of the storm toward the town of Deal, and the other remaining to sink into the quicksands upon which it had been wrecked.

The after part of the bark, containing the cabin, was the mass that drifted away from the Sands, and upon it were lashed the captain, his wife and two children—a boy of ten and a baby who was scarcely a year old.

As the unwieldy mass slowly moved landward, the sea, impelled by the wind, from time to time made clear breaches over the deck, threatening to sweep away the survivors, and upon each occasion drenching them to the skin.

"Father," said the lady, during one of the lulls in the storm, "you must take baby; I am so cold that I can scarcely feel her!"

The captain—a fine, tall, handsome man—cast off the lashing by which he was bound to the bulwarks and, moving toward his wife, was about to receive the babe from her, when a tremendous wave engulfed the wrecked fragment and swept him toward his son, who grasped him by the arm and retained him for a second; but the down-draught of the water that continued to pour over them like a cascade tore the parent from the hold of his agonized boy and swept him into the seething waves.

No child ever loved his parents more than Frank Barton did his, he having always accompanied them

to sea. To him his father was parent, teacher and playfellow; while he had always regarded his mother with a feeling akin to worship.

For some moments after the dreadful catastrophe that had deprived him of one parent, Frank was fighting with the water and rendered almost breathless by its action; but when the wreck once more righted, he cleared his eyes, and glancing toward his mother, who, like himself, was secured to the stump of the mizen-mast, said:

"Give me baby, mother; I can hold her in the bosom of my flannel!"

The poor lady exerted all her strength and handed her precious burden to him, saying:

"Frank, if you are saved, you will always take care of Lillian; won't you?"

Grasping his little sister firmly, he drew her toward him, opened his sailor-frock, and disengaging the child from some of her wrappings, placed her in his bosom; then, as the floating mass descended into the trough of a wave, he once more seized the belaying-pins with all his might and shouted:

"Hold on, mother!"

Once more the torrent plunged over the wreck, once more the boy struggled with the tossing waters—this time with the desperation of one who seeks to save another's life—and once more he emerged from the contest half-drowned, yet still conscious, his first thought being for his surviving parent.

"Mother!" he said. But her head reclined motionless upon her shoulder, and her long, wet tresses swayed backward and forward as the wreck moved up and down upon the surface of the water.

"Mother!" he repeated. But the white arms that depended so listlessly from her side would never more be wound lovingly about him, and the pale lips, parted as though crying to heaven for pity, would never smile upon him again.

At first the boy could not believe that she was dead, and continued to cry, "Mother! mother!" until at length the dreadful truth broke upon him, and, forgetting his awful position, he yielded to his grief, crying as he had done when a baby: "Oh, mamma—mamma—speak to me once more!"

After a while, finding that his dear one was indeed dead, he bethought him of the shivering babe that rested on his bosom, and in an instant his whole attention was centred on her.

The wreck had drifted out of the direct force of the wind, and was now partially sheltered by the foreland, thus shutting off the intensely cold blast, and causing the boy to feel comparatively warm, while, on the other hand, they were entering a line of breakers that threatened to part the mass, and to dash them to pieces in sight of the spectators, who were watching them from the shore.

It is perfectly astounding how the human frame, tender and sensitive as it is, can survive such exposure as that to which the children were subjected, the morning being cold, and what is called in England "hard"; but Frank had, from his birth, been accustomed to the elements, and, although drenched and miserable, still retained a large amount of animal heat.

"Poor Lilly!" he sighed, as he gazed upon the pale face of the babe. "Please, God, do not take my little sister!"

Saying which, he pressed her more firmly to him, and was soon again battling with the angry water.

A few more immersions, and the soul would have departed from the babe's motionless form; but, as her brother uttered his childish prayer, a lifeboat, manned by coastguardmen from a station called Hythe, came sailing down upon them. The brave fellows had heard that an American ship had gone ashore upon the Goodwin Sands, and had immediately started to her assistance.

This boat was, when Frank uttered his piteous appeal to heaven, almost within hail, and as the wrecked fragment was buried in the water, the chief boatman in command said:

"Stand by, bow, to fasten on, and—by George! they've gone! No—the little 'un still holds on!"

As he said this, a gigantic wave, following the first, once more enveloped the floating mass, and whirled it partly round, thus enabling the coastguardmen to board it during the lull that always follows a special burst of the elements.

As the lifeboat neared the wreck, the spectators on shore, who were watching the scene through their glasses, set up a shout of satisfaction, saying:

"They are saved! Hurrah! they are saved!" then retired to their homes, praising the bravery and manliness of their countrymen, the Hythe boatmen, while the latter, after rescuing the children, hastily quitted the wreck, and hoisting sail, made for a port called Ramsgate, they not daring to return to their own station.

Had the wind been blowing on shore, the Deal boatmen would have swarmed off to the assistance of the wrecked ones, but with the wind blowing as it was—daring as they always are in their endeavors to rescue their fellow-creatures from a watery grave—they could not launch their luggers.

Packed in an air-tight compartment in the stern of the lifeboat were a number of thick all-wool blankets, and as soon as the craft quitted the wreck, the chief boatman proceeded to strip Frank and the baby, and to envelop the former in several folds of the dry, warm coverings, while, taking a hint from the boy, he directed one of the boatmen to crouch in the stern, and to take the little girl in his bosom next his skin—an order willingly obeyed by the rough sailor, who had children of his own, and whose heart ached when he felt the marble-like body of the infant touch the warm surface of his own.

"Poor little chick," he murmured. "Well, if it don't beat all! The idea of that little chap staying you away inside his arse, and him a'most frozen!"

Frank, who felt as though he had been suddenly transferred to heaven, was wedged into a netting under the lee of the gunwale, and was comparatively comfortable, but the little girl laid like a lump of lead in the boatman's bosom; meanwhile the boat flew before the gale, and after a while was run into Ramsgate Harbor, where the children were landed and taken to the hospital.

"Bless me, what a sweet, pretty creature!" said the nurse who received the babe from the sailor.

"Is she alive, ma'am?" nervously inquired the man.

The woman, under the direction of the surgeon, placed the infant in a warm bath, and after a while told the sailor that she thought the baby would recover—saws were delightful to that rough, uncultivated tar than the announcement of a grant of money.

Several times during the day the coastguardmen called at the hospital, in order to ascertain how the children were faring, and that evening, ere the former departed for home, they had the satisfaction of knowing that Frank was sitting up, and his sister considered out of danger.

The next morning the American Consul, a venerable man, visited them, and in a few days they were transferred to the official's residence, the official taking great interest in the little orphans.

After the children were taken from the wreck, the mass drifted on shore, depositing the torn and disfigured body of Mrs. Burton upon a ridge of sand, where, with several others—for the storm had strewn the coast with wrecks—it was discovered by the coastguardman who was patrolling that part of the shore.

Kindly hands—woman's—performed the last sad offices, and, as the body remained unclaimed, the parish authorities interred it in a churchyard situated near the sea, almost opposite the spot where the unfortunate lady had met with her sad fate.

Several months passed, and the consul, who was unaware of the finding of Mrs. Burton's remains, failing to ascertain anything with regard to the

children's friends, determined to send them home, when a young widow lady, named Raymond, who had recently been bereaved by the death of a child, offered to take the youngsters and to provide for them, to which, under certain conditions, the official agreed, at the same time giving their guardian a written account of the circumstances connected with their rescue.

The boy, who was naturally of a loving, noble disposition, soon began to look upon his adopted mother as his natural guardian, while at the same time he never forgot the brave father and gentle mother who had passed away.

Strangely enough, soon after the children were delivered to her care, Mrs. Raymond inherited an estate at Ham, in Kent, a portion of the property comprising the shore upon which Frank's mother had been cast, and for years the boy worshipped in the ivy-covered building, beneath the shadow of which his mother was sleeping the last sleep of the just.

The churchyard, with its sunny aspect and quiet nooks, was always a favorite resting-place with the boy, who would sit there for hours gazing at the sea and wondering why it sometimes became so angry, and why, through its terrible agency, his Heavenly Father had taken his earthly parents to himself. "Mother tells me that it is for some wise purpose," he would think, "and says I must bow to His will, but it does seem hard that my dear papa and mamma should have been drowned almost in reach of land;" and these oft-present thoughts gradually assumed form in his mind, and from form came purpose, until Frank yearned to know all about the sad story, which, to him, appeared like a terrible dream.

As he grew up, this idea became part of his nature, and he seemed always melancholy, noticing which, his adopted mother questioned him as to the cause of his grief.

"I feel so sad when I think of my dear papa and mamma," said the boy, "and remember that I am here and—they—no one knows where—perhaps at the bottom of the sea! If I could only know that they were buried, and could sometimes visit their graves, I should be so happy!"

"My dear Frank," answered Mrs. Raymond, "He who deprived you of your loved ones will some time re-unite you in heaven; and you must not mourn because you do not know their last resting-place in this world. What matters it where the body lies, so long as our souls live in an eternity of happiness?"

But the boy was only half comforted, seeing which the lady caused a notice to be inserted in the local newspaper offering a reward for any information with regard to the wreck of the "Spirit of Freedom, of New York, Captain Frank Burton," when, to her astonishment, she discovered that the neglected grave in Ham churchyard contained the body of Frank's mother.

Without informing the boy of this, the lady caused a slab bearing a suitable inscription to be placed over the spot, to which she one day conducted Frank, who was then in his fourteenth year. At first he could scarcely credit that the body of his mother rested beneath that tomb, but, finally, after the sexton had told him the story of discovering the poor lady, and how his wife and another woman had shrouded her and wept over her ere she was consigned to her grave, Frank was convinced that it was so.

"Ah," said the old man, who while he related the sad history brushed a tear from his furrowed cheek, "that was a dreadful gale, young sir; fifteen ships went ashore upon the Goodwin that morning, and eighty-seven people lost their lives! No wonder that the consul did not hear about the finding of your mother's body! We buried several of them in one grave, but the clergyman, seeing that this was the remains of a lady, told me to place it here."

From that day Frank, if possible, became more attached to his adopted parent, loving her doubly

for her affection for him and her respect for the memory of his dead mother. Once a day, rain or shine, Winter or Summer, the boy visited the grave and thought of his lost parent, and, as he grew older, his former feeling returned and he began to yearn to know something more of his father's fate, an idea possibly germinated in his heart by the following circumstance.

When Lillian was six years old she was foolishly, perhaps maliciously, informed that Mrs. Raymond was not her mother; this grieved the child, and she told her brother of her sorrow, whereupon Frank took his sister to their mother's tomb, and said:

"Dear Lillian, mamma is sleeping here, and will never waken again in this world; but it is only her body that is here, dear Lilly; mamma's soul is in heaven, and she is now looking down on us."

"And papa?" sobbed the child.

"Papa," began the boy—"I don't know where he is. He was drowned out there, Lilly, dear"—pointing seaward. "And now our mother has taken the place of the mamma who is buried here."

The child was bewildered, being too young to fully comprehend what her brother had told her; and, after gazing at the tomb for a moment, said:

"Frank, don't you think that you ought to go and find papa?"

"He was drowned!" mournfully replied her brother, taking her hand and leading her from the spot. "He died before dear mamma did."

Seating herself upon the moss-covered stone wall that defined the boundary of the graveyard, the child said:

"Over there"—pointing toward the offing—"there are lots and lots of ships over there. Perhaps our papa is in one of them."

"No," said her brother, who was strangely moved by her words. "He was drowned!"

"You remember that story mother read us," continued the child, "where the sailor boy fell overboard, and was rescued by a ship that came after the other?"

"I know all about that," answered Frank; "but that was a story—at least, it was in a story-book."

"Yes," urged the child; "but it was true. People cannot make such things out of their heads. They hear of something, and then write a story. Mother says so." Then, once more gazing sorrowfully toward the spot beneath which lurked the treacherous sands of the Goodwin, she added, "Frank, you must go and find papa."

While they were conversing, the old sexton drew near, and, bidding them good-afternoon, was passing onward, when Frank inquired:

"Mr. Knowler, you saw us saved that day, did you not?"

The old man halted; then, seating himself upon a tomb, said:

"Bless you, Master Frank, I shall never forget it! It was a bitter cold morning, and I took my spy-glass and went up into that first window"—pointing to the belfry. "My wife came up for a while, and it was she who first saw that there was some one on the wreck. How you survived always seems a miracle to me. You were lashed to the stump of the mizen-mast, and my missus said, 'There's a man and a woman—and a boy!' Just then a fruit-worker came dashing down, and wife said, 'There's one of them Portugee craft, and I wonder if it will see the folks on the wreck,' when the mass on which you were, which seemed like half of a ship, was struck by a tremendous sea, and your father was washed away, seeing which, my old woman fainted, and I had a nice job with her—for the belfry wasn't floored then, and I was afraid that she'd break her neck."

"Do you think it possible that my father could have been saved?" eagerly inquired the boy, while the girl, who did not quite comprehend the story, listened with pained attention.

The man reflected for a few moments, then said: "Master Frank, had your father been saved,

don't you believe that he would have made inquiry for you?"

In an instant the lad's hopes were destroyed, and he was forced to admit that the sexton spoke the truth, while the little girl, who was firmly convinced that if a ship was near, as in the story, her father must have been rescued, said:

"Papa thought we were drowned—the same as in the story the captain thought that the sailor-boy was lost. Frank, you must go and find our papa."

"Mistake," observed the sexton, "I buried all the bodies that came ashore, and among them were four sea-captains, either of which might have been your father. It's no use your brother going upon a weary, weary search after a will-o'-the-wisp. He had better stay at home, or he may be drowned like his poor father was."

Saying which, he rose and walked toward the church.

"Frank," said the child, "I'm sure that ship saved papa. Won't you go and see if you can find him? He must be very sorrowful without us."

The boy did not reply, but kissed her; then, taking her by the hand, led her homeward.

From that time Lillian always accompanied her brother to their mother's grave, and upon each occasion the girl would say:

"Frank, you will go and find our papa some day, won't you?"

CHAPTER II.

ONE morning, soon after the boy had attained his seventeenth year, Frank asked his adopted mother for permission to go to sea, saying:

"I have talked with a number of the boatmen, and seen two of the men who rescued us from the wreck, and I am more and more convinced that there is a possibility of my father being alive. You will not object to my going, will you, mother?"

"Frank," answered the lady, who loved him as though he was her son, "when I received you from the American Consul, he said: 'I will give these children into your charge on one condition: that is, they shall at any time be free to leave you upon my request, or at their own wish; meaning that, although I took charge of you, I was not to consider that I had any claim upon you. Therefore you are free to leave me whenever you choose; but what are your plans, my son?'"

"I shall go to London and ship as a common sailor. I understand navigation, and shall soon make my way. I shall go to Fayal, and inquire about the ships that traded from there seven years ago; after which I shall either prosecute my inquiries or return home and learn some profession."

"But why go before the mast, my son?" asked the lady. "I can furnish you with ample funds."

"Because," answered the boy, "if I mix with the sailors I shall learn more in a week than I otherwise should in a year!"

"As you please," said Mrs. Raymond. "My boy, while admiring your filial devotion, I cannot but feel that you are doomed to disappointment. In any case, God bless and keep you, and send you back to your sister and myself."

"Amen!" said Frank.

It was sorrowful work parting from Lillian, but the child bore it bravely, saying:

"I shall wait and wait—ever so patiently—and every day will go to mamma's grave and pray for you, dear brother; and I am sure that some day you will return and bring back our lost papa!"

"I'll try," sobbed Frank; then their lips met in loving farewell, and the brave boy started out into the world to search for their lost parent.

Each afternoon Lillian went to the churchyard, and, kneeling by her mother's grave, communed with the spirit of the departed, praying that the day might soon come when Frank would return, bringing with him the parent she so firmly believed was still living.

Frank wrote from Fayal, and then from the Cape of Good Hope, saying that he was bound to the East, and that he hoped he had a clue, after which no letter was received from him.

Month succeeded month, and Mrs. Raymond began to fear that the boy was dead, when her worst apprehensions were realized by reading the following notice, copied from the *Straits of India Times*, a journal published in Singapore:

"The young American, who started for Borneo in search of his father, whom he supposed was in the service of Rajah Brooke, was murdered by Dyaks, who seized his boat at the entrance of the Saarawack River. During young Burton's stay in Singapore he was the guest of the American consul, who, though he failed to believe in the idea that Captain Burton was the father of this lad, still did not for a moment doubt the genuineness of the youth's representations, Captain Burton, who has several times visited this place, and who is upon intimate terms with the United States Consul, never having hinted that he had been married, or in any way referred to once having had a wife and children. In consequence of the Dyak war, there is at present no mail communication with Borneo, and, failing to obtain passage by the river, the unfortunate young man, who was well provided with funds, he having been adopted by a wealthy English lady, purchased a native boat and set out to run the blockade, perishing in his noble effort to discover the fate of his parent."

"The American residents, uniting with the English, with whom he became acquainted during his stay on this island, have decided to offer a thousand rupees reward for the recovery of his body, which will be buried in the Protestant cemetery. It is seldom that a stranger has come among us and so generally endeared himself to Frank Burton, and it is with deep regret that we are compelled to publish the confirmation of the first painful report."

Lillian was inconsolable, and for some time it was feared she would die. Not even the faint hope that Frank had been right, and that her father was alive, appeared to give her any comfort, and she continually blamed herself, saying:

"Ah! I urged him to go! But for me he would have been alive!"

At her request the following inscription was added to that upon the tomb of her mother:

"And to Frank Burton,
aged 18 years,
Only Son of the above;
murdered in Borneo
while
endeavoring to
ascertain the fate of
his Father."

In the Summer Lillian decorated the tomb with wild flowers; for, in her imagination, her mother and lost brother were now sleeping beneath the slab that bore their names; and when the leaves dropped from the trees and the blooms faded, the girl made wreaths of ivy and yew which she deposited upon the spot now doubly sacred to her.

"Ah, poor, poor Frank!" she would murmur, throwing herself upon the slab and weeping as she read his name. "It was I who made you go away!"

CHAPTER III.

THE Dyaks in revolt against the rule of Rajah Brooke were assisted by the Malay pirates who infested the Straits of Singapore and the Indian Archipelago; and so bold had they become, that they virtually barred commerce, and for a time there was no means of communicating with the Island of Borneo.

At the time that Frank Burton arrived in Singapore, a British man-of-war was about leaving the port on a cruise off the Island of Borneo and its

vicinity; hearing which, the young man had applied to the commander, offering, if necessary, to work his passage; but the officer had refused, stating that he might not touch at Sarawack, and, in any case, could not comply with the application. So Frank had to content himself with writing the following letter, which he intrusted to the paymaster of the ship, begging him, if they communicated with Rajah Brooke, to forward it with the dispatches:

"SINGAPORE, January 2d, 18—.

"CAPTAIN FRANK BURTON, SAARAWACK, BORNEO, DEAR SIR—Were I to write as I feel, I should have begun this letter, My dear father; but if I am mistaken—and there is such a strange coincidence as two captains bearing the same name—I should feel deeply grieved at having used an unwarrantable expression. However, I will not take up your time, but will briefly state my object in writing you.

"Seven years ago, on the fourteenth of November, I, a boy ten years of age, was, with my father, mother and baby-sister, wrecked in an American ship, named the Spirit of Freedom, bound from New York to London. My father was swept off that portion of the wreck on which we were floating, and carried out of my sight, soon after which my mother died of exhaustion, leaving myself and my baby-sister, whom I carried on my bosom. We were saved by the Hythe coastguard, who manned a lifeboat, and, in spite of the storm, came to our assistance. They carried us to Ramagata, where the United States Consul gave us a home. We wrote to New York, inquiring about our friends, but the answer was, 'Captain Frank Burton owned the Spirit of Freedom, and sailed her from this port for over eleven years. Nothing whatever is known about him, nor can we, after careful search, discover where the children belong.'

"We were to have been sent to New York and placed in an asylum, but a good and noble English lady adopted us, and has provided me with funds to enable me to come here in search after my father. In a few days I shall leave Singapore in a proa, in which I shall endeavor to reach you, for I have a firm belief that you are my parent.

"In case this is so, read the inclosed; if not, keep it until I see you, or in the event of my death—for I am about to run a great risk in order to find you—destroy it for the sake of FRANK BURTON."

Inclosed was the following communication:

"SINGAPORE, January 2d, 18—.

"MY DEAR, DEAR PAPA—(For, if ever you read these lines, my surmises will have been correct)—As we may never meet in this world, I will tell you what your boy has done, in order once more to see your loved face.

"My mamma was washed on shore at a place called Ham, near Deal, in Kent, England, and through a wonderful circumstance our adopted parent, Mrs. Raymond, took myself and sister to reside there, and we found out all about the wreck, and where dear mamma was buried. Your little Lillian, who has grown to be a beautiful child, worried about the fact of our not finding your grave, and this idea soon took full possession of my mind, and finally, after hearing that a fruit-ship had, soon after you were washed overboard, been seen close to us, I determined to devote my life to finding you. My adopted parent furnished me with means to travel, and my first plan was to ship on board a Portuguese schooner bound for Fayal. On that craft I met a sailor, Antonio Casco, who remembered having heard a man named Josef say that he was once on a craft that picked up a man off the coast of Kent; at the same time he informed me that Josef was living at Fayal. Upon arriving at the island, I sought out the man, who is now blind and a cripple. He at once challenged me, '*Como esta, Capitano Burton?*'—(Is that you, Captain Burton?)—imagining that I was yourself; but presently he added in English, 'No; the voice is younger.'

"I told him that I was your son, whereupon he said, 'We picked up Captain Burton, who had an ugly cut on his head, and ran back for the mouth of the River Thames. Our captain was a high Freemason, and when your father came to himself, he made signs to our skipper, and the latter said, "This man is a brother of mine, and he shall not be turned adrift to starve." When we reached Gravesend, we heard that your father's ship was a total wreck, and that all hands were lost. This put your father out of his head. He said that life was a burden to him, and henceforth he didn't care what became of him, then went crazy. Our skipper was as good as his word, and not wishing to send him to a madhouse, took him away with us to Fayal. Here he recovered, afterward receiving an English paper, containing the account of the storm, and saying that the wreck broke in halves, and that the stern, after floating toward the land, was dashed into a hundred fragments upon the beach; one body, that of a woman, being washed ashore, and buried at the expense of the Parish of Ham. This confirmed his belief that his wife and children had perished, and he soon afterward quitted Fayal for the Cape of Good Hope.'

"This cheered me, and I wrote home to my sister, telling her that I believed I had found a clue. At the Cape I discovered that about the time you arrived, an American had shipped on board an *ladiman* bound for Trincomalee, *via* Singapore. I again wrote to my sister, then at once came on here, where I learned that a Captain Frank Burton was with the Rajah Brooke in Borneo, and that the Rajah had found him captive among some Dyaks.

"I was also informed that, in consequence of the war, and the vow made by the Sarra-souvas—who are in league with the Dyaks—to murder every foreigner they capture, no ships are running to Borneo, and that it might be several months before trade is resumed, so I have, against the advice of my friends here, determined to try to reach you. A few weeks ago, H. B. M. ship Raver brought in twenty friendly Dyaks discovered prisoners in a Sarra village. These men are anxious to return to their wives and families, and have volunteered to accompany me, so I shall risk it; and ere you read this, dear papa, your boy will be on his way to meet you.

"If I fail and am killed, I am sure that you will go to England and see your Lillian, who is as anxious to behold you as is your loving boy.

FRANK BURTON."

When Captain Burton received these letters, he wept, and hurrying to the Rajah, said:

"Friend Brooke, you have sometimes asked me why I was melancholy. Here is the cause."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the other. "Can it be that the proa captured by the Sarra-souvas contained your son?"

The sorrowing father uttered a despairing sob, then turning to his chief, said:

"Rajah, may I take the gunboat and avenge the murder of my boy?"

"Yes," answered the conqueror of the Dyaks, adding, "and I will accompany you, my friend."

CHAPTER IV.

UPON leaving Singapore, Frank ran direct for the mouth of the Sarawack River, and escaped all danger until he sighted the Sugar Loaf, a curious rock that, rising like an obelisk from the swamp, marks the site of the entrance to the river.

Just as he was preparing to go about, in order to stand into the channel, two Sarra-souva proas, that were hiding in the mango-covered swamp at the foot of the Sugar Loaf, put to sea, noticing which, Frank, by signs, ordered his men to prepare for action.

The Dyaks naturally love a fight, and the crew of his proa were soon animated and ready for battle,

they greasing their bodies with sandal-wood oil and dipping their kretses in a poisonous compound that rendered the weapon deadly.

A few months before, Frank was a schoolboy—now he was in feeling, if not in years, a man.

Taking his place in the bow of the proa, by a long war cannonade, he directed his men to load the piece, then, glass in hand, watched the manoeuvres of his foes, who had separated, and were evidently awaiting his arrival off the bar that obstructed the mouth of the river.

Accustomed from childhood to the water, and possessing indomitable courage, Frank scorned to

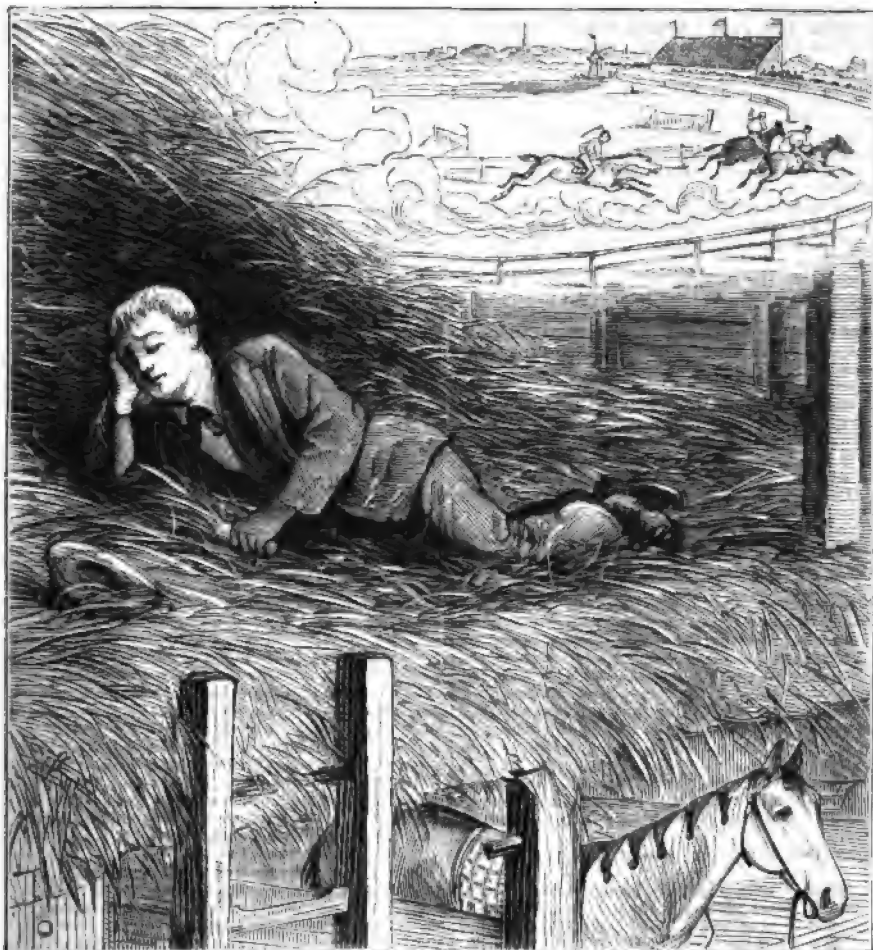
turn and run like a frightened cur, so kept boldly on, but it was a fearful risk to take.

The channel at the entrance of the river was narrow and deep, but Frank's Dyaks knew it well, and were as anxious as himself to try the issue. On flew his craft, and as she tossed the water over her bow, the other proas suddenly shortened sail and hove to, one on each side of his course, and, at the same time opened a galling fire upon him.

Their object was to sink him ere he crossed the bar, while he knew that, once over it, he could soon distance them, they being heavily laden and slower sailors than his own craft. This he learned from



BY LOVE AND COURAGE.—“AT LENGTH HE ARRIVED IN SIGHT OF HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE. THERE, IN THE COLD, DARK AIR, WITH HER HAIR DISHEVELED, BAREHEADED AND SILENT, LAY HIS SISTER, HER HANDS CLASPED, AND HER FACE HIDDEN FROM VIEW.”



TIM'S DREAM.—SEE PAGE 395.

his crew, who appeared to recognize the proas, and who, as they neared them, became furious, cursing their opponents, and vowing, long as were the odds, to pass the bar.

As they drew nearer, Frank discharged his cannon at the biggest proa, knocking a hole in her side and causing a great commotion on board, while, almost at the same instant, a chain-shot from the other pirate struck his mast, cutting it off clean about four feet from the deck, seeing which, the enemy trimmed sails, and bore down upon him, screaming and yelling like so many demons.

Commending his soul to God, and with a prayer for his father, and sister—that *they* might meet again—the brave boy calmly awaited his fate.

Onward they came, their savage faces gradually growing more distinct, until each one stood out in hideous prominence; then a collision, and the demons began their work of carnage.

Frank fought bravely, but finally succumbed to numbers, and, after being shot through the side, was thrown into the bottom of the proa, which was soon afterward headed for the shore, and that evening fired for the amusement of the Sarra-souva women, who, as the flames leaped heavenward, clapped their hands, crying:

"It is good! It is good!"

CHAPTER V.

FAR away, in a graveyard upon the coast of Kent, a little girl is lying upon a slab, weeping and reading the name of one she loved so truly, one who had been both father and brother to her.

A letter had been received from Borneo, from Captain Burton, who yearned to see her, telling her that poor Frank was no more—that his father had been to the spot, and had avenged his murder, and bidding her be brave, and wait patiently until the war was over, when her parent would return and see her; still she wept on for her Frank, saying that her brave, noble brother was dead, and that she would never more see him and hear his happy voice crying: "Lilly, I want you!"

"Ah, Frankie!" she murmured, kissing the wreath of yew that she had placed over his name, "you brave, patient, noble brother, dearly as I wished to see papa, I would that you had staid at home! My papa—loves me—yes—but then I shall not know him; he writes me that he loves me better than his life; and, Frankie, you did, too, did you not, dear?" again touching the wreath with her lips. "Ah, Frankie, Frankie!"

"Lillian, my child," gently pleaded Mrs. Raymond, who for some moments had been watching her

adopted daughter, "I have a letter from Borneo saying that your papa is coming home. You must return in-doors; the air is chilly, and you will catch cold."

But the girl did not reply.

"Come, Lillian," said her guardian, "I wish to read your papa's letter to you."

"Mother," said Lillian, raising her head and gazing tearfully at her adopted parent, "why did God save me and allow Frankie to be killed by the pirates?"

"For some wise purpose," quietly responded the lady. "My daughter, you must not question the will of your heavenly father—He doeth all things well."

Once more the pale, sorrowing face was hidden in the child's hands, and she sobbed out:

"No—no! or Frankie would be alive!"

While Mrs. Raymond was endeavoring to console Lillian, a servant came hurrying toward them, beckoning to the lady, and evidently in a high state of excitement.

Quitting the grave, Mrs. Raymond proceeded toward the woman, and inquired:

"What is it, Mary?"

"Oh, ma'am!" she gasped, "it has given me such a fright. Master Frank has come back!"

"Hush!" tremblingly replied the lady. "Come away. Do you mean what you say—my Frank?"

"Yes, ma'am!" answered the agitated domestic; "and he's so pale and weak—like a ghost of himself, ma'am; and a tall, handsome gentleman is with him!"

Mrs. Raymond dared not turn and inform the child, fearing that the news might prove untrue, so she hastened toward the house, half afraid that the girl was mistaken, or that it was all a dream.

Upon arriving within doors she beheld Frank, but so wan and changed, that she scarcely recognized him. However, in another moment she had her arms about the poor fellow, and heard him say: "Mother!" Then for some moments all was a blank to her."

When she recovered, Frank and the handsome gentleman were bending over her, and she presently heard her adopted son address the stranger as father.

After introducing his parent, the young man said:

"Mother, where is Lillian? I must see her!"

"At the grave, Frank," replied Mrs. Raymond. "She was crying about you when I left her. I dread to tell her the joyful truth; it will kill her!"

"Joy never kills," observed Captain Burton. "Let Frank go to his sister. Both will be better after they have seen each other."

"Are you strong enough, my son?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Raymond.

"Strong!" he answered; "indeed I am, mother. But do not come with me; I wish to meet my sister alone, and to tell her, after my own fashion, the story of my search for papa. I know the spot. Poor child! so she mourns me as dead!"

Frank walked slowly toward the churchyard, for he had been cruelly treated by the pirates, and had not fully recovered from the effects of his wounds. As he neared the old church his pulses began to throb and a painful sensation took possession of his mind. What if Lillian should be dead! Onward he moved, the distance appearing to be double what it once was, and at length he arrived in sight of his mother's grave.

There, in the cold, dank air, with her hair disheveled, bareheaded and silent, lay his sister, her hands clasped and her face hidden from view.

"Lilly," he began; but the word was only partly uttered ere the child raised her head, and pressing her hands to her brow, sobbed:

"Ah! Frankie! Frankie!"

Nearer he moved, trembling and white as a spirit, eager to take her to his heart, yet half fearing to speak.

"Oh, dear Frankie!" once more sobbed the child. "I wish I had gone with you, and that the pirates had killed me, instead of you, dear!"

He saw the green wreath that she had placed over his name, and, no longer able to restrain his joy, cried:

"Lillian! Lilly darling, Frank is here!"

Even then she did not heed him, but continued to weep and to say:

"Oh, Frankie, dear Frankie!"

Moving toward her, with his hands outstretched, he bent over her, and lifting her in his arms—nerved to the task by his overpowering happiness—kissed the astonished face, crying:

"I am here, Lillian. Frank is not dead."

For an instant she gazed into his face, then, with a cry—like that of an affrighted bird when it finds shelter beneath its mother's wing—placed her cheek to his, and sobbed:

"I am—happy! I am so—so happy!"

"Papa is waiting to see you, dear Lilly," presently observed her brother; but she cried, saying she did not wish to see her papa—yet.

"Sit in the porch, and tell me how you were saved, Frankie, so that I may kiss you all the time, and papa not see us."

"But papa is not a stranger," answered her brother. "He loves you as dearly as I do."

"No, no!" she pleaded, "I cannot see him as I am, in this old frock, and he will be good and wait. Tell me all about yourself, and—then I will do everything that you bid me."

They walked to the porch, and seated themselves side by side, as they had often before sat there. After Lillian had nestled close to her brother, he said:

"You know all about my capture, Lilly—well, the pirates, seeing me crawl from the prosa—when they fired it—made up their minds to torture me, and did not attempt to touch me again; in fact, they, in their rough fashion, nursed me. One day there was a great commotion among them, and I was hurried away into the swamp in charge of two Sarra women. Lilly, women are always better than men, even those savages, and after we had gone some distance, they made signs to me that I might escape, and that they would accompany me."

"I love them!" said the girl.

Frank smiled, remembering what unlovable creatures his friends had been, then continued:

"We heard firing and shouting, and knew that the Sarras were fighting some one, but I little imagined that it was my papa and his friend, the Rajah Brooke, who had come to avenge my supposed death. We wandered for days and days amid the horrible, silent swamps; but the women were very good, and did their best for me. I thought of papa, and of what the old sexton said to me."

"I remember it," observed Lillian. "He said, 'It's no use your brother going upon a weary, weary search—'"

"Ay; you remember it, Lilly?" he returned.

"I remember every word that both of you said," answered his sister. "I am getting old now, Frank."

Spite of his joy, he could not refrain from being touched by the remark, and he kissed her, saying:

"Yes, Lilly, in sorrow both of us are old; but our joy is to come."

"Tell me about your weary, weary march," she said.

"First, Nayana, the youngest, grew faint and died," said Frank. "She was a strong woman when she started from the shore, but the leeches killed her. They swarmed in all the soft places and about the mango topes; and then Pashita, the old one, laid down and sighed, motioning me to go on and to leave her. She died, too, and I was alone in the horrible jungle; but I did not despair. I thought of you, Lillian, and of my father—for I always believed that I was on the right track—and kept on day after day, until I arrived at Barrakka,

a place belonging to the Rajah Brooke, where the friendly Dyaks gave me food and shelter, and attended to my wounds."

"How did you find papa?" she said.

"I was very sick, and the Dyak women were ever so kind; but it seemed an age before an answer came from Sarawak. At last, one evening, I heard the natives shouting, and knew that it was either a tiger or my father. They always cheered when a tiger came about the place, calling it *molla sahâb* (dreaded master). I was seated in a Malay hammock, and was endeavoring to rise, when papa came up, shouting, 'My boy—where is my boy?' and was presently carrying me to his palanquin, crying over me as my mother would have done."

"Dear papa!" murmured the girl.

"He has never left me from that time until now," said Frank: "and, Lillian, I have learned to love him more than of old—to know that he is the best, bravest and most noble man in the world. We are going home to the States, and papa says that he will never go to sea again."

Hand in hand, brother and sister returned to Mrs. Raymond's, and soon Lillian was in the embrace of her long-lost parent.

At first she was shy, and appeared almost to fear him; but this soon wore away, and she accepted him as her papa, and learned to love him with all the warmth of her nature.

Time passed, and Mrs. Raymond, who would not listen to their leaving her, gradually grew to more than esteem Captain Burton, while he, from respecting her on account of her kindness to his children, learned to love her for herself, finally proposing that she should share his hand and heart.

For a long while she hesitated, but finally yielded, and on the condition that Frank and Lillian did not object, agreed to become Mrs. Burton.

One afternoon, as they were walking upon the sands, the captain said to his children:

"My dears, I have something to tell you—something that I believe will please you—something that concerns your adopted parent."

"That mother will go home to the States with us!" cried Frank, who was now quite strong and well.

"Lillian!" said her father, as though inviting her to speak.

"I hope something more," she said.

"What, my daughter?" gently inquired her parent.

"I cannot tell you," she said, looking at her brother as she spoke. "Frank will."

"Come, Frank," said his father; "what is it, my son?"

"Papa," answered the boy, "you will not think it wrong when I tell you that we have often said how completely happy we should be if our dear mother really could become our mamma. She has been a mother to us both, and but for her goodness I should never have found you."

"I was about to speak to you with regard to this," said Captain Burton. "I have asked Mrs. Raymond to become my wife, and, subject to your wish, she has consented."

A few weeks after this a group of people stood upon the deck of a steamer bound from London to New York, and as the ship passed the coast of Kent, the elder gentleman of the party said to his wife:

"Out of the storm and wreck—out of misery and sorrow! Thank God for his mercy in permitting us to once more turn our faces homeward! Adieu, fatal shore!"

"Amen!" said a young girl. "Much as I like England, I am longing to see home. And you, Frank?"

"I?" replied a tall, handsome young man, who was thoughtfully gazing upon the hull of the light-ship marking the southern boundary of the Goodwin. "Yes, Lillian; for yonder land has never been home

to me. Farewell, treacherous sands! In the happiness of this moment I can almost forgive the misery you have caused us!"

Tim's Dream.

TIM CHARLICK was one of the jockeys of the V—— Racing Association, and one of the best. He was light in weight, strong in the arms, shrewd in his business, and courageous under all circumstances. He knew more about horses and their dispositions and powers than most people of his years, and he was thought to be the finest horseman, with one or two exceptions, on the course.

At the Fall meeting in a certain year, the date of which would not interest you, Tim was to ride the fastest horse in the State in a three-mile running race. He went into a course of severe training, and brought his weight down to ninety-five pounds, and he was the thinnest mortal that one would wish to see. His skin was brown, his muscles hard, his eyes bright, and he was as quick and lively as a cricket.

He had a scarlet cap, a blue-and-white striped shirt, and a pair of yellow top-boots. The horse that he was to ride was named Fatima—a very tall bay, with long, slender limbs, thin flanks, and the prettiest head in the world. She and Tim struck up a friendship directly, and Tim was anxious for the race.

There were four other horses to run besides Fatima, and Tim and the other jockeys looked jealously at each other; for the race was to be a very important one, and the owners of the horses had wagered a great deal of money on the success of their favorites. The horses were guarded night and day to protect them from injury or poison, and the jockeys, too, were given their food in separate places, and were protected from all harm as tenderly as babies.

On the day before the race the excitement had arrived at the highest pitch. The town was filled to running-over with people, and all the hotels and private houses were crowded. Tim heard his name on every hand, and he learned what it was to be famous. He was praised and flattered, and at the same time he was condemned and derided. Some said that he was the best rider and the bravest boy, and others said he was the newest and least experienced of them all.

"Wait until to-morrow afternoon," soliloquized Tim, "and I'll show you!"

Bands of music came, lines of flags were hung out, cream and apple venders began to put up their stalls, and all commenced to look gay. The horse-owner frequently came to Tim and said to him: "Beware of accidents! Don't go into any dangers, and do not let anybody tempt you to do anything out of the way!"

"Never fear, sir," Tim would reply, smiling at the idea of any one interfering with him.

At about the middle of the afternoon, a boy touched Tim on the arm as he was standing in the yard of the race-track, looking at the grooms exercising the five beautiful horses. Tim looked around—the boy gave him a note. The note said: "Will you come and see me at the —— Hotel, immediately?" The note was signed by a name that Tim had never heard before.

"Come with me," the boy said.

"All right," said Tim; "go ahead!"

They proceeded to the hotel together, and, on entering, ascended to the second floor; the boy knocked at a door, and then went away. "Come in!" said a man's voice; and Tim obeyed. He entered a large room, darkened and cool, and furnished in a very rich way. There was a huge bed hung with lace curtains, great red satin chairs, and broad tables covered with fruit and flowers. The air was filled with perfume, and Tim was be-

wildered. A young, thin, sallow-faced gentleman came forward, with a smile on his face, and gave Tim his hand.

"I'm glad to see you," said he, in a soft voice. "You are Tim Charlick, the jockey who is to ride Fatima to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir," said Tim; "I am."

"I want to make a secret proposal to you," said the young man; pray sit down. Will you not eat some bananas—they are very nice?"

"No, I thank you, said Tim; "I am forbidden to do so."

"Well, take a glass of punch, then."

Tim shook his head more decidedly.

"What, no punch? no wine? nothing whatever to eat? You surprise me! Well, well, I suppose it is all right! You gentlemen have to be pretty careful."

He was very pleasant; he chatted about the race that was coming off, and told Tim a good many stories, which got him laughing. Tim noticed that he had a good many rings of great value on his fingers, and that his clothing was very rich and costly. He smoked a fine large cigar, and looked, so Tim thought, like a prince.

Pretty soon, after he had got Tim at his ease, he put down his cigar, and got back to the horse-race again.

He drew his chair closer, and sunk his voice to a confidential whisper.

"Mr. Charlick," said he, "all of us wish to be rich. All of us like money. I would spend it in one way, if I had it, and you would spend it in yours, if you had it. If you had a thousand dollars right in your hand now, you would be a happy man?"

"Yes," said Tim, feeling rather complimented at being called a man, "I think I should."

"Yes," said the other, "I knew it. You would take most of it and give it to your sick father and to your poor mother, who has to work so hard at washing and who gets so little pay."

Tim stared. How did he know all this?

"And your sister would go to school, and you would have a plenty of clothes and books yourself. A thousand dollars would buy a farm, it would buy a horse and carriage. With a thousand dollars, you could travel off a great ways; you could have rich things to eat, just like this here, and you could have beautiful carpets and flowers, and, in fact, almost anything you liked."

Tim stared. A thousand dollars! That was a tremendous sum. Yes, he thought he could do anything with a thousand dollars.

"Now I'll give you a thousand dollars, to-morrow afternoon, right into your hand, if—"

The gentleman leaned over, and looked closely at Tim, and put a very pleasant smile on his face.

"If—what, sir?" said Tim.

"If you'll 'pull' Fatima."

To "pull" a horse, is to rein it in secretly, so as to make it lose the race. This gentleman wanted to bet a large amount of money on another horse, and he was afraid that Fatima might possibly beat her.

"What!" gasped Tim, turning white. "To 'pull' a horse is one of the greatest crimes that a jockey can commit."

"It isn't much to do," pursued the other, in haste; "you will only have to tighten your forearm and your wrist—no one will see you, nobody will know that you are doing it; no, nobody in the wide world. Fatima will fall behind a step, and another horse will go in. Perhaps she won't need to be pulled; perhaps the other horse will beat her; anyway, if she goes ahead too fast, all you have to do, is to turn your hand this way, and catch a thousand good dollars."

Tim was, to use the expression, staggered.

"Here, here's earnest!" cried the other, and he drew from his pocket a bundle of banknotes. He thrust them into Tim's hand. "Here," continued he, "drink a little sherry and take a few of the almond-cakes."

Tim glanced at them; he was confused and astonished.

Before he knew what he was about, he was nibbling at the macaroons and sipping the wine, meanwhile fingering the money.

"No one except you and myself will ever hear of the matter. It will be a close secret between us. After the race is over, you will only have to come here in the night, and I will give you the rest of the money. Come, what do you say? Drink a little more sherry."

Tim had been thinking of the thousand dollars. The people he had always associated with had constantly talked of cheating and swindling, and the crimes had lost much of their terrors for him. And a thousand dollars, too! His father supplied with delicacies, his mother relieved, his sister taught, and himself in better clothes than he had ever worn!

He glanced at his rich friend. He had not enough courage to say "No."

The gentleman understood the glance.

"All right, Tim," said he, giving him his hand.

"Think of it, and if you decide to earn a thousand dollars, you have only to come here to-morrow before the race and say as much. Remember that it will be a secret between us."

Tim departed. He held in his hand the roll of bills. He put it into his pocket; but somehow or other his head hung down. He could not walk as straight as before. There was a weight within him. Up to this time he had been a famous jockey. What was he now—famous or infamous?

He went back to a stable near his own house, where there were kept several practice-horses, and he went up quietly and sat in the hay to think about it. He heard the champing of the animals below and the stamping of their hoofs, and he felt strangely like a traitor to them.

He pondered and puzzled. Now he was in favor of going straight back to the gentleman and giving him back his money indignantly. Then the benefits of the thousand dollars arose again before his eyes, and he sat down again.

The race came off.

The fine horses were led out in front of the stand, and Tim, in his gay suit, looked around at the tremendous crowd that was present. The brass bands played, the flags waved, the people cheered, and the gentlemen owners spoke to the jockeys, who were lifted on their tall horses and given their whips.

Tim looked around for his gentleman. He was standing near by, smoking, and looking at Tim. They understood each other.

The horses were led out. All the noises suddenly ceased. The vast throng of people became as still as death; the bands stopped playing. They got in front of the beautiful and lofty grand stand. The five horses got into line. Tim's horse was the centre one.

"Are you ready?" demanded a loud, hoarse voice from the stand.

The jockeys made slight signals, and the horses gathered themselves together for a spring.

There was an instant's pause. The very air came to a standstill.

"Go!"

The horses shot away fairly and swiftly. It was a good start. The people began to cheer again. The dust flew, and the straining animals, with their dots of jockeys clinging to their backs, were off in the distance almost at once. In a little while they came back again, still running and panting. They were close together. The people seemed to have gone mad.

The horses came around for the second time; two of them had dropped behind. Tim's horse, Fatima, was one of the first three. The next time around would tell.

Tim's heart began to bound in his breast. He put on the whip, and urged his beast forward; but so

did the others. Half of the way around Fatima began to fall behind a little. She lagged. Tim whipped and thrashed, but still she lost ground. The others rushed ahead.

There were cries of execration from the people all around. Tim lashed and lashed; his cap flew off, the perspiration ran from his face, and he seemed to labor hard; but Fatima did not recover. The other two horses rushed forward. Tim faintly saw the stand beside him, and heard the great roar, and he knew that he had been successful.

Fatima had lost the race.

All of a sudden he was pulled from his horse by three or four men, who were white with rage. Among them were the officers of the Racing Association. They cried:

"We saw you do it! You pulled Fatima!"

He had been discovered. They had followed him with opera-glasses and had seen his manoeuvres.

Tim now saw what he had done. He comprehended the enormity of the crime he had committed. He realized what mischief he had done. He was full of fear. He was surrounded by a furious throng of people who shook their fists in his face and rained a torrent of oaths upon him. He looked up at their faces with terror.

Could this be he, Tim Charlick, that they were using so? He whom they had always praised and petted and declared the best of riders. He had had people tear his caps to pieces and distribute them among the crowd as souvenirs. Now they seemed ready to tear him to pieces.

He was filled with shame. He would be forbidden to ride again in a race. He would be known everywhere all over the county as a scoundrel. The thousand dollars! Pah! How bitter was his sorrow! How deep was his contrition! He was no longer "Honest Tim Charlick," but dishonest, contemptible, detested, Tim Charlick!

All at once a huge man with a great beard, whom he recognized to be the trainer of Fatima, burst through the excited crowd and rushed straight upon him with outstretched hands.

Tim shrieked.

He awoke. He was lying in the hay. He was stupefied! He listened. There was the sound of the champing horses beneath him. He had dreamed. He threw himself down again and wept for joy. Tears rushed from his eyes, and he was convulsed. He was yet honorable, he was yet true and honest.

He leaped to his feet; felt that the roll of bills was still in his pocket, and then in a moment more was rushing through the streets, with his red eyes, to the house of the gentleman.

He leaped up the stairs and delivered a strong knock upon the door. Perhaps he was out; perhaps he would refuse to see him.

But no, there was a summons for him to enter.

He opened the door and walked in. There was the fruit, the perfume, the flowers, the gentleman.

"Here's your money, sir."

"What!"

"Here's your money. I return it. I shall drive Fatima to the best of my ability. I am an honest jockey. I shall make her win the race to-morrow if she can win it."

The gentleman looked at Tim curiously.

Tim burst out:

"And a gentleman like you should have better business than tempting poor boys like me to dishonest acts. You would have ruined me, but, lucky for me, I've got some sense left."

Tim got red with indignation.

The gentleman laughed, and they thought a moment.

"Tim," said he, "I am the real owner of Fatima."

"What, sir?" stammered Tim.

"Yes, I am her owner. I bought her a month ago. I wanted to know my jockey. I tried to tempt you. You are the boy I want. Win the race to-morrow and I'll educate you, and I'll give

your father and mother and sister all I promised you if you lost it. Good-by, Tim. Never fall to be fair; never be tempted. You have done well!"

Tim did win the race, and Fatima and he received the praises that are given to very great people, and Tim was happy.

Those Nasty Flies.

THE generally received opinion about flies is that, despite limitless ingenuity expended on patent traps and poisoned paper, they form one of those ills of life which, it not being possible entirely to cure, must perforce be endured with as good a grace as may be. Consequently, when they ruin our picture-frames and ceilings, insinuate themselves into our milk and molasses pitchers, or lull us to sleep with their drowsy buzzing, only to bite us during our slumbers and render the same uneasy, we thank Fate that the cold weather will rid us of the pest. To be sure, they are scavengers in their way; but after we have spent several minutes in picking a score or more out of the butter-dish, we arrive at the conclusion that it is an open question whether they do not spoil more good material than they carry off bad.

Festina lente, good reader, hasten slowly, and do not anchor faith to such opinions until you are certain that the above sum up all of the fly's mission in this world. *Musca domestica* (science uses six syllables in Latin to express that which good round Saxon epitomizes in two) is a malignant insect. He fulfills a purpose of sufficient moment to cause you to bear his inroads into your morning nap with equanimity, or even complacently to view him congregated by the score within your hidden sweets.

Did you ever watch a fly who has just alighted after soaring about the room for some little time? He goes through a series of operations which remind you of a cat licking herself after a meal, or of a bird pluming its feathers. First, the hind feet are rubbed together, then each hind leg is passed over a wing, then the fore legs undergo a like treatment; and, lastly, if you look sharp, you will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs and about his body as far as he can reach. The minute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two large lobes, which you can see spread out when the insect begins a meal on a lump of sugar. Now the rubbing together of legs and wings may be a smoothing operation; but for what purpose is this carefully going over the body with the trunk, especially when that organ is not fitted for licking, but simply for grasping and sucking up food? This query, which perhaps may have suggested itself to thousands, has recently, for the first time, been answered by a Mr. Emerson, an English chemist; and certainly, in the light of the revelations of that gentleman's investigations, the fly assumes the position of an important friend, instead of a pest, to mankind.

Mr. Emerson states that he began his self-appointed task of finding out whether the house-fly really serves any appreciable purpose in the scheme of creation, excepting as an indifferent scavenger, by capturing a fine specimen and giving his wings down to a microscopic slide. On placing the slide under the instrument, to the investigator's disgust the fly appeared covered with lice, causing the offending insect to be promptly released and another substituted in his place. Fly No. 2 was no better off than fly No. 1, and as the same might be predicated of flies 3, 4, 5, Mr. Emerson concluded that here was something which at once required looking into.

Meanwhile fly No. 1, on the slide, seemed to take his position very coolly, and extending his proboscis, began to sweep it over his body as if he had just alighted. A glance through the microscope, however, showed that the operation was not one of self-beautification; for, wherever the lice were, there the trunk went. The lice were disappearing into, the

trunk: the fly was eating them. Up to this time the investigator has treated his specimen as of the masculine gender, but now he changes his mind and concludes it to be a female, busily devouring, not *hee*, but her own progeny. The flies, then, carry their young about with them; and when the family get too numerous, or the mother too hungry, the offspring are eaten.

A while reasoning thus, Mr. Emerson picked up a scrap of white writing-paper, from which two flies appeared to be busily eating something, and put it under the instrument. There were the progeny again on the paper, and brushed off easily with a cloth. "This," he says, "set me thinking. I took the paper into the kitchen again and waved it around, taking care that no flies touched it, went back to the microscope, and there found animalcules the same as on flies. I had now arrived at something definite: they were not the progeny of the fly, but animalcules floating in the air; and the quick motion of the flies gathered them on their bodies, and the flies then went into some quiet corner to have their dainty meal.

The investigator goes on to describe how he continued the experiment in a variety of localities, and how, in dirty and bad-smelling quarters, he found the myriads of flies which existed there literally covered with animalcules; while other flies, captured in bedrooms or well-ventilated, clean apartments, were miserably lean and entirely free from their prey. Wherever filth existed, evolving germs which might generate disease, there were the flies covering themselves with the minute organisms and greedily devouring the same. Mr. Emerson, while thus proving the utility of the fly, has added another and lower link to that curious and necessary chain of destruction which exists in animated nature. These infinitesimal animalcules form food for the flies, the flies for the spiders, the spiders for the birds, the birds for the quadrupeds, and so on up to the last of the series, serving the same purpose to man.

Anemone Cave.

"From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weatherocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks."

"Girls!" cried a gay voice from a group of men gathered on the piazza at Rodick's; "what say you to a picnic to-morrow, and a visit to Anemone Cave? The fog is sneaking off behind the Porcupines, and the wind is getting round to the west. Such a sunset as this must bring us a fair to-morrow!"

Anemone Cave! Words of enchantment to the lovers of Mount Desert. What visions of cool shadows and of vivid lights! of gray rocks and white sea-foam! What sound of rushing waters leap to our memories! Involuntarily we draw a long breath, as if to drink in that delicious air—air like no other—laden, as it is, alike with salt from the ocean and with the spicy fragrance of the pines on the mountain side.

At Bar Harbor, even an east wind is shorn of the sharpness that so often prompts us, as we turn into Beacon Street, to draw our shawls more closely, even on a fair, sunny day in the leafy month of June. A much less agreeable proposition than this of Ralph Egerton's would have been acquiesced in with delight by the little circle of intimates, longing for change after three days of rain.

A clever, agreeable woman was unanimously elected chaperon—Mrs. Inness agreeing to serve in that capacity on condition that the party should not consist exclusively of "boys and girls"; that she should not be expected to pack or unpack baskets, or count the silver; and, above all, that they should not leave the village until three in the afternoon. "In short," she said, with a laugh,

"expect nothing from me, and I am at your service; but it is quite impossible for me to be agreeable for the whole of a long Summer's day, or even amiable. The moon is at the full, the road is a safe one, and we can stay as late as we please."

All these suggestions were received with pleasure; and then followed discussions as to the number and names of guests. Alas! alas! for the lovers of quiet and of nature! of old clothes and simple friendliness! The best days of Bar Harbor are over! Nothing can rob us of its hills and shores, but each year takes away much of its primitive charm and many of its peculiar characteristics. Dress and fashion are creeping in, slowly but surely; the cottagers—as at Newport—have thrown up stiff barriers between themselves and the dwellers in the hotels; the comfortable, and often pretty, blue flannel costumes of the girls are voted "fast"; and the men actually take their dress-coats to Mount Desert! Eight o'clock dinners are given, and a club has been formed, much to the disgust of wives, who fancied, in leaving their city homes, that they left all rivals behind them.

Amateur concerts and entertainments, given by clubs, cause as many heartaches, and occasion as much manoeuvring, as many a ball in the London season. Mrs. Inness—woman of the world and of fashion as she was—disapproved of all these innovations, and set her face steadily against picnic dinners served in courses, and did not hesitate to frown severely on a young man who offered a basket of champagne for the next day's festivity. "No, no," she said; "hot coffee and a simple 'tea on the rocks'!"

The day was faultless: a soft west wind and an August sun that, as yet, had left no mark on tree or turf. The wagons appeared at three in the afternoon, and soon after, laden with a well-assorted party, started off through the thick woods—each side of the road gay with the yellow plumes of the golden-rod, and the rich moss bejeweled with the vivid scarlet of the bunchberry, while on each gray rock nodded tufts of the mountain bluebell.

When our party arrived at the cliffs, they found a fire laid ready for kindling, and the place carefully cleared from all the debris of former joys.

Mrs. Inness gave a sigh of satisfaction as she glanced around, and established herself cozily on the pile of rugs placed at her disposal.

"You may all wander at your own sweet wills," she said; "I shall not move from this place. Only return at seven for tea."

Several persons, among whom was Colonel Egerton, preferred the charm of her society and chose to linger with her.

The little group sat in silence, watching the great ocean throbbing before them. Suddenly the sweet voice of Mrs. Inness broke the silence:

"Are we all thinking, I wonder, of the same thing—of the emotions that filled the hearts and minds of the brave little band of French emigrants who first approached this frowning shore?"

"And in March, of all months, too," supplemented the colonel. "Imagine these cliffs covered with snow, and the sullen roar of those breakers!"

"Tell us all about it!" eagerly exclaimed a young girl. "I never heard that the French came here."

"Where did they not go, my dear Sibyl?" said Mrs. Inness. "No forest was too dense for the Jesuit priests to penetrate, at the head of their devoted followers. To-morrow, Sibyl, I will show you the spot whereon stood the first cross erected on soil now known as the State of Maine, where, too, the faithful priest was murdered clinging to that blessed symbol."

"By the Indians, of course?" questioned Sibyl.

"No, my dear; no Jesuit priest was ever killed by the Maine Indians. They attained wonderful ascendancy over the simple aborigines, which ascendancy the English believed was used to incite the Indians to acts of cruelty toward the Protestant settlers. No, it was a party of English who murdered

one priest here, and carried off two others to captivity in Virginia. Protestant as I am, I anxiously desire to erect a monument on the spot where Father du Thet fell, to commemorate his death, and the little settlement of St. Sauveur!"

Mrs. Inness relaxed into silence.

At last Sibyl said, softly: "I wonder how many romances are connected with this spot?"

"I cannot tell you precisely the number, Miss Sibyl," answered Colonel Egerton, with a laugh. "I might, however, be able to give you some information as to one," and the colonel and Mrs. Inness exchanged a smile. "Before I begin my tale, however, suppose we take a look into the cave?" and the colonel led the way.

The cave was occupied, and merry voices greeted them as they entered. A girlish figure in scarlet skirts was poised on a rock in the dim interior, pointing with a dramatically tragic air and a huge alpenstock to a lad who was calmly engaged with hammer and chisel in transferring the many-hued anemones to a primitive aquarium.

"Boy!" shrieked the girl, "those creatures will haunt you! To-night, when you are sleeping, you will feel their cold, wet lips at your ear, beseeching, imploring, threatening! How can you be so cruel?"

"Come, now, Susie, that is all bosh; they don't feel!" and the lad kicked over one stone, and then used all his strength to pry up another.

Colonel Egerton smiled, and said to Sibyl:

"More than twenty-five years ago I stood just where that boy stands, and did exactly what he has just done. I turned over a large stone and found—a diamond ring!"

"A diamond ring!" was repeated in tones of amazement.

The pretty schoolgirl fluttered down from her perch, aided by Colonel Egerton, and she, with her brother, listened, like the others, with eager interest to the colonel's true story.

"Yes, a diamond ring. Allow me," he said, with a courteous bow, to Mrs. Inness, as he lifted her hand, and drew from her slender finger a superb jewel, the setting of which was woefully battered and worn.

Mrs. Inness colored slightly, as she detected a significant glance exchanged between two of her friends, to whom her possession of a ring, acknowledged by Colonel Egerton to have once been his, seemed like a tacit avowal of an engagement that had long been suspected.

The colonel resumed:

"Over twenty-five years have passed since I first visited this place. My father was out of health; his physicians prescribed a sea voyage; he knew Europe thoroughly and too little of his own country. He determined, therefore, to spend the Summer on the picturesque coast of Maine, cruising about as he pleased. I was permitted to accompany him. My case at that time was like this lad's," and the colonel laid a kindly hand on the boy's crisp curls. "I had my aquarium on board of the *Mercury*, and daily added to my treasures.

"Landing at Bass Harbor, we heard of this cave—not by its present name, but by the less euphonious one of 'The Devil's Cave'—and there was no peace for my father, until I had seen it. A cave in the rocks! I peopled it with banditti, pirates and Indians, in rapid succession. I implored my father to let me live here like Robinson Crusoe, at any rate to let me try it for a month. He sat there on that cliff, at the mouth, and listened with patient sympathy to my wild raptures, as I hammered away, trying to get off some of the anemones. At last, in the corner, I saw some that I fancied would be easier to obtain. I turned over a large stone. Something caught my eye. I stooped, and, with my penknife, succeeded in extricating from the crevice, in which it was tightly imbedded, this ring. I took it to my father: he at once pronounced it a very fine diamond. 'Of course,' he said, 'such a loss as this must have been heard of in the village. It must,

too, have been recent, for any heavy tides would have washed it away.'

"We hurried back to the post, but the people we saw had heard nothing of any such loss. Captain Rodick, the grandfather of our present host, was off fishing with a number of the men of the place. My father left a letter inclosing his address, and saying that he would keep the ring until claimed. Months passed away; my father wrote again to Rodick; at last he heard that, some three years before, a lady and gentleman left their yacht at Southwest Harbor, and drove over to see this cave and the other wonders of the neighborhood; that they remained a night on their return at Captain Rodick's, and that the lady was greatly distressed at the loss of a ring. They offered a reward, and left their address. Many persons thoroughly examined the cave, and as time went on the address was mislaid, and finally irretrievably lost. My father then inserted an advertisement in all the leading papers of the country, but no claimant appeared.

"I grew to manhood; was in Europe when our war broke out; hurried home to offer my services to my country in any capacity, though I had been educated at West Point; I went into active service; my health failed——"

"Let me interrupt you here," said Mrs. Inness, gently. "His wounds received before Petersburg were so severe, and he bore his enforced inactivity so restlessly, that the surgeon insisted on his going to Europe."

"And I obeyed them," resumed the colonel. "To Europe I went, anxious and unhappy, often suffering, too, severely. I wandered from place to place, and one fine day was lucky enough to meet Mrs. Inness and her mother, Mrs. Carroll. They took pity on my lonely and almost helpless condition, allowing me to join them. They bore with angelic patience my invalid caprices. Both ladies were traveling only to escape the sights and sounds of war in our unhappy land and to dull the sharp edge of recent sorrows."

"You know, Susie," said the boy, in an awed whisper, "that both the husband and father of Mrs. Inness were killed in the war."

"We wandered through France and Switzerland," resumed Colonel Egerton, and at last our restless feet took us to England and Scotland. One day—how well I remember it—we sat together on the deck of a steamer on Loch Katrine. I happened to say that, bold and magnificent as the scenery about us was, it was not to be compared to the coast of Maine; particularly, I added, that between Southwest and Bar Harbors.

"It is very beautiful," said Mrs. Carroll, languidly, "but my associations with that part are so very disagreeable that I have never cared to revisit it."

"When were you there?" I asked.

"I do not remember the year; but early in my married life. Mr. Carroll had a leisure Summer. We determined to escape from the beaten track of travel. Some of our artist friends—Church and Darley among the number—had infected us with their enthusiasm for Mount Desert. We decided to join them at Southwest Harbor. Arriving there, we were told that we must not turn our faces homeward until we had seen the cliffs and caves further on. I considered myself amply repaid for all our exertions until I had the misfortune to lose my engagement-ring."

"Where did you lose it?" I asked, quietly.

"In a cave. I was trying with a shell to scoop up some of the lovely sand that made the floor: my ring was large and the water cold, and in some way the ring slipped off. I did not miss it for an hour or two, and then the tide had risen and it was too late. At all events, nothing was ever heard of my ring, in spite of the reward we offered."

"Was it a diamond?"

"Yes, and a fine one. I valued it, too, not only as my engagement-ring, but as having belonged to Mr. Carroll's mother."

"Is this your ring?" I asked, quietly, having by this time disengaged it from my watch-guard.

"Mrs. Carroll's color changed. She took the jewel from my hand, turned it to the light, and taking a pin from the lace about her throat, inserted it in a minute crevice, which I, inquisitive boy as I had been, had failed to remark. The ring divided, and within she showed me her own and Mr. Carroll's initials. Utterly amazed, she listened to my story; but we never have ceased to wonder how that ring lay for three years in that cave, unfound and unwashed away. Captain Rodick's theory, after all, is the only plausible one; that is, that the heavy stone fell from the roof upon it almost immediately on its loss."

All surmises and questions of Colonel Egerton's

auditors were put an end to by calls and whoops from above. A hungry and impatient crowd had returned to the deserted fireside, and energetically insisted on the appearance of the others, who obediently proceeded to mount the steep ascent.

The sun had gone down; clouds of molten glory hung over the western sky. Opposite, the round August moon was slowly creeping above the horizon. A long pathway of shimmering light seemed to lead to their very feet.

"I say Susie," whispered the irrepressible boy, "don't you think that swell colonel and Mrs. Inness mean to make a match of it?"

Joe's whispers were generally stentorian, and Colonel Egerton smiled as he drew a rug more closely around Mrs. Inness.



ANEMONE CAVE.—"HE DREW FROM HER SLENDER FINGER A SUPERB JEWEL, THE SETTING OF WHICH WAS WOFULLY BATTERED AND WORN."



A SUMMER RAMBLE IN CYPRUS.

A Summer Ramble in Cyprus.

THE Summer in Cyprus may be said to exceed that of any other land in length, since the rainy season, or Winter, is only of two weeks' duration.

An invitation to spend the Summer in a sort of picnicking ramble about the island had a concealed energy unsuspected by the profane. Moreover, the justly famous United States consul at Larnaka, the chief port of Cyprus, is one who never gives an invitation without a hearty welcome at the back of it. His letter of invitation named some of the attractions of the island, which might be persuasive to an artist like my companion, and

archæologists and lovers of natural beauty as we both were. The slight drawback of the absence of hotels and public conveyances of any kind, so prevalent in the East, was compensated by the provident care of our host, who, besides his two fine mules from his own stable, hired several others, and a short-legged Greek to take care of them. So we carried our horse and provender along with us in the most approved nomadic style. The house, to be sure, was not elaborate. The sleeping-apartment consisted of mosquito-nets over camp-beds, set up under a large tree when possible, or in a convent-yard, or in the best house to be found in a village, whether it was that of the sheikh or of

the priest. The kitchen was the space around a charcoal-fire, which was lighted in any place where two or three small stones could be found to support the coffee-pot or the stew-pan.

Where the cook, the groom and the muleteer slept, or whether they slept at all, we knew not, nor was it our concern to know; but this we knew: that they were always awake and stirring when we went to sleep, and had always our coffee ready when we rose in the morning. As we tried to travel, sometimes, before sunrise, or after, so as to avoid its greatest heat, laying still in the middle of the day, it is quite likely the men at such times found a shady and quiet place under some historic ruin where the gods, heroes and beauties so often sung of, in both ancient and modern times, having adopted the forms of insects, took toll from the slumbering barbarians. We were sometimes fortunate, in our noonday rest, in finding a ruin where our tent or awning could be pitched against its cold stones, and seats found ready placed on the fallen blocks of marble.

In the accompanying engraving, our party is represented among the ruins of the ancient city of Amathus, one of the most noted places in history in former times. Our artist has got himself up, with a fierce-looking spear over his shoulder, simply for "artistic effect," as he terms it; but, in other respects, the story is well told. We are there seen in an attitude of *nonchalance* peculiarly Oriental, and engaged in whiling away our time by doing next to nothing.

From Amathus we have a view of Limarol, a town of five to ten thousand inhabitants, beautiful at a distance with its slender minarets and white stone houses, and of the famous Cape Cat, or Kittî, or Citi, on which the ancients built a temple to that Egyptian divinity, and the Greeks to Apollo, adopting the Cat-god so far as to pitch headlong into the sea from the rocky cape any man who defiled the altar of the god by touching it.

The whole island, anciently, was held sacred to the goddess Venus, and the male persuasion probably heard nothing but "women's rights" from one end to the other. But, oh! how the mighty have fallen! For a sort of poetic judgment has overtaken the women of Cyprus, and their present masters or rulers have not the least respect for these Cyprians, nor, according to the Mussulman creed, for any other women.

The Greeks have a monastery on Cape Citi, where they are required, by their charter, to keep a number of cats. According to Sandys, these cats, it seems, had, in his day, a duty to perform, as well as the monks, which was "the destruction of the abundance of the serpents that infested those quarters, accustoming them to return to the convent, at the sound of a bell, when they had sufficiently hunted."

At Amathus, Count de Vogüé, the French consul, found an immense vase—nine feet across and nearly three feet deep—which was one of a pair set in the ancient temple of Venus for ablution before prayers. One of them is now in the Louvre, where it was carried by the French.

General di Cesnola, the United States consul, has also made some important discoveries at this site, one of which occurred during our visit.

In looking for a cool place close under the rocky hill on the seaside, an opening was noticed, into which you could walk, as into an ante-room. Beyond and below this, hewn into the solid rock, there was found, on examination, sepulchral chambers in two stories, containing sarcophagi in sculptured stone, with the remains undisturbed.

Words alone are incapable of describing the gratification experienced by us at this discovery; whilst the fanatical Turks and the superstitious Greeks, who formed the working party in the pay of the consul, were astounded and horrified. The former, standing aghast, stroked their beards, and ejaculated, "*Teorûê, İstahfirullah!*" (God forgive! God forgive!) and the latter bent forward, and

crossed themselves as rapidly as muscular development could enable, repeating all the while, "*Christos Ké Panagiamos!*" (Oh! Christ and Virgin Mary!)

But when, among the dust and fragments of bones in one of the sarcophagi, the consul found a number of gold ornaments, rings, a bracelet and an amulet—

"A change came o'er the spirit of their dream."

For the consul paid in money the full value, by weight, to his workmen, for all gold and silver ornaments found by them in ancient tombs. By doing so a new miracle was performed. It was most amusing to see how sudden a transition came over them, and they managed somehow to overcome their repugnance for the ghastly work of searching among the dead for antiquities. Considering that these tombs have been closed from twenty to thirty centuries, there can hardly be any physical objections to the work.

Just how long it is since these honored dead were sealed up in their tombs, it is difficult even to conjecture. The early history of Cyprus is very rosy with the light of the historical sunrise, and there are certain mythological mists hanging over its mountains and rivers, besides traditional fogs, all of which are supposed to antedate, by many centuries, any record of the real live people who made the island rich and romantic.

The poets of long ago sang of it as an old country in their time, and several races of men have occupied its fruitful fields, or sculptured its rocks into images and shrines, whose rise and fall have succeeded one another, like the rising and setting sun of the days of the week. The island is now somewhere in the progress of one of its long and dark nights. Who knows what race will expel the present rulers and make Cyprus once more a land of corn, wine and oil, as it was in the age when it was the richest possession of the Romans?

Virgil sings about a hundred fires burning in cense of Sabazan gums in honor of Venus, and the many ruins of small Greek chapels will, if they were formerly pagan temples, as in some cases they have been proved to have been, answer the requirements of the text. Some of those ancient buildings are in use now as churches by the Christians, or mosques by the Moslems. One in Nicosia, the present capital of the island, which was built by the Venetians in the twelfth century, out of the materials of a pagan temple that stood on the site, was the scene of an incident which shows the increasing power of the Christians in the island.

This edifice, now a mosque, being in full preservation, and replete with quaint richness of Venetian design of that age, my companion wanted to preserve its memory by a sketch. So he ordered the Greek muleteer to carry his stool and place it in the porch, on one side, as not to interfere with the throng of worshippers. While he was engaged quietly sketching, we heard a scuffle going on behind the wall where our Greek servant had taken refuge. As soon as we heard his voice, we rushed to his aid, and soon learned that the son of the Hodja of the mosque, seeing the sacred precinct defiled by the intrusion of Giazours, undertook to put him out; but, finding us too many, retired into the mosque, leaving us masters of the situation. Nevertheless we reported the incident to the Pasha, the governor of the island, who sent for the young man, who was brought to his presence instantly. After due examination, His Excellency learning the over-zealous officiousness of this youngster, and wishing to make an example of him to the rest of the community as well as to appease our offended dignity, turned to us and said: "Take him; do what you please with him; you can have him bastinadoed, sent up to prison, or banished from the island to Constantinople."

The poor fellow was frightened out of his wits, and stood there trembling like an aspen leaf, not

knowing what was going to be his fate when placed in the hands of ungodly Giaours. But what was the fellow's astonishment when he learnt that we would let him off scot-free this time on condition that he would in future treat all quiet visitors to the mosque with respect, though they be Giaours like ourselves. The youth, overcome by our leniency, rushed forward, and, prostrating himself before us, wished to kiss our hands, to show his deep sense of gratitude, etc.

On a subsequent visit to the mosque, he and his father, the Hodja, took care to show us over the venerable pile, pointing out whatever was interesting, and added to their favors the greater favor of accepting a good round sum of backbush for the benefit of the treasury for the poor.

In a little Greek church near Idaliom, now Dali, there were hundreds of pairs of children's shoes, aprons, dresses and other little articles, suspended by anxious wives, who desire to become mothers, or who have lost children. The place has been deserted as a house of worship for many centuries, but to the common people the odor of sanctity and the tradition of certain powers for good deeds hang around the walls, like the cobwebs and vines, mosses and lichens which make the old stones picturesque and venerable.

At Famagusta, which is built near the ancient Salamis, there is abundant food for both the artist and the antiquary. The bronze cannon of the Venetian kings of Cyprus lie where they were dismounted when the Turks took the city in 1671, when Mustapha Pasha, for the amusement of himself and his army, had the Venetian General Brogadin flayed alive in the square before the palace. Four columns of the palace are now standing. The immense granite lions of St. Mark of Venice lie by the wayside, near the gates over which they once kept watch. The tablets recording in good round Italian are still fixed in the walls, over the city gates, on the side next to the sea. They give no offense to the Turks, because they are unable to read them, and they are not therefore broken, as they would undoubtedly be if understood.

The city is the strongest in the island, being walled in completely, and is on that account used by the Turkish Government as a prison for state criminals, many of whom we saw lounging about the streets under guard. Poor Tefik and Kemal, the youthful editors of Turkish newspapers in Constantinople, are immured here, together with several others.

There are some of the primitive cannons also lying near the inner gate, on the land-side of the city—guns made with bars of iron bound with hoops, looking rather weak, but said to have been very effective in their day. Some pieces of the plate-armor used on horses of that day are preserved, spiked against the city wall, as trophies. The whole city is one museum of antiquities. On every street there are seen cannon-balls of iron, lead or granite. Some of the granite balls are twenty inches through. Indeed, the whole island of Cyprus is a magazine of antiquities, with which the modern world is only just becoming acquainted; and so dry is the climate, so favorable in ever requisite for consumptives who travel in search of health, that it must at some future time, perhaps not far distant, become a favorite resort. Eleven and a half months without a rain-shower! think of it, ye umbrella-makers, and avoid Cyprus; but send all the white-covered parasols there, for the sun is very hot.

Aunt Betsey Higgins.

"A VERY charming young man," pronounced Mrs. Follansbee, raising her eyeglass to watch the progress of the subject of discussion down the long drawing-room of the Grand Hotel. "His manners are quite those of the old school, my dear—polite,

deferential, and a little formal; so superior to that slapdash young America style which, positively, hardly compels a young man to take off his hat or throw away his cigar in speaking to a lady! What did you call him, Laura, my dear?"

"Henshaw, mamma—Mr. Arthur Henshaw, from Boston," replied the handsome girl beside her, whose proud blue eyes had also followed with approval the retreating figure of the young man, while a slight flush raised by his parting glance faded slowly from her cheek, of aristocratic pallor.

"Henshaw, of Boston," murmured the elder lady. "Yes, I think my cousin Winthrop has mentioned that name. At any rate, one sees at a glance that he is a person of family and breeding. And you say his sister is of the same stamp, Laura?"

"Decidedly, mamma, a most elegant girl, but I fancy in ill-health, or affliction, or something, for she does not go about at all. They are boarding at one of the cottages, and I never have seen her, except walking on the sands with her brother, who does not take any hint about presenting her, although I have given several."

"Poor and proud, like half the Boston people, you may depend, Laura," pronounced Mrs. Follansbee, waving her expensive fan with the comfortable consciousness that no one could apply such a reproach to her. "I see it all at a glance, my dear. Young people of family and breeding, but impoverished, and so condemned to that purgatory where dwells the unfortunate class who cannot associate with whom they would, and will not associate with whom they can."

"Why, mamma, you are quite eloquent; one would say that you spoke from experience. Shall we stroll down to the rocks before dinner?"

"Not from my own experience, Laura, and yet—Well, child, I knew a young man before I was married to your papa, a young man not very unlike this one in appearance and manner, and—I was sorry for him."

"Why were you sorry for him, mamma?" asked Laura, roguishly. "Because he was too poor to offer himself to the girl whom he admired?"

"Just that, Laura. He was just beginning to study a profession, and had to earn the money to do so as he went along; and I was expensively brought up and in society, and without a cent. Ah, well—yes, dear, I will go down to the rocks with you!"

And Laura, dutifully helping her mother down the steep descent to her favorite seat, thought with satisfaction of her own quarter of a million, with as much more in prospect when she should become an orphan, and felt that want of fortune never need stand between a well-born, handsome lover and herself."

"Why, there they are now!" was Mrs. Follansbee's first remark as she settled herself, and Laura's color rose again as she perceived the tall figure of Arthur Henshaw approaching them with a lady by his side upon whom her eyes rested in quiet scrutiny. Tall like her brother, and of a slender, swaying figure, with a small, haughtily carried head, abundant dark hair more classically than fashionably arranged, languid dark eyes, a melancholy, handsome mouth, and a pure, pale complexion—the fair stranger's claims to beauty could no more be denied than her air of dignified reserve could be mistaken.

"Pretty creature! I am resolved to know her," murmured Mrs. Follansbee, as the pair seemed about to pass with only a salutation from the gentleman, and, slightly raising her voice, she added, "Won't you be tempted to join us in our cool retreat, Mr. Henshaw?"

The gentleman had no choice but to turn, and, speaking a word to his companion, who strolled slowly on, he took off his hat and approached, evidently to make an excuse, which Mrs. Follansbee, bent upon patronizing, would not hear, but cut short with—"The truth is, Mr. Henshaw, I want to see that handsome sister of yours a little nearer. Won't you present her?"

"Thanks, madame," began the gentleman, a strange perplexity and annoyance in his manner. "You are very kind, but—"

And at this moment his eyes met those of Laura, and read there, I know not what, of sweet encouragement, and an amiable desire for this furtherance of the acquaintance, and with a sudden air of resolution he turned, murmuring some phrase of acceptance, and hastily rejoined the young lady.

But Laura, closely watching, could plainly see that the strange reluctance which had surprised her in the brother was redoubled in the air of the sister, and mingled with an annoyance which left its stamp upon her haughty and reserved face as she at last turned it toward them.

"Can it be simply poverty?" asked Miss Follansbee of herself.

But brother and sister had already retraced their steps, the introduction was effected, and Miss Henshaw quietly seated herself upon the proffered end of Mrs. Follansbee's magnificent cashmere, while her brother threw himself upon the rocks at Laura's feet.

The conversation was chiefly supported by the elder lady, for Miss Henshaw, although perfectly self-possessed and ready with whatever remarks or replies politeness demanded, was as reserved in manner as in face, and when at last she decidedly rose to leave, even Mrs. Follansbee felt rather as if she had been received by a superior than patronizing a young lady guilty of the crimes of poverty and unfashionableness.

"Why, my dear, she positively has the air of a duchess," said she to Laura, as the two returned to the house. "In fact, the only duchess of our acquaintance has not nearly so much hauteur and reserve about her."

"Thoroughly well-bred and well-born people are alike all over the world," replied Laura, sententiously; and so the subject passed for that time.

It was after tea, and the evening train was in, and all the world was collected on the wide veranda of the Grand Hotel to watch the arrivals as carriages and omnibuses drove up. Young ladies in jaunty traveling-suits, their faces discreetly hidden behind thick veils; mammas, dusty, disheveled, rubicund, panting up the steps, with small thought except for the late tea-table; their spouses, also dusty, also rubicund, or else sallow and worn with much money-getting, and as impatient as their wives for refreshment both solid and fluid; stylish young fellows in traveling-caps and Ulster dust-coats, with hand-bags embroidered by fair aspirants for remembrance, and already exchanging informal greetings with the men of their acquaintance, and rather avoiding the glances of the more beautiful and critical eyes for whose scrutiny they did not feel as yet prepared.

It was out of an omnibus that she came, carefully holding up her skirts from contact with the steps, and thus displaying a length of slate-colored cotton hose, imperfectly filled out, and a pair of heelless, flat, prunella boots of thoroughly comfortable size, as well as the edges of several striped and neutral-tinted skirts, not all of them sufficient to prevent the scanty gray mohair dress from clinging around the tall and meagre form as closely but not as scientifically as an ultra fashionable young lady could have drawn it. The gray dress was provided with an elbow-cape, and the costume was completed by a bonnet of checked silk, gathered upon wires in the style formerly called drawn, made in the style of twenty years back, and tied firmly beneath the chin by a pair of wide black strings; a green veil, also tied beneath the chin and streaming like sea-weed down the wearer's back, and a pair of gold-framed spectacles worn low down upon the nose, and thus necessitating a decided backward inclination of the head whenever they were to be used.

The face, thus adorned and enframed, was long, thin, yellow, lighted by a pair of keen gray eyes, and expressing itself through a pair of thin, straight

lips, firmly closed for the most part, but occasionally displaying a ghastly set of low-priced, artificial teeth. Embarrassed by an umbrella, hand-bag and small hat-box, combined with the necessity of gathering up the gray mohair and striped skirts while ascending the steps, this remarkable figure advanced but slowly, giving ample time for all the amiable observation and criticism sure to be elicited by such an object, at such a place, from such a crowd, until, finally, young Draper, whose grandfather had such a happy knack in the manufacture of small-clothes, that his father was able to set up a "fashionable emporium" away up-town, and his grandson to finish his education in Paris and learn to lip feeble sarcasms upon the *oi polloi*, was moved, after bidding his companions "watch how he would buzz the old girl," to trip down the steps, and, offering his arm, to say:

"Pray, let me assist you, madame! Lean upon my arm, I beg."

"Thank you, young man, but you'd do me more good by going and calling the landlord to tell me about a room. I don't believe in dealing with the help when I can get at the boss."

"Takes him for a waiter! Ha! ha! that's too good!" audibly laughed one of the group of Draper's assistants, who had drawn near to see the sport; and he, irritated at the sound, and smarting under the repulse, hastily glanced at them, and said:

"Help, did you say? Oh, you came to see the servants, I suppose. Go right round the house that way, and you'll find the back-door."

"I don't expect to have occasion to find the road, young man, though you seem to know it so well," calmly replied the object of this insult, tilting back her head and gazing through her spectacles at the young man. "Though, I dare say, come to think of it, you have to go round and get a drink of milk or so pretty often, for weakly boys like you do need an awful sight of nourishment, and nothing's better than country air and milk. Have you always been sickly, young man?"

"Give it up, Charlie, she's too much for you," loudly whispered one of the chorus; but Draper, in whom the energy of his ancestors had degenerated into a sullen obstinacy, stood his ground, and might have passed from impudence to insult but for an unforeseen interruption.

Half an hour or so before the arrival of the train Arthur Henshaw had, as usual, started up from the cottages to the hotel, and also, as usual, had gravitated to Laura Follansbee's side, being received again, as usual, with a quiet gladness never shown to any other of that young lady's numerous admirers.

A saunter in the grove had naturally followed and returning to the house by the steps leading to the back piazza, the almost acknowledged lovers sauntered round the corner of the house toward the front, just as Charlie Draper's ugly mouth opened for who knows what odious speech; but its object, a little flush upon her withered cheek, a little trouble in her hawk's eyes, was now at the top of the steps and trying to pass her tormentor to reach the door, when Arthur Henshaw's eyes fell carelessly upon the scene, took it all in with ready intuition, and suddenly hardened into a very different expression from that which had last met his companion's fluttered glance.

"Excuse me, Miss Follansbee," said he, abruptly. "May I seat you here? That lady is a relative of mine, and I think needs my—"

He was gone with the last word, and Laura, watching with astonishment, saw him push through the little crowd of young men with scanty ceremony, meet young Draper's eyes with a stare of cool defiance, and then hastily relieving his charge of some of her parcels, give her his arm and lead her into the house.

"A relative of his!" murmured Laura Follansbee, her heart but now so wildly throbbing suddenly

growing cold and heavy, for too well she knew her mother's prejudices in favor of family, birth, connection—all the class of advantages, in fact, which wealth can neither purchase nor conceal the want of.

Almost mechanically she entered the house and seated herself upon a sofa near her mother, who seldom joined the open-air throng of the veranda, and who was now too busy in chat with another dowager to notice her daughter's entrance except by an affectionate smile. Nearly an hour passed, and a feeling of displeasure at Arthur's continued absence was beginning to replace Laura's perplexity and doubt, when she heard his voice in the hall speaking in a low tone, and the reply spoken in the high-pitched and nasal voice of the stranger.

"No, I don't know as I can go right up to my room again. I guess I will sit a while in the public parlor and see some of the smart folks. Mrs. Peters told me to come to this house just o' purpose to see the fashions. In here, ain't it?"

Mr. Henshaw murmured an affirmative, and then Laura, from the corner of her eye, saw him enter, boldly escorting his relative upon his arm, and leading her gently toward the further extremity of the room; but she, bent upon seeing all that was to be seen, and attracted by the glimmer of Mrs. Follansbee's mauve flounces, and Laura's diaphanous billows of tulle, made her way very decidedly in their direction, and plunged down upon a couch within speaking distance, leaving her escort standing halfway between the two with a vexed, and yet proudly determined, face. Mrs. Follansbee, without turning her head, inventoried every item of the newcomer's marvelous wardrobe and general appearance, and gently murmured:

"My dear, what *has* Mr. Henshaw to do with that woman?"

"There, I left my fan on the supper-table, Arthur! Had you just as lieve go and get it for me?" demanded the strident voice, and Arthur, moving toward the door, stopped to murmur in Laura's ear:

"You will excuse my abrupt desertion, and allow me to explain presently, will you not?"

"We are going to the ballroom as soon as my uncle appears," replied Laura, indirectly, and Arthur, merely saying, "I shall be there before very late," left the room, not noticing that his restless charge had risen from her seat and removed to a chair close beside the sofa where sat Mrs. and Miss Follansbee, for the moment alone.

"I hope I don't intrude," began she at once, "but I noticed that you were speaking with my nephew Arthur, and I was coming to ask him to make us acquainted; but he was too quick for me. He'll be back in a minute, but I guess I'll introduce myself since I've got so far, and I wasn't ever much of a hand for ceremony. Higgins is my name—Miss Betsey Higgins—and I am sister to Arthur's father."

Mrs. Follansbee slightly bowed, and began quietly to gather up handkerchief, fan and gloves, preparatory to departure; but Laura's interest in this matter was too vital to allow it to be simply evaded, and she replied, in a courteous tone:

"Charmed to know you, Miss Henshaw—"

"Higgins, if you please, Miss—"

"Follansbee. But I understood that you were sister of Mr. Henshaw's father."

"And so I am, or was till he died, and so far as I know—"

"But your name is not the same," persisted Laura, while her mother glanced open reproof at this most unusual departure from etiquette.

"Lor, no; I see your puzzlement now! He got his name changed by general court, Aaron did, to please his wife when he got married. She was a stuck-up piece, and she wouldn't agree to let him court her till he promised to change his name from Aaron Higgins to Arthur Henshaw. Henshaw was her own name, you see?"

"Oh, yes, I see; and so Mr. Henshaw, your nephew, was born to the name of Henshaw, after all?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so, though for my part I always think of him and reckon him a Higgins; and so I do 'Viny, too.'"

"'Viny?" repeated Miss Follansbee, interrogatively.

"Yes, Arthur's sister, you know. Hain't you got acquainted with her yet? Seeing you so thick with Arthur, I reckoned you must be old friends."

"Here is your fan, aunt," interposed a stern voice; "and now I will take you for a walk, if you like, or find you a seat upon the veranda."

"Don't let him do either, Miss Higgins!" exclaimed Laura, with a poor imitation of gayety in her voice belied by the cold glitter of her eyes.

"Mr. Henshaw wishes to interrupt our conversation and have you all to himself; but we won't permit it, will we? Mamma, take Mr. Henshaw with you for the stroll you were just sighing after, and by the time you are tired my uncle will have come, and we will go to the ballroom."

Mrs. Follansbee, a good deal bewildered, but always ready to indulge the whims of her only child, rose at once, and Arthur had no choice but to offer his arm, casting a parting glance of reproach, inquiry, beseeching at Laura, who returned it with one whose carelessness bordered on contempt.

"And now, my dear Miss Higgins," began she, so soon as they were alone, "do tell me some more of these interesting little family matters. Do you reside with Mr. and Miss Henshaw in Boston?"

"Lor, no, child! though you may say they reside with me in Brookville, New Hampshire; for my house is all the home they can call their own, either one of them, though Arthur, he's getting on considerable well now—and so's 'Viny, too, for that matter."

"Is she really?" asked Miss Follansbee, with great interest. "She teaches a school, I believe."

"Why, no she don't! What put that in your head?" demanded Miss Higgins, tilting back her head to get a good look through her spectacles at Laura's face. 'Viny, she's a milliner, partner with a Miss Flouncing, or some such name, a French woman that taught her the trade, and then took her in partner, and 'Viny expects she'll go back to France next year, and leave her all the business. You see how it was, was this way: My brother Aaron—I can't help calling him Aaron, for I always did while we was young ones growing up and all. Well, Aaron he was unfortunate in business; he was in the hardware business, and his wife Melvina—'Viny's named after her—well, she was awful extravagant, and my opinion is, she just ruined him; anyway he failed out-and-out, and he couldn't pay his debts, and it just broke his heart; for he was a dreadful high-feeling fellow, Aaron was, and used to brag that he owed no man living a cent that he couldn't pay next day, and when he had to go into bankruptcy, and his house and furniture and pictures and piano and everything was sold at vendue, and after all not enough to pay up the creditors, he just crippled right down and give up, took to his bed in the little hot tenement they'd moved into, and died in two months from the day of the vendue."

Miss Betsey paused and wiped her eyes, but Miss Follansbee's remained as bright and cold and eager as ever while she asked:

"And what was done with the children? Did Mrs. Henshaw's family take them?"

"Lor, no. Melviny's folks was of the poor and proud order, and they never got over her marrying a man that couldn't help them along in the world, and was named Higgins into the bargain, for they always pretended to forget that his name was changed, and they never had much to say even to Melviny herself after the marriage, and the failure just finished them off, and they never one of them came near her, or even to the funeral. I was there when Aaron died, and the last thing he says to me was: 'Betsey, you won't let my children starve?' and says I: 'Aaron, I'll do for 'em as I would for my own if I'd been a married woman and had a

family." So, as soon as all was over, we sold what few things was left, and I took Melviny and the children—Viny she wa'n't two year old, and Arthur just turned five, and I carried 'em all up to Brookville, where I was carrying on the old farm; for, you see, Aaron and I was all there was left when father and mother died, and he couldn't take the farm, and I hated to see it sold—so I just carried it on myself, and I don't know but what I've had pretty good luck, though I say it as shouldn't say it. I'd all along calculated that Arthur would grow up to be a help on the farm, and finally I expected to shift it all off on his shoulders, and he'd fetch home a wife, and I'd set side o' the fire and tend the babies for 'em both; but it wa'n't to be. Arthur he wasn't but fourteen when he got restless and uneasy, and after a spell it came out that nothing would suit but that he must go to the city and take hold of the same business his father was in, and make money to pay off all that was left owing to his father's creditors when the thing was settled. I argued a heap with him, and, finally, I offered him what money I'd got in the bank, and if that wa'n't enough, I agreed to put a mortgage on the farm and pay off every cent Aaron owed, if Arthur would put his name to a paper agreeing to stay with me till he was twenty-one anyway, and longer if we could agree. But no, he said, and true enough, that his father had took his share of the property and put it into his business and lost it, and what was left was mine, and he wasn't going to rob a woman, and one that had been like a mother to him; and so I had been, for Melviny didn't live a year after she came into the country, but just killed herself fretting."

"I understand—poor thing!" murmured Miss Follansbee, a mental vision of the poor little petted, extravagant, weak-minded city girl transplanted to a lonely New Hampshire farm to spend her first year of widowhood and poverty, rising before her eyes.

"So Arthur went to Boston, and, without anybody to help him, got a boy's place in a hardware-store down Blackstone Street, and for a year or two had a pretty hard scratch for it, I guess, though he never complained, and took mighty little help from them as were ready and willing to do for him."

"And that was you, and nobody else, Miss Betsey?" suggested Laura, coldly.

"Yes, that was me," consented the spinster, reluctantly. "But mighty little he'd let me do, so it's no matter. Well, the Summer 'Viny was sixteen, Arthur, he came home to spend his vacation, and they had a dreadful sight of private talk, and the upshot of all was that 'Viny came to me and said she couldn't content herself nohow to live so any longer. She wanted to be earning her own living, and not be a burden upon me, for she knew she wasn't any help; and, to be sure, 'Viny was never rugged enough to be of much account about a farm, and, what was more, she wanted to be with Arthur, and he sort of hankered to have her, for, getting to be a young man, so you see, he felt the need of women-folks round to make it pleasant, and, like a good boy as he was, he'd rather have his sister than any one else. So we talked, and we talked, and it wa'n't no more use than for the old hen to tell the ducklings not to go into the water; and finally I went down to Boston again, the first time since Aaron died, and I got 'Viny put out to this Madam-or-sell Flouncing, to learn the milliner's business, and there she's been, eight years come next Thanksgiving; and I tell you she's gone right up to the top of the tree, and all Aaron's debts are paid-up, stock, lock and barrel, and I guess Arthur's got something consid'able laid by to put into the business when he's took into the firm, as his folks has been promising he shall be next New Year's."

"And they did not expect you here?" asked Laura, a little cynically. "They never have been themselves, perhaps, until this season."

"Well, Arthur has been round consid'able for

the last two or three years, but 'Viny has most always spent her vacations with me, and Arthur always comes home to Thanksgiving, if he don't any other time; but this year I got sort of crotchety, and I felt as if I wanted to see a little of the world for once in a way, and when Mis' Peters—Lawyer Peters's wife, you know—came home and said she'd stopped here for a few days and saw my Arthur training round with the best of 'em, and waiting on one of the sweetest girls here, I thought all of a sudden I'd like just to get a glimpse of that sort of life, so different from Brookville and the farm and all, and as the money for the hay had just come in, I felt as if I might as well spend it on a little jollification as to put it along with the rest in the savings' bank, so I up and did it, and that's all. I expect I've talked you stupid, haven't I? My tongue does rattle on when it gets a-going, and you're so kind o' sympathizing. It can't be you're the young woman Mis' Peters told about? She said she was dreadful stuck-up and highfalutin, but I'm sure you ain't one of that sort, my dear."

"Thank you for the good opinion, Miss Higgins; but I see my mamma and uncle waiting for me, and Mr. and Miss Henshaw are just coming up the steps, so good-evening. So much obliged for your story."

It was noticed by her numerous admirers, that evening, that Miss Follansbee was in the wildest of good spirits, and also that never had she been so sarcastic, so pitiless, so quick-eyed for the foibles of her companions, and more than one daring youth retreated from an encounter of wits, dizzied but wounded and seeking refuge with some less brilliant and less dangerous beauty. It was to one of these gentlemen Miss Follansbee suddenly addressed the inquiry:

"Pray, Mr. Perkins, what is the hardware business?"

Mr. Perkins, the grandson of a traveling tinman, wondered much whether he were insulted or no, but had the good-breeding not to show his doubt, as he coldly answered:

"Why, stoves and saucepans, and kettles and locks and hinges, nails and screws, and such matters, are hardware, and dealing in them is the hardware business."

"Kettles and saucepans!" echoed Miss Follansbee, scornfully. "And do gentlemen ever belong to the hardware business? Did you ever know a man who dealt in kettles and saucepans?"

Poor little Perkins was sure of the insult now, but he stood his ground manfully.

"Yes, Miss Follansbee, I have known, or know, of a very worthy man who dealt in saucepans at least, and as to his being a gentleman, I am sure he was enough of one never to offer gratuitous affronts to any one."

"He should have been a lawyer, then, and somebody would have paid him for them," pensively remarked Miss Follansbee.

"For them? Excuse me, but I do not catch your meaning, Miss Follansbee."

"It was so very little, that it escaped easily. I only wanted to say that, since the gentleman under discussion declined to give gratuitous insults, he should have entered a profession where he would have been paid for them. Ah, here is Mr. Brewster for his valise. Excuse me, Mr. Perkins."

And, as she glided away, Laura wondered a little what she could have said to put her sworn admirer into such very bad temper, as his pink face now suggested. But, in another minute, little Perkins and all concerning him was forgotten, for near the door she caught sight of a pale, stern face, and, when she paused, Arthur Henshaw approached, bowed, and formally said:

"I think you did me the honor of putting down my name for the next dance, Miss Follansbee."

"Did I? I really forget; but I am afraid Colonel Windham will claim it, for I promised him not two minutes ago, and I may put you off with a clear

conscience, Mr. Henshaw, since I am sure you can only have left your aunt's society from a sense of duty toward me."

"A sense of duty would more probably have produced a reverse effect, but in the matter of this dance, since you so decidedly give the preference to Colonel Windham's invitation, I will not complicate matters by remaining to witness his triumph. Good-evening."

"And so he is angry, too!" thought Laura, glancing from under her eyelashes at the stately, retreating figure. "What a happy talent I am developing this evening for disenchanting my subjects. Well! It had to come."

The next morning Aunt Betsey Higgins established herself upon the veranda, immediately after breakfast, with a nearly completed gray woolen stocking in her hands, her spectacles upon the tip of her nose, and a marvelous chintz morning-wrapper adding splendor to her appearance.

Thus did Miss Follansbee behold her as she strolled from the breakfast-table to the door, and a slight smile curved her lips to their least pleasant expression as she turned her head, and, in turning, encountered the eyes of Mr. and Miss Henshaw just coming up the steps.

A slight and supercilious bow from her was returned by one yet more repellent from Miss Henshaw, and a coldly courteous one from her brother, as the two passed and seated themselves beside their aunt.

Not choosing to be driven from her usual morning haunt, and yet reluctant to risk another glance from Arthur Henshaw's eyes, Laura lingered in the doorway, and was presently joined by Messrs. Perkins and Draper, the former wearing an injured but retreating air, the latter flippant as usual. It was Perkins who sprang the mine.

"Look at her, Draper. That's the little milliner girl we used to have such fun with last Winter in Boston—sister of the counterhopper there, and both of them swelling round here on that old girl's money. She's a dairywoman, and I suppose butter-milk sold well this Summer. She told me all about it herself this very morning. Early birds, you know."

"Yes, yes; I thought I'd seen that little girl somewhere," replied Perkins, putting up his glass, and staring openly at Miss Henshaw. "Nice little thing, quite, although, after Parisian grisettes, one finds a Yankee milliner a little slow."

"You probably do not know that I am within hearing of your conversation, gentlemen," suddenly remarked Miss Follansbee, turning round from the pillar against which she leaned, and showing a face flushed scarlet with conflicting feelings.

The slanderers shrank, but each showed fight after his kind.

"Beg pardon, I'm sure, Miss Follansbee," said Draper. "I did not remember that you had noticed the young man to some extent—"

"And I assure you, Miss Follansbee," interposed the more venomous Draper, "that some of the grisettes are really very respectable, and I'm sure I never said that this young woman was any less so. One does not expect the manners of that class of persons to be exactly like our own."

"Fortunately, they are not in this instance," replied Laura. "Mr. Henshaw has the manners of a perfect gentleman; his sister, those of a high-bred, dignified and modest lady."

"And Aunt Betsey?" inquired Draper, with a malignant smile, to which Laura replied with one bright and dangerous as sheet-lighting:

"Aunt Betsey has still less claim to be ranked in 'our' class, Mr. Draper, for she is a courageous, honest and truthful woman, with positively the absurd notion of having duties toward other people, and performing them. Quite out of our line, you see, but still so interesting to me, that I am inclined to study such a character a little more deeply."

And with a sweeping bow Miss Follansbee passed

the two discomfited youths, and went to seat herself beside Aunt Betsey Higgins, who received her cordially and without surprise, while her nephew and niece hardly concealed the surprise and suspicion excited in their minds by this advance.

Miss Follansbee, however, was quite competent to the position, and at the end of half an hour Anna Henshaw was laughing gayly in reply to one of Laura's sallies, and Arthur sat looking at her with undisguised admiration and love.

That evening, as the party strolled upon the beach, Laura dexterously contrived a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Henshaw, and abruptly said:

"I behaved very ill last night. Have you forgiven me?"

"A little fault so nobly atoned becomes a virtue," replied, he in a low voice, and bending down to meet her eyes; but the eyes remained dissatisfied.

"No, please, not a compliment, Mr. Henshaw, but the truth. What did you think of me last night? Did not you despise me? Tell the truth."

"Since you ask in that tone, I must answer sincerely, although I had not thought to allude again to what I so little like to remember," said Henshaw, gravely. "What did I think of you, do you say? Well, I thought: Here is a test of the largeness and nobility of a nature which has seemed so fine while untried. Will this young lady, bred up in an atmosphere of conventional refinement, and by an arbitrary standard of worth and respectability—will she be able to perceive the true value of a character like my aunt's? Will she be shocked to discover that she has received a tradesman as her equal, and has even solicited an introduction to his sister the milliner, albeit that milliner is fully her equal in all the grace and loveliness of delicate maidenhood? Those, since you ask me, Miss Follansbee, were the questions I asked myself last night, so soon as I heard of my aunt's arrival in this place."

"And the answer?" whispered Laura, her head bent low beneath his sturdy gaze.

"The answer was too hasty at first, for it was: She is like the rest of her frivolous and heartless set; she is a butterfly of fashion, a beautiful form without a soul; the bright dream of an hour, to be forgotten so soon as one awakes."

"That was at first, you say. And then?"

"And then, this morning, when I heard, as I could not avoid, a part of your conversation—when you came and seated yourself, in the sight of all the world, beside my aunt, and won my sister from the proud reserve which is her armor, then I said: She is a butterfly, perhaps, but the butterfly is the type of the soul, and hers is as fair as the beautiful body that enshrines it, and the dream that I have dreamed of her is one from which I never shall awake, hopeless though it be."

A long, long silence, and then, mingled with the gentle plashing of the waves at their feet, came a yet gentler murmur from Laura's lips:

"And why—hopeless?"

"Laura, Laura, do not tempt me beyond my strength. Do not destroy with one word the resolution which has required all the manhood that is in me to establish. You are rich and I am poor. You come of a family as aristocratic in feeling as in lineage, and I—you have seen the most respectable relatives I possess."

"You were near despising me for false pride last night—how shall I look upon it in you to-night?" murmured Miss Follansbee; and the rest of the conversation was too fragmentary to be repeated.

Anna Henshaw went abroad with her brother and his bride soon after their marriage, and married in France, when a rumor went abroad that she was one of the *émigré* families of the *haute noblesse*.

Aunt Betsey went back to her farm, satisfied with her glimpse of fashionable life, which she pro-

nounces of "no account," and looks forward all the year to the Summer visit of Arthur and Laura and—the baby.

Mrs. Fallonsbee consoles herself with the dis-

covery that the Henshaws were prominent people of a century ago, and Laura needs no consolation. If Arthur ever does, he finds it in the business habits he has never relinquished.



AUNT BETSEY HIGGINS.—"I GUESS I'LL INTRODUCE MYSELF. HIGGINS IS MY NAME—MISS BETSEY HIGGINS—AND I AM SISTER TO ARTHUR'S FATHER."



READY FOR THE PARTY.

MOTHER—"Why, my son, you are not going to the party with those dirty hands!" SON—"Oh, that's nothing, mamma—I'm going to wear gloves!"

She was singing for him, "Childhood's days now pass before me!" and, quite unconsciously as it were, he began to feel around, as if to find out whether that shingle in his pantaloons was all right.

Two Young Texas Bloods, after two days' pursuit, overtook two horse-thieves that had stolen two mules, and had to give them two dollars, two overcoats and two pairs of boots in consideration of being allowed to return home. The local paper says: "The young men deserve the thanks of the community for their vigilance."

A Man was taking aim at a hawk that was perched on a tree near his chicken-coop, when his little daughter exclaimed, "Don't take aim, pa; let it go off by accident." "Why so?" asked the father. "'Cause every gun that goes off by accident always hits somebody," explained the child.

Caution for the Counting-house.—It is peculiarly inadvisable for the partners of any mercantile firm to travel altogether by railway, as in that case the whole house runs an imminent risk of being smashed.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said a judge, trying a prisoner for murder, "they say that the fact of the prisoner's killing his sweetheart shows that he was insane. Merciful powers! gentlemen, if that be so, what would they have said if he had married her?"

A Paper, in describing an accident, recently says, with considerable candor: "Doctor Crawford was called, and, under his prompt and skillful treatment, the young man died on Wednesday night."

"Some Confounded Idiot has put that pen where I can't find it!" growled a man the other day, as he searched about the desk. "Ah, um; yes! I thought so," he continued, in a lower key, as he took the article from behind his ear.

A Little Boy in Springfield, after his customary evening prayer, a night or two ago, continued, "And bless mamma and Jenny and Uncle Benay," adding, after a moment's pause, the explanatory remark: "His name is Hopkins."

They Asked a Western Editor if he would act as judge in the forthcoming Iowa baby-show, and he earnestly and hurriedly replied: "Will you have a race-horse on the spot, furnish a locomotive, insure my life for my family, and—how much time will you give me for a start before the result is announced?"

A Professional Pianist was recently brought before a police justice, charged with inebriety. Two excuses, of which he sought to avail himself, were that the severity of the weather compelled him to (piano) fortefy himself against cold, and that his instrument being a trichord, induced him to tab-chordials.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.—CHARADE.

I am no word, yet often used
One of our States to designate,
And if my freedom you'll excuse,
I'll tell you of my pretty mate.

The morn awakes her, it is said,
With kisses on her cheek so fair,
At eve she bows her gentle head
And breathes soft fragrance as a prayer.

Who could conceive that, joined to me
The opposite would come to light?
For it is true as true can be
Our sullen whole will oft show spite.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. This is an animal large and grim;
I would not like to be hugged by him.
2. This next in order is a rope,
On which prairie-hunters base great hope.
3. Our country this will bring to view;
Who love her not are doubtless few.
4. An animal here to you is shown,
Which purrs sometimes when alone.
5. This word, when a performer rides,
Is used to quicken the horse's strides.
6. If you this article far outspread,
It will always return to its former state.
7. In mountain and mines I'm to be seen,
And contain great riches untold, I ween.

Primals, a Prussian general of fame.
Finals, the place of his birth will name

3.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel; a drink; a tool; a country in Africa;
before and a verb; the border; a vowel.

4.—BEHEADED WORDS.

My whole is earth, and you will find,
If you behead me, I'm "reclined";
Behead again, you'll find me "yes"—
That is, if you should rightly guess.

5.—CHARADE.

My first will plainly to you show
A very large mass of sour dough.
In this, my second, value is seen;
You'll easily guess the answer, I ween.
My whole does show an American town;
It is very small, but of great renown.

6.—QUADRUPLÉ ACROSTIC.

Four things of yours without which you
Would find it very hard to do.

1. To mass, or to collect, I wis,
2. With sorrow for the past is this;
3. And for this last I'll plainly state
'Tis like one who doth lacerate.

7.—CONCEALED SQUARE WORDS.

1. To a nobleman life is pleasant. 2. The doctor
bitterly repented his precipitation. 3. "Grab both
purses," said the thief. 4. Cousin, I obey your
orders. 5. I have shot terns before this. (Each
sentence contains a word.)

8.—ENIGMA.

I come from far Poland, than which there is no
land

In history has claimed more attention;
A bird and a carriage, a dance at a marriage—
A nickname for Mary, and a part of canary—
Are the whole of the clues I may mention.

9.—CHARADE.

I'm like the gnat on the window-pane,
I last for a time, and am born again;
The brightest hours of life are passed
During my short and pleasant sojourn;
You grieve when I'm gone at last,
And look with joy for my return.
Down in the Southern wilderness
Of canes and shrubs or watery ferns,
The slave walks in me night and day—
He goes, he passes, and never returns.
I'm a thicket, a jungle, a hiding-place
For the oppressed of every land and race.

Between the hours of two and three,
At early morn,
You'll see the first gray streaks of me
When I am born.
To the wreckers on the sea,
To the hunter on the lea,
Through the darkness riding free,
I greet the forlorn.

10.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two Eastern countries bright
Where rules the Islamite.

1. Though you may have, you never should be in it.
2. A well-known bird, though I have never seen it.
3. A wooden tool, though oft in station high.
4. Glossy and bright, its lustre soothes the eye.
5. A gelled substance in July of use.
6. Not much by human this do we produce.

11.—LOGOGRIPH.

Complete, I am an eager kind of movement; twice
behead, I wander; behead, I move easily; cut off
my tail, and transpose, I am a young animal; put
on my tail again, and transpose, I denote censure;
now cut off my head, I walk with difficulty; trans-
pose, I am a repeat; again transpose, I am mascu-
line; behead, I am sold at public-houses; transpose,
I am an inclosed piece of ground.

12.—CHARADE.

In my first a person see,
Who has been found to be guilty.
And now my second:
A personal-pronoun 'tis reckoned.
And my third I am sure you will see,
As it will not under be.
My whole you will find, to your relief,
As you will see in it a belief.

13.—DELETIONS OF CENTRAL LETTERS.

Delete the centre letter of wide and leave a nail;
of away and leave a rule; of an ointment and leave
except; of reason and leave a cover; of part of a
house and leave to move; of a measure and leave
simple.

14.—TRIANGULAR PUZZLE.

A jewel; a variety of sheep; to build; a grain;
an insect; an exclamation; a consonant.

15.—SQUARE WORDS.

A Scotch penny; an ancient Grecian theatre; to
let fall; a French river; to enroll.

16.—SQUARE WORDS.

Patchwork; an Arabian prince - necessities;
ingate; conjunction and fixed.

17.—SQUARE WORDS.

Enacting punishment; a black wood; wandering;
an article, and the son-in-law of Mohammed; a girl's
name.

18.—CHARADE.

A common nickname is my first;
A preposition is my next;
A definitive adjective is my third;
From my fourth is read the text;
Of my whole you've no doubt heard—
'Tis a flower, but not a bird.

19.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two kinds of puzzles you have here
Which in this column oft appear.

1. If my initials you will take,
This word you will also make.
2. That fellow was like a cross dog,
Because he stuck fast in the bog.
3. A dreadful battle fought in Spain,
Where Bonaparte's men fought in vain,
4. Within each hived community,
This every one must surely see.
5. I woke up when I heard you rap
It was my after-dinner nap.
6. I won it in a swimming-match,
In which I had to swim as "scratch."
7. The heat is such I cannot stay,
Or I shall really faint away.
8. And now don't think it is absurd,
But take my finals for this word.

20.—ANAGRAM.

'Tis with the queen that I've been seen,
With coronation blending;
Not in her hand, but near did stand,
In retinue attending.

Transposing me, great change you'll see,
Then unsubstantial growing,
Since I am made a ghostly shade,
An apparition showing.

21.—IRISH TOWNS.

1. My first we often go on for pleasure; my second is a term used to describe a means for crossing it; my whole is a town in Ireland. 2. My first is to do wrong; my second is reckoned daring if a man can do it: my whole is an Irish town.

22.—SQUARE WORDS.

A fruit; a flower; to establish; to desire earnestly and a vowel; to praise.

23.—CHARADE.

A French pronoun my first, often heard in a hail;
A number my second, as you see without fail.
My whole is a drug much in fever prescribed,
And which as a bitter may well be described.

24.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

For primals and finals two cities you'll sight,
And they are both capitals, now if I'm right.

1. This a Southern State will show;
2. These foreign mountains, you well know;
3. Something made of marble, now put down;
4. North part of Pennsylvania, this, a town;
5. A Territory now find here;
6. And what means had will here appear.

25.—HEADS OR TAILS.

My whole all ladies like to wear;
Cut off both my head and tail,
A unit you'll have there.

26.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel, an animal, malice, pale, a sect, to sign
your name, a consonant.
Centrals show a religious denomination.

27.—DECAPITATIONS AND AN ACROSTIC.

Behold a pledge, and leave what we all have:
behead to raise, and leave to extol; behead dread,
and leave wrong; behead a preposition, and leave
nothing; behead to pass away, and leave a fall; be-
head nothing, and leave one; behead a tree, and
leave an animal; behead to rise out of, and leave to
sink; behead course, and leave one; behead a cul-
tivated spot, and leave one of Tennyson's characters.
The initials form the name of a celebrated printer.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN
FEBRUARY NUMBER.

1. Cat-a-ma-ran (catamaran). 2. Need-Jew-omen
(needlewomen). 3. Hamlet, Cassio, thus—HeretC,
Acacia, MatcheS, LionS, EnnuI, TomatO. 4. Codi-
cil, thus—DCCLXIIQ.

5.— M
A Y R
D E C O Y
M Y C O H U S
M A H O R
C U T
E

6. P-rope-r, p-olea-x, s-pears, h-ears-e. 7. Await,
wax-do, axiom, idol-b, tombs. 8. Leo-Nora
(Leonora). 9. Co-u-rage (courage). 10. Parent-
age (parent-age). 11. Bow Bells. 12. Moon-beam,
under-neath.

13.— G
M A T
M A B E L
G A B R I E L
T E I N T
L E T
L

14. At-ten-u-ate (attenuate). 15. Severn, sever,
verae; ever, vere, ere. 16. Engaged to marry, thus
EveresT, aNwOdOn, reGiMen, triAble, sofsGer,
oRingEd, Yarkand. 17. Ear-nest.

18.— P
A S P
B L E I T
A L L U R E R
P S E U D O N Y M
P I R O G U F
T E N U S
T Y E
M

19. Lucre, curl, cur. 20. Assent, an, a. 21. Show,
shoe, shod, shot, shop. 22. Throb, broth; zebra,
braze; shire, heirs; other, throe; pique, equip;
lemon, melon; study, dusty; friend, finder; inter,
nitre; marine, remain. 23. N, P; E, E; W, N; H, N;
A, S; M, Y; P, L; S, V; H, A; I, N; R, Y; E, A.
24. Scream, cream, ream. 25. Wager, a gale, gates,
elect, rests. 26. W(h)ine-glass (wineglass).
27. Stone, tone, one. 28. Selah, elide, liner, Adela,
Herat. 29. Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to
labor and to wait.—Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."
(Commence at the centre, read upwards to the left,
and round). 30. Am-I-able (amiable). 31. Coke,
Note, thus—CorN, OttO, Kilt, EnditE. 32. Caul-
if-lower (cauliflower).

33.— G
O O D
C R U E T
C O U P L E T
D E L T A
T E A
T

34. Shem, hate, Etta, meal. 35. Store, Fiber, obole,
relic, erect.

Quite a Little Joke at the expense of some of the critics has been going the rounds. At one of the concerts, given by Madame Goddard, instead of playing the piece announced for her, substituted another. The *World*, *Times* and *Tribune* critics all fell into the trap, and told us all about her rendering of Mendelssohn's *Capriccio*, the piece she did *not* play. The poor *Tribune* man went so far as to tell us how much better than usual the allegro was rendered, and thought the first movement went very well. Madame Goddard was born in France in 1840.

A Gentleman was driving in the country and met a friend, who had just begun to ride horseback. The gentleman turned to his servant, remarking—"I did not know that Mr. Smith rode. "Beg pardon, sir," was the reply: "he does not ride—he is conveyed."

The Reverend Sydney Smith was examining some flowers in the garden, when a beautiful girl who was of the party exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Sydney, this pea will never come to perfection!" "Permit me, then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking toward the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

A Man in Cincinnati recently committed suicide because he lived next door to an amateur trombone-player. The coroner held an inquest, and the jury returned a verdict of "Tromboned."

Stealing a Pig in Kentucky.—The following is a true copy of an indictment found by the Grand Jury of Lawrence County at the October term of the Criminal Court for said county (omitting the name of the defendant): Lawrence Criminal Court—Commonwealth of Kentucky against ———, indictment.—The Grand Jury of Lawrence county, in the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, accuse ——— of the offense of malicious mischief, committed as follows:—The said ———, on the 10th day of September, 1878, in the county and circuit aforesaid, did unlawfully, wilfully, and maliciously kill and destroy one pig, the personal property of George Pigg, without the consent of said Pigg, the said pig being of value to the aforesaid George Pigg. The pig thus killed weighed about twenty-five pounds, and was mate to some other pigs owned by George Pigg, which left George Pigg a pig less than he (said Pigg) had of pigs, and thus ruthlessly tore said pig from the society of George Pigg's other pigs, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

A Distinguished Politician, while conversing with a lady the other evening, became piqued by her attention to a beautiful dog that was resting its head confidently in her lap, and impatiently asked, "How is it that a lady of your intelligence can be so fond of a dog?" "Because he never talks politics," was the prompt reply.



FISHMONGER (to thrifty housewife)—"Fish is dear, mum. It's a-gittin' wery scarce in consequence o' these 'ere aquerums."



HOW WOMAN'S DIFFICULTY BECOMES WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

EMINENT COUNSEL—"The jury gave you a verdict, but the damages won't pay my fees, let alone giving you anything!"

FAIR PLAINTIFF—"Oh, but the trial was so sensational, I'm sure that now I can go and make my fortune as a lady lecturer."

Nelson's Hope.—A curious anecdote has just turned up relative to the history of the picture of "The Death of Nelson," painted by West. Just before Nelson went to sea for the last time, West sat next to the great captain at an entertainment given in his honor, and, in the course of dinner, Nelson expressed his regret to Sir William Hamilton that he had little taste or discrimination for art. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a print-shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window, without being stopped by it." West, of course, made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more of them like it. "Because, my lord, there are no more subjects." "Hang it!" said the sailor, "I didn't think of that!" and asked him to take a glass of champagne. "But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such another scene; and, if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's—"will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle." We all know how the painter fulfilled his promise in "The Death of Nelson."

"Ah, ha!" said the farmer to the corn. "Oh, hoe!" said the corn to the farmer,

"Pa, what does it mean to be tried by a jury of one's peers?" "It means, my son, that a man is to be tried by a jury composed of men who are his equals—on an equality with him—so that they will have no prejudice against him." "Then, pa, I suppose you'd have to be tried by a jury of baldheaded men?"

A Western Politician, who assiduously endeavored to propitiate the Granger element, and who enjoyed the distinction of being an ex-president of the agricultural society of his State, was recently on his way to attend the State fair, and announced that fact to a friend whom he met on the cars. "How can you get in?" jokingly inquired his friend. "My face will take me in," coolly replied the ex-president. "Yes," said the friend, thoughtfully, "it ought to, for it has taken in a great many men before." Tableau.

A Chinese Lottery-man, arrested in San Francisco the other day, tried to explain by saying, "Me selle ticket one dollah, maybe you don't makee hundred dollah, get little piece nice paper lookkee like hundred dollah, alle same, jes' good for big fool!"

Wit is the Boomerang that strikes and graciously returns to the hand. Sarcasm is the invenomed shaft that sticks to the victim's heart.

That Was It, of Course.—The motto for the week on a little girl's Sunday-school card was, "Get thee behind me, Satan." There were gooseberries in the garden, but she was forbidden to pluck them. Pluck them she did. "Why didn't you," asked the mother, "when you were tempted to touch them, say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" "I did," she said, earnestly, "and he got behind me, and pushed me into the bush."

"Let us Prey."—A person who advertises for a situation says he wishes to travel, and has no fear of cannibals. Why should he have? Men who manage to eke out an existence in New York should be more than a match for any uneducated cannibal. Otherwise what becomes of our boasted civilisation, the chief lesson of which seems to be how people may prey on each other in an artistic, superior, and sometimes even elegant manner?

Legal Men.—It is well to be polite under all circumstances; but nevertheless remember that many a man has been a heavy loser all through a civil action.

Dean Swift was one day accosted by a drunken weaver, who, staggering against him, said: "I have been spinning it out." "Yes," said the dean, "and now you are reeling it home."

A New Yorker can restore a black eye to its original beauty in about six hours, and by telling your wife you missed the car and sprained your ankle she will never know the truth.

A Composer made a witness before a Committee of the House of Commons say that his father was "a pauper in the Low Moor Workhouse," instead of "a partner in the Low Moor Ironworks."

Something for Members of the Long Robe.—When the captain of a ship runs another one down, is it a subject for action for defamation of character?

Pat Out of Place.—An Irishman, being tried for assault and battery in Virginia City, Nevada, when asked by the judge if he had anything by way of defense, replied: "Well, your honor, I saw but little of the fight, as I was underneath most of the time."

Ladies Have Been Said to be like a great many things, and now they are said to be like stage-drivers in remote districts—because they transport the mails.

"Humph!" said a Young Gentleman at a play with a young lady; "I could play the lover better than that myself." "I should like to see you try it!" was her naive reply.

The Man who paints only that side of his house on which the public gaze rests would wear a coat without a back, if he could keep the public in front of him.

"My Dear A., if you'll just oblige me with a loan of a few hundreds just at this emergency, I'll be indebted to you for ever." "My dear B., I can't lend money on such long time."

A Lady being asked why woman is not so much of a "clinging vine" as she once was, replied: "Probably because of the extreme insecurity of the manly oak."

Said a Negro Schoolmaster: "Ef you want to find the centre of gravity, you just look out for the letter v, and then you'll have it, sure."

"I Hear that Your Husband has lost his hearing," whispered one lady to another. "Yes," was the muffled reply; "but don't whisper so loud; he doesn't like to hear the subject referred to."

It is Very Well for little children to be lambs, but a very bad thing for them to grow up sheep.

It Has Been Said that any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be intelligible is an enemy to his profession.

A Medical Man asked his legal adviser how he could punish a servant who had stolen a canister of valuable snuff. "I am not aware of any Act," said the lawyer, "that makes it penal to take snuff."

A Bad Little Boy rubbed fine cayenne-pepper all over the back of his jacket, and well into the cloth, and then laughed out loud in school, for which the master flogged him severely, but dismissed school soon after to go and see an eye-doctor.

A Cowardly Advantage.—*Edwin*.—We have quarreled, Angelina, it is true; but let me see you home. You will take my arm? *Angelina*.—Never again! *Edwin*.—But *there are three cows in the next field!* (*Angelina succumbs on the instant, and is led off by the triumphant Edwin, who sees his way to a speedy reconciliation.*)

An Eminent Tragedian's violent method of getting rid of the king in "Hamlet," was, once upon a time, rehearsed at the Surrey, upon an actor who is famous for the time he takes in shuffling off "this mortal coil." Hamlet, stricken to death, reposed upon the breast of a weak-legged, feeble-backed Horatio. The prince would not die; and he lived so long that Horatio could not support him. In despair he seized the goblet, and poured the poison down Hamlet's throat. "The rest" was not "silence" behind the scenes.

One of the Last Complaints against French servants is that they hire themselves out during their masters' absence. This was discovered the other day by a gentleman who happened to be dining out. "Jean" was there as waiter. Great was the astonishment of master and man when they met face to face. Jean apologized by saying "It was so dull at home, alone!"

A "High Government Functionary," as the reporter called him, recently took tea with a lady in Philadelphia, and, after a while, she, observing that he had no teaspoon, exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Riggles, it isn't possible that I have forgotten to give you a spoon! I could not have made such a mistake." The "high Government functionary" at once arose, and with the air of a veteran offered his pockets for investigation. The lady said she didn't mean that, and the affair was dropped.

For Spelling-bees.—"Rob, which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?" said Tom. "Don't know," said Rob. "unless it's a swearing word." "Pooch!" said Tom. "It is *stumbled*, because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter." "Ha, ha!" said Rob. "Now, I've one for you. I found it one day in the paper. What is the longest word in the English language?" "Valetudinarianism," said Tom, promptly. "No, sir, it's *smiles*, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter." "Ho, ho!" cried Tom; "that's nothing. I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending." "What's that?" said Rob, faintly. "*Beleaguered*!"

Which was the First "trick horse" on record? The wooden one in which the Greeks entered Troy.

"Why Did You Send this message to me by a barefooted boy?" "Because I knew he was going on a bootless errand."

We See They Have "a physician of sixty years' standing." It is time he was allowed to sit down.

Brown Perplexed.—Mrs. Brown tells her husband not to sit in his shirt-sleeves or he will catch cold. How can a man sit in his shirt-sleeves?

Hang Together.—Richard Penn, one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania, in the commencement of the great American Revolution (his brother John being at that time Governor), was on the most familiar and intimate terms with a number of the most decided and influential Whigs; and, on a certain occasion, being in company with several of them, a member of Congress observed that such was the crisis, "they must all *hang together*." "If you do not, gentlemen," said Mr. Penn, "I can tell you that you will be very apt to *hang separately*."

A Shrewd Reply.—Sir Walter Scott says that the alleged origin of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest replies he had ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory, at Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar. The doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross-interrogation, he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. "And do you seriously say, doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card-player," said the doctor, with great address; "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." The consequences of this reply were decisive.

A Salt Lake Mormon has proposed to the Committee of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition to show his nine wives, and "illustrate one of the social phases of American life."

Curran, being angry in a debate one day, put his hand on his heart, saying: "I am the trusty guardian of my own honor!" "Then," observed Sir Boyle Roche, "I congratulate my honorable friend on the snug sinecure to which he has appointed himself."

"Aprèpès" of ruling powers and their doings, a French paper, commenting upon the refusal of the Prince of Wales to attend a bull-fight at Madrid, facetiously suggests that this refusal must owe its origin to the profound respect in which Englishmen hold the bovine race, parents of succulent "roast-beefs" (*sic*) and savory "rumsteaks" (*sic*).

"I suppose," remarked a Chicago man to a gentleman of Michigan, "there are plenty of saw-mills in your State." The gentleman of Michigan replied: "Shud say there wuz. Why, Michigan is gettin' so dern full uv sawmills that you can hardly meet a man thar with more'n two fingers on a hand." And sticking up his own, on which was a single finger, he quietly added: "I've shuck hands with um myself!"

Appearances Are Deceptive.—*Rough* (to policeman)—Begger! Who's a begger? How do you know as I ain't a swell, what 'ave been to a ball-mask in the karicter of a cadger, and is a-walkin' 'ome in my oostoom?

A Man and a Wife in New Jersey daily sit down to their family dinner together, but each in a different town. They vary their meal with such remarks as, "My love, will you please propel the gravy-bowl into South Orange!" or "Hubby, dear, another slice of that roast-beef over in Orange Township, please!"

"Lively" Locality.—In Cañon City, Colorado, a man cannot take a couple of chairs to a cabinet-maker's for repairs without hearing such inquiries as "Hit you with a chair, did she?"

A Night w/ Burns.—An ingenious gentleman in Paris has invented a musical instrument which consists entirely of gas-jets. When he gives a concert, we should suggest that a few of the famous songs by Burns would be very appropriate.

An Enthusiastic Young Merchant of Ogdensburg, New York, in a serenade to his inamorata, thus recorded his high resolve: "I'll chase the antelope over the plain, and the wild Spring chicken I'll blind with a chain; and the cauliflower, so fierce and neat, I'll give thee for a nosegay sweet."

Treating it Lightly.—"The new class of gun-boat about to be introduced into the navy," says a contemporary, "will be very swift. The one now building is to be called the Lightning." No doubt it will be a flash affair, but we trust it won't disappear as rapidly as its namesake.

Food Celestial.—The colonel of a certain British regiment in India noticed that his men were constantly finding fault with their rations. The beef was tough and stringy, the bread coarse and tasteless; the tea had no strength in it, and the sugar was largely composed of sand. All this much distressed the good colonel, who was keenly alive to the men's interests, and yet was obliged to admit that the complaints about the inferiority of the rations were altogether unfounded. At last in despair he sent for his sergeant-major, and told him how much distressed he was at the grumbling that went on about the food, and asked what could be done to stop it. "Grumble about the rations," said the sergeant-major, "why, of course they do, sir! And so they would if you was to feed them 'on toasted angels'!"

Very Exclusive.—*Doctor*: "I am pleased to say, Mrs. Fitzbrown, that I shall be able to vaccinate your baby from a very healthy child of your neighbor Mrs. Jones's." *Mrs. Fitzbrown*.—"Oh, dear, doctor, I could not permit that! We do not care to be mixed up with the Joneses in any way."

Effects of a Bad Atmosphere.—A Dominion man contributes this story, picked up among the Yankees: "An elder from Maine—a keen, humorous, somewhat waggish man—was approached by a traveling companion as he seemed to be sound asleep in the railway-car. 'Brother D.,' said the friend, 'wake up, wake up! Do you know where you are?' 'Yes, I know where I am,' answered the elder. 'Where are you?' 'Not far from New York.' 'How do you know?' 'Because I have for the last hour felt like stealing something!'"

Scene at a Brooklyn Wedding Breakfast.—Company all seated about the table. A pause in the general conversation. Happy husband to his wife's seven-year-old sister at the other end of the room: "Well, Julie, you have a new brother now." *Julie*: "Yes, but ma said to pa the other day that she was afraid you would never amount to much, but that it seemed to be Sarah's last chance." Intense silence for a few moments, followed by a rapid play of knives and forks.

A Young Fellow bought a book entitled "The Language of Flowers," and seeing therein that a vine meant undying affection, he bought a creeping plant in a hanging-basket, and sent it to his dear, with a note requesting her to accept it as expressive of his poetic sentiment. Unfortunately, the lady had another version of "The Language of Flowers," and was shocked to find that a vine meant hopeless intoxication. She dismissed the lover in no time, and he has ever since been wondering what for.

"I Don't Believe in whipping," said a young minister, to an old doctor of divinity, who was an advocate of the rod; my father whipped me once for telling the truth." "Well, didn't it cure you of it?" satirically exclaimed the old D.D.

"Mother, have I any children?" asked an urchin of eight summers. "Why, no! What put that into your head?" returned the surprised parent. "Because I read to-day about children's children," answered the acute juvenile.



HIS MARK.

PARSON—"There! You're married, all right. Now, strip up your sleeves!"

NEWLY-MADE BRIDGROOM—"Oo! Oo! What yer doin'?"

PARSON—"Well, so many chaps are getting married now-a-days, and then denying it, that I brand all my lambs to identify them!"

A Conscientious Apothecary.—It has been said that apothecaries have no conscience; but here is an instance to the contrary. In the court of Common Pleas, Dublin, a person came forward to qualify for going bail to a writ issued for twenty pounds. Mr. O'Connell (the celebrated orator) inquired of what profession he was. He answered, an apothecary. "By virtue of your oath," said Mr. O'Connell, "is your stock in trade of the value of twenty pounds?" Galen hesitated, but at length said—"I think I shall be able to make five hundred pounds easily out of it."

Forty Years Ago there was a man in Boston who had six or seven very corpulent daughters. When asked how many children he had, his answer was generally something of this kind: "I have three boys, and about thirteen hundred weight of girls."

A San Francisco young lady received an invitation to attend the theatre the other evening just as the Chinaman came for her wash. She hurriedly made out a list of the washing, and answered the invitation. Then she sent the list to the young man and kept the answer to his note. There was soon a very much confused young man, a very much mortified young woman, but no theatre-going for either of them that night.

"My Son, when you leave the roof under which your infancy has been nurtured and venture forth into the devious paths of a busy world, what vocation will you select, with an eye no less to its moral elevation than the lower consideration of pecuniary reward?" "Honored parent, mine is a high and lofty resolve, proud as the eagle's flight. I would wrest from Fate imperishable fame. Let others choose the walks of commerce, the career of arms, the bench, the forum or the pulpit. Mine is a yet more noble aspiration—I will be a member of a Southern returning board!"

In Liquor.—The following story was lately told by a reformed inebriate, as an apology for much of the folly of drunkards: A mouse ranging about a brewery happening to fall into one of the vats of beer, was in immediate danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied: "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you I shall eat you." The mouse piteously replied, "that that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer." The cat lifted him out, but the fumes of the beer caused puss to sneeze. The mouse took refuge in his hole. The cat called upon the mouse to come out. "You rascal! Did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Ah," replied the mouse, "but you know that I was in liquor at the time."



A TROUBLESOME LETTER.—“ARE YOU ACQUAINTED WITH THIS HANDWRITING?” HE SAID TO ME, IN A HOARSE, SUPPRESSED VOICE.”

A Troublesome Letter.

I HAVE but this moment left Monsieur le Measurier. The doors of the drawing-room are of glass, and lead upon the terrace and grounds, and it was at the steps of the former that we encountered each other. He was dressed in a shooting-suit of velvet coat and vest and leather leggings, and the ugliest of pot-hats; but he looked singularly handsome, I thought.

It is no wonder that Armande admires him. I wish he were still at the Pyrénées, where they first met. Every one imagines he is *épris* with Eulalie, and he naturally encourages this idea. I think I am the only person, except Armande, who knows the truth. No; the count perceives a great deal of late. He is either a jealous man or I am a fool.

Everybody is ready for the shooting this morning. I suppose I shall be obliged to go with the rest. I have just written that word when I see Armande from my window. How beautiful she is. That embroidery upon which she is at work is Eulalie's, which was to have been finished in time for the fancy fair. It will certainly be done according to appointment, but not by Eulalie.

Here comes the count in his wheeling-chair, pushed by Frochard. He looks yellow, peevish and ill. Armande greets him with her beautiful

smile. He returns it with a kind of snarl. How can he expect to retain her love?

How different Le Measurier's manner! He stands at the distance of a melancholy adoration, mysterious, pale and beseeching; and she would be marble indeed not to feel sensible of the difference.

Armande leaves her embroidery on a chair, and walks slowly away by the side of her husband. They disappear in the shrubbery. The prospect from my point of observation fatigues me, and I think I shall complete my preparations for the morning's sport.

Stay. Here comes Le Measurier. He saunters slowly to the fountain, and stands there in a reverie, splashing his small, white hand in the water. His face looks troubled. He bites his lip. Of what is he in doubt? Of himself, or of her?

He raises his dark, sad eyes, and perceives the embroidered handkerchief on the rustic chair, left there by Armande. He walks quickly to it and snatches it up. He reads a name in the corner, and then furtively and quickly kisses it. From his bosom he takes a letter and conceals it in the handkerchief. She will come back and find—But I have seen enough. The horns are sounding; I must be off.

It is six weeks since I wrote in this journal. Very many strange things have happened. A most

singular drama has been acted before my eyes; one of the characters, myself.

It is well said that life is a play. Every day has its excitement and surprise, and as time progresses new complications are constantly evolved. The most familiar incidents of daily experience will be found to have theatric point, all graduating to a proper climax and forming the grand divisions or acts.

Our shooting was, for me, rather unfortunate, as I had not been in the field a quarter of an hour before I myself was unexpectedly brought down. I observed that Jean Cordier, one of the gamekeepers, was intoxicated. A short, thick-set man, with a lowering face, I never liked him.

Le Messurier noticed his condition, and advised him to be careful. I suggested that he return home. I know very little more about it, except that presently a gun went off and I found myself shot in the arm.

Though I fainted from loss of blood, upon examination the wound proved to be slight. Cordier was terribly frightened. If his fault should become known he would be discharged. It was agreed that we should say nothing of my accident to the count; and so, with this understanding, I returned to the château.

A message arrived instantly from Armande. I found her alone and in tears. I inquired the cause of this distress.

"Anatole, you are an old friend. I have no one else to confide in. I shall hide nothing."

"Speak freely, Armande," I replied. "My counsel may not be very valuable, but it shall come from my heart."

"You are observant, Anatole! Have you noticed anything peculiar in the conduct of Monsieur Le Messurier?"

I hesitated.

"Well, I think he is in love."

"You must be frank! You imagine that he is in love with me?"

"I do—there!"

"We met on the Pyrénées, and he has followed us here. People suppose it is Eulalie of whom he is in pursuit, but he took very good care to let me understand the truth from the beginning. I have done all I could to discourage him, and, until this morning, he has never ventured to address one word to me that my husband might not have heard as well as myself."

"And this morning he has spoken?"

"No; he has written me a letter."

"Umph! Very imprudent!"

"Madness! The count is already jealous. If he should see that letter, I should be ruined; for he would believe that no man would dare write such love as it breathes to a wife who had never given him encouragement. Such things are always distorted—and in minds like his a gnat becomes a monster!"

"You have destroyed this dangerous document, Armande?"

"No. I do not hold it as any property of mine. There would be a secret between us—a secret which I could not keep without a kind of understanding existing between us—and which, for that reason, I have no intention of keeping."

"That is well enough; but meanwhile the letter exists!"

"Not as any property of mine," said Armande; "I have placed it in that little ormolu casket on the mantelpiece. I wish your advice, how to dispose of it finally."

"There is only the one course to take," said I, resolutely. "You must do your duty as a wife. That letter you must show to your husband."

She turned very pale, her lips twitching.

"It is impossible. I should, perhaps, save myself; but it would be instantaneous destruction for Monsieur Le Messurier!"

"But, as Monsieur Le Messurier seems not to have

considered your safety when he wrote his letter, why should you have so peculiar a regard for his, now that the letter is in your hands?"

"You know, Anatole, what a terrible explosion would follow—involving not only him, but myself as well. Think, my friend. You are always wise. Tell me what I shall do!"

There was at this point a tap at the door. The next instant Armande's husband was wheeled into the room. His fiery eyes darted sharp, peevish glances around, and he wore his customary yellow scowl. Evidently something had occurred to annoy him.

"My dear," he said, "it seems that I must always be vexed about something. Anatole, you were at the meet to-day?"

"Yes."

"That fellow Cordier was not sober."

"A little out of the way, yes."

"Well, he has been creating a disturbance since he came back, and is much worse, I believe. I have had complaints; it is tiresome to me. I shall put an end to it; but only by your consent, Armande. His father was an old servant in your family, and I suppose there is a kind of claim—"

"No," said Armande. "Dianthe him, if you choose, dear. I do not wish to interfere, and, in fact, his conduct is lately insufferable."

"That is all I desire to know," returned the count, rising, and beginning to limp about a little, leaning on his stick. "He really is a worthless fellow, and my patience is exhausted. I have sent for him to see me here, and he shall be paid and must go. I believe you keep some money in this casket do you not?"

He approached the ormolu ornament on the mantel-piece. I trembled, and Armande was white as death. She shot a quick glance at me—the imploring appeal of the lost. But how could I save her? What would I have not given to possess that little casket in that moment!

His gnarled hand touched it.

"It is locked," said I, hastily. "I have some small money with me, which is at your service."

"Thanks; but it is not locked," he replied, taking up the casket. "He really shall go, for this is the third or fourth offense."

His fingers had nearly raised the lid. Thank God there came a knock at the door, and he was interrupted!

Jean Cordier, his face inflamed and eyes bloodshot, staggered into the room. He stared at us with a lurid scowl.

"Well," said the count, sternly, "I see everything sufficiently well, and there is no need of explanation. Cordier, this is the last time you shall try my patience. You must leave the château to-day."

The fellow growled something which we could not distinguish.

"I will have no insolence," said the count, becoming angered. "You forget how forbearing we have been already. Frechard, you will go carry his things down-stairs."

Frechard left the room. Cordier laughed tipsily:

"Why not search them first?"

"I hope there is no necessity. You have grave faults, Cordier, but I believe you are honest. I have never employed servants over whom I supposed there was necessity of surveillance."

"Others need surveillance as well as servants, perhaps," said the miscreant, casting a side-glance at Armande.

I perceived her agony, and could have killed him.

"What do you mean?" asked the count, trembling.

"Look to those dearer to you than your gamekeepers," returned the villain, who evidently knew not what he was saying. "An old man with a handsome wife should be very watchful when there is so fascinating a friend of the family about as Monsieur Le Messurier."

He laughed, shaking himself about as drunken men do.

The count turned ghastly white. Armande sat frozen. I felt like a creature in a dream.

"Put him out!" screamed the count, glancing at me, and pointing his finger at the wretch. "Turn him out by the shoulders, I tell you, Anatole! Do you hear what he says? Hurl him down the stairs! Show him no mercy!"

I sprang at the gamekeeper, but then recollected my broken arm, which hung in a sling.

"He shot me this morning, I believe, by accident," said I, "and you see I am powerless."

The count stared in savage wonder, and then limped to the door, crying, in a bleak, horrid voice:

"I will call some one and have him torn to pieces! What did he say? My servants have seen it as well as I. Oh, this is fine, glorious, superb! I feel the curse of fate. Pour on and spare not—spare not!"

He left the room, still shrieking these disconcerted phrases, and Cordier followed instantly.

I turned to Armande; she had fainted. In a few moments I succeeded in reviving her.

"The letter!" she gasped. "He will find it!"

"Yes," said I, conquered; "there is no hope."

The door opened softly, and her husband reappeared. He was changed. A vague and dismal light burned in his eyes, and his cheeks were hollow and sunken. The letter was in his hand.

"Are you acquainted with this handwriting?" he said to me, in a hoarse, suppressed voice.

"I—I don't know," I stammered.

"Read it."

It was as follows, and without address:

"I have been very guilty, but none suspect. I love you—how dearly I cannot express any more than my suffering. You do not know what it is to live here under the count's roof as his friend, but secretly a villain. The treacherous disguise I can wear no longer. If by three o'clock to-day I do not receive a reply to this, I shall depart. With my last breath I adore you.

"HENRI LE MESSURIER."

"It is very incoherent," said I.

"It tells enough," replied the count, sadly. "I meet the usual fate of old men like me, who try to be loved, and so make themselves hated." He did not look at his wife, but went on, "There is but the one course—I must wash out the stain in his heart's blood."

Armande's appealing eyes—she could not utter one word—inspired me with a last means to save her.

"Count," said I, calmly, "I have, as your friend and the friend of Armande, always spoken freely to you both. More than once I have told you that I thought your peevish indifference and neglect would soon blight her existence. Shut up here, you have devoted yourself to your own dreams, leaving her no similar resource. Among your books and writings, your correspondence, your schemes for everybody's improvement but your own and Armande's, you have left her too much alone. I have preached and made myself a nuisance without avail. Now you say you will kill the author of that letter. Do so. He stands before you!"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that I wrote that letter—a scheme to bring you to your senses, my friend," I returned, gayly, perceiving the clouds breaking from his face. "Half an hour ago I entered this room, and found Armande in tears. It was the old story, and I had no need to ask an explanation. Said I, 'I will cure him, the cruel monster. I shall make him jealous of Monsieur Le Messurier, who is so handsome and fascinating. If I do not open his eyes to the priceless treasure he neglected, may he lose it altogether!' I immediately sat down and composed that letter, and placed it in the ormolu casket,

where I was certain you would find it. Just as I anticipated, the letter has been found; and, my dear friend, you are beside yourself from the sting of the green-eyed monster."

I laughed heartily.

"God bless you, Anatole!" he said, in a heartfelt whisper. "Your lesson has been terrible. Armande, can I ever hope to be forgiven? I have always loved you, my wife. But, stop!"—he suddenly struck his forehead. "When did you say you wrote this letter?" He shot a keen and searching glance at me.

"Exactly twenty-seven minutes ago," I replied, noticing the clock. "I had just placed it in the casket when you entered the room."

"And yet your arm hangs useless in a sling," he returned, in a measured voice. "It was broken in the field two hours since. How do you explain that?"

I was stupefied.

"You cannot write with your nose," he said, with a sudden gleam of renewed suspicion.

"No," I returned, in the voice of a drowning man; "but I wrote the letter with *my left hand!*" Frochard entered.

"I have a letter for *Ma'mselle Eulalie.*"

"From whom?" snarled the count, wheeling upon him, impatient at the interruption.

"From Monsieur Le Messurier. He commanded me to deliver it to her without delay."

"Let us look at it."

The count snatched it, fastening his eyes upon the writing. He compared it with the letter of the ormolu casket.

"There is a miraculous similarity in this penmanship!" he said to me, slowly. "Monsieur Anatole, you are the most phenomenal of forgers. These two handwritings are identical. I congratulate you on your cleverness."

I sat down, overcome, vanquished at last.

"Take the letter to *Ma'mselle Eulalie*, Frochard," said the count, with the calmness of death. "She is at her music. And now, Madame the Countess, and you, Anatole, prepare to hear some news—shortly."

He turned to the door.

There was but the one course left me—I must warn Le Messurier. I hurried out first.

I descended to the grounds. A group of servants approached with a litter on which was extended a man—Le Messurier. There was blood upon his forehead.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"I was about to leave the *château*," he said, huskily. "My horse 'Saturn' has thrown me. I fear it is all over, Anatole."

I heard a scream behind me. Eulalie ran up and knelt beside him. Her father, the count, followed.

"My darling," said Le Messurier, "why did you not reply to my letter of this morning?"

"I did not receive it, Henri. I have had nothing from you but this." She exhibited the missive just delivered by Frochard. "I do not know what other letter you mean."

"I wrote you another, which I placed in the embroidered handkerchief you intend for the fancy fair."

"Oh, heaven! I see it all, Henri. Armande must have found that letter."

I saw still more; but it was too late.

"Count," said Henri, "I believe I am dying; but with my waning breath I must confess something to you. I heard from Jean Cordier a little while ago that you were jealous of me. You must know the truth. I met your wife and Eulalie on the Pyrénées. Your wife, so beautiful, captivated me. With the heedlessness of youth, I tried to make love to her; but she fled from me. She came here to the *château*, and I followed, under the guise of the lover of your daughter. In a little while I saw the real state of my heart—that in reality it belonged

to Enlalie, and heaven knows how great a miscreant I then felt myself to be! How could I remain and look you in the face? This morning I wrote to Enlalie for the last time, as I thought, imploring her pity. She had never seemed to care for me. That letter I placed in her handkerchief where I supposed she would at once find it; but it seems to have fallen into the hands of some one else. At any rate, there was no reply. I wrote once more, bidding your child farewell, and set off to leave the house which I had entered as a traitor, but which I was now to quit as an honest man. The end you see. My horse shied at the gate and threw me, and I feel that I speak as a dying man."

"Is this the letter you wrote to Enlalie this morning?" asked the colonel, producing the letter of the ornate casket, and fixing a pitying gaze on the handsome face beneath his.

"It is!" gasped Henri. "You will read there my confession of guilt. I persecuted your wife with my wicked pursuit; but, thank heaven, in the pure light of Enlalie's innocent smile my odious heart was changed. Forgive me, count."

"Do not die, Henri!" sobbed Enlalie. "I love you. Live for my sake. We may be so happy yet, Henri."

"Go instantly for a physician," said I, recovering my presence of mind at last.

"Some one has gone, monsieur," said a servant. "Take his hand and he will live, count," I whispered. "In saving his life you will save that of Enlalie. Are you blind still?"

The colonel held out his hand, which the monsieur grasped. Reconciliation and forgiveness—dawn stealing out of the dark night.

An old gentleman, who had just made a gouty trip to Vichy, recently received a letter, from which the following is an extract:

"Yesterday Henri and I were married, and are so happy, happy! You would not know Armande. Everybody thinks her more beautiful than ever. Papa does not use his chair any more, or even a cane. If he pines for anything, it is to see you. Come, heartless one."

Well, the waters seem to be doing me good. Let me forthwith put this aside and tell her that I shall be with them next week. Vincent, what time does the mail go? Half an hour! I have barely time.

Paul and Virginie.

A EUROPEAN ADVENTURE.

"I AM charmed to be able to complete your European experience with a glimpse of my uncle's chateau life," said the young Baron L— to his American guest, as he led the way from their luxurious suite of sleeping apartments down through the portrait-hung corridor into the spacious landing above the magnificent staircase of the grand hall. "We shall be likely to find him in the library at this hour, and you shall have an informal introduction. Afterward there will be such a rush of visitors, one will not be able to obtain a word from him. This odious political intrigue will bring a swarm of buzzing courtiers here, without a doubt. He is the leading spirit of the conservative force, you understand?"

"And yet his nephew throws his sympathies on the other side, if I comprehend aright your tirade last evening over those matchless cigarettes?" observed Paul Dunmore, lightly.

The young baron shrugged his shapely shoulders. "What would you have? One must not look for a very sage head on young shoulders any more than one expects warm enthusiasm to accompany ripened years. My uncle is cold, cautious, calculating, and a great man. He has much to risk be-

sides. And I, *parbleu!*—I find it exceeding pleasant, nevertheless. I am free to be as visionary and foolish as I please! I am nobody, and of no account what ever in state matters! There! look at those deer's antlers, and the sword that hangs by them. You cannot guess what princely hand hung up that scabbard last? My uncle would not have it moved for a small fortune. Your love of romance ought to be gratified here; the place is rich in relics and full of grand historic associations."

"I cannot fairly realize the good fortune that brought me here," returned Dunmore, eagerly; "it seems all like a dream to me."

"A most unpleasant reality might have been mine but for your timely help there, on that treacherous Alp! I am only too glad to be able to be of service here, as a friendly acknowledgment," answered the baron. "But come—let me give you the introduction to the count before all the court politicians seize him."

Paul Dunmore followed his noble guide with a heart beating high with anticipation and gratification—accompanied all the while, as he had said, by an odd, uncanny feeling of unreality; as if it could not be really he himself, the humble American tourist, who had found entrance into this charmed circle, of whose immense importance in the great political affairs of Europe he had heard repeated affirmations in the reading-rooms and public places of the great city they had just left behind them.

With the careless familiarity of a privileged member of the household, the baron turned from the front-entrance, where a liveried servant stood to announce the visitors, and went through a pretty music-room, and from thence drew aside the damask draperies of an arched rear-entrance, and stood a moment on the threshold to give his foreign friend opportunity to admire the effect of a succession of vaulted arches and stained windows which, taken together with the elaborate carvings of the endless cases of closely packed books and the few choice pieces of statuary set in niches especially prepared for them, gave an almost solemn aspect to the long but admirably proportioned apartment.

At one of the costly inlaid tables, each a gem of art, and a small fortune in itself, was a group of three gentlemen, evidently deeply absorbed in conversation over a small chart which lay outspread upon the table.

"Ah!" muttered the baron, "I have brought you to a sight not often vouchsafed to common mortals. Those three men are the 'chiefs of the clan'! Look well at them, Dunmore, for, I assure you, a single tilt of those united brains shakes the whole continent. Look at that old fox, B——! Bah! how he crushes out men's hopes and lives and noblest ambitions, if they come in the way of his iron *regime*! I don't like him. I may whisper it to you, but my uncle would petrify me with his frown if I dared to show it. What new mischief are they concocting now? Some plot to crush out the new liberal party. I'll be bound! Tush! how I detest the whole matter! Come, let me show you that world-famous old portfolio of which the count is so proud, and by that time they will disperse."

Dunmore followed his lead, and remained at the rear of the vast apartment, and admired the treasures of art and letters submitted to his scrutiny as heartily as one could desire. But he could not forbear casting furtive glances toward the group of gentlemen.

The count's tall figure and stern, iron-like visage were easily recognized because they had already been pointed out to him in the picture-gallery. But the others he might never have looked upon except for this favorable opportunity, and he desired to improve it.

His entrance had been observed, and the count presently beckoned to his nephew, who advanced promptly, and, after a few low words were exchanged, came over for Paul.

The presentations were made in the most simple

manner, and the stranger received a courteous greeting, and a welcome that was thoroughly cordial.

"Your fluency of speech in a foreign language is something wonderful, and my nephew says warm things of your courage and gallantry," observed the count, not with indifference, but still in a tone that was evidently abstracted, and without vivacity. "I trust we shall be fortunate enough to please and entertain you while you stay here. Ludwig, did you show him that Shakespeare death-mask?"

And, in obedience to this hint, the baron took him away to a cabinet beyond, and Paul considered that they were again dismissed from the count's mind.

They remained some time before the cabinet, and the three political magnates sat down again and returned to their conversation. It was the baron's restive start and evident attention to their talk which drew Paul's notice that way.

"But now I tell you, count," the great man was saying, "the danger is not so insignificant as you think. Let this alliance be consummated, and the opposition party is immeasurably strengthened."

"Ay, the Princess Maude is their trump card," added the other. "If she wins the duke there is no telling what anarchy will come of it."

"The real question is, Can she hold that restless fancy of his?" asked B——, meditatively.

"I hear wondrous accounts of her remarkable grace and beauty. You know, count, that she is just brought away from her school and kept in seclusion here. Lady Hildegard, I understand, is her present chaperon."

The count, with a heavy frown on his massive forehead, had been twirling to and fro a gold and ebony ornament that rested on the mosaic slab of the table. It fell away with a sharp ring as he pushed it from him now and said, deliberately:

"I begin to suspect that the affair is of more magnitude than I knew. It would be a sorry thing for this pretty schoolgirl to upset all our well-grounded plans by the careless clasp of her white fingers."

"There's many a good scheme before now has been ruined by a lovely woman's art."

"Or by her willfulness. They must needs guard her closely if they stake their all on this chance."

"If she would only fall in love and be as obdurate as some of her sex," began the other.

Here the count burst into a low, mellow laugh. He had accidentally glanced over to the cabinet. All unconsciously Paul Dunmore stood in the attitude and looked almost as handsome as the youthful Apollo in marble in the niche beyond. A swift, unfathomable look crossed the count's face, flashed in his cold eyes.

"I have it!" he muttered. "Ludwig told about his wonderful gallantry and a romantic temperament. It is worth a trial, at all events."

The others looked questioningly into his face, and he laughed again, saying, in a still lower voice:

"Leave me alone. I have an idea, and I must see what I can work out of it."

After that the door was thrown open and a string of visitors announced. Then came dressing for dinner, and that grand ceremonial occupied two hours longer.

Paul Dunmore was extremely surprised, and not a little flattered, to be the object of the count's chief attention in the drawing-room. Quite unconsciously on his own part, he was drawn to exhibit to that astute intellect his best aspirations, and it must be admitted that he betrayed also his weaknesses and shortcomings.

The Baron Lendwig lifted his eyebrows a little as he watched this most unusual and marked attention.

"What now?" he queried, under his breath.

"Has he so fervent gratitude for the safety of his graceless nephew and troublesome ward? Or is it a politic movement bestowed for the country's sake? However, it makes it very comfortable for me and exceedingly pleasant for Dunmore."

"I have been persuading your friend to remain a few weeks with us," remarked the count to him. "He ought not to lose our fair and the *faite* which follows. Besides, I have discovered that he is quite a conchologist, and I shall be delighted to obtain his assistance with those troublesome cabinets, which have never had any but a dealer's overlook. He is going to make out a list of the deficiencies, and send the order to South America for me."

"How very delightful!" declared the baron; but he pulled down the corners of his mouth, and commented, *sub rosa*, "There is certainly something in the wind—only, I'm so stupid and he so sexy, it's a wonder if I ever find it out."

The keen eye of the count was on his face.

"By-the-way, Ludwig, I am afraid I shall have to send you off for a few days. I very much need your help over at the city. But it is a small affair, and will not keep you a week at the furthest. You shall make it up to your American friend in any way you please."

"You are pleased with Mr. Dunmore, uncle?"

"Exceedingly. One does not often meet with so fresh and enthusiastic, I could almost say so poetical a character."

Paul Dunmore heard, and his cheek glowed with something very like gratified vanity.

He retired to the elegant luxury of his private rooms, more than ever like one in a dream of enchantment.

The baron was off early in the morning in fulfilment of his guardian's business. He took a hasty leave of Paul, assuring him that the count had promised to leave him at leisure to enjoy and examine every pleasure the château could contribute.

The count himself looked in upon him to repeat his earnest desire "that the American should consider himself entirely at home. Horses, carriages, servants, waited his commands. If indisposed to the library, there was a pretty fair aquarium in the private grounds worth visiting, so every one assured him. He would be pretty certain to be free from interruption. Perhaps he would like to sketch the château from the aquarium-grounds. It was considered the best view. A sketch-book and pencils were on his table."

After a few moments of most hospitable effort to set him entirely at ease, the owner of the lovely château took his leave, excusing his enforced absence until dinner-time with as much eagerness and urbanity as if he were considering some royal guest.

Paul gave himself a gentle shake as the door closed after the count.

"Is it my veritable self?" he questioned. "And to what lucky star do I owe this remarkable good fortune? At least, let me endeavor to improve and profit by it before the spell is broken. I will explore the library immediately."

Almost surfeited with the richness of the library and mineral cabinets, Paul forbore to touch the shells, and went out with the sketch-book, vaguely wondering how the count should have remembered to suggest its use. Garden after garden, that was fostered with the most generous and unsparing care, opened upon him its charms as he strolled down the rolled walks. Fountains, rustic arbors, statuary, and a wonderful blending of the beautiful in nature and art, met his admiring gaze in every direction. Glass houses for exotic plants, occupying acres of ground, confronted him on either side; but, passing by them without being enticed into delay, he kept on the route which led to the aquarium. Everything here wore the picturesque wildness of nature, and only an initiated eye could detect that this dell received the most careful surveillance of all the place, its very wildness being the studied effect of artificially planted tree and vine and rock.

Hitherto he had met under-gardeners and other servants busied over their work, or passing hastily along the walks. But all was absolute quiet and silence here. A sylvan solitude, indeed, with the

plash of the water, and the murmuring rustle of the trees, and the low twitter of bird and insect in his ears.

Paul threw himself upon a mossy bank, and fell into a dreamy, delicious reverie, all unconscious that his own graceful figure and handsome face completed the picture, had there been another observing eye to take it in.

"Shall I ever have another such glimpse of my ideal Paradise?" he asked himself, presently, allowing his enraptured eye to rove from one charming view to another. "But a Paradise that has no Eve," he added, with an arch smile lighting his handsome face as the thought came.

Scarcely had the idea suggested itself, when a little rustic gate, that was set in a high wall which was quite overrun with clambering vines, opened noiselessly, and a lady came tripping through.

Paul shrank a little further back in the shade of the overhanging plants, and watched her graceful movements as she glided here and there, now lifting the drooping head of some modest flower, now peering curiously into the crystal depths of the aquarium, or pausing to listen to the wildwood song of some caroling bird in the distant tree-tops. A wide-brimmed straw-hat concealed her face, and the young man was wishing its envious screen away, when her own fair hands removed it, and tossed it lightly aside.

The Eve was worthy of the Paradise. A fairer, sweeter, nobler countenance Paul had never seen in living lineament, scarcely upon the pictured canvas. Yet in early girlhood there was a sweet womanly dignity enthroned on the broad white forehead, in the deep, steady, earnest eye, that held a new and subtle fascination.

"Can she be of the count's family?" questioned Paul. "There is a highbred air about her that would not belie a throne, and yet, likewise, a guileless, unsophisticated artlessness that might adorn the gardener's daughter."

Nothing about the lady's dress gave any answer to his curiosity. It was a dainty white robe, but perfectly simple in material and style.

She had evidently come thither to enjoy the retirement and beauty of the secluded glen.

The young man was just wondering if he ought to make known his presence, when there came a sudden and most unpleasant interruption. The little gate through which this lovely Eve had entered Paul's Paradise clashed angrily beneath a ruder touch, and the next instant a man, with wild, inflamed countenance, disordered garments, and erratic movements that would have proclaimed an escaped lunatic, without the flashing blade which he was flourishing, came leaping toward the unconscious lady.

She heard the noise of his hasty approach, and turning, seemed to comprehend the menacing danger, for she became very pale, and a low cry escaped her. Yet she stood erect, facing him heroically.

It did not require any further call to bring Paul Dunmore to his feet, and the next instant he stood beside her, saying, quietly:

"Do not be alarmed, madame. I will divert his attention, if possible. At all events, I will save you from any violence of his."

"May heaven reward you!" whispered she, faintly.

"Take the seat yonder, and do not seem to notice us at all," directed he.

And the lovely lady obeyed him, now for the first time stealing a questioning look at the youth's handsome face and manly figure, and evidently not displeased with his appearance.

The madman, muttering fiercely, came leaping on. "Where is she? I promised that her innocent blood should appease the offended gods. A maiden pure and noble, surely there could not be a more acceptable offering."

"Come over to the altar, then," interposed Paul,

quick to catch his wild thoughts. "Just the spot for such a deed is over yonder. I am sent to help you to its accomplishment. Lend me your knife a moment, will you, that I may cut a withe to bind the victim?"

The man glared at him, half in anger, half in some stupor of amazement; but he clutched firm hold of the dangerous knife.

"No; the knife is for her!" he hissed, in a deadly tone that made the sweet face beyond blanch to a yet deathlier hue.

And he laid his hand upon Paul's shoulder, and would have swung him out of his path; but that young gentleman suddenly grappled with him, and after a struggle, that made the lady hide her quailing eyes, the knife was safely in Paul's possession.

"Let me be sure he has no other weapons!" cried Paul, still pinioning his gibbering victim. "And, madame, if you would spare me your scarf, I think it would be strong enough to secure his arms."

She hastily unwound the silk scarf that had been carelessly knotted about her shoulders, and brought it to him, and helped him to tie the struggling hands, though she was trembling violently.

"There! secure at last!" cried Paul, triumphantly, panting for breath, but looking as handsome as any Greek hero might when proclaiming his athlete's victory.

"And what will you do with him? How near are the count's servants?" she asked, in a soft, silvery voice, that thrilled him like a strain of exquisite music.

But this question was settled for them. A loud hollow was heard, and two men came hurrying through the gate.

The lady turned around appealingly to Paul.

"Pray do not let me be seen by them. It would make unnecessary gossip."

"Do not be concerned," he answered, reassuringly, and hurried his prisoner toward them.

Ten minutes afterward the little glen was as quiet and silent as if no other human footsteps had ever marred its peacefulness.

Paul hastened back, and found the lady sitting down where he had left her, very pale and agitated still.

"You are faint," he said, in a voice of tender concern.

And, hastening to the nearest spring, he made a cup of one of the great leaves nodding over it, and brought it, dripping with the cool water, for her to drink from.

"How can I ever thank you for my safety from such a frightful peril?" she said, presently, while a soft color crept into her cheeks.

"I am only too thankful that I was allowed to be of service; that a vague impulse brought me here, and that the magic charm of the lovely spot enchained me till the hour when my presence could be of use," returned Paul, warmly.

The soft color deepened still more upon the fair countenance.

"It is a lovely spot. I meant to come every day and enjoy it, but now—"

"I hope it will not lose your favor. Be assured the danger was something that could hardly threaten again. The men told me that the madman escaped only last night from his keepers. They have carried him back, and will guard him more watchfully. They were much alarmed lest the count should be angry."

"You—know—the count?" she asked, ingenuously.

"I am a guest at his house. Are you one of the family?"

She shook her head slowly. Suddenly a bright smile crossed her face, as if she had seized upon some delightful solution of a mystery. She looked at him eagerly, almost wistfully, and then checked some earnest speech upon her very lips, and turned to him a radiant face, while she said:

"It is a fit place, at all events, in which to meet

with such a romantic adventure. You are worthy to be the gallant knight to rescue a distressed damsel. Your courage did not fail."

"And you," returned Paul, smilingly, "are certainly fair enough to invite the most laggard knight to deeds of prowess."

She still wore that inexplicable look which Paul could not fathom, but which was nevertheless very charming and delightful.

"It is all like a romance. Perhaps there is no wrong in forgetting conventional rules here in this sylvan spot. Are you learned in aquatic plants? Can you tell me the pretty myths about those anemones?"

"Let us look at them," rejoined Paul, only too willing to lead her thoughts away from their late alarm.

And they were presently bending over the crystal walls, whose fairy marvels might well furnish an endless topic to charm and edify.

Suddenly she looked up archly.

"One would think we were old friends. And I—do—not—even know your name. I was wondering if it could be Prince Arthur—or—Sir Galahad."

"It is Paul—"

"You might have come out of the romance," she said, with another playful little laugh, "and these are surely meet surroundings. Ah, I wonder if I could look like the sweet, *spirituelle* Virginie! But it is really my name."

"There could not be a fairer. But what an odd coincidence!" answered Paul.

"Let us ask no more. You are Paul, I am Virginie. Here that is quite enough to know."

Paul was only too willing to humor her dreamy mood. They talked after that about the pretty romance, and from thence strayed to wider topics, and in all found kindred tastes and quick sensibilities answering as to a magic spell.

It was the lady who roused herself with a nervous start.

"How the time has flown! I shall be expected home. I ought not to linger longer."

And she could not hide from him that she went reluctantly.

"Let me see you through the gate. Must I not ask whither your home lies?" he ventured.

"Nay"—with another of the arch, inexplicable smiles—"you are to know nothing, except that I am simply Virginie."

"If it might be Paul's Virginie—" began the audacious young man. "How anxious I shall be to know that no bad result follows your flight. Will you not give me some alleviating sign?"

"I might hang a wreath of violets on the bough here to show that I am able to walk hither to-morrow," she said, graciously.

"At what hour? If I might come and see it done."

She shook her head, and, smiling archly, vanished through the gateway.

Paul went slowly back to the gardens, more than ever like one in a dream of enchantment.

The count came to look after him just before dinner, still in that most gracious condescension.

"Well, my dear fellow, I hope you have not found the place very stupid. I am afraid you will miss Ludwig, but we will soon have him back."

"I have been in a land of enchantment," answered Paul, with one long-drawn breath.

The count's eye glinted over as with some rarely pleasant thought, and the benignant look was eminently becoming to that grave, grim countenance.

"Tell me about it, my dear fellow."

And Paul related his afternoon's adventure, and looked up for the count's censure or approval.

"A most romantic adventure, truly; and well begun, my hero. I think I guess who is the heroine. There is a good little girl to whom I have given the key of the rear gate. Thank heaven you were at hand to save her! So what a charming romance it may make. Well, I no longer fear about your dull-

ness. What a pretty idyl you will live there! You shall have the glen to yourselves; I will take care of that. I declare I quite envy you."

And certainly the count's smile had no rebuke in it.

It was not in disapproval, either, that the noble master laid his hand on Paul's the next morning, saying, sportively:

"I mean to keep my paradise clear of further intruders. If the fair Virginie has the key to one gate, Paul should hold the other. So there it is, my lad. I've given my subordinates to understand that the aquarium glen is tabooed to all other visitors this week."

"How graciously all things smile upon me! I am certainly in the land of enchantment!" thought Paul Dunmore, as he hurried down the stately walks and eagerly applied his key to the locked gate, not forgetting to close it carefully behind him.

He brought with him a volume of poems, and the sketch-book from his trunk which had accompanied him on all his travels, and whose drawings preserved the rarest bits of his experience.

There was no sign of the violet wreath, but he sat down patiently to wait for its appearance.

Meantime the count had made his way to the garden that adjoined his own grounds. A stately woman was waiting there, evidently by appointment.

The count advanced promptly.

"Here is the ruby, my dear Lady Hildegard. I am only too much honored by your acceptance. Meantime, allow your fair charge free access to her favorite haunt. I have secured it from careless intrusion."

The lady's eyes searched the speaker's face, but found nothing satisfactory.

"Thanks for the gem; it is a peerless stone. But indeed it seems almost too high a price to pay for a single interview with our fair princess. By-the-way, you made a deep impression. She does nothing but blush and smile over your gifts. They were odd, sentimental books to select as your offering. 'Paul and Virginie' and 'Lalla Rookh' are almost out of date. How came you to think of them?"

He shrugged his broad shoulders, and answered, carelessly:

"Was it my selection? I am not certain but the dealer recommended them as suitable to a young lady's taste. But I must tear myself away to keep an appointment at court. Will you say to your charge that I was delighted at the story I heard of my favorite glen, and that I congratulate her upon a rare experience for one of her station?"

"What ambiguous words! I haven't an idea of their meaning. There was nothing happened there yesterday, surely?" questioned the lady.

"Why, the birds sung, and the water rippled, and the lady enjoyed it all. And now, positively I must go."

Left alone, the lady murmured:

"What does the man mean? Surely there is no plot afoot. After all my pains, I must not fail them now. I must be very cautious, very cautious, indeed. But no harm can possibly come from her visit to that secluded glen."

"Virginie!" cried Paul, little suspecting what tenderness thrilled in the single word.

She was coming toward him smilingly, a little volume in her hand, a wreath of violets hanging on her arm.

"How lovely she is! How incomparably beyond all others!" sighed Paul, and his eyes repeated what his lips dared not audibly say to her.

"He is here! Ah! yes he is here!" whispered Virginie's fluttering heart. "Ah! me, what a blissful destiny it will be! Like another Lalla Rookh, to find Feramors and the king one and the same. Duty and Love to answer the same command."

Heaven make me grateful for such a fate! It was this the count hinted. Did he think I should fail to understand? How beautiful it all will be!"

"Now, indeed, the sun shines for me!" cried Paul, making room for her upon the rustic-seat. "I think the glen is even lovelier than we saw it yesterday. Will you let me read a poem I found this morning that should have been written in just such a spot?"

And he read the poem; and they talked of the sweet, subtle meaning that made the rhythm still more melodious, in low and tender voices, with shy glances and tremulous smiles.

What need to prolong the story, with the old, old descriptions?

Day by day this innocent pair met there in the sylvan solitude, carefully guarded from intrusion, caring nothing for the seething, plotting, cruel world, which seemed as far removed from them as if they belonged to another planet, but all their world concentrating for each in the other's love and happiness.

"Virginie," said Paul, one day, "is it possible for mortal life to be so much like a dream of Elysium? I am frightened when I think what golden sands drip away these wonderful days from us. You are enjoying them, too, my Virginie?"

She smiled back to him calmly and trustfully.

"Yes; I enjoy it all, Paul."

"And you know that I love, you?"

"Yes, Paul."

"And you do not frown upon me nor blame me?" The deep, soft eyes opened widely.

"Blame you, Paul? Why should I?"

"Because I have spoken nothing plainly. But, indeed, that is your fault, my darling. You have always checked me. You have said, 'Wait—not yet'; and I could but obey."

"Because this freedom is so sweet. I dread the formalities and bonds of artificial life. Nevertheless, Paul, if you must speak, I shall hear."

"I love you, Virginie. My proudest, dearest hope is to have you for my wife."

The crimson glowed on her cheek, a glad smile shone in her eyes.

"Yes, Paul."

"But, Virginie, you know nothing of the life to which I should take you. Could you leave your home here, your native land?"

"With you—yes, Paul," came softly but firmly. "I have grown familiar with the thought, and the distance now is nothing."

"But your friends—what will they say? Pardon me, dearest, you know I am still in utter ignorance of your real position. I have a little fortune, such as will keep the wolf securely from the door of an humble home; but the whole of it would scarcely pay the count's expense in this glen, and I fear—"

She laid her little hand on his arm, smiling archly into his face.



AUNT SOPHERONIA'S STORY.—"AND I HAVE BEEN SORRY FOR TWENTY YEARS," SAID LOT. "REHOB, IS IT TOO LATE TO FORGIVE EACH OTHER NOW?"—SEE PAGE 171.



FALSE, YET TRUE.—“PARDON ME,” SHE SAID, MEETING EMILIE’S DEFIANT EYES, DUNMORE’S STARTLED ONES, WITH QUIET DIGNITY, “I DID NOT SEE THAT YOU WERE SO PLEASANTLY ENGAGED UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE TO RETIRE.”—SEE PAGE 22.

“Hush! what need to carry on the farce! I have suspected the disguise. I am only too happy that my heart goes where my hand is pledged. I thank you for the sweet lesson you have cared to teach me. It is beautiful that love and duty need not conflict.”

“I—do not comprehend,” stammered Paul, a terrible presentiment sending its deadly chill through him. “Virginie, you think me—whom?”

“I know that Feramorz and the king are one. Happy, happy Lalla Rookh that I am! Ah, do not doubt but Paul is dearer than the duke, my friend,” she said, smiling upon him with that radiant, enchanting look he had never been able to resist.

But Paul grew deadly pale.

“The duke—the duke!” repeated he. “You take me for a duke! What, then, are you?”

“Must our pretty play be ended? Alas! I had rather be the humble Virginie than the Princess Maude,” she said, gently.

Paul Dunmore sprang to his feet with a bitter cry.

Ah, the dream of enchantment was ended at last. He stood, shuddering, amidst its ruins.

“The Princess Maude!” he almost screamed. “You are the Princess Maude!”

And through his mind, with lightning rapidity, flashed the whole conversation he had heard in the grand library-room of the chateau.

The lady looked at him in deep amazement.

“What!” said she, “were you all the time deceived? I did not think it could be. The count implied—”

“The count!” vociferated Paul, gnashing his teeth over the name as if it were that of his deadliest enemy. “Oh, I fathom the count at last! I understand all the treachery he has made me unconsciously guilty of. What cares he if my honor is blackened or my heart broken, so his schemes are accomplished?”

“Paul, Paul!” implored Virginie, “I cannot understand your anger. Cannot you love your Virginie even if her name proves to be the Princess Maude Virginie?”

“But what can humble Paul Dunmore offer to the princess?” he asked, bitterly. “I am no duke; I am a simple American citizen, who came here to visit the chateau of the count because I had ren-

dered a little service to the Baron Ludwig, and he wished in some way to repay me. Understand me, I implore you. I am not the duke—the duke who has a right to claim the hand of the Princess Mande.”

“Not the duke!” repeated the lady, with quivering, whitening lips. “Ah, heavens! and it is you I love!”

They stood staring at each other with wild, sorrowful eyes, their cheeks pallid, their breasts heaving stormily beneath the tide of repressed emotion.

Upon this unhappy scene came the count, calm, grave, complacent still.

“Ah!” ejaculated Paul, sharply; “it is a true Eden, after all, and the serpent is here likewise. Look you, sir count! I shall speak to you as man to man to-day. How dared you trifle with a man’s honor—his heart-strings even, as if they were wires made for your hands to pull to and fro in your wicked game of politics? You have cheated us woefully. Who will you answer to for all this wickedness?”

The princess stretched out her hand with an imperial gesture.

“Count —, answer me at once. Who is it is whom I have taken to be the noble duke to whom my hand is pledged?”

“Paul Dunmore, an American citizen, as he assures me. And my nephew asserts the same,” replied the count, steadily.

“Cruel, cruel Count —!” she cried, fiercely.

“And wherefore, my tragic young lovers?” he asked, assuming a nonchalance he did not really feel. “I shall not bar your happiness. On the contrary, I will make all things smooth in your path. My golden favors shall open a way of escape for you, fair princess. You love this Paul. Take him. The way of your escape, I repeat, is open. There is a safe path of flight. You love him?”

“Yes, I love him,” she answered; but her voice was full of horror and despair.

“Virginie, believe me that I also have been wickedly cheated. I never dreamed of your rank or true identity. Oh, what can I say? I love you—I love you! but I dare not ask you to make this tremendous sacrifice for my sake. Forgive me—pity me, Virginie!” implored Paul, scarcely aware of the meaning of the words that poured incoherently from his trembling lips.

She gave him one eloquent look, as full of wild adoration as of keenest anguish.

“Do I not know? Do I not see the whole plot at last, when it is too late—too late?”

“Nay, I tell you both all these heroics may be safely spared,” interposed the count’s clear, cold voice.

“Madame, is it the duke you love, or this young Paul? Or is it the duke’s diadem and rank, and the golden favors he can bestow, that claim your fealty to the compact which was solely dictated by your brother’s personal ambition?”

“Hush! I will hear nothing from you—I will make no explanation to you, cruel, hard-hearted monster that you are!”

How stern and icy cold the voice rang out! But the next instant it broke up in a thrilling tremor and silvery sweetness, as she sobbed:

“Oh, Paul, Paul! you were right—it was too beautiful to last! Why did we not see! why did we not remember that even in the story the hapless lovers were sundered? To you I say that I count his rank, his wealth, his high position as so much dross beside your love. But it is scarcely two months ago that I knelt before the altar, by my brother’s side, and took the most solemn oath that words of Christ and Holy Law could bind, to give myself for the welfare of my native land, to advance freedom, its escape from royal tyranny, by my marriage with this noble duke, who commands the revenues and army of the neighboring province, whose alliance is so much desired. Oh, how happy I was in believing that my heart and my hand

would joyfully be given at the same call. Paul, pity me! I cannot violate my oath. I should not dare lay my hand in yours if I did. Pity and forgive me, innocent cause that I am of your own anguish and disappointment. And go! If you love me truly, never seek to look upon my face again. It is the only kindness you can offer me now.”

Paul stretched out his hand to clasp the cold fingers offered one moment to his touch. The tears oozed through his drooping eyelids, but not a word could he articulate.

The count gave him an impatient thrust.

“Fool, idiot! why do you not plead with her? She is a woman, and she loves you. You can win her yet.”

A glance as contemptuous as his own was Paul’s sole reply. And then he turned to her.

“You are right, noble lady,” he said, sorrowfully, “there is nothing I can do for you but to fly from your beloved presence. Do not think you will ever be forgotten, or that I shall cease to pray for your welfare. Innocent victims that we are, we have one sole consolation. We will keep our honor and self-respect. And, at least, we may rejoice that this hard-hearted plotter has been foiled in his object. May heaven keep and bless you. Farewell!”

He turned slowly, and went down the path.

There was a little gasping cry, a wild sob:

“Paul, oh, Paul!”

The count’s black brows unbent. A grim smile crept to his lips. But he counted without due knowledge.

Paul turned; she was standing with eyes raining their bitter tears, with pallid cheeks, and tremulous hands outstretched, as if to detain him.

“Farewell!” repeated he, steadily.

With one fierce effort, she wrenched herself away from the woman’s weakness.

“Yes, farewell. Oh, Paul—there is another and better world! God bless you till we meet—there! Now, go—go!”

And Paul obeyed; like one stunned by some sharp blow from all knowledge of present suffering or pain, he walked steadily down the path till he found the main avenue. And from thence he proceeded calmly to the grand house in which he had met such strange experience. He quietly declined the proffered assistance offered by the eager servants, but packed his trunk, paid a porter to transport it to the nearest station, and walked away before it. At the threshold he gave a single backward glance. Perhaps the remembrance of the apostolic charge, to shake off the dust of the feet against that house, which had violated hospitality and Christian duty may have flitted across his numb brain. But he spoke nothing.

Afterward, from a distant city, he sent to Baron Ludwig his card, and on it pencilled hastily:

“In your absence, discretion was the better part of valor. If I fled defeated, it was not that the Hon remained victoriously. Refer to the count, your uncle, for explanations.”

It was months afterward, when he was safe in the seclusion of his American home, that he read the brief account of a marriage in European high life, which was quite likely to make a great sensation in the political world, so the *Chart Journal* averred. Still it also lent a new hope to the recent Liberal movement, which was being felt even in autocratic monarchies.

Still, like a dream it all seemed to Paul Dunmore. So wild, so strange and improbable, that he dared whisper it to none.

But, with his eyes on the blue heavens which overhung the bluer sea that rolled toward her abode, he murmured:

“God grant you have found peace, Virginie!”

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Love's Foolish Dream.

I pointed to the bird, whose lay
Was caroled overhead;
"His joyous strain is not more gay
Than is my heart," I said.
I plucked the white rose from the tree,
And placed it in her hair;
"More sweet than you it cannot be,
Nor you," I said, "less fair."
By the river's side we stood, and made
A mirror of the stream;
"As bright shall be our life," I said,
In my love's foolish dream.

The Summer bird, whose joyous strain
With my heart's joy was one,
Is fled. I listen, but in vain;
For me such songs are done.
The tree that bore the young white rose
I plucked to give her praise,
Is dead years since; and this, and those,
Were set in after days.
The stream alone defies Time's hand
To change in any way;
Where we two stood, alone I stand,
Bright then, and bright to-day!
And I am glad, because I know
My heart and this bright stream
Are linked by ties formed years ago
In my love's foolish dream.

Aunt Sophronia's Story.

Do you see this bit of ashes-of-roses silk? It is a scrap of Rhoda Daniels's wedding-dress; and it was twenty years after it was bought for her wedding that Rhoda wore it to be married in.

Let me tell you the story.

At sixteen years old, Rhoda was a beauty, and no mistake. Fair as a blush-rose, and with a pile of yellow curls on her shoulders such as would drive the young ladies frantic with envy nowadays, bright as a button, and modest as a daisy, there wasn't her equal nowhere around Plumside. We were a plain class of people, believing in virtue and sobriety, Rhoda wasn't apologetic in bringing up, though she was a beauty. She could make butter with the best of the old wives; she was always seen at church; she spun and wove her own wedding-sheets.

She was brought up with Lot Lambert. He was five years older than she. The two loved each other honestly and truly, all the friends were willing, and one year after they commenced keeping company regularly, the wedding-day was set.

Then it was that old Mr. Lambert, Lot's father, made Rhoda a present of her wedding-dress, an ashes-of-roses silk, brought all the way from London. It was not often that such a dress was seen in our place. All Rhoda's friends, for miles about, had a look at it; everybody admired it, and I presume some of the young girls envied Rhoda.

Then, too, Lot Lambert was rather a "catch" at Plumside; he was a tall, straight, bright-eyed fellow, the only son of his father, who was the richest man in the community; and he had given Lot a house and farm in prospect of his marriage.

The house was just on the other side of the road from Rhoda's old home. The new furniture came, and Lot and Rhoda put down the carpets and set up the things, and they seemed just as good as married.

But there came a quarrel between the young folks, the beginning of which was a word dropped by the village gossip, old Huldah Lane, about some remarks Lot's friends had made on Rhoda's father.

Mr. Daniels was a drinking man. In those days everybody drank, more or less; but Mr. Daniels, though a hard-working and an honest man, a kind neighbor and a good farmer, was too fond of his cups; and it was a source of great mortification to Rhoda. She was sensitive on the subject, and when she heard that Lot's Aunt Nancy, who had brought Lot up, had said that "he might do better than to marry a toper's daughter, pretty as Rhoda Daniels

was," she sent word to the old lady by Lot, that "the toper's daughter should not marry Lot's relations, if she married him"—a message which Lot refused to carry, and denied that his good aunt had ever made the reported remark.

That was the beginning—it ended in the breaking off of the marriage. How many lies were told, and how many heartaches the young folks endured, before they became estranged by the intermeddling of busybodies, I cannot exactly tell you. But the marriage was broken off.

It made talk for three months in the country round about.

The new house was shant up. There it stood, with all its new furniture, for a year. Lot and Rhoda would pass each other in the road without speaking.

Rhoda grieved, but she was proud and unrelenting, like her mother, and made no offer of reconciliation. Lot, also, was proud and passionate, and, at the end of the year, to show, perhaps, that he was not heartbroken for Rhoda Daniels, he married Mercy Ray.

She was a good enough girl, but Lot Lambert never loved her.

She bore him children that died. They lived together until they were middle-aged people.

But Rhoda did not marry. She had other offers, I presume, but Rhoda's trouble changed her. She no longer cared for society; she kept close at home with her father and mother. When Mrs. Daniels sickened and died, she devoted herself, more than ever, to her father, who was much broken by the blow of his wife's death. It was Rhoda who kept him at home from the public-house and from falling into deeper dissipation. Then her aunt died, and left two young children, and Rhoda took them to bring up.

Long before this she had put up her yellow curls, and the rose color had died out of her face, and Rhoda was no longer the village beauty. But she was a fair, pleasing woman, saintly with long walking in the paths of duty, and if men and women found her "cold," as they complained of doing, little children never did. She brought up her little orphans with gentleness and love. She buried her father with such prostration of grief that a long sickness followed.

About this time Mercy Lambert died. Lot was left a widower. He went to his father's house to live, and again the house across the road was shut up.

Rhoda Daniels was now thirty-five years old. The little girls were grown, and launched in life for themselves. One had a trade; the other was schoolteaching. Rhoda lived alone at The Blackthorns, as the old place was called. She had prospered; she kept a man and a maid. To avoid being solitary, perhaps, she extended much hospitality to her friends and neighbors. But only part of the great farmhouse was in use. The south side, looking toward the house that was once to have been hers, was kept shut up.

One night a strange sound awoke the quiet village. It was the cry of fire.

Rhoda sprang from her bed. Lot Lambert's house was on fire. The flames lighted her chamber so she could see to pick up a pin. Indeed, she was separated but by a few rods from the burning building.

The village was all aroused and on the spot. At first only one side of the house was on fire, and willing hands brought out the furniture. Sideboards, bedsteads, tables, chairs, were placed by the roadside until morning, when, the house lying in ashes, and his father's house being out of the village, Lot came to Rhoda's door and asked leave to place his furniture in her unoccupied south rooms until he could remove them to another place of storage.

It was the first time the two had spoken to each other in twenty years. Rhoda was pale, but she gave quiet, ready consent. Lot and his men brought the things in, and went for the night.

It was June weather. In the morning Rhoda went into the south rooms and opened the windows and blinds. The sunlight fell upon the household-goods of Lot Lambert, every article of which she remembered.

There was the little sewing-chair he had bought her; there was the dining-table which Lot had laughingly said must be proportioned for a large family; there was Lot's desk, and the bedstead upon which she had never rested.

The drawer of a bureau had been broken open in the removal, and Rhoda glanced in this. She saw a silk dress, ashes-of-roses in color, lying still unmade in its wrapper.

The color had crept out of her lips. She stood with her hand to her brow in bewilderment and pain, when a step came. Lot Lambert stood beside her, and his eyes, too, sought the silk dress in the bureau-drawer.

A tight feeling came about Rhoda's heart. She looked up into Lot's face, and he was looking at her.

"I am sorry," she faltered, hardly knowing what she was going to say.

"And I have been sorry every day for twenty years," said Lot. "Rhoda, is it too late to forgive each other now?"

In a moment her arms were round his neck and he was kissing her as he had never kissed Mercy Ray.

Soon they were married. And Rhoda would be married in no other but the ashes-of-roses silk, which she had once sent back to him, and this strip which I have in my hand is a bit left from the making.

False, Yet True.

A SCENE repeated since the days of Adam, yet ever new to the actors therein, the supreme moment when love, long hidden, bursts its bonds and stands revealed, heart meeting heart. The wide, modern drawing-room of John Amherst's country-house on the Hudson presented no startling novelty in appearance, yet, for the moment, it was surely fairy-land to the couple who clasped hands there.

The one a man of twenty-five, tall and noble-featured, with eyes deep and dark, and a voice musical in every intonation; the other a tall, graceful girl, just passing the threshold of womanhood, with nut-brown hair and eyes, a fresh, fair face, and the possibilities of a rarely perfect nature shadowed upon the low, broad brow and sensitive mouth.

The man, Egbert Warburton, poet, artist, lawyer, as the mood seized him, heir to moderate wealth, traveled, talented and fascinating, had carried many fair faces on the surface of his heart, but never loved as he now loved Francesca Amherst, who gave him the first flowers of her maiden heart, trusting, loving with all the rare sweetness of her nature. Not that she was an untutored girl, won by her first suitor, for Frank Amherst had had two seasons in New York and Saratoga, under her aunt's care, and was understood to be heiress of her uncle John's broad acres and heavy bank-account.

But she was of that temperament, not often found, that can gather all the grace and finish of society-manner, without one touch of its affectations, can carry hearts captive and never flirt. The love Egbert Warburton had won was as pure and fresh as that of any country maiden who was listening for the first time to the voice of a wooer.

"You will let me speak to your uncle when he returns to-day?" Egbert, said, having won the sweet confession he craved.

"He has returned! He came on the early train this morning. I do not fear his answer, Egbert, for he has never crossed me since I was a little child. Aunt Della may punish me sometimes, but Uncle John has never done so. Do you know, I think he must have loved my mother very tenderly, he is always so gentle with me."

"Yet you are his brother's child?"

"No. My mother was Uncle John's sister, but she married his second cousin, whose name was Amherst."

"The name misled me. Do you think I could see your uncle now? I am impatient till I know you are to be all mine, Frank!"

Half an hour later, John Amherst, a gray-haired man, with a grave, sad face, sat facing the suitor for his niece's hand, having heard the story of their love, and answered it in this wise:

"I regret that this has gone so far without my knowledge; that my absence has kept me in ignorance of your intention. There is no man to whom I would sooner trust Frank's happiness than to you, Egbert, the son of my lifelong friend. Had your father lived, he would have told you the heavy secret it is my painful task to impart. But, before I do so, I must exact a promise that you will never repeat the sad story—above all, that you will never tell Frank the secret of her life, that I have guarded so closely that even my own wife does not know it."

"Any confidence you trust to my honor shall be sacredly guarded," was the grave reply.

"I will not trouble you with particulars. You have studied and practiced law. You may have heard of one Jarvis Hunt, who was tried seventeen years ago for the murder of Weston Hillary in a gambling-house, convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for life."

"I do not remember the case!"

"It has died out of the memory of most people, and was but little talked of here, as it all occurred in Cincinnati! But those were the facts. In the heat of a dispute over cards, Jarvis Hunt stabbed his antagonist to the heart, and lies in prison for the crime to-day. His wife died, broken-hearted, in my arms two years later, leaving her child a sacred legacy to me."

"Frank?"

With dry, husky lips Egbert spoke the name.

"Frank! My sister was Jarvis Hunt's wife. If fiction of her name was one of the veils we threw over the past as Francesca grew up. Jarvis Hunt is my second cousin, but my name was given to his child to spare her the shame of his. We guarded the secret closely, coming here after my sister died. My first wife was living then, but after she died only two old friends, your father one, knew the story here. When I married the second time, Frank was twelve years old, and I feared to tell my wife her father's history lest some chance word might blight her whole life. You will guard her as I have done, Egbert?"

"You may trust me!"

"I shall not blame you if you consider this morning's work undone. I will frame some excuse for you, if you desire still to keep your freedom. For there are serious matters to be considered. Jarvis Hunt may escape, may be pardoned, and, in either case, may seek and find his daughter."

"I do not wish one word unspoken," Egbert said, in an earnest, grave tone. "It shall be the care of my life, as it has been of yours, to keep all knowledge of this painful secret from—my wife!"

The two words were spoken with a shy, yet proud tone, that went straight to John Amherst's heart. He grasped the hand of the young man close and fast, with a quick, fervent:

"God bless you, and grant you every happiness!"

And while these two talked still long and earnestly of Frank, her future and her happiness, in an upper room, a little brilliant blonde, frivolous, and beautiful as a butterfly, lay sobbing upon her mother's breast.

And her mother, John Amherst's second wife, listened with drawn brow and clouded eyes to the outburst of sorrow.

"I always hated her!" sobbed the beauty, who, tiny and childlike as she looked, was fully five years Francesca's senior, "and now she has

caught Egbert Warburton, the only man I ever cared for. He liked me, too. I am sure of it! While she was in the country with that horrible great-aunt she thinks so much of, he paid me every attention. Then she came back, with her sly, soft ways, and has won him!"

"You are sure?"

"I heard him propose to her this morning in the very plainest English. It is too bad!" burst out the beauty, in a fresh tempest of sobs. "She will have her mother's fortune, and father will leave her most of his, for he says so. I do not believe he will leave me one cent, and your jointure will die with you."

"Elise!" cried her mother, even her shallow nature roused at this cold-hearted speech.

"It is true; and Egbert Warburton is rich. Besides, I love him."

"Hush! That girl has been the bane of my existence."

"I know it," was the eager reply. "I was sure that you would help me."

"If I can," musingly; "and I think I can. Are you to be trusted, I wonder?"

"Try me."

"Listen, then. There is some mystery about Francesca's parents. I have no idea what it is, for the only time I ever tried to find out her uncle was so stern, I never dared repeat the question. But there is something."

"And you think it is disgraceful?"

"I am sure of it."

"We will find it out, and tell Egbert Warburton!"

All her tears dried, her eyes burning with a spiteful fire, Elise Mitchell tossed herself back from her mother's embrace.

"You had better not meddle with that," Mrs. Amherst said, decidedly. "Make yourself charming as you can, and leave the rest to me."

The programme suited precisely the blonde's disposition and ability, met with no demur. Never had her brilliant beauty been more wifely than it was at luncheon on the momentous day. Her dress of dark blue set off the deep gold of her rippling hair and the rich bloom of her pure complexion, while her vivacity was a vivid contrast to the quiet of the lovers, the gravity of the host.

It was characteristic of Frank Amherst that she folded her deep happiness in the innermost recesses of her heart, making no outward demonstration, if anything, being more quiet and shy in the presence of her lover. And Egbert, being burdened with the confidence reposed in him, found a relief in the frothy sparkle of Elise's chatter, and responded in kind.

They were old friends, and the lively banter was nothing new between them; but it jarred a little upon what Frank felt was a day consecrated in a measure to her to see Egbert so quickly won to join in it. Not that she was jealous. There was no littleness in her grand, full nature, but her own happiness was too intense for trifling, and she had a natural desire for Egbert to sympathize perfectly with her.

They were a Summer party of idlers, Egbert having rooms at a neighboring hotel, but spending most of his time at John Amherst's. So, after luncheon, the carriage was ordered for a drive.

It was nothing new for Mrs. Amherst to tyrannize in small matters over her husband's niece, so Frank was not altogether surprised to be interrupted while dressing by a rather peremptory request to remain at home, and superintend some household matters. She hesitated, and then, as usual, consented, being long accustomed to yield where only her own pleasure was sacrificed.

"Where is Frank?"

They were all seated in the open barouche when Egbert asked the question.

"She has a fit of the sulks, and will not come," Mrs. Amherst replied. "You should know better,

Elise," she added, severely, "than to make yourself conspicuous when your cousin is present."

The carriage was in motion while this startling development of Frank's character was offered for Egbert's inspection. Sulky and jealous! Pleasant truly, and that dark background revealed in the morning to set the picture off.

He would not think of it, and to avoid thought he dashed into conversation about anything or nothing, being a man never at a loss for matter in a chat with ladies.

The drive was a long one, and the trio lingered at the romantic spot where it terminated, just escaping being late to dinner on their return. And meeting the dark soft eyes of his betrothed, the lingering, tender smile of greeting, Egbert Warburton wondered how he could for a moment imagine her jealous or ill-tempered.

All the long evening the unsuspected war went on, Elise, ably seconded by her mother, attracting Egbert's attention upon every passing pretext, and keeping him beside her by such quiet persistency as a man finds difficult to combat without positive rudeness.

The natural reserve that kept Frank from opposing her own powers of attraction to this influence deepened into a proud pain that it should be necessary, and she drew back from what seemed to her a contest unworthy of her womanhood.

She would make no effort to force attention that was now her right, and Elise made every effort. Egbert, being but a man, accepted the subtle flattery of Elise's evident desire to please him, while not one iota of his love for Frank was shaken by the fascinations of the beautiful blonde.

Yet, as the days passed by, he became conscious that Frank was more and more difficult of approach. The intercourse that had been so pleasant and easy was restrained and hampered on every side. Very rarely could he find his betrothed alone, and still more rarely idle.

Mrs. Amherst taxed every power of feminine ingenuity to invent employment for Frank's time, and Elise developed a desire for her step-cousin's society as novel as it was disagreeable.

Only that John Amherst, knowing nothing of these feminine tactics, would suggest walks or drives for the lovers, they would have had no hours of that precious heart-intercourse that is so sweet in the spring-time of true love.

But while Frank was conscious only of regret that she was kept so busy, and let neither bitterness nor jealousy taint the perfect trust and sweetness of her love, Egbert found himself dwelling more and more upon that sad story told him in such solemn confidence.

He told himself that it made no difference in his love, and would have felt the bitterest self-contempt had he allowed it to influence his betrothal, and yet unconsciously that convict father would come over between himself and the noble, beautiful face of Francesca Amherst.

It was long before Frank would admit, even to her own heart, that Egbert was changed. She missed the eager desire for her society that had been so marked in the first months of their intercourse, the lover-like devices for securing those stolen meetings that had been so precious.

Ever gentle and attentive, there was still an indescribable cloud over between herself and Egbert, and when it became so dense she could no longer ignore it, she found herself unwillingly seeking for its cause.

Only one reason was apparent. Egbert had found, too late, that Elise was dearer to him than the woman he had asked to be his wife. Utterly unsuspecting of the devices of Mrs. Amherst and her daughter, Frank only saw that the brilliant, shallow little blonde was ever with Egbert, and that their lively, bantering chatter was ceaseless.

With no littleness of jealousy, Frank could not restrain a contempt for the man who could be won

from his allegiance by such empty-headed frivolity as Elise displayed. The affectations of childishness, the pretty pretences of helplessness, the graceful, appealing attitudes, the silly acknowledgments of ignorance, seemed so pitiful to the grand, broad nature of Frank Amherst, that little by little she despised herself for giving her heart to one that could so easily be won away.

And yet, while all these undermining influences were threatening the beautiful castle of lifelong love these two hearts had built, there were hours of intercourse, growing rarer as time passed, when by a few words, a hand-clasp, a soul look, the old love sprang to life vivid and true, as in that hour when it seemed the crowning glory of life for both.

And while the shadows gathered over the love-dream that had been so bright, Mrs. Amherst was exercising her woman's wit to discover the secret she was certain rested upon Francesca's birth. She could scarcely have told in what unguarded moment her husband had dropped the tiny clue that she held, but he had done so, and she watched eagerly for some further thread to lead her to the truth.

John Amherst was not a man to be coaxed out of a secret it was a sacred duty to defend, and it was long since his wife had known that much of her influence over him had faded away. There were depths in his nature her selfish, shallow heart could never penetrate, and he had gradually shut himself more and more from intercourse that was never wholly sympathetic.

So, with only cunning to help her resolute will, Delia Amherst watched her opportunities. Many hours, when the student thought himself alone in his library, his wife, securely hidden, watched every movement, hoping to discover some secret receptacle of papers that would aid her in her search.

And her reward came! From a drawer, hidden behind a larger one, she saw John Amherst take some letters, select one, and return the rest. This settled the fact of a secret drawer in the large writing-desk.

Like a thief, in the night hours, Delia Amherst rifled the drawer, and in the morning found what she sought. A number of long newspaper slips recorded the trial of Jarvis Hunt, his conviction and sentence; and, wrapped with them, was the marriage-certificate of Ellen Amherst and Jarvis Hunt, and the record of baptism of Francesca Amherst Hunt, only child of the unhappy couple.

With the stolen papers in her hand, Mrs. Amherst sought Francesca. She found her alone in her own room, idly looking upon the vessels passing up and down upon the river, her face pale and sad, as was becoming habitual with her.

In a long preamble, Mrs. Amherst pressed upon Frank the fact that Elise was poor, dependent upon her stepfather, and deeply attached to Egbert Warburton. Also that her devoted mother could not stand idly by and see her darling sink broken-hearted into the grave. She alluded to Egbert's engagement as an unfortunate complication of which he evidently repented. Finally, she placed in Francesca's hand the papers so long and carefully concealed from her.

"If, after reading those, you still hold that unfortunate man to his engagement," she said, "I shall consider it my duty to tell him who you are."

"Who I am! Who, then, am I?" thought Frank, as, once more alone, she opened the first slip in her hand.

The answer dawned upon her slowly, with crushing weight. She was the child of an imprisoned convict, a murderer, a man who ought to have been hanged. A deadly faintness crept over the unhappy girl as the full significance of those dreadful papers came to her mind.

It was long before she looked up, to see the dazzling sunlight upon the waters, to realize that the world was jogging on as quietly as if all its brightness had not been stricken out for her.

As the semi- numbness wore away, Mrs. Amherst's

last threat rang again in her ears, but the effect was different from that wily woman's expectations. To the noble, generous nature of Frank Amherst, it appeared a positive crime to conceal from her betrothed the disgrace that had so recently come to her own knowledge. Her first impulse was to tell Egbert all the truth, and release him from his engagement.

She rose dimly, bathed her face in cold water, and gathered her mental faculties by a strong effort of will. Then, with the papers folded in her hands, she went to seek Egbert, if he was in the house.

In the meantime, Elise, in the conservatory, had been trying her histrionic powers in a new rôle. Egbert had found her weeping, not unbecomingly, but with a tender pathos that was irresistible. She rose, seemingly deeply confused, as he entered, and made a pretence of endeavoring to escape. Little by little, won by his gentle sympathy, the cause of her tears was revealed. She was so solitary! No one loved her! Her stepfather had never given her affection; Francesca hated her and was jealous of her; her mother had other ties and interests apart from her only child. Her loving, sensitive heart was misunderstood, thrown back upon itself. All this with a subtle shadowing of the one love that might replace all others, but would never be hers, was apparently reluctantly told, with drooping head and tearful eyes.

Suddenly the blue eyes flashed, seeing something at the far-end of the long parlors, and, with a quick patios, the beautiful face was raised with a stifled cry.

"Ah! let me go. I am betraying my heart to one cold to me."

And blinded, bewildered, Egbert caught the little figure, and holding it close, pressed his lips upon the soft, quivering ones pleading so piteously. One long kiss, and looking up, he saw Frank standing in the doorway.

She had come to him, humbled and stricken, to make her confession and give him his freedom. She stood now erect, proud and noble in womanly indignation for his treachery. Involuntarily her hand closed more firmly upon the papers she held. No need to tear her father's disgrace from its long concealment, to humble her own pride. By his own treachery, Egbert was free.

"Pardon me," she said, meeting Elise's defiant eyes, Egbert's startled ones, with quiet dignity, "I did not see that you were so pleasantly engaged until it was too late to retire. Mr. Warburton, having no further use for this, I will return it to you;" and she put her diamond-studded engagement-ring into his passive hand. "We have made a mistake, but it is not too late yet to rectify it."

Before he could remonstrate, she had crossed the room again to her uncle's library. From her earliest recollection she had turned to "Uncle John" for comfort in every sorrow, and his grave sympathy was now the balm she craved for her bruised, bleeding heart.

Six years after the events already recorded, a malignant fever broke out in the Ohio State Prison, and spread with fearful rapidity amongst the inmates. Outside assistance was obtained for the relief of the surgeon in charge, and nurses were also hired for the emergency.

It fell upon Doctor —, the prison surgeon, to select these nurses, and one evening, as he sat in his private office, he was informed that a lady wished to see him with reference to this business.

A tall, graceful woman in deep mourning was ushered into the room, and, in reply to his listening attitude, said:

"I have come to apply for admission to the prison as a nurse."

"Yourself?"

"You look surprised, and probably think I am inexperienced, but I have letters from the hospital where I have been working as nurse for four years."

As she spoke, the visitor placed before the doctor two letters certifying to her ability as a sick-nurse, and signed by well-known hospital surgeons.

"You are aware that there is danger of catching the fever," the doctor said. "It is not contagious in many cases; in others it has proved so."

"I am well aware of the risk."

There was a moment of silence, then the lady spoke, and her voice was sweet, steady and clear.

"I heard to-day that Jarvis Hunt is ill with this fever. One of the nurses has a sister in the hospital where I have been, and has kept me informed. If possible, I should like to be put upon duty with Jarvis Hunt for my patient."

"A relation?"

"My father, sir."

With no false shame for the disgrace for which she was not responsible, quietly dignified as when she stood in crowded ball-rooms, the belle of the assemblage, Francesca Hunt, waited the doctor's decision.

Four years before she had lost her uncle, her best and most constant friend. Egbert had married Ellen, earning his own subsistence, and Francesca had come to Ohio, throwing aside all disguise, and devoting her time and large income entirely to the service of the pauper in the hospital. For those who could pay for hired attendance she had no care, but there were many who had no service beyond the regular routine duty of the pauper ward.

It was a part of Francesca's religion that crime calls for atonement as well as repentance, and she humbly laid the service of her life at her Saviour's feet, praying that it might be accepted in her father's stead.

When the prison fever broke out, she seized the opportunity for that sight of her father which she craved. In the years after the knowledge of her parentage came to her, her uncle talked with her often about her father, imparting to her his own firm conviction that the murderous blow, given in the heat of passion, had been deeply repented of.

Disciplined both mentally and physically by her hospital experience, it was yet with a trembling heart and white face that Francesca followed the doctor to the prison, to cell 43, where Jarvis Hunt lay in the fever grip, moaning deliriously.

"It is impossible for me to admit you to care for your father unless you are regularly enrolled as a nurse," the doctor had told Francesca; "but you will have no other patient while he lives."

"Is he dangerously ill?"

"He is."

So prepared, she entered the narrow cell, for the prison hospital was crowded. She had hoped for one hour of recognition, one hour of prayerful intercourse; but for five weary days and nights there was no interval in the delirium. Not wild raving; but a piteous moaning, caused by excessive prostration with the fever.

Whatever he had been in the past, Jarvis Hunt, as his child saw him, was an old, imbecile man, utterly broken by his long imprisonment, realizing nothing of the tender care lavished upon him, the agonizing prayers for one ray of recognition before death.

Not until all hope was over, and death very near, was there any answer to those fervent prayers. Death-dews were on the face of the prisoner, when, turning his haggard eyes to Francesca, he murmured:

"I do not know you."

"I am your daughter, Francesca," she said, bending over him. "I have come here to nurse you."

"My daughter Francesca?" he said, with the air of a man trying to recall some long past event. "A little girl? She had long brown curls. Ellen—Is Ellen here?"

"No, father; my mother is dead. But I am here. Will you not say a word of blessing, for my mother's sake?"

"I bless—I—" the words came brokenly—"I who cursed your life and hers—a convict—murderer—I never meant to kill him—God judge my repentance—a child—Francesca—I remember—Ellen—forgive—God bless our child!"

So he died, while the sobbing woman prayed fervently for the soul gone to meet its last judgment. She was allowed to carry the body to rest beside the wife who slept upon the banks of the Hudson; and once again in her old home, her uncle's legacy to her, Francesca Hunt sought work in noble charities and self-devotion.

In the home where a frivolous, utterly selfish wife and exacting mother-in-law made discord the rule, Egbert Warburton heard often of the noble Lady Bountiful who was winning her way to such perfect womanhood as comes only to those who make self-renunciation their rule of life. Never striving to step beyond the sphere of her own sex, Francesca ennobled every act she undertook, filling womanly duties by rare devotion to the cause of aiding the wretched and reforming the wicked.

She passed her early life, and entered upon her thirtieth year, single and grave, but not unhappy. Her love was with the past, a memory deeply shadowed, but never with power to embitter her. In the rare intercourse she held with Mr. Warburton's family, she lost her contempt for her old lover, seeing how what was noble in his heart rose to resist the lowering influences of his life, how his patience deepened and sweetened under discipline, and his quiet, authority was kept ever free from tyranny or irritable exactions.

When Ellen died, leaving four children, Francesca could weep softly over the face that was worn and haggard from fretful and wearing temper far more than from actual years; and when the widower, who was going abroad, begged her to see his children sometimes, she gravely accorded the petition.

One year later Mrs. Amhest died, and the little ones were taken to Aunt Frank's till their father's wishes could be known. In the necessary correspondence Frank knew that she had but to smile to win Egbert back to his old allegiance, but never, in any sentence of her letters, could he find the encouragement he craved.

Nearly a year the children had been Francesca's charge when Egbert came home—not the handsome, bright-eyed poet who had won Frank's maiden heart years before, but a grave, broken middle-aged man, with gray-streaked hair, and the deep impress of sorrow passed and conquered upon his face. In the first interview in the familiar rooms, with his children clustering around him, he turned to Francesca.

"Will you let these motherless little ones plead for me?" he asked, gently. "You give your whole life to good works—will you add this one to them—the work of carrying its only hope of happiness to my heart?"

She was silent a moment.

"Do you know why I went West?" she said, mindful of the children.

"To nurse your father! All the sad story was told me, Frank, when we were first betrothed. I was unworthy of you then; but now, if you can trust your happiness to me, heaven helping me, you shall never repent your confidence!"

And the noble woman, who had never quite lost the memory of her only love, clasped it once more to her heart, and became Egbert Warburton's wife.

Bees.

THESE busy little insects are among the most interesting and instructive creatures in the world. If they cared anything about our good opinion, it would certainly make them very happy to know how much has been said and written about them in all ages; but, like all clever people, they have too much to do to attend to their own affairs, to afford time

for inquiring what their neighbors say. It is a pleasant thing to have a hive of these busy, interesting insects in a sheltered nook of the garden. They afford a perpetual lesson of industry and neatness, which, it is hoped, our young readers will study and put in practice.

When a "swarm" has been lodged in a hive, it is observed that the bees hastily arrange themselves into four divisions: one leaves the hive to range the fields in search of materials for the commencement of their work; another party carefully examines the hive, and close every opening save those by which they enter and leave their habitation; the third band of workers lay the foundation of the cells, by ejecting and molding the wax formed in their stomachs; while the fourth finish neatly what the others have begun. The workers are constantly employed in gathering the pollen of flowers, and in forming the waxen cells. Their hind legs are provided with little baskets, by means of which they carry home their store of pollen to the hive.

The queen bee is the mother of the whole colony. The happiness and welfare of the hive seem to depend entirely upon her. One only is allowed to be in a hive, and her cell is easily distinguished by its great size. If any accident happens to her, the workers mournfully give up their customary labors. So great is their affection, that when the queen is sick they wait upon her with the tender assiduity of anxious nurses. The drones are never seen abroad upon the flowers; they stay at home and live on the industry of the workers.

Bees, in the formation of their cells, observe the most curious mathematical exactness. The cells are hexagonal or six-sided, and constructed on a principle that at once affords the most room, and consumes the least possible quantity of wax. The most learned mathematician could not have contrived it better. The comb consists of a double row of cells, so placed that the base of one cell serves likewise for the one opposite. To prevent these delicate cells from being worn out by the multitude of little feet all the time passing over them, they take the precaution to make a rim round the margin of each, four times thicker than the walls. The insect labors with its jaws, making the work compact and smooth by repeated strokes.

The hive of bees should not be exposed to a hot sun, and should be well sheltered from cold winds. The place must be retired, and near a running stream, if possible, for they are remarkably fond of quiet and of pure water. Among flowers, they love best the crocus, the honeysuckle, and the clover; but, above all, the sweet-scented mignonette.

Their stings, when seen through a microscope, resemble a double-headed arrow. They never attack a person unless they are irritated in some way. When "swarming" they are sometimes enraged by an attempt to brush them from the place where they have alighted. The hiving of bees is not a dangerous business for those who have experience in it; but children should never think of attempting it. Numerous stings occasion great pain, and sometimes cause death. Chalk, with spirits of hartshorn, is a useful remedy applied to the injured part. Common salt, wet and put upon the wound, is likewise very good. The pain is occasioned by a drop of liquid from a little bag of poison, with which the bee is provided for his defense. When persons are stung, if they wait till the bee withdraws the sting, the wound will not be near so painful as if the insect were driven off; in which case the bag of venom, as well as the sting, remains in the wound. When a bee looses his sting in this way it never grows again, and he soon dies of the injury.

The working bees in one hive amounts to from 15,000 to 30,000, or more. They kill all the *drones* in the month of September, which is an easy work, as they have no stings. When the bees of one hive have become too numerous they separate, and a

new "swarm," headed by a queen, flies off to seek another establishment. In Winter they feed on the honey stored during the warm season. In the coldest days they are nearly torpid, but never for any length of time.

There are various kinds of bees called solitary bees, because they do not live together in societies or hives. One is called the mason bee, because she builds her nest of sand and little stones gined together; another is called the mining bee, on account of its digging chambers for itself under ground; then there is the carpenter bee, which saws its way into soft wood, and forms a nest; and the upholsterer bee, which nips pieces out of rose-leaves, wherewith she makes pretty curtains to line her cell. The carder bee, which beekles moss to form her habitations, is not solitary. They join together in a file to perform their task; the last bee lays hold of some of the moss with her mandibles, disentangles it from the rest, and, having coiled it with her forelegs into a small bundle, she pushes it under her body to the next bee, who passes it in the same manner; and so on till it is brought to the border of the nest.

Is it any wonder that these extraordinary little insects are objects of so much interest to mankind? Their ingenuity has been a subject of admiration in all ages, and their industry has afforded a proverb to the moralist, and a text to the preacher, from the earliest times. Several philosophers have spent nearly their whole lives in watching them. Some have called them "winged mathematicians," and others, "the little confabulators of nature." They are often noticed in the Scriptures; and Palestine is, as the reader knows, repeatedly described as "a land flowing with milk and honey." In truth, nearly the whole of Syria affords large quantities of this luscious food. The bees make their cells in hollow trees, and in the crannies of rocks; the numerous wild flowers of the country afford them ample means of storing their cells. The forests of Hungary also yield such large quantities that it is almost a staple of the country. The mountains of Turkey in Europe swarm with bees; and it may be remembered that Hymettus, especially, owes its celebrity to this article.

The Cathedral at Cologne.—Of all Gothic buildings, the plan of the cathedral at Cologne is the most stupendous; even ruin as it is, it cannot fail to excite surprise and admiration. The legend concerning its plan may not be known to every one. It is related of the inventor of it that, in despair of finding any plan sufficiently great, he was walking one day by the river, sketching with his stick upon the sand, when he finally hit upon one which pleased him so much, that he exclaimed, "This shall be the plan!" "I will show you one better than that," said a voice behind him, and a certain black gentleman, who figures in many German legends, stood by him, and pulled from his pocket a roll containing the present plan of the cathedral. The architect, amazed at its grandeur, asked an explanation of every part. As he knew his soul was to be the price of it, he occupied himself, while the devil was explaining, in committing its proportions carefully to memory. Having done this, he remarked it did not please him, and he would not take it. The devil, seeing through the cheat, exclaimed, in his rage, "You may build your cathedral according to this plan, but you shall never finish it!" This prediction seems likely to be verified, for, though it was commenced in 1248, and continued for 260 years, only the nave and choir and one tower to half its proposed height are finished.

Paddy's Description of a Fiddle cannot be beaten. "It was the shape of a turkey, the size of a goose. He turned it over on its belly, and rubbed its back with a stick, and och, by St. Patrick, how it did squeal!"



THE HALIDAY MYSTERY.—"THE WOMAN CLUTCHES HER THROAT AND HOLDS HER TIGHTLY, SPEAKING IN A LANGUAGE THAT IS MORE FRENCH THAN ENGLISH."

The Haliday Mystery.

LAWRENCE HALIDAY was at the piano, as usual, singing the most doleful operatic air he could think of, in his enchanting way.

Plain little Eloise Fane, picking flowers in the conservatory near, and wandering up and down the long piazzas of his elegant home, looks longingly in at him through the hall-doors, wondering why so elegant a young man should be always so sad. She puts a tea-rose in the centre of a bunch of pansies and heliotrope, and takes another look at him through the open door—so handsome, so young, so wealthy, such a beguiling face, with its long-lashed

violet eyes and wax-like chiseled perfection. "Young men who have nothing to do are always unhappy," thought Eloise. "I have no patience with him. What if he were in my place for a while? It might pay him to fret."

And Eloise looks down at her worn black dress, the third one she has had in two years; she having donned one when her father died, one when the cross old uncle who had adopted her died, and one when she came to be a companion to Lawrence Haliday's invalid mother.

Just now a pain in her side and five dollars ahead were her brightest prospects, and she looked forward in the end to the asylum for poor women as her probable destiny; nevertheless, the sun always

shone for her, and if tears clouded her soft eyes occasionally, they were only April showers, such a hopeful, happy little thing was Eloise.

The golden tenor voice within went on with its wailing sweetness—

"For memory is the only friend
That Grief can call her own."

Eloise comes in, chipper and bright just then, with his mother's morning bouquet, and says, banteringly:

"I get very angry with you, Mr. Haliday, for always singing such sorrowful songs as 'The Heart Bowed Down,' when you know you haven't a thing in the world to trouble you."

The languishing violet eyes grow black with suppressed feeling, and he catches at Eloise's hand—the soft, childish hand that has alighted like a white bird on the keys—then drops it as suddenly.

"If you only knew, Eloise."

"I do know that you are moping your life away in these dark parlors, and that you ought to be out in the world adding to your means, for, though you are rich, yet I am a living example that riches do take to themselves wings and fly away;" and Eloise touches her dead mother's old watchchain that she wears tenderly.

"I cannot leave home," he says, pathetically.

"Oh, why?"

Eloise is such a motherly little creature, a great deal older in experience than in years, so Lawrence never gets angry at her advice.

"But I cannot tell you *why*, either, Eloise."

Here Mrs. Haliday's querulous voice calls out, "Eloise!" and with her, as she goes out, it seems to Lawrence all the Summer sun clouds in, and the lovely Summer day darkens.

Eloise sits all day in Mrs. Haliday's rich but cheerless room, smelling of camphor, Florida-water, ammonia and all such sick-room appliances.

Mrs. Haliday is kind to her, but, like most of invalids, most exacting and garrulous, confiding on all subjects except her son Lawrence and his real or imaginary troubles.

There is another mystery about this solemn, magnificent house that Eloise cannot fathom: it is a suite of rooms off from the front hall that she is never allowed to enter; she is as curious as Fatima to do so, but the key is kept in the depths of Mrs. Haliday's pockets, and all the ghostly sounds and faint screams that she fancies she hears from this haunted chamber have to go unexplained.

She notices that Lawrence often spends the entire night in these shut-up apartments, and invariably comes down to breakfast in the morning looking wild-eyed, miserable, and white as any corpse.

Sometimes, when watching by Mrs. Haliday, she hears her moaning in her sleep, "My poor son, my poor son!" but never in her wakeful moments does she mention why this beloved member of the family should be deserving of pity.

Poor Eloise is deeply in love with him, though she will scarcely admit it even to herself, for she knows he will not be likely to care for his mother's nurse, so she finds all the fault with him she can, trying to teach herself to dislike him. He is the only son, and Mrs. Haliday is a widow, so they are always together, what time he can spare from his mysterious apartments.

"Always tied to his mother's apron-strings; it makes me angry to think I will love such a man as that," says Eloise to herself, as she hears him reading to his mother evenings, wheeling her in her sick-chair about the verandas, and talking to her at all times in that languid undertone.

One day Mrs. Haliday, who is subject to attacks of heart-disease, has one of her worst sinking spells, and faints dead away, hovering doubtfully between this world and the next.

Lawrence hurries to her side from the secrecy of those private rooms where he has been buried all

day, and rushes about distractedly with the brandy and hartshorn bottles, chafing her hands and begging Eloise to run quickly for more help.

Eloise, who is nearly as frightened as he, for she loves Mrs. Haliday, hurries as fast as she can through the long hall, but is stopped midway in a most surprising manner.

Lawrence, in his haste, has left his private room ajar, and out of the unbolted door a gaunt and spectral figure flies toward Eloise and catches at her fiercely. It is a woman, but so cadaverous and wild, so tall and fierce and hollow-eyed, that Eloise tries to scream, but cannot in her fright and weakness; the woman clutches her throat and holds her tightly, speaking in a language that is more French than English, and more gibberish than either.

Eloise's slight little figure, worn to fragility by overwork in a sick-room, her frail little wrists and hands, are not of much avail in a hand-to-hand contest with a maniac. She faints away in the frightful woman's grasp, and knows no more till she wakes in a high fever the next day, and finds Mrs. Haliday, recovered from her yesterday's indisposition, has reversed the order of things, and is sitting beside her; and Lawrence stands at the bedside also, looking whiter than any ghost; and, during her spells of half-consciousness, she overhears him say to Mrs. Haliday:

"I know she will die, mother, and I cannot live without her."

Eloise recovers slowly, and when she is convalescent Mrs. Haliday tells her all her son's sad story.

"When Lawrence was quite young, he traveled in Europe, and while in Paris he fell in love with a beautiful woman a good deal older than himself. She was a grand-looking woman, tall, dark-eyed and magnificent. She was not a good or a reasonable woman, and I disapproved of the match; but she fascinated him into marrying her against my will.

"They spent a year upon the Continent, when she was taken with fearful spasmodic fits, that, as time went on, grew more frequent and continued. He brought her home at last in despair, and fitted up those rooms for her, and has taken care of her for five long years, and no one has ever been told of his sufferings. She has grown weaker and weaker, more imbecile and wandering, all of the time, yet scarcely dangerous—as she came near proving to you—but only wild and strange.

"It seems to me it would not have been so hard to bear, had not my son's indomitable pride locked it all in his bosom and forbade me even speaking of his trials. If it were not for your suffering, I should be almost glad that this happened, so I can open my heart to some one; for you seem just like a daughter to me, Eloise."

Eloise turns over with her face to the wall and sighs softly, thinking of what might have been.

She gets well and about again, but her heart is wrung more than ever by Lawrence's sleepless nights and the screams she can now give credence to, that she had once supposed only a diseased fancy of her brain.

One night the screams were fainter and more frequent, and the next day Lawrence comes into the morning-room for her and says to her: "You can come in now, Eloise."

So Eloise goes in and looks at the sheeted corpse lying, quiet and harmless now, on the bed, with its clinched fingers and that look of awful agony on its poor dead face.

Eloise knows that the last link is broken between herself and him, and lets him lead her out, weeping tears of not altogether unhappiness as she thinks that she is free to love him now.

So, a little later, when the September grasses are growing over the grave of the unhappy wife, Eloise gives him her hand at the altar. Every one says it is a happy marriage, for she is such a housewifely, demure wife and mother, and Lawrence has learned so much through his years of suffering.

Love and Death

WHEN the end comes, and we must say good-by,
And I am going to the quiet land;
And sitting in some loved place hand in-hand,
For the last time together, you and I,
We watch the winds blow, and the sunlight lie
About the spaces of our garden home,
Soft by the washing of the western foam,
Where we have lived and loved in days past by:
We must not weep, my darling, or upbraid
The quiet Death who comes to part us twain;
But know that parting would not be such pain
Had not our love a perfect flower been made.
And we shall find it in God's garden laid
On that sweet day wherein we meet again.

The Bride of the Guillotine.

A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

THE Marquis de Grandval lived in the province of Belphe. He had served the king loyally, and had retired to his old château, in the midst of an extensive domain, where he indulged to the fullest extent his passion for the chase.

His wife was dead. He had an only son—Arthur, the Count de Grandval, who resided with him at the château, and a daughter—Adele—who was at a convent in the neighboring town of Verdun.

The young count did not partake of his father's strong predilection for the chase and field sports. True, he often sought the neighboring forests with his gun over his shoulder, and followed by his dogs; but the report of his gun was seldom heard—for the reason that he found more pleasure in reading than in beating the woods for partridges and pheasants. He had, against the wish of his father, read and re-read most of the philosophical books of his day, which his faithful valet brought to him from Verdun, and, little by little, views and opinions not in consonance with those of his sire began to fire his brain and influence his thoughts and actions. He saw without regret the changes in social order which were gradually taking place, and he secretly admitted the truth of the principles of the Revolution, though he rejected with horror its excesses.

He was in love, not with one of his class, but with the beautiful daughter of Nicolas Simon, the miller of Metain, the most charming girl in all the country—a brunette tall and graceful, as good as she was beautiful. This passion was, as yet, a secret between the two young persons; they met often, but always by stealth, for the proud farmer, who boasted of being a man of the people, would have seen in the attentions of the young count the shadow of dishonor falling upon his child; while the marquis would have shrunk from such a *mesalliance* with horror. But, a few nights before the opening of our story, Arthur had been guilty of a great indiscretion; spite of the vigilance of Simon—spite of high walls and ferocious mastiffs that kept watch and ward in the courtyard of the mill—he had gained admission into the house, and had started Clotilde nearly out of her wits by suddenly entering her room, where she sat alone, thinking of him, of course, and, placing his hand over her mouth to prevent the involuntary cry of alarm which rose to her lips—

"Clotilde!" he exclaimed, in low yet impassioned tones, "I know that I have done wrong; I have no business here at such an hour and in such a way. I know that if your father were aware of it we should both be lost; but don't scold me, don't send me away—pardon me, for I am very unhappy."

That was enough. As soon as he said he was unhappy Clotilde's sympathy was aroused.

So was her curiosity.

Of course Arthur explained. The explanation ended thus:

"I could not resist the desire to see you once more before I die!"

"Die!" Clotilde exclaimed; "why should you die?"

"Because I love you, Clotilde; that I am determined you shall be my wife; and if you refuse me—"

"How can I be your wife if you are going to die?" she asked, with charming simplicity. "Die! oh, no, you must not think of dying. If I should love you, what would become of me?"

We need not repeat all that took place—the interview ended in a perfectly satisfactory manner to both parties. Clotilde swore upon the cross of her mother—like a good French girl as she was—to be true to Arthur. Arthur in his turn swore to be true to her. They both swore that no obstacle should keep them apart, and that they would wait for one another to the end of time.

Then Arthur once more braved the perils of the snoring father and the teeth of the dogs, scaled the high wall, and, going home through the fields in a fog, entered the old château of the old Marquis de Grandval, whose ancestors, eight centuries before, had planted their banner upon the walls of Jerusalem in company with Godfrey de Bouillon.

A close neighbor to Nicolas Simon, lived Pierre Grimaud, a man of strong character. He belonged neither to France nor to the Province, and no one knew how he had passed the first years of his life. Whenever any one undertook to question him on this subject he became reticent and angered, so that scarcely any one made a second attempt. He was tall, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, and not good-natured. He was the most powerful man, physically, for miles around, and exercised a large influence among his class; and, being the richest among them all, was universally looked up to. This pleased him, for, though he boasted of being a man of the people, he was as ambitious as Alexander. He had been ambitious to be rich—he was so—to have the best farm, the finest breeds of stock, and he had them. Now he was ambitious to be a public man, and to play an important rôle in the great political drama which was then being acted. He was fond of saying, "The nobility has always been rich—enjoyed liberty, luxury, glory and power, while the people, on the contrary, have known nothing but misery, slavery, privations, contempt and inferiority." This is what he said aloud, and he said it so impressively that all who heard him believed he meant it. But Pierre Grimaud had too much good sense not to know better, and he thought to himself: "If I was noble in my time, how should I treat my neighbors? Should I be just and merciful, considerate and unselfish? Should I still consent to be on terms of equality with these ignorant farmers, whose hands I take to-day? Should I wish to see them rich, powerful and noble like myself? No, no!"

There were a good many men like Pierre Grimaud in France in those days, and there are a great many more like him there and elsewhere now.

There are two or three other persons connected with our story, about whom it is necessary to say a word or two. First, there was Daniel Follaire, the intendant. He was a type of his class. To relate his history would be useless; such men have no history. He had won his place by cunning, baseness and flattery. He was pitiless to all who came within his power. If the tenants did not pay to the last sou on the appointed day, there was but one fate for them—instant ejection. No mercy—nothing but money.

The marquis despised him, but used him.

Secondly, there was Madame Chalet, an excellent old lady, formerly waiting-woman to Madame la Marquise, and now housekeeper of the château. Her son Jules, a handsome young fellow of twenty-two, superintended the grounds, the orangery, the

grapery, and particularly the flowers that Made-moiselle Adele loved best, and with whom that young lady used to take great pleasure in talking about the cultivation of plants, the weather, and a good many other things very pleasant to themselves.

Madame Chalet had been present at the birth of Arthur and Adele, and had watched over them and tended them with all a mother's care. Since the death of the marquise, Adele had no companionship save her brother, Clotilde, who came frequently to visit her, and Jules.

But Clotilde's visits had ceased, owing to the annoyances which Follaire caused her, both by word and look, for the intendant had been bold enough to think of her as his wife, and stupid enough to tell her so, and Arthur was too much occupied with his books and Clotilde, to devote much time to his sister, so that she had no one left but Jules, who loved her in silence, and good Madame Chalet.

When her father, who had at least a natural affection for her, scolded her or spoke crossly, and rejected her loving advances with looks and gestures which bespoke his annoyance, it was in the arms and on the loving breast of Madame Chalet that she poured out her griefs and wept her bitter tears, and it was Madame Chalet who had afterward conducted her to the convent of the Ursulines at Verdun, where she would at least be free from the cruelty of her father. The girl was not without a friend in Verdun, for Jules had gone there some time before to pursue his studies as an engineer.

CHAPTER II.

THE Revolution had done its work. The Republic was proclaimed. The Marquis de Grandval paced the floor of a vast chamber in the chateau.

His face was grave, his forehead was wrinkled with frowns, and his whole appearance and manner indicated serious and unpleasant thoughts. At last, as if he found relief in the action, he rung violently a large silver bell, the loud tinnabulation causing the servant in attendance in the ante-chamber, where he was very busy doing nothing, to spring to his feet at a bound.

The door opened, and the valet appeared.

The marquis turned in his walk and inquired, harshly:

"Has Monsieur the Count not returned?"

"No, Monsieur the Marquis."

"He has been gone a long time," the marquis muttered to himself, but in a voice loud enough to be heard by the servant, as he continued pacing up and down.

"Monsieur the Count went out early this morning. He was mounted on Pluto," the valet ventured to say, hoping to make himself agreeable to his master.

"Who asked you where he had gone, scoundrel?" replied the marquis. "What business is it of yours? He may come and go when and where he pleases, I suppose! Begone, and when he returns, say that I wish to see him!"

The valet retired humbly.

The marquis again made the walls resound with the loud tones of the bell.

"Tell Monsieur Follaire that I wish to see him immediately!"

It was not long before the intendant made his appearance in obedience to the summons. His face, always pale, was more so than usual, and his black garments contrasted so strangely with the whiteness of his cheeks that the marquis noticed it.

"What is the matter, Follaire?" he asked.

"Perhaps it is the cold—I do not feel very well."

"Then go to the fire!"

The intendant seated himself near the burning logs, but sat trembling still and rubbing his thin, bloodless hands. His face wore a scared expression. His reflections were evidently not pleasant. The marquis cut them short, whatever they

were, by saying, abruptly: "Follaire, I am going to leave France."

"Leave France, monsieur?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow! I am lost!" murmured the intendant.

"I have no need to tell you that you must keep this an absolute secret, and that the least indiscretion—"

"Oh, I swear, Monsieur the Marquis!"

"I do not doubt you! To-morrow I leave for Germany. Make all necessary preparations with as little noise as possible. Procure for me some garment more common than mine—it will be more prudent—and have a carriage stationed two miles below—a carriage and a horse!"

"A carriage?"

"Yes, a postchaise would be stopped at every turn of the road. At Antioffe I can take the post without fear, for no person there will know me."

"It shall be done, Monsieur the Marquis. It shall be done!"

"You will remain here to watch over my interests."

"Remain here! I am a dead man!"

"Pshaw! Your fears exaggerate the danger."

"No, no, monsieur!" the intendant exclaimed, his face whiter than ever, and with joined hands.

"The danger is real for me more than for others. I am the lugbear of the whole country—none are hated as I am. They hate me so basely that they have even taught their children to throw stones at me. No, no! I dare not stay!"

"Perhaps you are right," the marquis replied, after a moment's consideration. "Faith, I scarcely blame them. But I am partly the cause, so I will consent to take you with me. I can write to my notary, after my departure, to look after my affairs here."

"Oh, yes, monsieur. Thank you. You are right. Let us go at once. To-night—now!" Follaire exclaimed, rising and seizing the hand of the marquis, carrying it to his lips and fawning like a cur as he was.

"Fool!" the marquis exclaimed, pushing him away, and giving him a look of contempt. "You forget that the farmers are to pay their rents in the morning. We cannot leave before to-morrow night. We need the money for traveling expenses."

"But the five hundred thousand francs which you received last week?" the intendant asked.

"Are for another purpose. Those I shall carry with me. No more. Leave me, and mind, no word—not a breath to cause suspicion."

"No, no. I swear—I swear—not a word, not a word!" and the intendant left the room just as the young count entered it.

"You have sent for me," Arthur said, when they were alone. "I came at once without taking time to change my dress."

"Never mind," the marquis responded. "I like the dress. Nothing becomes a man better than a hunting-dress. I only know one better."

"And that is—"

"The uniform of a soldier."

"I agree with you, my father."

"But I have something serious to say to you."

"I listen, monsieur."

"Arthur, I have need to-day of your counsel, for I am in great embarrassment. The crisis has come. The Revolution has done its work. The Republic has been declared. Neither our fortunes nor our lives are safe. I have thought of a plan by which we may save both. One of my particular friends, Monsieur de Frisac—"

"The secretary of the prince, is he not?"

"The same, and a devoted servant of the Royal Family—has thought it to be his duty to follow to his exile the prince, who has honored him with his friendship and confidence. He has sold his estates, so that both his person and his fortune are free from the bloody hands of these *sans-culottes*. I have

determined to follow him. I have realized five hundred thousand francs from the sale of—"

"You have not sold Grandval, made sacred by the tomb of my mother?" the young man exclaimed, with feeling, and in tones of reproach.

A shade of anger passed over the face of the marquis, but, recovering his equanimity, he replied:

"Your anger pleases me, and proves you to be worthy of your name! No, I have not sold Grandval."

"Pardon me for the thought," the son said, with a bow. "I ought to have known you could not contemplate such a sacrilege. But when do you propose to go?"

"I propose that you should go to-night!"

"To-night! And my sister?"

"I have thought of her. She will be safer where she is for the present. Were she to accompany you, it would cause suspicion. I have arranged for her to follow. I desire, upon your arrival in Germany, that you should pay your respects to the prince, who will be happy to receive you. He has already expressed a friendly interest in you without knowing you, and, I may say to you in confidence, has even thought of a career for you."

"For me?" the young man asked, in surprise.

"For you. A favor which he has not often dispensed, and of which our house should be proud. He has offered you a command in the army he is now raising."

"To fight side by side with foreign troops!" the young man said, with a sneer.

"In the army of the king, my son," the father answered, with dignified reproof.

"Never!" Arthur exclaimed, "while the army of the king is under the protection of Prussian soldiers!"

"Arthur!"

"I have said it. Never—never!"

"You are free to accept or to refuse," the marquis replied, sternly; "but remember that the king holds your destiny in his hands, that he has ever been gracious to our house, and that, acting upon the express desire of the prince, a marriage—"

"A marriage!" the count exclaimed, rising to his feet. "A command! This royal favor is irksome. I have done nothing to deserve it!"

"The goodness of the king is the more conspicuous when the recompense precedes the service, and when the prince offers you a command—"

"I thank the prince."

"And when the king provides a wife for you—"

"I thank his majesty!"

"Oh, this is too much! Swear to me that you will be loyal and faithful to the king, or—"

"Monsieur le Marquis, I will swear to nothing."

"My house is disgraced! I am dishonored!" cried the marquis, falling into an armchair, and covering his face with his hands.

Arthur stood erect and firm, regarding his father. He foresaw that an explanation decisive and terrible for both of them must occur. He summoned all his courage for the crisis.

"Have you decided?" the marquis exclaimed, once more rising and confronting his son with a frown.

"Father, I have. I respect you, and my noble ancestors. I comprehend your aims—"

The marquis started in anger.

"But I will not participate in them. Heaven has been pleased to nourish in my heart a pure and holy love, and to imbue it with a spirit of justice. I will neither do violence to one feeling nor the other."

"A holy love! the spirit of justice!" the father exclaimed. "What nonsense is this? what do you mean?"

"That my sympathies are with the people and the reforms they demand in the name of justice!" the son answered, boldly; "and that I have

given my heart to a daughter of the people, who only shall be my wife—Clotilde, the daughter of Nicolas Simon."

"Malediction!" the marquis cried, at hearing these words. "Eight centuries of honor for ever lost! No—no, it shall not be. I would rather that the house of Grandval should cease to exist than that its honor should be sullied!" and, snatching a pistol from a table near him, he precipitated himself upon his son, exclaiming: "Recall your words, or die the death of a traitor and recreant to your king and name!"

With a toss of his head, the young count threw back his long chestnut curls, and, fixing his eyes upon his father, he slowly and deliberately fell upon his knees, and, loosening the fastening of his hunting-dress, bared his heart, but did not utter a word.

The marquis gave one agonized look at the fair face of the young count, and, with a great cry of despair, suddenly turned the murderous weapon from his son's heart toward his own, but ere the weapon could be discharged Arthur, with a bound, rose to his feet, and, throwing his arms around his father, succeeded in wresting the pistol from his grasp, exclaiming: "Father—father, what would you do?"

Pale and haggard, the marquis gazed at his son, the tears streaming from his eyes.

"What would I do? Accomplish my destiny!" he exclaimed; "revenge upon myself my guilty carelessness, my neglect, in not watching over you; for having allowed you to be corrupted by such sentiments as you have expressed! I will not live to see my son a traitor to his country and his king!"

Arthur listened to his father's words with deep emotion. Great drops of sweat stood upon his pale forehead, tears flowed from his eyes, and his breast heaved with convulsive throbs. At last his affection triumphed over every other feeling, and he cried: "Live, father! Live to pardon me! My resolution gives way before your despair! Do with me as you will!"

"Then you are once more my son," the marquis exclaimed; "your words recall me to hope. But you must leave this place—you must not breathe the air which is filled with treason and dishonor. Let the past be as if it had never been, and let us speak of the future—a future so sombre and uncertain that a wise man will fall in no precaution he should take to guard against the perils which it threatens. Take this packet; it contains my will, by which I leave you sole heir to all the lands and property which constitute the fortune of our house."

"But, surely, my father," Arthur replied, hesitating to accept the packet which his father still held toward him, "these cares are premature. Why should you contemplate death? Your robust health—"

"Is no protection against death in such times as these," his father answered, "and it is better to be provided when it does come. Take, then, this testament; guard it carefully. I have placed a duplicate of it in reliable hands to insure against accident. And, now, lose no time in making preparations for your departure. When can you be ready?"

"In three hours."

"Very well. Then, in three hours, a close, plain carriage will await you at the end of the park. You will go through the lane which leads from the side gate, and follow the least frequented roads until you reach Antiole. There dismiss the carriage and take a postchaise. The coachman will receive his orders. Here is money for your journey. Adieu, my son!"

"Adieu, father!"

The young count embraced the marquis and hastened from the room.

"He little thinks that I shall be in Germany as soon as he," the marquis muttered to himself. "If I have stooped to prevarication and deception, it

has been to save my son from death and my name from dishonor."

That evening the Count Arthur left Grandval.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning Follaire sat in the grand hall of the chateau awaiting the arrival of the tenants to pay their rents. Punctuality was a duty which the intendant had never allowed to be violated without punishment, and so the tenants were punctual. At five minutes before ten o'clock they began to gather in the vestibule. At ten precisely the first one entered the room. He was a man of high stature, broad-shouldered and strong, and he came into the room without uncovering, and, after looking about him for a moment, returned to the door and beckoned. At his signal, which seemed to be preconcerted, all the tenants entered the room in a body.

"One at a time!" the intendant shouted. "One at a time! Who is first?"

"I am," said the first-comer, in a loud tone of voice. It was Pierre Grimaud.

"Very well," Follaire said. "The rest may retire and take their turns as they are called."

The peasants made a movement toward the door, but were arrested by the loud voice of Grimaud, who called out:

"Do not stir! One at a time or all together, what matter? That was the old way—one at a time. But we have done with the old way. The times have changed."

The intendant, unused to such a tone, was about to repeat his order, but a single glance at the face of Grimaud and the group who stood whispering with each other warned him that they were not to be trifled with, and he said, hypocritically and with a show of good-nature he was far from feeling:

"Well, well, Pierre Grimaud, let it be as you say. You have stopped at the wineshop on your way to the chateau, I think, eh?"

"I am not obliged to give an account of my stopping to you!" Grimaud answered, sullenly, and advancing to the table. "Where is my account?"

"Here it is," Follaire replied, handing him a paper. "You will find it quite correct."

Grimaud took the paper, and looked at it with a singular smile, then said, commandingly:

"Monsieur Follaire, while I am looking over my account, it will save time if you will give my friends here theirs as well."

The intendant started, but looking once more in Grimaud's face, he saw something there which checked the words of passion upon his lips, and, trembling in every limb, he called the farmers to him, and presented each with his account, amidst a dead silence.

After all had received their papers, Grimaud, who had been examining his, advanced to the group of farmers, saying:

"Give your papers to me."

The farmers obeyed.

"I will keep them, with Monsieur Follaire's permission."

"Have you gone mad?" Follaire exclaimed at this new evidence of rebellion against custom.

"Why mad?" Grimaud asked, bitterly.

"What will the marquis say? Your master."

"What will he say?" Grimaud replied, with a sneer. "What does that matter? In the first place, my dear Monsieur Follaire, there is no longer any marquis; there are no more masters; we are all equal now—all citizens of the Republic. *Vive la République!*"

"*Vive la République!*" shouted the farmers, in response.

Follaire became pale as death, but he dared not speak.

"Go and tell your master," Grimaud continued, "that the exactions committed in his name by you are not to be borne any longer—that we are

going to put an end to them. Work and liberty for all. There are no more masters, no more servants. As for you, take my advice and join the people. If you take it, well; if not, why, you must accept the consequences." And he turned to leave the room, followed by the rest.

"Stop!" Follaire shouted. "You shall not go until I have informed the marquis of your conduct!"

"Good!" Grimaud replied. "We will wait for him, citizens! Go and inform your master. We will wait for him!"

Follaire left the room, vainly endeavoring to hide the fear which possessed him, and bursting, unbidden, into the presence of the marquis, in words incoherent and wild informed him of what had taken place.

"Ah!" cried the marquis, his proud lip curled in scorn. "They have declared war, have they? Be it so—war it shall be! war to the end!" Seizing a hunting-whip heavily loaded at the handle, he strode toward the hall where the farmers were gathered.

During the absence of the intendant Grimaud had occupied himself in instilling courage into the hearts of the other tenants, who shrunk at the idea of meeting the marquis in a spirit of rebellion, and were more than half disposed to leave Grimaud to face his anger by himself.

In the midst of these deliberations the marquis entered the hall and threw a quick glance around him, taking in the situation at once. His plans were quickly formed, and as quickly acted upon. The peasants instinctively drew back at the sight of him against the wall, while he walked, with a firm step and a determined air, to the place lately occupied by the intendant, and sitting in the great arm-chair by the table, he placed the books of accounts before him.

"Jacques Martine!"

His voice, so calm but firm, constrained the attention and obedience of the farmer thus addressed, who approached the marquis hat in hand.

"You owe three thousand eight hundred francs, rent."

"Monsieur le Marquis—"

Grimaud made a step in advance, but the look which the marquis gave him stopped him as if by magic.

"You owe three thousand eight hundred francs, Jacques Martine."

"I have only brought three thousand, Monsieur le Marquis; it was all I had. The assessments—"

"Assessments! What assessments? Who has made them?"

"The representative of the Republic has threatened to take my cattle and my hay unless I—"

"What have I to do with that? Give me the three thousand francs!"

"They are here, monseigneur." And the farmer placed the money on the table meekly.

"Unless the balance—eight hundred francs—is paid to-night, your farm will change masters. No words! Go! Nicolas Simon!"

Like Martine, Simon approached the table humbly, while his companion retreated behind his neighbors.

"Simon—the Mill of Metain—rent four thousand seven hundred and eighteen francs. Where is it?" the marquis asked, sternly, with the remembrance of his son's confession fresh in his memory.

"Monsieur le Marquis will remember," the father of Clotilde replied, "that I sent, by his orders, eighteen hundred francs to the ladies of the convent at Verdun. I have brought the balance; here it is."

"Very well; here is your receipt. You may retire. No—stop! On second thought, remain; I have something else to say to you. Jacques, you are not gone? Remain as well. Let none go!"

The marquis continued to call the farmers, one after the other, and each paid the sum due or made his excuses. Grimaud remained.

The marquis was quite prepared for the crisis which he felt had arrived; so there was no tremor

in his voice, and almost a smile upon his lip, as he called the name of Pierre Grimaud.

"Come, Pierre Grimaud, approach, and relieve yourself of that heavy sack, which you must be tired of holding, and which, according to the books of Follaire, should contain seven thousand one hundred and fifty-two francs and twenty centimes. *Allons! Come!*"

During all this time Follaire had stood near the marquis, uttering no word, but in an agony of fear, lest the wrath of the peasants should be diverted to himself.

He saw with delight the probability of an encounter between the tenants and his master, and had formed in his black heart the treacherous design of turning the disaffection of the farmers to his own advantage.

The marquis had said that he had concealed the five hundred thousand francs about his person. No one knew of it but himself. If opportunity served, why should not he possess himself of this money? And he waited with eagerness for the reply of Grimaud.

It was what he desired it to be.

"My sack contains exactly the amount you have named, Citizen Grandval," Grimaud answered, gruffly; "but not for you! Be satisfied with what you have already received from those who would rob the Republic to enrich its enemies."

"What do you mean?"

"That this sack does not contain the rent you demand."

"What then?"

"The fruits of my honest labor, which I am going to take to Verdun for the support of the army—the brave soldiers who helped to beat off the foreign mercenaries," Grimaud answered, firmly, and looking the marquis defiantly in the face.

"Pierre Grimaud," the marquis responded, coolly, "it would be more honest for you to pay your just debts than to throw this money into the hands of the mob who, torch in hand, make forced contributions from the people. Come, my brave man, pay your master his rent, and let the butchers and assassins of your king regulate their account with their soldiers as best they may."

"I recognize no master, Marquis de Grandval," Grimaud replied. "I am not a slave, but a citizen of France, and entitled to the respect of every man."

"Pierre Grimaud," the marquis replied, and the words fell slowly and firmly from his white lips, "do not break too abruptly the ties which have existed between us for twenty years. When you first came here, without a sou, starving, nearly naked, I gave you shelter, fed and clothed you. I and all my house have heaped benefits upon you and yours. I can pardon words spoken in haste, under sudden and strong impulse, but do not go too far. Persistent insolence may exhaust my patience, and bring upon itself the punishment it merits. Do not make me act as a master when my desire is to show myself your friend. Once more I ask you to pay the rent which you know you justly owe. Your neighbors, your friends, have paid. They have done their duty. Do yours, I beg—I pray—I command—or by the name I bear—"

"Neither your threats nor your reproaches can move me," Grimaud answered. "We are quits, both of us. You say you have given me shelter, fed and clothed me. Well, it is true. I have worked in return; I paid by my work for all. You have treated me with kindness—yes, so you treat your dog who is faithful, adds to your sport, and obeys you. As for me, I obey no more; as for this money, you will find it at Verdun. Go and reclaim it there. It will go to pay the brave men who drove the foreign cutthroats from France—the hireling soldiers that you would like to join. I do not fear your rage. You are no longer master, nor I your servant. We are two men—equal before men—standing face to face. We know our rights. The equality of men

is not a vain idea—it is a recognized and established fact. Search elsewhere for slaves; the soil of France produces them no more. To-day the proud Marquis de Grandval and Pierre Grimaud, the peasant farmer, are equal—no, not equal, for I—I am strong, and you—you tremble."

"Scoundrel!" the marquis exclaimed. "Insolent! You have gone too far. I tremble, say you? Miserable beggar, it is not with fear, but indignation! Viper, that stings the hand that warmed you into life! You compared yourself to my dog. Here is the whip with which I lash him when he disobeys, but I would rather break it than disgrace it by laying it upon your vile shoulders, for you are not even worthy to be lashed by such as I! Hence, begone! You and your money. Go, villain—thief!"

At the sound of the word "thief" a loud murmur rose from the farmers. Grimaud was quick to avail himself of it.

"You hear!" he cried—"you hear, my friends, after having oppressed us for years, they denounce us as thieves. Will you suffer this? He calls me a thief, because, rather than give him the money I have earned, I prefer to give it to the faithful soldiers who have risked their lives for our liberties. Will you endure this?"

"No—no!" shouted the crowd, making a movement toward the marquis. But he bounded to meet them like an enraged lion, his eyes flaming, his lips pressed tightly together, and he raised the whip which he carried above his head menacingly, crying:

"Back, vermin, back!"

Even Grimaud recoiled before the terror of his look; but only for a moment. Quickly recovering himself, and turning to the farmers, he called to them to stand.

"What do you fear?" he exclaimed. "He is only a man like ourselves! Do you forget that we are no longer slaves? We are the masters now, and—"

Before he could finish, the marquis drew back his arm, and, stepping forward, he aimed a powerful blow at Grimaud; but, quick as lightning, the burly farmer sprang forward, caught the marquis's arms with a grip of iron, while at the same time he seized him by the throat, and bore him backward to the floor.

The farmers stood aloof, watching the struggle between the two in breathless excitement.

It was fierce, but short; Grimaud had the advantage of years as well as strength, and in a few moments he had wrested the whip from the hands of the marquis, and, with his knee planted upon his breast, held him completely at his mercy.

"Did I not tell you we were the masters now?" he shouted. "Thunder! citizens, are we not brothers? Is not the cause of one the cause of all?"

"Yes—yes!" the farmers shouted, all but Nicolas Simon, who spoke some words in favor of his old master, for whom he really entertained a certain affection, spite of his republican ideas. But he spoke in vain.

Grimaud interrupted him, exclaiming:

"A thousand thunders! Is it not enough that an aristocrat has robbed and oppressed the people for years, ground them in the dust, trampled upon them? Is it not enough, without insulting them? If he has done this—called us dogs, vermin, thieves—is it not enough? Shall we bear more? Shall we bear blows?"

"No—no!" came in a loud chorus from the farmers.

"What does such a one deserve? Speak!"

"Death!" shouted the farmers.

"Death!" repeated Pierre Grimaud.

The marquis now made a desperate effort to release himself from the rude grip of the farmer, and the struggle was renewed. Grimaud was the younger man, and the stronger of the two, the marquis more agile and alert, and for a few mo-

ments seemed to be likely to succeed, having once more risen to his feet.

Presently Grimaud made a false step which gave the marquis even a greater advantage, when all at once he uttered a cry, his cheek turned ghastly pale, his hand relaxed, blood foamed from his mouth, and, while a convulsive spasm ran through his frame, he fell back dead.

Pierre Grimaud's knife had pierced his heart!

A loud shout, half-triumph, half-terror, came from the farmers. Nicolas Simon fled.

Pierre Grimaud knelt over the senseless body, and again and again the bloody knife descended.

Then he sprang to his feet, and, bestriding the corpse, and holding aloft the reeking knife, he exclaimed:

"Citizens, there is one more aristocrat gone! Take back that which he has robbed you of! This



THE FLAG OF POOR GRANDMA'S LIFE.



THE PET BEAR.—SEE PAGE 180.

château with all that it contains is yours. The Republic abandons it to you! Away! Pillage it—sack it—burn it, if you please—destroy this serpent's nest which has nurtured the vipers which have desolated France! Gold, furniture, horses—all, all is ours! Go take all; I want nothing, ask nothing, but one thing—the right of dealing with this sneaking villain—the cowardly tool of his master!" and he pointed to the trembling Follaire, who stood, pale as a ghost, in an angle of the wall. "Away with you! Take, destroy, burn, and let your cry be, Death to aristocrats! *Vive la République!*"

"*Vive la République!*" the farmers shouted, as they seized the money still laying upon the table, and then rushed precipitately from the room.

Follaire would have followed them, but Grimaud headed him off, and seized him by the shoulders. In an instant he was upon his knees, crying for mercy.

"Mercy!" cried Grimaud. "When did you ever show mercy to any one? I am going to hang you from the window."

"Oh, pity—mercy! What have I done that you should kill me?"

"What have you not done, dog?"

"But in the name of heaven spare me, Monsieur Grimaud! If you kill me, you will gain nothing; if you let me live, I can make you rich."

"What do you mean?"

"That I will tell you a secret in exchange for my life."

"What secret?"

"First you promise to spare my life?"

"If the secret is worth it."

"It is worth five hundred thousand francs."

"Five hundred thousand francs!"

"Yes, yes! It shall be yours, only spare my life. Promise, and you shall be rich—rich as the marquis."

"I accept," Grimaud replied. "Show me this treasure, and you shall be saved."

"You swear it?"

"I swear it. Now, your secret, quick! They have already set fire to the chateau. Where is this treasure?"

"Upon the body of the marquis. He intended to leave France to-night. He has concealed five hundred thousand francs. Search for it, quick!"

Placing his bloody knife between his teeth, Grimaud knelt beside the yet warm body of his victim and commenced a hasty search for the treasure.

It was not there!

Suddenly the noise of shouts, cries, and the sound of combat fell upon their ears. Windows crashed; a lurid flame rushed forth from the staircase, and a dense smoke began to fill the room. The chateau was doomed.

The maddened farmers had executed the orders of Grimaud but too well.

"You have lied to me—deceived me!" cried Grimaud, rising, and once more seizing Follaire by the throat, "and you shall die!"

"Mercy, mercy!" he exclaimed, falling upon his knees.

Grimaud did not even deign to reply, but, lifting him to his feet, he thrust him back into the chair in which he had sat to receive the rents, and, snatching from the window near by a long silk curtain, he twisted it into a thick rope, and, unheeding the shrieks, groans and prayers of the intendant, he bound him to the chair firm and fast.

"Let the flames do the rest!" he cried. "I cannot kill so miserable a coward with my knife, and it is too much trouble to hang you. Roast with your master. If you had not lied, you might have hung cool and comfortable from the window."

But Follaire did not heed his words; between fear and weakness, he had fainted.

Spurning the body of the marquis with his foot, Grimaud turned to fly from the apartment; but the door was barred by flames, which came surging and roaring from the stairs.

He ran to the windows—nothing but flames. The door at the further end of the room leading to the state apartment—it was securely fastened.

In vain he threw his ponderous shoulders against it—it would not yield. In vain he beat against it with the benches which were ranged along the side of the hall. The heavy panels resisted all his efforts. Meanwhile the smoke became more suffocating, the flames had already entered the room, and the air was scorching hot.

One window, which he had not observed before, being obscured with curtains, seemed to offer a means of escape. It opened upon a narrow space between the main building and a circular tower, which was already wrapped in flames, which roared through it as though a vast chimney—shooting out high and red at the summit, casting a lurid glare up into the sky, and belching out in great tongues from the loopholes and windows.

From the sill of the casement to the court below was about thirty feet, and the leap was a desperate one; but the flames were coming nearer, the smoke grew blacker and more stifling—the air was like a furnace. Grimaud knelt and gripped the strong stone casement-sill upon the inside, and, gradually letting his body down, hung by his hands a moment, and then dropped.

He fell upon his feet, but sank to the ground partially stunned by the shock. He lay gasping for a moment, and then managed to rise to his feet, and started to run across the narrow yard, in order to

gain the wider court beyond, and had just passed the further end—in another minute he would have been safe—but suddenly a heavy, dull report fell upon his ear, the ground seemed to wave and shake under his feet, and the immense tower tottered and fell, burying him beneath the ruins. The flames shot high into the air for a moment, then a cloud of dark smoke enveloped everything as in a pall.

The Chateau of Grandval was a ruin, and the murderer and his victims lay beneath the same grim monument.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Prussian Army, under the Duke of Brunswick, had pushed its way to the very frontier of France, and in response to his proclamation, in which the wildest promises and the most cruel threats were united, Longwy and Verdun had declared for Louis, and the duke took possession of them in the name of the King of France.

Frederick William established his headquarters in Verdun, and was received by the inhabitants with every appearance of joy. They gave him a magnificent reception. There were a procession of the civil magistrates, addresses by a deputation of the citizens, and young girls dressed in white sang the praises of their deliverers, and strewed flowers before the Prussian King. Of every accessory thought to be proper on such occasions, nothing was forgotten.

The different convents had been prominent in their manifestations. The nuns and their pupils had formed a notable feature in the grand procession in honor of the king, and *Te Deums* had been chanted for their deliverance from those who scoffed at religion and mocked the Church.

Prominent among the young girls who knelt before the Prussian monarch and recited their praises and their thanks was the daughter of the marquis—Adele de Grandval—then in the fullness of her matchless beauty. She had been selected by the convents, both on account of her wonderful graces of person and her high aristocratic origin, to make a special address to the king, who had shown her marked respect and honor.

But while these joyous events were taking place in the imprudent city of Verdun, while shouts and acclamations rent the air in honor of the foreign king, a terrible cry arose in Paris, which was not long in making itself heard in Verdun.

What! After throwing the head of the most feeble of sovereigns and the most unfortunate of queens in the faces of the sovereigns of Europe in token of their defiance, should they be told that these sovereigns had dared to penetrate beyond the borders of France? Never!

They flew to arms! They emptied the prisons of the prisoners, who volunteered in the ranks of the Republic, and they marched on Verdun. They drove out the strangers, and Verdun once more was loyal to the Republic. And then the Revolutionary Tribunal was installed to judge, or, rather, to condemn those who had shown themselves favorable to their enemies. The representative, Collet d'Herbois, of bloody memory, came to place himself at its head.

The prisons overflowed with the accused and the unsuspected. The day of their trial arrived. The first case was to be heard at ten o'clock. From early dawn the people pervaded the great hall of the marketplace, which had been transformed into the Temple of Justice, and passed the time in conversation and interchange of opinions upon the representation, the judges, and those who were to be tried.

"The day will be a lively one!" one exclaimed. "Eighteen are to be tried."

"No, only twelve! They keep the women until to-morrow!"

"But, I tell you, there are eighteen! Jean Martin, the baker, our neighbor, he is on the jury, and he has shown me the list."

"What! Jean Martin on the jury? He's a lucky

man. That's better than making bad bread. The jury get nine livres a day, without counting the pleasure of trying those who used to hold their heads so high."

A woman approached the two speakers.

"Is it true what they say?" she asked.

"Is what true?"

"That they are going to try the nuns!"

"Yes, and the daughters of the aristocrats who went with them to do honor to the Prussian tyrant!"

"And what will they do with them?" the woman asked.

The citizen who had replied to her question made a terrible gesture in response. He drew the long, cruel finger of his dirty hand across his brawny throat.

"It's cruel!" the woman exclaimed, tears coming to her eyes. "Ladies so good and charitable. And you—pardon—and thy wife, citizen, what does she say to this? She has been to the convent every week, and they have given her work and help."

"My wife knows enough to obey the law. You had better follow her example if you want to keep your head upon your shoulders."

The twelve citizens composing the jury now entered between the double line of soldiers, headed by Collot d'Herbois, who was greeted by loud shouts. He took his seat upon a bench elevated above the rest, and, as soon as order was restored, commanded that the first prisoner should be brought before him. This was Jacques Servier, aged sixty-five years, the ancient Intendant of the Province of Lorraine. The old man responded calmly to the questions which were asked him, and at the end said:

"The days that are left to me are few. I will not seek to prolong them by denying the truth, for I am not ashamed to own that I paid honors to the defenders of the king I venerate. I love France! I love Louis XVI. When I die I shall willingly pay with my blood for the honor of having been allowed to contribute to the deliverance of my master. I await your decision without terror. Your victim is ready—order the sacrifice!"

"Death!" cried, with a single voice, the twelve men, to whom Collot d'Herbois turned his face, for a single moment, interrogatively.

"Death!"

And the people shouted and clapped their hands. They felt assured of the next day's spectacle.

The old man was taken away, and another prisoner took his place. The representation was in a hurry to finish the task before them. The jury showed a perfect unanimity. It was always the same cry: "Death!" The executioner became frightened at the task before him. The court suspended its functions for a short time.

The people grumbled.

They had counted upon having a full day's enjoyment, and they were deceived. But, after a short time, Collot said to the soldiers:

"Order silence, and bring in the women!"

Then the crowd shouted, and scrambled back for their places, the women, above all, showing the greatest anxiety to obtain positions from which they could see and hear.

The nuns and the young girls, their pupils, who had taken part in the procession, were brought in guarded.

Adèle de Grandval was tried first. By order of the president she removed her veil from her face. Those who had been condemned were grouped but a short distance off. The daughter of the marquis saw standing before her the ancient Intendant of the Province. He bowed his head respectfully, and tears rolled down his aged cheeks as he gazed upon the beautiful young girl, for he comprehended that her fate was to be the same as his own, and that death awaited alike the old man already tottering on the verge of the grave and the child whom he had seen in her cradle.

She forced a smile to her pale lips, as if to re-

assure him. Her trial commenced. Her responses were full of dignity.

"Messieurs," she said, at the last, "you have ordained the punishment of those of us who have done honor to the protector of His Majesty Louis XVI. I have shared their crime. Let me, then, share their punishment. Dispose of my life. I have learned, in searching the history of my family, that our lives belong to our sovereigns. No member of my house has ever hesitated betwixt dishonor and death. Its battle-cry has come down to us from generation to generation for centuries. The death I am about to meet is not less glorious than that of those who uttered it in the past, although it may be more terrible, and I shall die with that cry upon my lips, 'Vive le roi!'"

Collot d'Herbois bounded from his seat and raised both hands in deprecation of the loud shout which burst from the lips of the people, carried away by the natural eloquence of the brave girl, while the old Intendant held out his hands toward her and blessed her audibly.

"Death!" howled the twelve satellites of the monster—"death! and Vive la République!"

There was no response this time from the people. They remained silent and immovable. The trial of the other women proceeded. The jury was still unanimous! Death—death to all!

The guillotine was ready. The crowd left the court-room, and awayed and pushed and yelled in front of the terrible instrument of death.

The executions commenced. Head after head fell into the bloody basket.

Collot d'Herbois, who watched the execution from his balcony, grew savage because the executioner was so slow, and ordered him to work faster. But he was already overworked, and Collot was obliged reluctantly to postpone the execution of the young women and their religious companions until the next day.

Night came on. The abattoir of the Republic had ceased its functions, but the bloody traces of its work had not been effaced.

Bonfires were lighted here and there, and threw their lurid glare upon the guillotine; and around these fires gaunt, ghastly men, haggard, wild and unshorn, and women as wild, and more terrible, than they, danced a savage dance, uttering ferocious cries and shrieking in chorus ribald songs in honor of the Republic, mingled with the cries of, "Death to the aristocrats!"

Women without shoes or stockings threw into the fire—rushing into the very flames to do so—their bonnets, shawls and such jewels as they had, and the men, seeming to blush for shame for not having conceived so patriotic an idea, followed their example, one throwing his cap, another his *bonnet rouge*, another his coat or vest; and then all, half naked, threw themselves into each other's arms in mad embraces, yelled in delirious joy, then recommenced their infernal round about the crackling flames.

Thus passed the night away, and the morning of the bloody day arose. The troops guarded every avenue.

The crowd, more hungry than ever for the promised sanguinary feast, pressed impatiently upon the soldiers, and as the names of the condemned were called, they yelled and shouted and insulted them with bitter words and cruel taunts. At last a murmur arose, followed shortly by a shuddering cry.

It announced the arrival of the female victims. Issuing from the principal prison, the nuns and their pupils advanced, surrounded by soldiers, formed into a hollow square. As they walked they chanted a hymn to the Virgin. Then, as they drew nearer, came a chant for the dead; and, as the last notes of the funeral songs died upon the air, they took their places at the foot of the scaffold.

A cruel mandate had regulated the order of the execution. Alternately the head of a nun and that

of one of the young girls fell. And Adele de Grandval, who had been specially honored by the Prussian monarch, the heiress of one of the most noble houses of France, loved by all who had ever known her for the sweetness of her disposition and the loveliness of her person, was to be the last victim offered to the bloody knife.

At the appearance of these children—for such they really were—and of the pious nuns, so well known to the poor, the cries and shouts of the people ceased. A respectful silence pervaded the crowd. Many heads were uncovered and many eyes shed tears. But the insatiable guillotine knew no pause! The executioner had his work before him, and he must do it.

Once more the chants for the dead rose in the air, and one after another met her fate with resignation. Still the pious chant continued. Minute by minute the voices became less numerous, the harmonious sounds more feeble. At last Adele remained alone, and the executioner extended his hand toward her.

Half unconscious, scarcely knowing what she did, the young girl clutched convulsively the rosary which hung suspended from her arm. One of the aids of the executioner seized her; she began to ascend the steps of the scaffold! The angel of death hovered over her and seemed to touch her with his chilly wing.

All of a sudden there was a commotion in the front of the scaffold, and a voice cried:

"I claim this young girl for my wife! It is my right—I am a soldier."

The execution was suspended. Adele fainted. A young man, his eye flashing fire, rushed to the platform, caught her in his arms, and carried her, amid the loud shouts of the populace, rapidly away until he stood directly under the balcony from which Collet d'Herbois superintended the terrible spectacle.

"Citoyen Representative, the law gives back life to one condemned whom a soldier claims for his wife. I offer my hand to this girl, and volunteer in the ranks under the flag of the Republic; and I claim from your justice your authorization of my marriage and my acceptance as a defender of my country. Let the people repair with me to the Market-house and witness my double oath, as husband and soldier!"

The representative did not dare refuse.

The crowd applauded with transports and escorted the young man toward the market, who still bore Adele, unconscious, in his arms. Arrived upon the scene of the late trials, the liberator of Mademoiselle de Grandval repeated the oath that he had pronounced at the foot of the scaffold, to marry the young girl and to enroll himself immediately in the army of the Republic. As for Adele, she responded to the questions addressed to her without comprehending their meaning, and the ceremony was complete.

Placing Adele in a carriage, he conducted her to a place of safety where he left her, ignorant of the new destiny which had befallen her, and without having seen the face or heard the name of her liberator.

The next day Madame Chalet, who had taken refuge at the farm of the father of Clotilde, received a letter, from an unknown source, informing her of the place in which she would find Adele, and of the manner in which she had been saved from the scaffold. She hastened at once, and found her loved charge in great despair, and immediately left with her to join Clotilde; for, alas! Grandval no longer existed! Nothing remained of it but the smoking ruins.

As yet Adele knew nothing of the death of her father, and they reached the farm of Nicolas Simon, where the three unhappy women were once more reunited. Simon had disappeared; Clotilde had no news of him. The next day, one of the farmers who had been present at the terrible scene enacted at the chateau informed Madame Chalet of what had

taken place. The news nearly killed Adele, and the day was passed in tears and prayers. Misfortune had not yet done with them, however; for, during the night, the same farmer again came to warn Madame Chalet of a new danger.

"If you will listen to me," he said, "you will get away from here at once, and remain away. Do not let to-morrow's sun find you in this place!"

"What danger do you speak of?" Madame Chalet asked. "Who can desire to harm us?"

"Every one and no one," the farmer replied; "but the people are very much exasperated against Nicolas Simon. They accuse him of treason, in trying to save the marquis, and they have sworn to have his life. They will keep their word, if they can find him; so my advice to you is, to go."

The next day Madame Chalet left for Lille, where she had a brother, taking Adele and Clotilde with her.

CHAPTER V.

On the 6th of November, 1792, the army of Dumouriez gave battle to the Austrians.

Of all who fought that day, none was more remarkable for his coolness and courage than Jules Chalet, the son of the kind governess of Adele de Grandval. Judge of the mutual astonishment of the two young men, of their joy, when Jules and Arthur met after the capture of a battery.

"Monsieur le Comte!" cried Jules. "You here?"

Arthur rushed forward and seized him warmly by the hand, exclaiming: "Not count, or monsieur, Jules; we are brothers and soldiers, both of us. From this time we are friends."

The next day their bravery was rewarded by the grade of sergeant.

We have already spoken of the intimacy which existed between Adele and Jules. When the day of their separation arrived, Jules knew such grief as he had never known before. The truth came to him. He loved, and loved without hope. The poor gardener could never aspire to the love of the daughter of the proud noble.

Adele was too young—too innocent to comprehend the feeling which she entertained for her friend, but she recognized the fact that the absence of Jules left a great void in her life, and that she was very unhappy.

The day on which Adele was to have been executed, Jules enlisted in the army of the Republic. How happy he was to find her brother a soldier like himself!

From Jules Arthur learned of the sad story of his sister—of her escape, and of her retreat at Lille. Letters were written, making Adele and Clotilde very happy, and Madame Chalet very proud, and the three worked more courageously together to earn their modest sustenance.

At the siege of Toulon, Arthur and Jules won their place as lieutenants, and upon the battlefield of Fleurus, Jules was promoted to a captaincy. Arthur, not having the same opportunity, remained a lieutenant.

When General Bonaparte left for Nice, Jules went with him upon his staff, and the two friends did not meet again till they met in the defenses of Monteleone, and here Jules, although wounded himself, saved the life of the young Marquis of Grandval.

One day Jules said to his friend, seeing him in deep thought.

"You are thinking of Clotilde?"

"No, my dear friend," the marquis replied; "I was thinking of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes; I was hoping you might become my brother in reality some day."

Jules rose and turned away without any response. This surprised Arthur, but in a moment or two Jules extended his hand to him, saying:

"Pardon, dear Arthur, the strangeness of my behavior just now. I pray you never speak of it

again. Your sister is an angel worthy of all honor and respect. To deserve her, to merit a love like hers, I would imperil my soul."

"And yet you forbid me to mention her again!" Arthur exclaimed, in surprise.

"I will never marry a woman who does not love me," Jules responded, firmly.

"*Parbleu!* we will soon see whether she loves you or not. You shall be my brother."

"Your brother, yes," Jules answered, sadly; "but never the husband of your sister."

After the battle of Arcola, Jules was made a colonel. After Rivoli, Arthur was made chief of battalion.

One evening the two young girls and Madame Chalet were as usual gathered round the table. Madame was knitting; Clotilde was engaged upon some needlework; Adele read to them; an old sergeant, disabled by the loss of an arm, and who had been sent to them by Jules and Arthur, dozed by the fire.

There came a loud ringing at the bell. All four persons started.

The old sergeant went grumbling to the door to see who had so rudely disturbed his nap.

He opened the door. Two persons enveloped in military cloaks were standing upon the threshold.

"What do you want?" demanded the sergeant.

"Silence!" said one of the strangers. "Silence!"

"Who is there?" Madame Chalet asked, impatiently, as she approached with a lighted lamp in her hand.

But there was no reply from the sergeant. He was speechless.

The old lady approached still closer, elevating the lamp so that its beams fell on the faces of the strangers.

"My son!"

"My mother!"

"Monsieur Arthur, too! Adele, quick! Here is your brother."

After five years of absence, of danger, of exile, they had returned. The long-separated were once more united. How happy they all were! but Adele's happiness was mixed with pain.

A few days after this Madame Chalet found herself alone with her son. She spoke to him of Adele.

Jules quickly divined her object, and said:

"Do not speak, dear mother, of her. The marriage you would bring about is impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"For two reasons. Mademoiselle Adele is the Countess of Grandval. In my eyes, to marry the sister of Arthur—the daughter of him who was once my master—or to endeavor to win her love by any premeditated plan, would be a breach of honor."

"Do you love another?"

"No."

"The second reason?"

"Adele is married."

"Married!"

"Certainly. Did not her husband save her from the scaffold?"

"But we do not know what may happen," the mother answered. "Marriages stranger than this have been broken. Was her husband not a soldier?"

"Yes, a soldier."

"Like yourself?" Madame Chalet said, thoughtfully, and then looked him full in the face, her eyes assuming a strange expression.

"Like me," Jules responded, indifferently.

"Why has he never written?" his mother asked. "He may be dead; then Adele is free."

"But we have no proof, my mother. Besides, this unknown saved her life. She cannot forget such devotion, and the remembrance of it fills her heart. It is natural. Let us speak of it no more."

On the 19th of May, 1798, the French fleet sailed from Toulon for Egypt. Jules and the Marquis of

Grandval accompanied Napoleon on that celebrated expedition.

When they returned, Madame Chalet's suspicions grew stronger. Adele was still unhappy. She still believed herself chained to an imaginary husband, and Jules still declared he would never marry a woman who did not love him. What Madame Chalet's suspicions were we shall know by the means she took to prove them to be correct.

One evening they were all gathered about the table as usual, with the exception of Jules. He was now a general. A letter arrived. Madame Chalet opened it, and after having read it attentively, she turned to Adele, and said:

"My dear child, the labor of love, which has been mine so long, the maternal care which I have exercised over you, is about to cease."

"To cease, dear mother?" Adele cried. "What do you mean?"

"The day that a husband assumes the care of his wife the mother's responsibility is at an end."

"I do not comprehend you."

"Then I will explain. This letter announces the return of your husband!"

"Oh, no, no!" Adele exclaimed, bursting into tears, and throwing herself into Madame Chalet's arms.

"Her husband!" the rest exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, her husband, who has returned. You see, dear Adele, how heaven rewards your fidelity."

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so unhappy!" was all that poor Adele could say.

At last, Arthur, taking his sister's hand, led her gently on one side, and said:

"Why these tears, Adele? You frighten me. I cannot see in this anything that should cause you so much grief."

"My brother, my brother! I love him, I love him!" Adele exclaimed, as if in spite of herself.

"Him—your husband!"

"No, no, not my husband—Jules!"

"Jules!" Arthur exclaimed. "My poor sister, I know now the cause of all your grief. But do not despair. I will see this man. Perhaps he may be persuaded to have this marriage dissolved."

"But did you not hear what Madame Chalet said just now?" Adele urged.

"What matter, if he is an honorable man? I dare say he is. He will not desire to hold you to a union with one whom you do not love."

"No, no, my brother; our family has never broken faith with any one. The man who saved me from the scaffold, who entered the ranks for me as a common soldier, is my husband in the sight of God and man."

"But Jules—poor Jules," whispered Clotilde, who had approached and overheard.

"Monsieur Chalet is a loyal man and a gentleman. He will acknowledge the justice and the honor of my course," Adele replied.

At this moment the door opened, and Jules Chalet entered the room. He was in full general's uniform, having just finished his service with Bonaparte. At a glance he saw that something unusual had happened, and noticed with anxiety the paleness and the tears of Adele, and going directly to his mother, he asked: "What has happened?"

"The husband of Adele has returned. He has returned to claim his wife," Madame Chalet replied, calmly, and watching the effect of her words upon her son.

"Returned!" Jules exclaimed, as if thunderstruck.

"Her husband?"

"Yes, her husband," Madame Chalet continued. "The soldier who saved her at Verdun, who married her before the representative of the people. He comes to claim his wife."

"His wife? No, no! It is impossible!"

"It rather seems to be very natural," Arthur observed.

"Where is he?" Jules asked. "Let me see the man who claims to have rescued Mademoiselle de

Grandval from death. Where is he? Let him appear before me if he dare!"

Arthur approached him, and laying his hand upon his arm, said:

"My dear Jules, in heaven's name be calm. It is a misfortune we would have all prevented. But now—what can we do?"

"You, too, Arthur—you believe in the claim of this man!"

"Believe—of course. Has he not written? Have we not read his letter?"

"Let me see his letter."

"There is nothing more easy," Arthur replied, taking the letter from Madame Chalet, and placing it in his hand.

Arthur did not read it—he devoured it with his eyes, then exclaimed:

"And he has dared to write this to my mother! Oh, mother, mother, why have you not spoken, for you know—"

"What do you desire that I should say?" Madame Chalet asked, with embarrassment.

Suddenly, Adele, who had been standing with her eyes fixed upon Jules and watching his agitation, advanced, and offered him her hand, saying:

"General Chalet, this is the last evening we shall pass together with those who are so dear to both of us, and I think it my duty to declare in their presence what it is due to them to know."

"Yes, yes!" Jules exclaimed, seizing her hand, and pressing it to his lips; "speak, speak, if your words will add confirmation to my hope! Oh, speak—tell me what I desire to know, yet almost fear to ask!"

"Jules," Adele answered, "if you desire to know whether I would be your wife, were there no barrier between us, I frankly answer, Yes! You are the only man for whom this heart, which breaks to-day, has ever felt a throb. But in this world true happiness is rare and misery is common. Jules, I love you, have loved you from my childhood, shall love you while I live, but we must say adieu, not for a day, but for ever, for after this night we must meet no more on earth."

"No, no, Adele, it must not be! You are deceived by a villain, an impostor, the man who wrote this letter, who claims to have saved you to be your husband, and who demands the rights of one, is a liar!"

"But what proofs have you of this?" Arthur asked.

"What proofs? All in good time. Adele repeat those words, assure me again you love me, only me."

"It is true, Jules. I may tell you this to-night, but to-morrow—"

"To-morrow?" Jules exclaimed, "will be the happiest day of my life, for I will confront this impostor, and tell him to his teeth he lies!"

"Still I demand what proof you have?" Arthur asked.

"The best," Jules answered. "I know the man who saved Adele!"

"You know him?" all exclaimed in the same breath.

"Yes, I know him."

"Speak, then—who is he?" Adele urged. "Oh, speak—and this dreadful suspense!"

"I have no longer reason to be silent," Jules responded, taking Adele's hand in his. "The husband of Adele, the soldier who saved her from the guillotine, is here. Behold him, dear Adele—he is kneeling at your feet!"

"At last!" Madame Chalet exclaimed. "He has confessed the secret, which I have forced from him with so much difficulty."

Adele, at this sudden revelation, which changed her despair to hope, which promised happiness, till now unhopd for, gave way, and fell fainting in the arms of Jules.

When she came to herself, she found the general kneeling at her feet.

"Oh, Jules!" she exclaimed, through her tears, "why did you not tell me this before?"

"Pardon my deceit," he replied. "I feared to hear my doom from your lips."

"Could you not have read my heart in my eyes?" she asked, with a smile.

"I dared not believe so much happiness was in store for me. I did not dare to ask the question. But this man, this villain—"

"My dear son," Madame Chalet said, interrupting him, "do not waste your anger upon shadows."

"Shadows!"

"Do you not see that all this is a ruse of mine to force the truth from your lips?"

"How, dear mother! It is to you I owe—"

"Yes, my son, I caused this letter to be written, knowing that Adele would show you her heart, and that you would confess your love for her."

"What foolish children you have been!" Clotilde exclaimed, embracing Adele, and giving her hand to Jules.

"Why have you not confided your secret to me?" Arthur asked.

"Because I had sworn never to divulge it to any one until I was assured from Adele's own lips that she loved me."

"But I divined it. You did not deceive the heart of your mother."

"Well, well," Arthur added, "it is out at last. The impending evil is averted, and now, as the head of the house of De Grandval, I demand to be listened to and obeyed accordingly. General Chalet, my brother—Adele, my sister, give me your hands. You are already united by circumstances and by love. Your fates have been joined in the sight of men, and the day which sees my dear Clotilde my wife shall see the marriage, sealed by the blood of the guillotine, made secure and lasting in the sight of heaven by the seal of Holy Church!"

The Pet Bear.

PHIL HALLIDAY lived on the edge of a clearing in Minnesota, where recreation after hard days of labor on the new farm could be found in the woods with a rifle. There were animals there that help to supply the larder, and which it was just as well to kill off.

Bears have a liking for pork, and when they come to deal with a farmer, sometimes take the pick of the pen and somehow overlook paying for their purchases.

Phil heard an ominous squeal one night, and rushed out, rifle in hand, too late to get a fair shot at a black mass that scampered away.

The next day he felt it a duty to take a look after his customer. He pushed on for a long time without finding any signs of the bear, but at last got on the track and roused it up.

This time he got a good shot, and laid the disturber of his slumbers dead on the ground. He went up to inspect his prize, but found it an immense creature that he could not pretend to carry home. Bending down a sapling, he made the bear fast and then let it spring far enough up with its burden to keep it out of harm's way, and started home for his horse and the boys.

As he tramped on a sort of path, a little black creature ran out and began to paw at his leg; he stooped to look at it, and found it to be a little bear, evidently a cub of the one he had killed. It was very young and playful.

"There's a fine pet for the young folk!" he cried, as he picked it up; and, putting it in the breast of his coat, jogged homeward.

A shout of joy came from the gathered children as he produced it; Mary at once undertook to care for it, while Dick and Bill, the next two, volunteered to go with father for his bear, as well as to look whether there were any more cubs.

Old Bruin was brought in, and was soon dressed and laid away. The juicy hams afforded good meals: but the boys came back disappointed. They had, after no end of hunting, found the old bear's quarters, but she had left no other cubs.

Bruin was to be the only pet. A box was soon made for him, and a chain held him fast, for fear he might, true to his nature, take to the woods.

All undertook to teach him, and they got him to do several tricks, which he always readily performed when he saw a bowl of bread and a spoon, as he was well aware of the fact that he would not get a morsel till he had satisfied his young owners.

As the children grew up they gave less attention to their pet, and sometimes his rations were not supplied. They forgot that he was getting strong too, so one night a squealing in the pen roused Dick. He bounded out. Bruin was gone from his box; he found him battling with the pigs; but Dick could not secure him. He made off without taking leave of his friends.

Severe Droughts.

AN interesting record is that of severe droughts, dating back as far as the landing of the Pilgrims. How many thousand times are observations made like the following: "Such a cold season!" "Such a hot one!" "Such dry weather!" or, "Such wet weather!" "Such high winds, or calms!" etc., etc. All these who think the dry spell we had last Spring was the longest ever known will do well to read the following:

In the Summer of 1621, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1630, 41 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1656, 75 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1662, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1674, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1689, 81 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1694, 62 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1705, 40 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1715, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1720, 61 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1730, 92 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1741, 72 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1749, 108 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1755, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1762, 123 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1773, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1791, 82 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1802, 23 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1812, 29 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1856, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1871, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1874, 26 days in succession without rain.

In the Summer of 1875, 27 days in succession without rain.

It will be seen that the longest drought that ever

occurred in America was in the Summer of 1762. No rain fell from the first of May to the first of September, making 123 days without rain. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain.

D'Aunay's Feat.

THE crest of the D'Aunay family is a demi-Saracen in armor couped at the thighs, and wreathed about the temples proper, holding in the dexter hand a ring or, stoned azure, and in the sinister a lion's gamb erased or, armed gules. It is borne in memory of a deed of daring valor performed by Sir William d'Aunay, from whom the present viscount is lineally descended.

Sir William d'Aunay held, 4 Richard I., a high command in the army of English Crusaders then serving before Acon. Now, it was the common custom of the infidel champions, who had gathered in great numbers around the Christian host, which was then besieging the place, to challenge the Christian warriors to single combat, in order thereby to gain some respite for the besieged, or, perhaps, from pure chivalrous daring.

Accordingly, Sir William, when riding one day at some little distance from the camp, perceived a Saracen emir, richly armed and splendidly mounted, coming toward him at the head of a body of men about equal in number to his own attendants. Halting his troop at a little distance, the Moslem, who employed that sort of *lingua franca* which was used when the opposing parties desired to communicate with each other, challenged the Englishman to single combat, an offer which was readily accepted.

The event of the contest was not long doubtful, and the infidel fell beneath the blows of the champion of the Cross. But D'Aunay was now exposed to another and far more terrible danger. The slain emir, according to a certain custom then prevalent among the inhabitants of the East, was in the habit of carrying about with him in his train a lion, who, having been taken as a cub among the ruins of Babylon, had grown to an extraordinary size and fierceness, although he was submissive to his immediate attendants, and very fond of his master. At the time of that master's fall he was present, being held in leash by some of the followers, and exhibited such signs of uncontrollable rage and vengeance, that those who held the leash, either from fear, or, as is more probable, to avenge their lord, slipped it, and let the monster loose upon Sir William. Nowise dismayed at the sight of this second foe, the valiant knight, forbidding his archers, who had already bent their bows, to shoot, rushed upon his four-footed antagonist, lance in rest, and was fortunate enough to pin him to the earth.

Cœur-de-Lion, who from a distance had beheld the combat, was delighted at the double victory, and gave D'Aunay a ring from his own finger (which is still preserved in the family), with permission to wear the crest given above.

A Wasp's Strategy.

A GENTLEMAN resident of New Orleans had his attention attracted recently to the strategic movements of a wasp in an encounter with a doodlebug. He describes the conflict as being highly interesting, and exhibiting great engineering ability on the part of the wasp. Says the observer: Looking in the direction of the noise, we observed quite close to us a dirt-dauber, or builder, one of the species of wasps so well known for the cylindrical cases of mud it builds under eaves and on sheltered walls, which it stuffs full of certain worms and spiders for its young. This wasp had half of its body and head down the hole of the equally well-known doodlebug, a worm which children pull out of their holes by teasing them with a straw until they grasp it with

their strong sippers and hold on until they are thrown out.

It was evident at a glance that the wasp had gone down the hole of the doodlebug, and that the doodlebug soon had him in his strong grip at great advantage and where the wings of the wasp were of no advantage to him except to make a noise which might alarm his adversary. The contest lasted full two minutes, when finally the dirt-dauber came out with a jerk. He flew but a few inches from the hole, lit upon the ground, rubbed his head, and fairly danced with pain.

In a few moments he recovered from the effects of his wounds and began making short circles over the hole, evidently reconnoitring and laying his plans. Presently, lighting at the mouth of the hole, he tried the earth all about the entrance with the skill of an engineer, and selecting that which was driest, he began to scratch like a dog with his fore-feet, throwing the dust rapidly backward into the hole. We watched with intense interest, and could not but admire his pluck and determination, for we imagined this throwing of dust on his adversary's head was only to provoke him to a fresh fight.

Every now and then he would stop and take a cautious peep down the hole to observe the effect of his operations. We expected every moment to see him descend and make another attack, but it soon became manifest that such was not his intention, and it gradually dawned upon us that he had a strategic mode of attack based upon the soundest principles of philosophy, reason, and a thorough knowledge of his adversary and of the means he was using to render his resistance futile and make him an easy captive.

By throwing fine dust into the hole, the doodlebug would soon be smothered, as it was necessary that he should have free air, unless he climbed upward, as he would do. Whenever the worm worked upward to get his head above, the fine dust fell behind and below him, and thus slowly closed up his hole, until, blinded with dust, he poked his head out at the top. This was the point aimed at, and the moment he showed his head above, the wasp pounced upon him, seized him by the neck, drew him up, gathered him in his arms and flew off in triumph, though the worm was much the largest of the two. Struck with amazement at the sagacity, science, skill and engineering ability of the dirt-dauber, we carefully sounded the hole and found that in the course of five minutes this reasoning insect had filled in five inches of dust and put his formidable adversary completely at his mercy.

The Burglars.

Among my most intimate friends there were two half-pay army officers, who never could agree upon any subject, and who were always at war in relation to the comparative merits of their respective regiments. Although as irritable as cats, they were splendid fellows in their way, their only serious defect being a fierce and persistent thirst after dinner, which it sometimes seemed impossible to assuage. They were as much at home in my house as in their own, and came and went as they pleased.

Even in their cups, however, they were gentlemen, and, although old fogies, as brilliant as brilliant could be. They were most scholarly and entertaining, and although fond of cracking a joke at the expense of each other and that of their friends, were themselves exceedingly sensitive to ridicule.

On one occasion I sent them a special invitation to dinner, so that they should meet a very old acquaintance of mine—a clergyman, who chanced to drop in upon me, and whom I had not seen for years. They came, and a charming evening we had of it. My clerical friend was delighted with them, and with the well-bred caution with which they sipped their wine, even after the ladies had retired. He didn't know them as well as I did.

The understanding was that they should remain until morning; so we sat enjoying ourselves until verging toward midnight, when the conversation turned upon some daring burglaries that had been recently committed in the neighborhood, and the possibility of the perpetrators making a descent upon my domicile some time or other.

It was well into the small hours before I showed my guests to their respective chambers—the two military men to apartments on the dining-room flat, and my old friend the clergyman to a room convenient to my own on the second floor. After a few pleasant words and a cheerful "good-night," the lights were extinguished, and I was soon lost in a profound slumber.

How long I had remained in this state of calm unconsciousness I was unable to say, when I was suddenly aroused by the cry, "Help! Robbery! Murder!"

I sprang from the bed, and, striking a light, snatched up a loaded pistol and dashed out into the hall in my dressing-gown, after counseling my wife not to attempt to leave her chamber. Here I encountered the clergyman, attired and armed like myself. Each of us had caught up a lamp; and now, as the din and struggle below became more intense and fierce, we at once rushed downstairs to the scene of the terrible conflict.

In a moment, with cocked pistols, we stood in the dining-room door, where there had been nothing but the most profound darkness before we arrived. All was confusion. Chairs and tables were upset, and any quantity of glass destroyed.

We were about to fire at we could not tell what, when we happened to recognize our two military friends in a deadly struggle. They must have caught a glimpse of each other at the same instant, for they suddenly relaxed their hold and fell back, gazing on each other in the most blank and genuine astonishment.

I comprehended the whole affair at a glance. They had become thirsty during the night, and happened to meet in the dark at the sideboard, where the one took the other for a burglar, each endeavoring to effect the capture of the fancied robber.

The antagonists not being in full uniform, and perceiving their mistake, beat a very hasty retreat, while I and my friend could scarcely drag ourselves up-stairs again, so convulsed were we with laughter. Notwithstanding the loss of her cut-glass, I thought my wife should have gone into it when I informed her of the scene and its dénouement. Soon, however, we were lost once more in the arms of the drowsy god, but when we came down-stairs in the morning, we found our friends had taken their departure shortly after daylight.

The Distinguishing Marks of a Lady.—I frankly own that my idea of a lady is of a woman who so thoroughly carries out her well-considered notions of what is right for her to do, both in great and little things, that she does not merely copy "the general crowd, the common fool," but that it is simply impossible for her to appear to be anything but what she is. As long as there is no pretense there is no vulgarity; the absence of pretense marks the lady in the same way that the presence of kindness shows the woman.

Is the Index Finger of the human hand longer or shorter than the ring finger? The *Athenæum* mentions some recent investigations which have been made in Germany, for the purpose of answering this question, which proves to be difficult to determine. The ring finger is the longer of the two in the case of the gorilla and the anthropoid apes generally; but so far as man is concerned, no definite conclusion has been arrived at. It appears, however, that there are more women than men who have the index finger longer than the ring finger.



THE BEWAILINGS AT KAPRA, EGYPT.

The Bewailings at Kapra, Egypt.

"It is an awful topic—but it is not

My cue for any time to be terrific;
For, checkered as it seems our human lot
With good and bad, and worse, alike prolific
Of melancholy merriment, to quote

Too much of one sort would be soporific;
Without or with offense to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."

"THE lustre of a virtuous character cannot be

defaced, nor the vices of the vicious ever become lucid."

"A jewel preserves its lustre though trodden in the dirt, but a brass pot, though placed on the head, remains brass still."

So says the Arabian proverb.

What the Arabian proverb says is undoubtedly true in the abstract; but such is the perversity of human nature everywhere, especially in the East, the very land of proverbs, that ambitious man has often perverted axioms into falsehood, and rendered

virtue and innocence ready sacrifices to self-interest. Examples of such sacrifices have at all times and everywhere been seen; but they evidently seem to be in full force at the present day, in the land of the Khédive, as will be seen from an account of a judicial, nay, official assassination, accompanied with tortures fiendish beyond belief, which took place in a village in the Delta, called Kafra, about thirty miles north of Cairo, in the month of September, 1874.

I had been the guest of one of the high functionaries of Egypt for more than a week, during which I had occasion to listen to a number of exciting tales of cruelty of the tax-gatherers to the poor *fellahin*, until their sameness wore off the novelty, and their repetition rendered me callous and indifferent, when all of a sudden we were startled from our torpor into consciousness, with, as it were, a blinding flash of lightning in a cloudy night, by the report that a cruel and bloody drama was being enacted at Kafra, by order of the Egyptian Government, through its Chief of Police.

It is true, we had heard, some days before, that a murder had been committed there; but what of that? The event, we concluded, would soon take its natural course, as other murders have always done.

By the common law of the land, the sheikh of the district, as the representative of the people thereof, is held responsible for any misdeed taking place within his precincts. When, therefore, any murder occurs, he is called upon to account for it. The sheikh then sets to work to find out the criminal, and when found, gives him up to the authorities at Cairo; and if not found, he, or rather, the people, are mulcted handsomely to satisfy on the one hand those who have been aggrieved by it, and on the other, to benefit the treasury of His Highness the Khédive.

For what else could be done under the circumstances? Can the dead be brought to life? or the whole inhabitants of the district be hanged to satisfy "*Kissass*"—retaliation—as required by the Koran?

But this event having occurred at a time when the Government had many great measures at stake, in the estimation of Europe, such wanted philosophy was of no avail on the present occasion. The murdered individual, though not a foreigner, being an extensive cotton factor, was an influential person, and quite well-known to the community. His family and relatives were clamorous for revenge, and broadly insinuated foul play. There was great excitement, therefore, in the office of the Chief of Police at Cairo.

Officials sat beside the telegraph-operator hour after hour dictating severe messages in answer to unsatisfactory replies. Wrath increased, and curses waxed hot. It is true, "a thousand curses never tore a coat," says the proverb; but the official, representing the Khédive, when angry, may deprive another of his place, and perhaps of his life, too, which reflection made the poor sheikh tremble in his shoes. Hence wrath in Cairo made lively times at Kafra.

"There is evidently no real intent on the part of the wily sheikh to discover the culprit," growled the ferocious Chief, dictating the words to the operator, who began to tick *verbatim*; "for it seems he is unable at least to find *some one* by this time who might be suspected, if not actually guilty, of the crime. If the sheikh cannot or *will not* ferret out the murderer, I will send some one who will, and then——"

The receipt of this threatening message, full of broad insinuations, threw the sheikh into a dilemma, for he could either really not discover the criminal, or, perhaps, as the Chief intimated, he knew the assassin, but would not betray him on account of either his high official position or of those who employed him—murders of this character being of not unusual occurrence in Egypt.

"I begin to perceive the force of the Chief's logic," mused the sheikh to himself; "and if there must be some one arrested for this crime, why, I may as well do it myself as any one else, and thereby keep my place, and, perhaps, save my skin." Accordingly he calls his head men together for consultation, and when assembled, he addresses them thus:

"Gentlemen, the Government is pressing me very hard on the subject of this murder, and insists upon my finding *him*, the murderer, or some one else, to expiate for the crime. Now, the question is resolved to this, that, since we cannot find the real murderer, and the authorities are unwilling to accept the customary ransom, upon whom shall we fall as a substitute?"

The chief men of Kafra were all abashed and confounded at the abrupt and startling proposition, and, plunged in deep reverie, instinctively began to stroke their beards, casting at each other looks of surprise and wonderment, implying thereby, "What say you to this?"

This silent wonderment was not what the sheikh was after. He wanted them to aid him in the matter by coming to a positive understanding, so they were pressed hard; when they, one and all, protested against the iniquitous proposition, and with a pious ejaculation of "*Ta'abbé-Estafsur-Ullah*"—"God forgive and forbid"—shrugged their shoulders in horror, and quit the place.

The wretched sheikh now plainly saw that he must either succumb to his fate, under the logic of circumstance, or act for himself. He chose the latter, and like a true Oriental who "shuteth his eyes to devise froward things," he set the telegraph to announce to the Police Department that he had found the criminal, but was unable to arrest him, because of the head men of the place, who were unwilling to co-operate with him.

The Chief of the Police perceived at once the ruse of the wily sheikh, but, as it answered his purpose, accepted the communication, because "a wicked-doer giveth heed to false lips." So a posse of *Kavasses* were soon dispatched, with instructions to obey no one but the sheikh, and report direct to headquarters.

Armed thus with plenary powers and supported by ten emissaries, ready to execute his bidding, the sheikh falls upon a poor and yet innocent *fellah*, a basket-maker by trade, like a hawk upon a helpless bird, and sends him to prison, charged with the murder.

The report of the seizure of the poor *fellah* soon spreading through the town, aroused the whole community to a sense of justice, who assembled in a body before the court-house to enter their protests against the action of the sheikh, as well as pray for the release of the poor *fellah*.

Their lamentations and prayers were of no avail. The *cadi* was inexorable, and, like a true Musselman, who is always actuated by self-interest, looked after number one, *coute qu'il coute*. So he said that "It was evident that a crime had been committed, and that, too, within this district, for which the sheikh, as their representative, was responsible. Now a man is brought before him accused of the crime, were he to release him, the sheikh would be held accountable for the act. Is it just, then, that either the sheikh or himself should suffer for it? *Vallah*, no! It is true that the fellow pleads not guilty, but he will soon be made by the authorities to tell the truth and confess his guilt. I therefore consign him into their hands for examination."

Mohammedan jurisprudence in the case of murder requires not only proof positive, but a direct confession from the accused.

But man, in his savage state, shunning all mental work and physical labor, evades judicial proceedings and administrative investigations such as known to and practiced in civilized life, and resorts at once to the most expeditious measures to attain its ends. Hence the practice of ordeals and tortures.

The authorities, therefore, proceeded at once to lay violent hands upon the doomed fellow.

We heard from time to time, by telegraph, how the torture progressed, as it was reported to the Chief of Police at Cairo.

The poor wretch was first drawn up by the thumbs to a post until his toes just touched the ground; he then was whipped on his bare back with thirty-nine stripes—a magic number—and salt applied to the wounds, in order to render the blows more appreciative; but the fellow would not confess to his guilt.

It is true, that a general murmur against the iniquitous proceedings were also reported by the telegraph-operator, but what of that!

In every despotic country these distinctive characteristics may be observed: every one has his heels firmly placed on the necks of those next below him, and those below, in the scale of social existence, have their tongues devoted to licking the toes of those above them. So they knew too well that none would dare interfere.

The next day the report showed that the poor man had also suffered the loss of his toe-nails, which were drawn with pincers one by one—an act which, it is said, produces intense agony. Still the wretch would not confess—in other words, he would not criminate himself to accommodate the Government, but persisted in asserting most solemnly his entire innocence in deed, thought or knowledge. It is evident that ignorance is not always bliss, for, if the fellow knew what his persecutors were driving at, he would have saved himself all this, and more, too, by simply crinating himself for the benefit of the Khédive.

The sheikh and the cadi who were the authors of this horrible drama, now startled at the terrific spectre of their own creation, even they were moved into compassion, and joined in a telegram to the Chief of Police praying for the man's release; but that officer had received positive orders from the Khédive to see to it that no weakness be allowed to cast an imputation of inefficiency on His Highness's police.

Ismaïl Pasha is not an unworthy successor to the world-renowned Mohammed Ali, the founder of the present dynasty of the rulers of Egypt, inasmuch as His Highness has excelled all his predecessors in unscrupulous aggrandizement and cunning diplomacy; yet he thinks that his mission is not filled nor his ambition fully satisfied. He has other tasks yet to perform.

First of all, he has to gain his entire independence from his sovereign, the Sultan. It is true he has already gained the shadow of sovereignty in the title of Khédive, but he does not yet enjoy the substance.

It is also true that he has partially effected a change in the law of succession in favor of his own son, but that is not yet a *fait accompli*.

It is also a fact that he has driven away the lawful heirs from the land, and despoiled them of their estates; yet he knows too well that they will not quietly submit to these high-handed spoliations.

He has also the ambition to extend his enlightened and paternal authority and the benign influence of Islamism over other lands, such as Abyssinia, Arabia, Syria, etc., not to mention his secret aspirations of occupying one of these days the very throne itself at Stamboul, for which he bleeds vastly every year. He has, moreover, lately conceived the idea of modifying existing treaties, which his own sovereign has not been able to effect.

By it His Highness expects to enjoy all the immunities of civilized life, without the sacrifice of barbaric prerogatives.

There is a clause in all treaties with Oriental nations, by which all members of European society, when abroad, are placed under the immediate protection of their respective diplomatic representatives.

This, in diplomatic language, is called, "ex-terri-

toriality." This fact has been a thorn in the side of the Khédive, for it gave the consuls in Egypt the power to step in his way, and often interfere in his high-handed games.

Their interference, it is said, has often cost His Highness heavily, and has proved to him a source of vast expense; for, no sooner was one silenced with *cogent arguments*, than another appeared in his place, who had also to be argued over. To modify matters, as well as reduce expenses, it has been planned to institute what is termed an "International Court," composed of legal gentlemen of various nationalities, to supersede the existing consular courts.

As Mohammed Ali had the good fortune to enjoy the sound advice and practical co-operation of an astute statesman, Boghos Bey, so His Highness seems to be blessed with a political factotum in the person of Nubar Pasha, through whose untiring exertion and diplomatic ability he has been able to partially establish this court.

Apart from these merits, His Highness has also to sustain that peculiar institution which we may be allowed to term a "Diplomatic Conservatory," wherein persons are taught to sing praises in honor of His Highness for a consideration.

And when we take into consideration also the need of an efficient army and a respectable navy, with a supply of arms and ammunition, together with his luxurious habits, we may easily perceive that he stands in great need of pecuniary assistance.

It is true that he is reputed to be the richest prince living, having over three hundred thousand acres of land of his own under cultivation, worked by fellahs at mere nominal wages; but even this princely income is not sufficient to meet his necessities, hence he is always in the European markets as a borrower.

His Highness's desire being ever to ingratiate himself with the Europeans so as to gain their esteem and confidence, felt himself called upon, on the present occasion, to display a simulated executive ability. The prayers of the community were therefore unheeded, and the intercession of the cadi and the sheikh overlooked. What does it signify, after all, if some miserable fellah goes over the bridge a few days sooner, if only the Khédive's government is thereby sustained! *El-hamd-ulâh!*

"Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands!"

So, on, then, with the torture:

The telegraph next informed us that the finger-nails were extracted one by one, at intervals of an hour, the poor victim fainting at each infliction, and on being restored was again enjoined to confess to the crime, and the foolish fellah still piously and provokingly affirming his entire innocence.

The final torment was given in cutting off his upper eyelids and exposing him, tied to a plank, to the rays of the noonday sun.

What strength had been left in the poor, distressed body was spent in agonizing shrieks from the intolerable pain and heat in his eyes, until, strength failing, his voice sank away in moans, till, destitute of relief, on the fourth day, of his torment.

The policemen were instructed by their chief to report that the man had confessed to his guilt, which they could do with impunity, since the man was no longer able to protest against it. The cadi was compelled to issue his *Idam*, or judgment, accordingly, and authorize the hanging of the man. The almost lifeless corpse of the wretched being was suspended from a gallows made with three poles tied at the top. A circular was then sent to the consuls announcing the fact that the crime perpetrated at Kafra was, by the grace of God and the authority of the Khédive, vindicated, and the criminal found, tried, condemned and punished!

"Praised be all Hars, and all lies!"

Shades of the nineteenth century! Are we living in an enlightened age, or is civilization a delusion, a

myth, and a fraud? For how is it that such atrocities are permitted to occur under the very eyes of the representatives of civilization, and in a land whose ruler is reputed to be the most enlightened prince in the East, the regenerator of a benighted people, the trumpeted prodigy of the age, the Mussulman abolitionist?

We will make no comment, but simply agree with Iago that,

"Honor's an essence that's not seen;
They have it off that have it not."

Among the great crowd that assembled to witness the *finale* of this most heart-rending drama, there was one whose dejected mien, fixed glare of the eyes, clasped hands, and jaws spasmodically locked, distinguished her from the rest, and seemed tacitly to elicit sincere sympathy from the bystanders. A girl of fifteen, and a widow at that early age, she had migrated from Syria to Egypt to assist and take care of a brother who had embarked on a venture of charcoal, but who was driven by ruthless hands to the gallows.

Soon after this affair the Nile rose eighteen to twenty-one inches higher than was ever recorded in any previous year.

The cotton crop of the Delta was in great danger, and the fellahs turned out—men, women and children—to protect the banks. Many thousands were busy, night and day, piling up the mud, stopping leaks, and watching patiently all along the shores; sheltered only by little reed huts from the sun, and feeding on dates and coarse black bread.

Many thousand acres of the Khédive's cotton were threatened with an overflow, and that meant destruction; for the nearly ripe bolls soaked in Nile mud was certain ruin. As the crop was already pledged, the anxiety it occasioned was very great; the police and the overseers were everywhere active, watching the banks and superintending repairs.

In the night, however, there arose a great cry in the village that the banks had broken and the river was sweeping in through a wide chasm, which was increasing in width every moment. Thousands of shouting and bustling Arabs were at work until sunrise, but in vain; for the Nile had reclaimed its ancient bed and spread its waters over the cotton-fields for many, many miles in every direction.

The telegraph sent, of course, the terrible news to Cairo, and roused the Khédive from his divan—breaking in upon his rest to announce the devastation and loss.

"There is no rising without falling," observed sagely His Highness; and added: "The estimate of the field does not correspond with the threshing-floor" (meaning the same as, "counting chickens before they are hatched"). And he sent for his ministers, to whom he gave strict instructions to manage the reports of the disaster as to avoid a second mishap—which would ensue if it became known that so large an extent of cotton-fields was inundated.

When I was securing my passage on an outgoing steamer from Alexandria, a few days later, I was attracted by the plaintive voice of an Arab girl, who was inquiring about the movements of steamers, cost of passage, etc. Judging from her accent, which is different from that of Egypt, and the soft lineaments of her soft and round features, I saw at once that she was not "to the manner born," and recognized in her the afflicted sister of the young victim at Kafra. I drew her aside, with the view to console her with a few kind words, and, accordingly, told her that a retributive justice had already overtaken her persecutors, in the devastation of the extensive cotton-fields.

She looked cautiously around and, shrugging her shoulders, observed: "Yes, it is true, what you say; but what of that? My Christian teacher, in Syria, told me once that there were three hundred thousand hairs in the head; and there were not

acres enough lost to answer for each hair in my brother's head. I hope what I did was not wicked."

I looked at her hands, and observed that they were scarred with recent hurts. I inquired if she had helped the other villagers of Kafra on the banks, working in the mud with her bare hands? She said she had worked many hours, because compelled to do so. Late, one evening, she noticed a long and high bank, thickly grown with reeds on the outside and cotton-fields behind it, through some part of which the water was slowly making its way. She instinctively rushed to the spot, and, with a basketful or two of earth, stopped the leak. It was a mile below the village. The watchmen commended her for that timely service, but their very commendation awoke in her feelings other than those of satisfaction. In the night she again thought of her brother, and, urged by a desire of revenge, she, at the risk of her life, stealthily crept out of her hovel and proceeded to the weak place in the bank which she had previously repaired. The scraping away a few inches of the mud initiated the mischief, and the rushing river did the rest!

Some Eccentricities of Inventive Genius.

ONE frequently becomes amazed at the wonderful pieces of mechanism produced by the hand of man at various times and in all quarters of the globe. We append a few instances of this startling creative power of the brain:

In the latter part of eighteenth century, a person by the name of Droz invented a clock, which excelled almost all others in ingenuity. Upon it sat a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the negro played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and caressed him. This the inventor exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly pleased with it. "The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the animal's fidelity." The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, barking so loudly, that the king's dog, which was in the same room, barked also.

A few years ago our attention was called to a wonderful watch, at that time on exhibition at the great Vienna Exposition. It was a stem-winder, a minute-repeater, had a perpetual calendar, and showed the phases of the moon. All this in addition to being an accurate timekeeper. The minute-repeating part gave one the time to a minute by means of bells without looking at the watch. The calendar always made the right changes by itself, whether the month had 30, 31, 28, or, as in leap year, 29 days. It was valued at \$1,200, and received, in addition to the first prize, a testimonial from the Emperor of Austria in his own handwriting.

In a recent letter from a foreign correspondent at Cologne, we find an account of what he styles "une cloche qui boude." The sulky bell is the one which Master Hamm was ordered to cast after the war for the cathedral at Cologne. It was to be called the Emperor's bell, and the military authorities made over to the founder twenty-two guns captured from the French. Master Hamm hung no less than 50,000 pounds of bronze into the furnace, but for want of proper precaution the mold was broken. A second attempt succeeded better, but still the bell was very defective, and it had a false sound. A third effort was made, and this time the bell was properly cast, and was accepted by the experts. There is a long description of how this monster was raised to its present position, and of the inscription it bears: one, "I am called the Emperor's bell, and I sound his praise. I am placed in a holy tower, and I demand peace for the German Empire and force to defend itself. May God grant both!" On the 16th of July the tongue of the great bell was duly attached, and thirty-five Teutons set the mon-

derous mass in motion, but, alas! it uttered no sound; the tongue moved, but did not strike the bell. Several new attempts have been made, and on one occasion only has a sound been elicited, "a sound deep and low, like a sigh or groan."

How Widow Willetts was Sold Out.

CHAPTER I.—THE ATTORNEY.

A LITTLE country office shaded by pine-trees—an attorney's office—a place where lean and hooked men went in and out, and discontented men leaned against the door-post, disputing with old Pinchbeck, and ruddy-cheeked men called occasionally to hear the news, and pale-faced widows, who wanted to raise a little money on house or land, and now and then a fresh, sweet young girl—say for instance beautiful Lucy Willetts—came to give some message from her mother, whose little property was all in his hands.

It would have done you good to see the sudden brightness that illuminated Peter Pinchbeck's countenance at sight of this glorious little beauty—if it had only been a somewhat different countenance; but when a nose which is permanently crimson, and cheeks that are perpetually red, and eyes that are always inflamed, take on more light than color, one is reminded instantly of a conflagration, and not of that supremest of all passions—the passion of innocent love.

It happened one day that a stranger came to Pottstown. It also happened that, strolling through one of its narrow, picturesque streets—I say picturesque, because one side was not as yet built up with modern French-roof villas in wood, and there were enormous posters of every conceivable and inconceivable quack medicine under heaven staring one in the face for a mile or so—this stranger saw the following notice:

"FOR SALE—The premises and all effects therein contained of the Widow Willetts—a fair two-story house, nine rooms, good barn on the premises, 6,000 feet of land, and all the furniture, at auction, on Thursday next, the 16th of July; to be sold under hammer to the highest bidder."

The stranger, a stalwart, handsome man of forty or thereabouts, ran his eye over this notice at least four times. His demeanor, had only any one been looking, might have been considered singular, to say the least.

At first he set his lips hard together, and all the color seemed to die out of his bronzed face. Then he lifted his hat and wiped the great drops of perspiration that all at once gathered at the roots of his hair and began to roll down. Then, when he had replaced his hat, his fingers came gradually together, as if there was something for them to close on.

He stepped out from the shadow of the great branching elm and looked at the sign over the low doorway. A very unpretentious sign, simply, "PETER PINCHBECK, Attorney-at-law." And then he made straight for the office.

Peter Pinchbeck looked up. His rheumy eyes watered and brightened at sight of this stranger. There was business in his face.

"Morning, sir," he said, ducking his large head, and half rising from his chair.

"Good-morning, sir!" said the stranger, with a clear, strong accent. "I see there's a cottage to be sold."

"Yes, sir—a snug, tight little place. Just the thing for a good country residence, sir—just the thing for a man with a little money to invest. There's the plan, sir. Won't you look it over?"

"Humph! Was the widow hard pushed?"

"Very, sir. Can be got at a bargain—as pretty a little piece of property as you would wish to see."

"Was there a mortgage?"

"Yes—foreclosed a month ago."

"Did you hold it?"

"Yes; I've had it for a year or two."

"And she tried her best to pay, I suppose?"

"Oh, well, she wanted time—they always do. I gave it; then she wanted a little more. Why, sir, she might extend it till eternity if she would."

The singular look that accompanied this statement inflamed the curiosity of the stranger.

"I don't understand you, sir," he said; and his fingers came together again.

"Of course you don't; I can only say there's a pretty girl in the case."

"Oh! her daughter?"

"Her daughter—a mighty nice piece of flesh and blood—a splendid young filly!"

"You speak of her as if she were no more than a bit of horse-flesh."

"Oh, ay, that's my way; we men of business have an off-hand manner that men of the world understand. I dare say you do!" and he laughed with an impudent swagger that made the blood of his listener tingle.

"And if this girl had married you—I suppose that's what you mean in plain words—you wouldn't have foreclosed?"

"You take—that's just what I mean—every time," was the coarse reply. "But, as she won't take the chance of saving her mother and her home, the proud, cantankerous little hussy, why, she may go to the deuce—" Another second, and he was spluttering and gasping and struggling under the heavy hand of the stranger, who had grasped him by the throat, and, with livid face and heaving chest and set teeth, pinned him to the wall.

"Mur—mur—der!" shouted the attorney, as, after writhing desperately, he slipped from under the other's aggressive hand. "What do you mean, sir, to attack a respectable man—the only lawyer in this village, sir? Death and destruction!" And a torrent of vituperation followed.

The stranger stood his ground, quite cool and composed, though his lips were set and white, and in his eyes was a dangerous glare; but he merely said, in the most indifferent manner imaginable:

"My friend, I am subject to spasms, particularly when men of your calling stigmatize young and innocent girls. Just as you spoke, the spasm came on with great power, or I might possibly feel it my duty to beg your pardon."

"I think you had better, as it is," muttered Peter, measuring the tall figure of his antagonist. "I'm not used to such rough handling, sir," he continued, growing fiercer again.

"Suppose we come down to business, then," said the other, calmly. "I've a mind to buy this place, if we can make terms."

Before considerations of money all other matters vanished into thin air, and the attorney pocketed his insult with the best grace in his power and turned to the plan again, and the two were soon deep in consultation.

When the stranger left the office, a curious smile overspread his features.

"So that's the sort of men that have the power," he said; "and he thought he could ride roughshod over the helpless and the dependent! Great heaven, how he made my blood boil! So, the widow and the orphan are the prey of such human sharks as this! Well, I did not come here any too soon."

CHAPTER II.—THE BILL OF SALE.

An old-fashioned hostelry stood at the junction of two roads. It was an unpretending wooden house, whose sign swung from the branch of an old oak, and had so swung for fifty years or more.

The landlady was a fat man in a white jacket; the landlady was a portly woman in a calico wrapper, who took great pride in a brood of young chickens that were continually foraging in the cool

hall. There were but few boarders at the inn, consequently the host was more than usually courteous as the stranger came forward and requested accommodations.

When he made his appearance at the supper-table, everybody became silent. He wore a heavy beard, was dressed in a suit of Scotch tweed, and looked altogether a man of importance.

Presently the conversation turned upon general matters. The landlord's son came in with his new wife, a fussy little woman with a huge red bow at her throat.

"Shall you go to the sale to-morrow?" queried the young Benedict of his opposite neighbor.

"What sale?" the clerk at the feed-store asked, with his mouth full of cold beef.

"Didn't you hear? I thought everybody know'd Widow Willetts was to be sold up."

"Jack," said the bride, taking her big blue eyes for the first time off the stranger's face, "I want the crockery. They say things is goin' for nuthin'."

"Very likely; git all the crockery you want, and I'll foot the bills," said the young man, with a look that languished between biscuit and bliss. "There's nothing I want but the old man's gun; but they say the widdler values that as the apple of her eye. Silly of her, for he was a bad lot, that old man of hers."

"What was the matter with him?" asked the stranger, composedly.

"Oh, he drank like the dickens, and went to the dogs. Old Pinchbeck down here got hold of the mortgage some way; he's a sly chap, that; money's money to him. He wouldn't a' foreclosed, I guess, if the widdler's daughter 'd a married him."

She's a pretty little girl, sixteen years old."

"Oh, Jack, you don't call her pretty?" said the young wife, with unnecessary emphasis; "that pale thing!"

"Sixteen" muttered the stranger to himself—"sixteen years old; a woman grown. How long has her father been dead?" he asked, aloud.

"Can't tell you," said the young man, clearing his plate, and heaping it again. "I only know that he went off one day, and was found smashed by a train of cars. That was the last of him."

"I remember him," spoke up the bride, anxious to thrust her pretty face and new importance into notice; "he was an awful man. Lucy was just as afraid of him as could be. Lucy and I went to school together, but somehow she wasn't a favorite. Poor thing! she was so ashamed of her father. They used to call him Nosey Willetts, his nose was so red. Why, the boys used to stone him all the way from the tavern, and he'd do any mean thing for a drink. If a man will make a beast of himself, why, he deserves all he gets; and you can call that a temperance lecture if you will."

"A very good one," said the traveler, rising.

"Will you have a catalogue?" asked the young man, whose name was Jim. The stranger took the paper quietly, and went out.

A new moon silvered the peaceful hills and valleys, and pleasant garden-spots in the picturesque little town, as the stranger left the inn and sauntered slowly down the street. He paused for a moment to look at the interior of a barn where a sturdy boy was ministering to the comfort of two or three fine horses. Beams, rough as if hewn out of granite, draperies of dusty cobwebs, the broken, uneven floor, the saddles hanging on the wall, with other gear, the sleek quarters of the coach-horses, the ruddy face of the boy distinctly pictured in the light of the huge lantern hung near the door, appeared to attract him, for he moved away with apparent reluctance.

How peaceful the place seemed at that hour! There was no sound save the laughter of children, the tinkling of cow-bells, or the careless song of the busy worker within-doors.

On strode the man, busy with thought, till he

came to a cottage on which the rays of the young moon seemed to rest with a peculiar silveriness.

Like painted leaves upon a delicate ground, the rich-hued ivy clung to the slender pillars that upheld the pretty porch. The man paused here, and moved forward almost stealthily. He walked cautiously about the building, surveying it on every side. A detective would, in police vernacular, have "spotted" him, for he even prowled up to the window and tried to look in. Once as he stood there a hand lifted the lace curtain, and a young face looked out upon the night—a face superbly beautiful. But he did not see it, for at the first movement within he stepped hastily aside.

Then he leaned against the paling of the garden, stooped and pulled a sprig of sweet-smelling mint, and very slowly, glancing often behind him, he moved away.

CHAPTER III.—MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE face that had looked only upon the night was that of Lucy Willetts, the widow's only child. The widow had long earned her living by going out to day's work in the town and suburbs. She was a busy, active little woman, and her services were generally in request.

She sat to-night in a low rocking-chair, her face shaded by her hand.

The light burnt low—much of the room was in shadow, yet what was visible indicated the delicacy and refined taste of its occupants.

In early life Mrs. Willetts had married her father's partner, a young and rising man, but misfortune followed within a year. The firm failed ruinously, and from that time commenced the downfall of John Willetts.

They moved out to Pottsville, and not long after Mrs. Willetts came into possession of some money, enough to build a comfortable home and set her husband up in business. For nearly ten years he contrived to keep wife and child above want, but his habits were bad and his companions demoralizing. He was fast drifting to ruin, and had mortgaged the house and land for more than two-thirds of its value. And now it was to be sold under the hammer.

Lucy stood for a long time looking mournfully out. The pose of her slender, beautiful figure suggested, in some way, the delicacy of the spirit it incased. One could divine that she had suffered and was still suffering, for the small white hand, that clasped the frame of the window, had a certain tenacity of grasp not natural when one's mind is at ease.

Presently she turned away with an inaudible but long-drawn sigh. In the dim light she looked as ethereal as a spirit. The classic head, the broad, clear forehead, the satin-like lustre of the hair, the graceful step, all took and held the eye captive.

Gliding over to where her mother sat, she sank upon her knees at her side.

"Mother, dear," she murmured, "we are in great trouble."

"My darling, I have seen darker times," was the low reply. "I was just thinking that this is a sad anniversary day. Ten years ago to-day your father left that door, and I have never seen him since. To-morrow you and I are going."

"But, mother, dear—"

"He stood there," continued the woman, pointing to the door, her eyes fixed in a far-away gaze. "I felt that I had borne all I could, but he was my husband—your father. 'Go,' I said, 'and never let me see your face again.' Oh, darling, how often I have crept out of my bed, in the darkest hours of the night, down into this room, fancying that his spirit called me."

"Mother, don't! you frighten me!" freely sobbed Lucy, trying to restrain her mother, who had half risen, a wild gleam, like the fire of insanity in her eyes; "you had cause to say all you did."

"Yes, but who knows what I might have done in time and with forbearance. Oh, child, that thought has haunted me all these years, will haunt me eternally! I am always asking myself questions—why did I not do this, or, why did I do that?—till my brain aches with the care and perplexity of my mind. Heaven forbid that a reproach may ever fall from your lips like the words I said, or that the bitterness of a living death may be your portion. I have never known a happy moment since that time—never a happy moment."

"Mother, don't reproach yourself."

"But I drove poor John to his death. And now we must leave this house. That is a bitter punishment, too. John and I planned it together. Oh, how happy we were! We looked forward to such peaceful days! We brought you in this room, and put you in your dainty cradle. I little thought how it would all end," she added, bitterly, sinking again in her chair, and hiding her face in her hands.

"Mother, we need not leave this home; mother, you *shall* stay!" said Lucy, springing to her feet, drawing up her slender figure.

"What! do you think I would consent to sacrifice you?" the widow exclaimed, her face changing.

"Never! I have had sorrow enough for my own sin."

"But it will not be a sacrifice—perhaps—they say love comes after marriage—and—and it is only because he is old and ugly; but you know he may be very kind, and I had better be an old man's darling—" She broke down there, and slowly sank to her mother's side again, taking both the thin hands in hers and kissing them; but two hot tears fell with the kisses. "You know it is only to say one word, and then—"

"Repent the saying of it for the remainder of your life—perhaps in bitter anguish, as I have done. Do you think I would purchase ease and happiness at such a price? No, I will work my fingers to the bone first. Heaven will help us, dear, for we are willing and able to help ourselves."

Calm as she was, and bravely as she struggled, the thin lips quivered and the breath came quick. Lucy was crying now, her head bowed upon her mother's knee.

Suddenly, three sharp strokes sounded at the outer door. They knew whose signal that was. Peter Pinchbeck rode a gray mare, and Peter always knocked with his whip-handle.

"There he is," said the widow, her forehead contracting.

"He has no business to come here now!" cried Lucy, her face growing stormy, clenching her little right hand. "Oh, if I were but a man!"

"Don't you go, Lucy—I will let him in. Thank heaven, after to-morrow he will not dare to thrust his hateful presence upon us!"

Another moment, and the red nose of the attorney was visible, even in the semi-darkness of the hall.

"I—I thought I'd jest call," he stammered, evidently feeling himself unwelcome. Nobody spoke. He looked round for a chair. "I suppose I may sit down and rest myself a moment—eh?" he asked.

"Certainly—the house is about as good as your own," said Lucy, promptly.

"Well, it's a mighty unpleasant business now, I assure you," he said, looking at the beautiful girl with undisguised admiration.

"Then why do you go on with it?"

"Well, times are hard—the matter has been running a long time, and—the deuce take me, you know well enough why."

"Oh, yes, to revenge yourself because—"

"Lucy!" said her mother, gently but in a tone of reproach.

"Let her go on, widow," said Peter Pinchbeck, his very nose growing livid. "It isn't to be supposed that I have any feelings. The fact is, you know I've held off and held off, and you know that I like your daughter Lucy, and have liked her ever since she was as high as my riding-whip. Now, I

could keep her handsomely—setup a good carriage—do anything in the world in reason for her—and I—I thought that mabby at the last moment—she—she would alter her mind."

"I have not altered my mind," said Lucy, her dark eyes emitting sparks of fire. "We are quite willing to leave this house and make another home, mother and I."

"You'll find homes ain't so easy made," retorted the attorney.

"There is no use in wasting words," said the widow, with added dignity. "Lucy and I are both willing to work. We could not live in disgraceful idleness. We are well acquainted in this village—you can take away our property, but you cannot estrange us from our friends. Good-evening, sir."

"I suppose that means that I may go?" said the man, rising and fairly shaking with anger.

"I believe the house will not belong to you till to-morrow," said Lucy, calmly.

"Well, virtually it belongs to me now," was the reply; "only I gave you permission to stay till to-morrow. I am not sure but it would have been wiser in me to put a keeper in—how do I know what you may see fit to spirit away?"

"We cannot permit you to insult us," said the widow, while Lucy came forward with heightened color. "The goods are all inventoried, and I think we are known well enough to be trusted—at least by those whose good opinion is worth possessing. Will you leave us alone, sir?"

The man glared at them, and pressed his thin lips together till they were bloodless. He even had the meanness to double his fist and shake it toward them as he said:

"I came here willing to befriend you, but after this I show no mercy. I'll sell every stick of timber over your heads. To-morrow at eleven o'clock all shall go to the highest bidder—indeed, though it's a secret, the house is already sold. The auctioning will be only going through the form."

"Indeed I and you came here willing to befriend us, did you?" queried Lucy, who stood tearless and white, one arm about her mother's waist.

"None of your sneers, miss!" he said, almost furiously. "As for you, your pride will have to come down. No doubt you'll find a good place—in somebody's kitchen."

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" Lucy cried, with flashing eyes and heaving breast, as the door closed on Peter Pinchbeck. "How dared he ever ask me to marry him? I'd die first!"

"Don't trouble yourself about him, dear. His words were cruel, but they can only sting. Thank God, he will never come again!"

Meantime the stranger in the little inn by the roadside walked his chamber restlessly, now and then pausing to look out on the moonlight landscape. On a table was his traveling-deak, together with paper, pen and ink.

At midnight he sat down to the desk and wrote with great rapidity, dashing off sheet after sheet. Then he read, reflected, gathered them up in his hands, and tore them in pieces.

"How can I tell her coolly that I deceived her so, allowing her to think me dead all these years?" he muttered.

CHAPTER IV.—HAVE YOU QUITE FORGOTTEN ME?

THE MORROW came. It was a quiet, breezeless Summer day. All the world of Pottstown flocked to the sale—the few to buy, the many to see how the house was furnished, and judge whether the widow was a good manager.

"They say she's got chests full of the best linen sheets and pillar-cases," remarked a thrifty old lady, as she laboriously ascended the stairs.

The little wife of the inn-keeper's son was busy among the crockery. She had selected her purchases, and stood guarding them with the vigilance of a small but particularly fierce dragon, determined

to have them, as she said, if everybody in Pottstown bid against her.

In one of the smallest rooms up-stairs stood Lucy and the Widow Willetts, watching the gathering crowd. And a motley assemblage it was of lumbering old carts, family carriages, one-horse chaises, light spring-wagons, gayly painted, horses of every description, saddles of the most antique pattern,

while the men, women and children who had come, intending to make a day of it, crowded into the yard, ran through the pleasant rooms, and up and down-stairs, with much chattering and shrill laughter. Old Deacon Pitt, who was a good friend to the widow, poked among the kitchen-utensils with his cane.

"Several of us neighbors were going to buy up



HOW WIDOW WILLETTS WAS SOLD OUT.—"HE FROWLED UP TO THE WINDOW AND TRIED TO LOOK IN."



THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.—"LEANING AGAINST A TREE, RUFUS DELAPLAINE, HIS EYES FIXED UPON HER, DREW HER BY THEIR POWER, TO HIS SIDE."—SEE PAGE 202.

things," he said, eying a nest of pans wistfully; "but they say some stranger's made a bid for the hull lot, cash down. I'm mighty sorry for the widder—mighty sorry."

"Old Pinchbeck deserves a coat of tar and feathers, and I know somebody who'd like to give it to him," spoke up twelve-year-old Tom, the deacon's son.

"Silence, sir!" said the deacon, gravely; then added, in an aside to another old deacon, "It would be the best fit he ever had in his life."

Meantime the clamor outside increased. It was nearing high noon. Those who had brought lunches were comfortably seated, regaling themselves with

doughnuts and sandwiches. The children cried from weariness, and some of them were put to sleep in the shade.

Lucy and her mother watched the proceedings from their little perch, themselves unseen.

"Why don't they begin?" said Lucy, in a nervous tremor. "The auctioneer is here. Oh, how I dread it!"

At that moment, amid the shouts of a crowd of

small boys, Peter Pinchbeck mounted his stand—the smoothly cut trunk of a tree, which Lucy had made beautiful with vines, but now the pretty green tendrils lay prone and trampled in the dust.

Presently business commenced. Two anxious old farmers bid against each other till they were hoarse, when suddenly a deep, low, masterful voice exclaimed:

"Five thousand dollars for the place just as it stands—every stick of timber, every rod of land, every article of furniture!"

"Widow and daughter included?" queried Peter Pinchbeck, making an attempt to be facetious; but on a sudden he recoiled, and in stepping back—for

he saw that ominous look in the stranger's face as the latter came viciously forward—down he went amidst the broken vines and tumbled grass, and a roar of laughter went up from the throats of the assembled urchins.

"It will be safer for you if you keep your tongue within your teeth," was the low-uttered warning, "or I won't be responsible for what might happen;" and the attorney gained his perch, looking white, scared and crestfallen.

Meantime the people were talking in groups. Of course nobody could compete with a man who bid in that fashion. The property was not worth much over three thousand, and who could this stranger be who felt such an interest in this out-of-the-way place, and was so rich that he could afford to throw away his money?

The inn-keeper's new daughter stood tremblingly guarding what she had made sure was hers. Deacon Pitt proposed that a contribution be taken for the purpose of setting the widow up in housekeeping.

Lucy turned to her mother as the house was knocked down to the highest bidder, and threw herself in her arms as she cried:

"It is all over, and we are beggars!"

"Not quite, Lucy. You forget we can work. God will overrule this great misfortune for our good."

"How can you be so quiet over it, mamma?" asked Lucy. "It was I who was going to be so brave, and now look at me."

"Did you see the purchaser?"

"Yes—a tall man with a heavy beard. Oh, I hope we need not meet him! But there, he is coming in. Let us go."

She flew to the door and opened it, meditating a retreat. The groups outside fell back at sight of her white face.

A heavy step was heard ascending the stairs. As she stood there, uncertain and expectant, it drew nearer. It was the man with the heavy beard. She could see in her fright, and almost hate, that his face was working with emotion.

As if it were his right, he passed into the little room, shut the door, and, as Lucy retreated, planted himself against it. Then he gazed searchingly from mother to daughter. Then he held out both hands beseechingly, and with a cry that was almost a wail exclaimed, piteously:

"Have you quite forgotten me—you and little Lucy!"

"Mother, it is my father!" screamed Lucy, and ran straight into his open arms. "I knew all at once," she sobbed—"all at once! Oh, father, father! Mother, come here—father has come back from the dead!"

The woman, thus appealed to, staggered to her feet, still regarding him with bewildered eyes and dizzy brain.

"John, John! and you were killed, they told me!" she cried, in hollow tones.

"Yes; I was taken up for dead from under the wrecked cars. For weeks and weeks I was in the hospital. Afterward I saw the report of my death, and let it go. I was dead in a certain sense—I felt myself a ruined man. You had bid me never come back, and when I was dismissed, cured, having taken care to conceal my name, I went to California, and tried to forget that I was human. But there were good influences thrown about me at last. I worked like a slave, determined to call no man master. I conquered myself after years and years of bootless trial, and then I resolved to come back, and, if I found you as I left you, make a new home for you, and give you back through heaven's grace a new husband and a better man."

"John, have you forgiven me?" asked his wife, in a faint voice, as she clung to his arm.

"What had I to forgive? You were the sufferer. Thank God, I've come back rich, and we will try and forget the past. I bought this place because I wanted to give that brute out there a lesson that

will last him his lifetime, I reckon. He thinks he is having his revenge. Come down-stairs with me."

Gladly they went, beaming faces and brightening eyes taking the place of pallor and tears. One by one the groups within-doors comprehended. The crowds outside heard a ringing cheer. Louder and more exultant it grew. They had prepared themselves for the sorrowful exit of the widow and her daughter, but an answering smile broke over their faces as the three appeared on the little vine-covered porch. Peter Pinchbeck was talking volubly, but at this sight he stood dumb, his mouth half open and his rheumy eyes starting forward.

"Friends," said the stranger, in his deep tones, "I bought this house as a gift for my wife, who, with my daughter, you have long known. Some of you remember that I left home ten years ago—"

The dullest of the throng comprehended now, and on the instant there arose a deafening cheer, in which the very babies seemed to join. Hurrah followed hurrah, caps were thrown up, handkerchiefs waved, the men shouted themselves hoarse, and then laughed themselves clear again in order to raise another cheer.

In the midst of all this glee and rudely-expressed joy stood Peter Pinchbeck like a grim and evil spirit, his face ashen and his teeth set. He had never been a favorite, and most of the townspeople knew the history of the mortgage, and the sight of pretty, smiling Lucy, so radiant in her new-found happiness, turned the current of their thoughts at once.

"Three groans for Peter Pinchbeck!" cried a small, thin voice, the voice, indeed, of the deacon's son, and which was the signal for an uproarious tumult, which resulted in the ignominious retreat of the attorney, followed by a number of small missiles, such as the ingenuity of youth invents as it finds occasion for.

That night a happy company gathered round the tea-table, for busy hands and light hearts had been at work, and the little room was restored to its usual and beautiful order. And yet tears were very near the smiles.

The sign of Peter Pinchbeck no longer decorated the office in which that worthy spider-at-law wove his toils. Finding the place too hot for him, he moved to other quarters.

I don't think anybody but the bride at the inn murmured over the return of the long-lost citizen. She always regretted the lost opportunity to buy up all Widow Willetta's china-ware.

The Doctor's Wife.

"SISTERS, but entirely unlike each other."

This was society's verdict whenever the daughters of Judge Mathews, of Porthaven, were the subject of discussion. As they stand together in the handsome sitting-room, where the judge is entertaining the son of an old friend who proposes to settle in Porthaven, the phrase he had heard arose involuntarily in the visitor's mind.

"Judge Mathews has two daughters, Clarice and Eoline, who are most unlike each other."

The sisters were singing a duet as Mr. Delaplaine, leaning back in his cozy armchair, mentally contrasted their charms.

"Clarice is the handsomest, by all odds, though the little one is very pretty. But what glorious eyes the elder sister has, large, dark, unfathomable; there is resolution in the cut of her firm features, especially the mouth; there is a queenly dignity in the carriage of her grand figure and the poise of the graceful head with that magnificent coronet of chestnut-brown hair. Certainly she is superbly handsome, this Clarice Mathews, a woman to chain hearts at her chariot-wheels. The little blonde is graceful, *petite*, pretty, with her soft blue eyes and shower of golden curls, but Clarice—I like that

name, Clarice—what a rich contralto she has, and how well it accords with the bird-like soprano of her sister! Ah!"

And, with a long, deep breath, as if waking from a dream, the doctor rose to thank the sisters for the pleasure their song had given him. At his request, they also favored him with some instrumental music, Clarice delighting in rolling chords, in grand, measured sonatas, and the works of Beethoven, Mozart and Bach, while Eoline played rippling modern music, or the exquisite creations of Mendelssohn.

So the first evening passed. Judge Mathews told "the girls" his old friend's son was coming to take the place of the elderly medical practitioner of Porthaven, who was about to retire.

"He stands well in his profession, and has a good income from his late father's estate," said the old judge. "I shall introduce him to the best of our people."

"He will be popular," said Eoline; "for he is very handsome! And young, too."

"About thirty," said the judge.

"Don't you think Doctor Delaplaine handsome?" Eoline asked, when the sisters were alone in their own room. "You frowned, as you do when anything vexes you, when I said so."

To me he is repulsively handsome," said Clarice, in the deep, mellow voice that seemed so perfectly to suit her grand proportions and noble face.

"Repulsive?" Eoline asked, in a surprised tone.

"His eyes seem to me as if looking for all the secrets of one's heart. They are disagreeably questioning and penetrating. He is a man from whom I should recoil wherever I met him."

"No wonder people say we are unlike," said Eoline, with a dreamy, wistful look in her blue eyes. "I looked into Mr. Delaplaine's eyes, and they seemed to caress me. I felt as if he was drawing me toward him by some irresistible power, as if I must go to him, follow him wherever he would lead me. When he looked away again, I felt cold and weary."

"Eoline!"

There was a sharp cry of appeal in Clarice's voice as she spoke her sister's name. The little blonde started, and the dreamy look faded, as she said:

"Foolish, is it not! I wouldn't dare tell any one but you, Clarice."

She nestled, as she spoke, into the strong, loving arms her sister opened to clasp her, shivering a little, though June air filled the room. She fell asleep so, as she had done every night for years, but Clarice lay wakeful many hours.

"I hate him!—I hate him!" she whispered, in a fierce tone, looking down at the fair child, who slept profoundly. "He shall not win my sister away from me. Mother—mother, help me to guard her!"

She seemed, as she spoke, to feel again her mother's dying lips pressed to her own, to hear again the low, faint voice that said:

"You are six years older than Eoline, Clarice, and stronger. You will take her mother's place?"

And she had promised, bending down to kiss the fair child lying in her mother's arms. For Eoline from babyhood had been frail and sickly, hovering over the brink of the grave with every childish illness, keenly sensitive to every change of weather, nervous and timid. She was nine years old when her mother died, and many a child of five was larger and stronger. Clarice had been her idol all her life, and to Clarice she turned in her grief.

She would never stand for any teacher but her sister, would sleep nowhere but in her arms, would submit to no guidance but hers; and though the frail frame seemed always weak, often suffering, some of the older sister's great vitality and strong mental power seemed to sustain Eoline in this close daily intercourse.

After the first evening, Rufus Delaplaine became

a very frequent visitor at Judge Mathews's, and Porthaven smiled graciously upon the new doctor. Some of his first cases were successful, in the exercise of new scientific discoveries, and a popularity thus established was not easily shaken.

Judge Mathews delighted in the society of the young physician. It was a keen delight to him to measure his own noble intellect against the brilliant one of the younger man, to bring his ponderous learning against the dazzling information of more modern schools, to oppose the steady fire of experience against the scintillating sparks of observation.

Evening after evening found the quartet in the judge's cool, airy drawing-room, Clarice listening appreciatively, often joining in the conversation, and invariably supporting her father, Eoline sitting in and out, arranging flowers, seemingly careless of the grave discussions, till some quick words would prove her Doctor Delaplaine's champion in his wildest theories.

He would smile then, his white, even teeth gleaming through his long silky mustache, his eyes thanking the child, half-amused, half-satirical, and Clarice would long to rise up and tell him how she loathed him and his words.

Yet he would smile as graciously, bow with stately deference when the elder sister would, in her clear, concise reasoning, follow him through the vagaries of modern speculations, demolishing his most specious arguments by the logic of common sense—sometimes, but rarely, by the truths of Christianity.

The latter weapon silenced him. Whether he was convinced, or whether he forbore to shock them with atheistical sophistries, neither the judge nor Clarice could tell; but a religious controversy was never commenced. That one argument for or against any subject under discussion ended the matter for the time being.

As the Summer wore away, Clarice became disagreeably conscious that Doctor Delaplaine's large black eyes followed her movements with an admiration that was fast merging into a stronger, more enduring sentiment. In vain she was sadly cold to him, ever courteous with that chilling politeness that is less familiar than positive rudeness. In vain she studiously avoided any private interviews, and gave no word or look of encouragement to her unwelcome lover.

He loved her, and his love was odious in her eyes. He loved her, and he was a man who had never yet allowed himself to fail in any undertaking. Saddest of all, Eoline loved him.

Nobody suspected the child's devotion. She was but sixteen, and so childlike, she seemed much younger. It did not enter her father's mind that his little fairy-like darling could love. Clarice only knew that her hatred of Rufus Delaplaine was deepened and intensified by his strange power over her sister. She knew that Eoline watched for his coming, was restless when he was absent; that over her pure fair face a deep peace settled when the doctor was near her. Like her father, Clarice thought of her sister as a mere child, yet she dreaded some vague harm to Eoline by the hand of Rufus Delaplaine.

Summer was over, when Clarice was invited to pass a few months in New York with her mother's sister, a wealthy widow, who has often urged a like request. She was childish and very rich, and in her letter to Judge Mathews she said plainly that her niece and namesake would probably be her heiress if the woman proved as attractive as the child had been.

"Let her come to me, and see something of New York society," she wrote. "She can enjoy many advantages here that must be unattainable in Porthaven."

Judge Mathews was far too politic a man to allow Clarice to read this letter, or even to hint to her that her aunt had alluded in any way to the disposal

of her fortune. He knew too well how the girl's high, proud spirit would resent any appearance of fortune-seeking. So, when he answered the letter, he told his sister-in-law of his reticence, and begged she would not allow Clarice to imagine she was ever to be an heiress.

"I wish my children to look to me to supply all their wants while I live," he wrote.

To Clarice he gave a gentle but firm command to accept her aunt's invitation.

"It will improve you in many ways," he said, very fondly. "Your aunt is a most superior woman, and draws around her an intellectual, refined circle of friends. It will be an advantage to you to hear really good music, too, and to have a few singing-lessons from a first-rate master. I wish you to go, my dear."

"But Eoline is not invited," pleaded Clarice. "We have never been separated since mother died."

"I could not lose you both, even if Eoline was invited," said her father. "I will take care of her. We will invite Miss Williams to stay here until you return. It will seem quite natural to have her here again."

Heavy at heart and full of sad forebodings, Clarice was forced to yield to her father's wish.

Miss Williams, one of her own former governesses, and still a music-teacher in Porthaven, was invited to superintend the judge's household, and be a companion for Eoline, at a salary that made it no pecuniary sacrifice to give up her scholars.

She was a kindly old maid, past middle age, very fond of her former pupils, and she gladly consented to leave her cheap boarding-house accommodations to preside over Judge Mathews's handsome establishment, cordially promising to take the best care of Eoline.

"Make yourself quite easy," she said to Clarice. "I know all your papa's ways, and how delicate Eoline is. I will take good care of them both; be sure of that."

But Clarice knew well that, kind as she was, she could never replace the loving watchfulness that was to be taken from Eoline by her absence. She made her preparations for departure, sadly picturing the sorrow of her little sister when she knew she was going to lose her.

It cut her to the heart when Eoline heard the news without a tear. The dreamy, wistful look had become habitual now in the soft blue eyes, and when she knew Clarice was going, she only smiled sadly, and said, gently:

"I shall miss you very much, but I hope you will spend a pleasant winter."

The merest acquaintance could have said no less. Clarice thought, with a tightening of her heart-strings, turning away from the sweet, dreamy face. Her sister, from whose pathway she had taken every pain possible, about whom she had wrapped the strongest love of her noble nature, had grown indifferent to her.

Well, after that New York was as good as Porthaven. She bought dresses and bonnets, packed trunks, and bustled herself in her preparations for departure, bidding farewell to her friends, and apparently feeling the interest natural to her years in the promised introduction to the gayeties of the great city.

"She may marry there, and return to me no more," the judge thought, sadly, as one of the last evenings drew to a close. "Well, it is the law of nature, and I should be glad if she has a husband to take my place when I am gone. I hoped Delaplaine would have loved her, my queenly girl; but old heads cannot govern young hearts. I may be glad some day he did not."

And while the busy bustle of preparation was all around her, Eoline lived in her dreamy mist, unheeding it all. She moved, spoke, looked as if there was some separate existence for her, apart from the everyday life around her. She had always been delicate and peculiar, so the new phase attracted

no especial attention. No one knew, no one suspected, the cause in her own family.

But the secret so closely hidden from loving, tender eyes was plain as a printed page to Rufus Delaplaine. He felt all the interest of a man of science in a new discovery when he first knew his power over the mind and heart of Eoline Mathews. Cruel to his heart's core, he was utterly careless of any suffering he might be preparing for her future as he gently fanned the flame of her young love with words and looks of tender import.

Unconscious herself of the heart she was surrendering, the child lived in a dream of entire happiness.

But, unknown to any, unrevealed even in the closest discussions, Rufus Delaplaine possessed a dangerous, subtle power, to which his skill told him Eoline would yield passive submission. He was a close disciple of Mesmer, holding in his large dark eyes, in his soft white hand, that most terrible of all weapons in human grasp—the power of conquering another's will.

Stealthily he had tried his secret power upon Judge Mathews, who wakened, full of apology, from a profound sleep, in which he had imparted the most cherished secrets of his profession to his young friend, remembering nothing of his own words.

In the same secret manner Eoline had been discovered to possess marvelous clairvoyant power, guessing nothing herself of the secrets she imparted.

But upon Clarice the doctor's eyes had no influence, his touch no power. She did not guess how often she had coolly baffled the utmost strength of the doctor's powerful will, how often, when she thought the man rudely staring at her, he was trying to grasp her mind and hold it captive. As little could she read the rage in his heart, when he found her utterly beyond the control of the power he had wielded successfully for years.

It was a blow that nearly deprived him of his reason for hours when he heard Clarice was going from Porthaven, to be absent several months. He dared not tell her yet of his fierce, ungovernable love for her, knowing she would not smile yet upon him. All the plans he had made for conquering her indifference, lowering her pride, winning her love, would be useless now. She was going away, and he had bound himself to Porthaven for one year. He would have thrown his contract to the winds, have left his patients to die or recover as they could, have burst all bonds restraining him, had Clarice loved him; but he felt bitterly that he would be no welcome guest where she had the control of her own visiting-list. He knew she hated him, yet he could not crush out his mad, hopeless love for her. Circumstances, opportunity, some strange future, might yet give her to him, if she remained at Porthaven, but, far from home, in the city, who could count the rivals her beauty would win? And one might be successful where he had failed.

Yet he must bear it! When she bade him good-by on the evening preceding her departure, he could have struck her dead in her calm, imperious beauty, rather than speak the polite words of formal parting. One fierce temptation seized him, to throw himself at her feet, and implore her to pity his agony of love, but he controlled it, and they parted friends.

Could the woman have read the future, I believe it was in the grand nobility of her nature to have given her promise to him, and kept it, too, if by this sacrifice of her own heart she could have averted the misery to follow. But she knew nothing of the dread events that were to fill her absence, and left her home sick at heart, yet hoping for a happy return in the Spring.

It was early in October when Clarice left Porthaven, and the leaves and woods around the little town were gorgeous in their brilliant autumn

dress. The air was warm and pleasant, and no one wondered that Eoline comforted some of her loneliness by taking long solitary walks. Miss Williams, having the duties of housekeeper on her hands, scarcely missed her young charge for an hour or two each day, and the judge seldom saw any of his family from early morning till evening. No one noticed, as Clarice would have done, how weary Eoline became in her daily walks, how restless she was before they were undertaken, how languid and dull after they were over, unless Rufus Delaplaine came to spend the evening, when she was quietly happy.

As the weather grew colder, she still strolled in one direction every afternoon, and it is on a dreary November day we follow her, to learn the secret of the fascination that took her to one trysting-place in all weather.

After the young girl entered a wood on the outskirts of the town, she seemed to have no will, no volition, of her own. With her large blue eyes dilated, and looking steadily forward, she advanced like a sleep-walker, till, in the very heart of the wood, leaning against a tree, Rufus Delaplaine, his eyes fixed upon her, drew her, by their power alone, to his side.

"You are here," he would say, coldly.

"I am here!"

Dull, mechanical, as if repeating a lesson, the sweet, low voice could scarcely be recognized. On this dull November afternoon, the woman scarcely waited for his answer, before he spoke fiercely:

"I have been here nearly an hour! Tell me quickly what you see!"

"I see Clarice! Oh, Rufus, spare me! It gives me such cruel pain to see your heart at her feet. Spare me, Rufus!"

"Tell me what you see!"

"He is there, the tall, fair-haired man I see now every day. They are very happy. In her hair, on her breast, Clarice wears flowers he kissed before he gave them to her."

"Curse him!" cried the man, clenching his hands till the blood started under the pressure of his nails.

"He is speaking! Ah, Clarice, dear Clarice, he loves you, and you have given your great warm heart to him. He tells her they will go to England, to his home. He is very eloquent, very rapid, in his words. I cannot follow them all, but Clarice listens. Her face is flushing, and there are soft, happy tears in her eyes; and now her hand is in his, her face pressed against his bosom, and his lips touch her hair!"

With an inarticulate cry that sounded scarcely human, Rufus Delaplaine rushed away from the self-tormenting he had daily brought upon himself. Eoline staggered forward a step or two, as a child would follow the hand that had held up its tottering steps, then sank down, helpless and nearly unconscious, upon the damp grass.

For nearly an hour she lay in a passive state, knowing nothing of a fine soft rain penetrating the air, nothing of her own consciousness, till a hasty footstep announced the return of her tormentor.

"Go!" he said, imperiously.

Slowly she moved toward the outskirts of the wood till, where the spell had fallen, upon her, it dropped from her, and, shivering with cold, her garments drenched, she retraced her steps homeward, entirely ignorant of the events of the last hour, knowing absolutely nothing of the interview with Rufus Delaplaine, only conscious of great weariness and cold.

This one interview will suffice to show the cruel, deadly game Rufus Delaplaine was playing. Hungering and thirsting for the sight of the face of Clarice, the sound of her voice, he had no power that could bring her before him save through the clairvoyance of Eoline.

Daily he subjected the sensitive, shrinking victim to the torture of reading his own desperate love for

another, knowing she could not betray him, knowing the hour that was his only hour of the twenty-four he cared to live, was but a blank in the memory of the fair-haired girl who loved him. He could visit her in her home, could smile upon her, could give her caressing words, and grant her happiness while he was near her, knowing that he was slowly carrying her young life to its end, slowly wearing away the sensitive spirit, and undermining every vital force of her existence.

Day after day, with cruel persistence, he stole from her her fast-diminishing strength, knowing that every stolen interview in the woods robbed her of life that might have lasted for years. He played upon the delicate heartstrings as ruthlessly as a musician might upon the instrument that his genius gave a voice.

The young Englishman's wooing became the daily torture of his rival. He knew every trick of his voice, every lover-like expression of his eyes; he knew better than his fortunate rival did himself how the proud heart that had scorned him had given itself in the humility of love in such natures to the frank, bold wooer from across the water. He saw, in the mirror he set up for his own torture, the tender meetings, the lingering partings, the smiling welcomes accorded the young sprig of foreign nobility by the aunt who gave Clarice every encouragement and her lover hearty good wishes.

He could smile when Judge Mathews told him Clarice was about to marry a young English nobleman, and that her aunt had urged her remaining in New York, to be married from her house. He could offer congratulations, and return home to fairy writhe upon the floor in the hopeless misery of his own love and despair.

December passed, and the frail body he had so severely overtaxed by his unnatural pressure on brain and heart gave way, and Eoline became dangerously ill.

Judge Mathews forbade any news to be sent to Clarice, whose wedding was fixed for an early day in February, and Doctor Delaplaine became physician for the fair girl whom he was murdering. But the torturing scenes that had become a very necessity of life to him were taken from him by the constant presence of Miss Williams. For one entire week he never saw Eoline alone.

The man had become fairly insane now in his pursuit of one torturing stimulus for his love, and he asked Judge Mathews to give him the dying girl for his wife. He could feign a love and tenderness he never felt for the fair woman who loved him, and pleaded eloquently for the right to watch over her every hour.

Finding Eoline quietly happy at the suggestion, the judge yielded, and there was a wedding in the sick-room—a strange, hideous mockery of marriage, where the love existed on one side only; on the other only a deliberate determination to press forward the hour when death would break these mock bonds that bound him.

When the young wife faded rapidly, no one doubted the devotion of the husband, who spent every spare hour beside her. Who could guess that those hours were hurrying her forward to the grave? Who could divine the steady, unwavering cruelty that pressed the probe deeper and deeper into the shrieking heart in every trance-sleep, in every revelation of mutual torture?

Judge Mathews went to the wedding, leaving his child to the tender care of her devoted husband, who spent the wedding-day beside the bedside of his wife, hearing the description of the bride, the happy bridegroom, the whispered words of proud love; never heeding the piteous cries of, "Rufus, you are killing me! Let me go! Give me the love you send from me! Spare me, Rufus!"

Pitiless to her as to himself, he followed every word of the ceremony till, when its close sealed for ever any mad, lingering hope, he fell upon the bedroom floor in a deep insensibility.

Eoline's cries brought the servants and Miss Williams, full of pity for the husband wearied out in devotion to his sick wife; and Eoline, forgetting, as she ever did, all the glimpses she had seen of her husband's inner life, wept for her own selfishness in having taxed him by her illness.

For hours the man lay insensible, till the terrified servants telegraphed Judge Mathews, who came on the night-train with his daughter and new son-in-law.

He had told Clarice, after the wedding, of Eoline's illness; for the bridal-trip was proposed for Europe, and he feared it would deprive Clarice of one sight more of her sister's face, if she once put the ocean between them.

So, in the early morning, when Rufus, pale and haggard, sat beside Eoline, who was sinking fast, there entered to them Clarice, in her suit of delicate gray poplin, her bridal traveling-dress. She gave no glance at the wretched man who, for love of her, had taken away a life, but, swift as an arrow, sped to Eoline. Some fresh, healthy vitality seemed to quicken in the pulses of the dying girl, as she rested in the arms of the sister who loved her so devotedly; she shuddered as Rufus drew near, whispering:

"Send them all away, Clarice! Rufus, father, everybody but you!"

"You will let me see my sister alone, Doctor Delaplaine?" Clarice asked, in her clear, even tones. "I have left her too long!"

He seemed to have no power to refuse. Dazed by her unexpected appearance, fevered by the inward torture raging in his heart, maddened by his own misery, he crept away, voiceless and wretched.

"Eoline! little sister!" Clarice whispered, scarcely trusting her own voice; "I should never have left you!"

"Hush!" the girl said, softly. "It will not last long now. I see things clear now, Clarice! Is it because I am dying? I see Rufus as he is! I am blind no longer! I loved him so, Clarice, I would have given him the life he has stolen from me, had he asked it! I did not guess why he married me; I never knew what drew the heart from me till now! I know now! Clarice! Clarice! shun him! keep away from him! He would kill you if he could—he loves you so! I am not raving! I am not delirious!"

And, clearly, as the angel of death cleared all mists from her memory, Eoline told Clarice the whole cruel story.

There was a moment of deep silence as she ceased speaking; then Rufus Delaplaine, with bloodless lips and burning eyes, staggered into the room.

Clarice looked up as he came to the opposite side of her sister's deathbed; every impulse of her noble nature cried out against the profanity of his presence in the sacred hour that was so fast approaching.

"Go!" she said, pointing to the door. "Leave me alone with the sister you have murdered!"

"Clarice!" he murmured, fixing his haggard eyes imploringly upon her. "Pity me—do not drive me away! Do not curse me!" he cried sharply, as he saw her face darken and her eyes flash.

"Curse you?" she cried. "If I had a thousand tongues, I could use them all to curse you, seeing this!" and she pointed to the white dying face.

He reeled away, then, ghastly in his utter despair, and she looked upon his living face no more.

When her father and husband came to find her, she was clasping her dead sister fast in her arms, weeping the bitterest tears of her life over the white, wasted face. Later, she was told, in hushed tones of awe, that Rufus Delaplaine had taken poison, unable to bear the loss of his fair wife. Those who had known his devotion were tenderly sympathetic over his suicide, even Judge Mathews accepting the popular theory.

For Clarice, she turned shuddering from his coffin, but to no one, even her husband, was ever disclosed the secret of Eoline's deathbed.

The Benevolent Coyote, and his Sad End.

CHAREYA, the creator (says Bancroft's "Native Races of the Pacific States"), had made salmon, but he had put them in the big water, and made a great fish-dam at the mouth of the Klamath, so that they could not go up; and this dam was closed with a key which was given in charge to two old hags to watch over, night and day, so that no Cahroc should get near it.

Now, the Cahrocs were sorely pushed by hunger, and the voice of women and little children was heard imploring food. The Coyote swore by the stool of Chareya that, before another moon, their lodges should drip with salmon, and the very dogs be satisfied withal. So he traveled down the Klamath many days' journey, till he came to the big water and heard the thunder of its waves. Up he went to the hut of the old women, rapped, and asked hospitality for the night; and the crones could find no excuse for refusing him. He entered and threw himself down by the fire, while they prepared salmon for supper—which they ate without offering him a bite.

In the morning, one of the hags took down the key and started off toward the dam to get some fish for breakfast. Like a flash the Coyote leaped at her, hurling himself between her feet; heels over head she pitched, and the key flew far from her hands. Before she well knew what had hurt her, the Coyote stood at the dam with the key in his teeth, wrenching at the fastenings. They gave way, and, with a great roar, the green water raced through, all abrim with salmon, utterly destroying and breaking down the dam, so that ever after fish found free way up the Klamath.

The end of the poor Coyote was rather sad. Like too many great personages, he grew proud and puffed up with the adulation of flatterers and sycophants—so proud, he determined to have a dance through heaven itself, having chosen as his partner a certain star that used to pass quite close by a mountain where he spent a good deal of his time. So he called out to the star to take him by the paw, and they would go round the world together for a night. But the star only laughed and winked in an excessively provoking way, from time to time. The Coyote persisted angrily in his demand, and barked and barked at the star all round heaven, till the twinkling thing grew tired of his noise and told him to be quiet, and he should be taken next night. Next night the star came up quite close to the cliff where the Coyote stood, who, leaping, was able to catch on. Away they danced together through the blue heavens. Fine sport it was for a while, but, oh! it grew bitter cold up there for a Coyote of the earth, and it was an awful sight to look down to where the broad Klamath lay like a slack bow-string, and the Cahroc villages like arrow-heads. Woe for the Coyote! his numb paws have slipped their hold on his bright companion; dark is the partner that leads the dance now, and the name of him is Death. Ten long snows the Coyote is in falling, and, when he strikes the earth, he is "smashed as flat as a willow-mat." Coyotes must not dance with stars.

Marks of the Suits.

PLAYING-CARDS were the favorite amusement of Charles VI. of France during his fits of melancholy. They are said to have been brought into Europe from the country of the Saracens, and to have been well known in Hindoostan and China many centuries before. The four suits are said to represent the four estates—the clergy, nobles, peasants and mechanics. The clergy, called choir-men (*gens de chœur*), are represented by hearts. This suit is called by the Spaniards *copas* (chalice), but by the French *chœur*, corrupted into *cœur* (a heart), an error perpetuated in our translation. The nobles are represented by spades, or rather *ske-heads*.

This suit is called by the Spaniards *espadas* (swords), but by the French *pique* (pike men). Our term is a corruption of the Spanish word, and conveys an erroneous notion. The peasantry are represented by clubs. This suit is called by the Spaniards *bastos* (rustics), but by the French *trèfle* (clover). Our term is again taken from the Spanish, and *bastos* confounded with *bastinados*, or clubs. The mechanics are represented by diamonds. This suit is called by the Spaniards *diáscoro*, a square piece of money used to pay wages with, but by the French *carreaux*—square pavements or building-tiles. In our pack the shape is preserved, but the translation conveys an erroneous idea.

The four kings in the French pack are representatives of four kingdoms—the French, Jewish, Macedonian and Roman. The king of hearts (called Charlemagne) represents the first; the king of spades (David), the second; the king of clubs (Alexander), the third; and the king of diamonds (Cæsar), the fourth.

In our pack the court-cards are heraldic. The king of hearts represents the English monarch, the king of spades the French, the king of clubs the Pope, and the king of diamonds Spain. The four queens or dames represent Royalty, Wisdom, Fortitude and Piety. The dame of hearts is called by the French Argine (Juno), the queen of queens; and the word was selected because it forms an anagram for "regina." The dame of spades is called Pallas, the goddess of wisdom; the dame of clubs Judith, the slayer of Holofernes, and type of courage; and the dame of diamonds Rachel, the representative of the Jewish nation or of piety. In the reign of Charles VII. the faces of the four dames were drawn to represent four distinguished ladies: Judith was a likeness of Isabeau, the queen mother; Pallas, of Jeanne d'Arc; Argine, the queen herself; and Rachel, Agnes Sorel, the king's mistress. The four knaves or varlets represent four knights or paladins, and their names in the French pack are La Hire, Hogier, Lancelot, and Hector. The first is the famous general in the reign of Charles VII. who greatly distinguished himself against the English; the second is Hogier the Dane, the most famous of Charlemagne's paladins; the third is the most noted of the Knights of the Round Table; and the last is Hector de Galard, the companion of La Hire. [Modern researches show that the explanation of the marks of the suit above given is pure fancy.]

Modes of Lighting.

NO CREATURE but man has ever managed to furnish himself with artificial light. Some animals and birds, like the cat and the owl, can see remarkably well in the dark; but no dumb being ever yet kindled a fire or lighted a lamp. Men must have existed for a while without any artificial light, and we imagine that he had rather a dull time roosting up in a tree, or crouching in his damp cave after the sun had gone down. To be sure, there were no books or papers to read, and men can talk in the dark as well as in the light; but, then, in those days, there could not have been much to talk about.

It was a great era in the history of the race when the first pine-torch was kindled, and the first lump of fat utilized for purposes of illumination. The smoke may have been an annoyance, and the men could not get a very steady light from the resinous wood and the saturated bark fibre, but it was better than nothing, and answered well enough, so long as they had no elaborate toilet to make and no fine needlework to do.

In progress of time great improvements were made in this department of domestic economy, and among the relics of antiquity dug out of the earth and discovered in tombs, nothing is more common than the earthen or metallic lamp, frequently

adorned with fanciful designs, and fashioned in forms of singular beauty; and, in fact, the most fashionable patterns now in use are copied from the antique.

We hardly think that we appreciate the improvements in our modes of lighting, which have followed each other so rapidly during the present generation. In addition to all the new mechanical inventions, consider how many new materials for lighting have come into general use. What would have become of us if the wax and tallow and whale-oil to which we were restricted fifty years ago were the only materials now available for the production of artificial light? The products of the bee-hive and the bay-berry bush would be of no account; at the present price of mutton and beef, tallow candles would go but a little way in supplying the general demand, and long before this the whales would have been exterminated. Darkness must have reigned in many a dwelling, our great mills have closed at sunset, and public assemblies, operas and theatres have assembled by daylight, as they did in former times; or have been content with such a dim and dreary illumination, that the display would have been robbed of half its charms. But, as the whales got scarce, the swine were pressed into the service, and for a time lard-oil seemed likely to meet the universal want. The race of pigs, however, has its natural limit, and so there were invented all sorts of burning fluids, clean, cheap and brilliant; and these had their run, liable only to this objection—that some of them were so explosive as to make them about as dangerous for lighting purposes as gunpowder would be for fuel. In our larger towns and cities these were soon superseded by gas.

Few people dreamed of the revolution it was destined to effect. It would have astonished our venerable ancestors if they had been told that their ambitious and daring posterity would ever have ventured to manufacture lightning by chemical and mechanical processes, and use that for artificial light. Such a prediction would have shocked their minds as painfully as the electric battery shocks the body. How much further we are destined to go in this direction no one can tell. Sunbeams have not as yet been extracted from cucumbers, but it is thought by some that we shall find out how to turn the water which they contain into light. Perhaps, in another generation, no lamps will be needed in our streets; but, after the natural sun has gone down, great calcium orbs will be lighted in the air, shedding their radiance over the town, and turning night into day. What a contrast this would be with the olden times, when link-boys lighted pedestrians through the slippery streets of London, and flambeaux blazed around the steps of the theatres!

Thus far, we have said nothing of petroleum, the old Seneca oil of the Indians, that was once soaked up in blankets, from the surface of the rivers on which it floated, bottled, and sold as a drug, and which now itself flows as a river, carrying light to every quarter of the earth. It was a great day for the world when man first "struck oil." They thought that it was a great thing when they were able to extract it from coal; but now they find out that the whole thing has been done ready to their hand, in the great laboratory of nature.

Is there not a providence in all this? It is, indeed, by human skill and human research that these inventions and discoveries have been accomplished; but is there no superhuman spirit that prompted man to do all this, just at the time when the world must have stopped in its onward progress, if the coal-beds and fountains of oil had not been revealed? Undoubtedly; and the great object yet to be gained in regard to the illuminating capacity of the various substances and fluids now subservient to that purpose is to encourage their use, and, by means of scientific appliances, increase their brilliancy while husbanding the means of consumption.

The First Paper Money.

It is now nearly five hundred years since Marco Polo, the great traveler, wrote the following description of the paper money he came across, in his explorations, in the domains of the Grand Khan: In this city of Kambalu is the Mint of the Grand Khan, who may truly be said to possess the secret of the chemists, as he has the art of producing money by the following process: He causes bark to be stripped from those mulberry-trees the leaves of which are used for feeding silkworms, and which takes from it that thin inner rind which lies between the coarser bark and the wood of the tree. This being steeped and afterward pounded in a mortar until reduced to a pulp, is made into paper, resembling in substance that which is manufactured from cotton, but quite black. When ready for use, he has it cut into pieces of money of different sizes, nearly square, but longer than they are wide. Of these the smallest pass for a denier tournoise; the next size for a Venetian silver groat; others for two, five or ten groats; others for one, two, and as far as ten besants of gold.

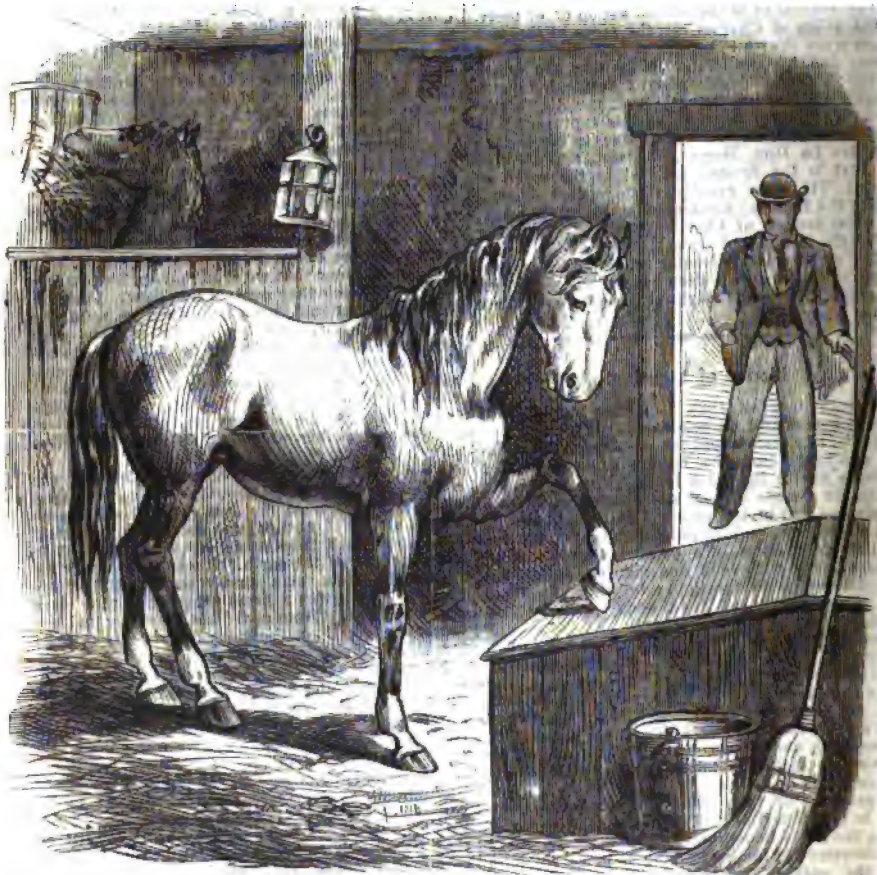
The coinage of this paper money is authenticated with as much form and ceremony as if it were actual gold and silver, for to each note a number of officers, specially appointed, not only subscribe their names but affix their signets also, and when this has been regularly done by the whole of them, the principal officer deputed by his majesty, having dipped into

vermillion the royal seal committed to his custody, stamps with it the paper, so that the forms of the seal tinged with vermillion remains impressed upon it, by which it receives full authenticity as correct money, and the act of counterfeiting it is punished as a capital offense.

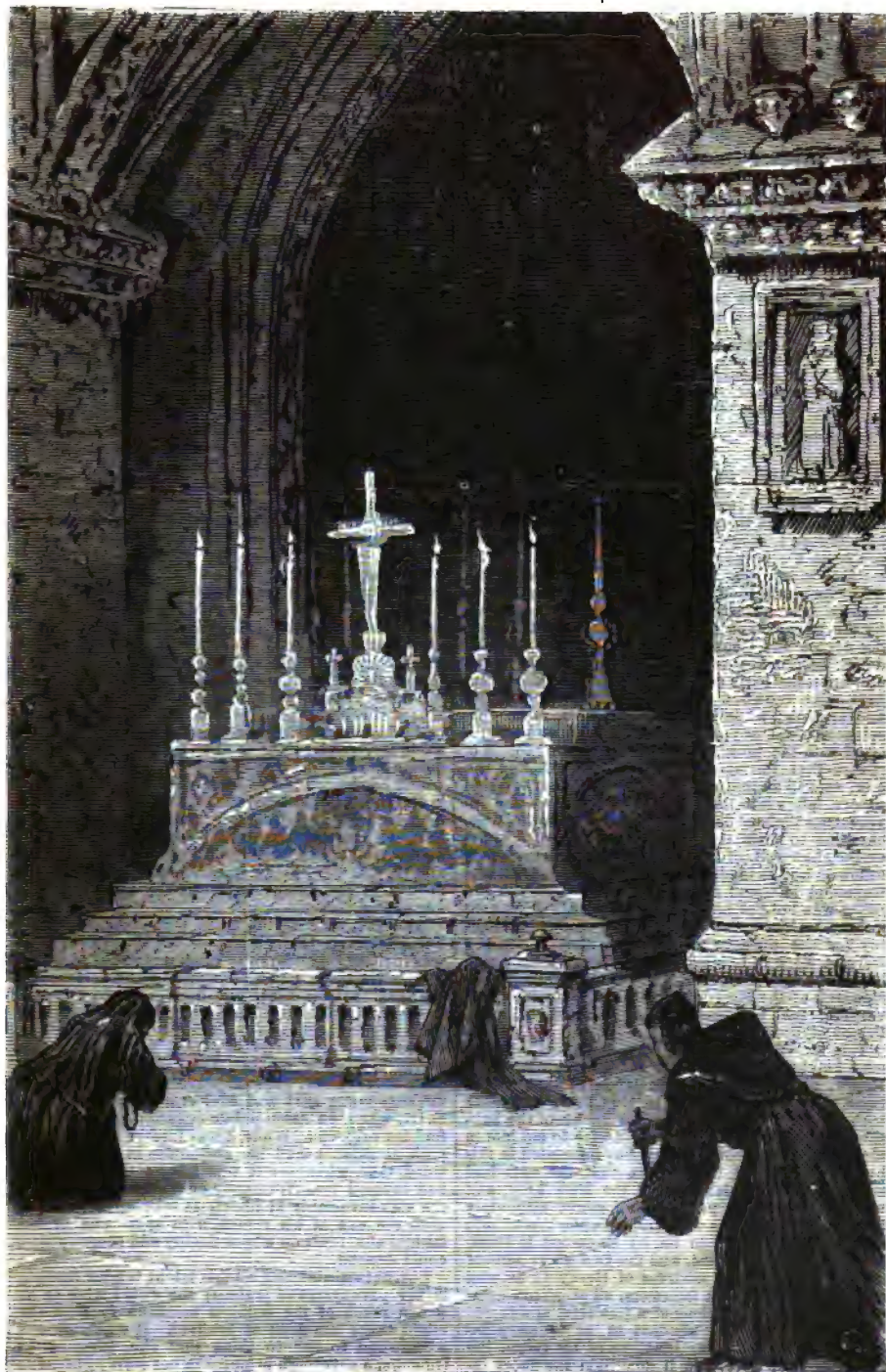
When thus coined in large quantities, this paper currency is circulated in every part of the Grand Khan's domain, nor dares any person, at the peril of his life, refuse to accept it in payment. All his subjects receive it without hesitation, because wherever their business may call them, they can dispose of it again in the purchase of the merchandise they may have occasion for, such as pearls, jewels, gold or silver. With it, in short, every article may be procured.

An Intelligent Horse.

THE latest story of horse intelligence comes from Bangor, and is told as follows: Mr. W. H. Pritchard has in his stable a grain-chest which locks with a spring. The boy who takes care of the horse always pounds the spring to raise the lid. Wednesday morning Mr. Pritchard heard a loud thumping in the stable, and, on going out, found the horse imitating the boy by pounding with his fore-foot the top of the grain-chest lid, endeavoring to get it open. The knowing animal was returned to his stall, and received an extra quantity of oats for his endeavor.



AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.



THE MONK OF THE BLACK CRUCIFIX.—“HIS COWL WAS THROWN BACK UPON HIS SHOULDERS, AND IN HIS RIGHT HAND, WHICH, WITH HIS ARM, WAS FREED FROM THE HANGING SLEEVE OF HIS LONG CASSOCK, HE HELD THE DEADLY PONIARD GIVEN HIM BY THE NUN, WHOSE CRUEL EYES WERE NOW RAGERLY REGARDING HIS DESCENT UPON HER UNSUSPECTING VICTIM.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Shooting Stars.

Hears, through the sultry Summer night,
We saunter, you with your cigar;
In purple space, with rapid flight,
I mark a sudden shooting star.
You're thinking still of that last valise,
And scarcely caught the passing ray—
Encore une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file et disparait!

I know you think I'm growing old,
And waste the moments scanning skies,
Because dull Time has left me cold
And blind to light in beauty's eyes.
Perhaps 'tis true; I only know
Such dreams with me have had their day—
Encore une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file et disparait!

But heaven forbid that I should preach
The worldly truths you'll learn too soon;
An added lustrum's lore will teach
The wisdom of life's afternoon.
This ball was lost of all the list,
The season's over now, they say!—
Encore une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file et disparait!

The Monk of the Black Crucifix.

On a dark and stormy evening toward the middle of November in the year of grace one thousand one hundred and seventy, and just as the last lurid beams of the setting sun had deepened into sullen crimson in the west, the ancient city of Waterford, with its embattled walls and lofty spires, was thrown into a state of most intense excitement by the appearance of a small, armed fleet stretching across the Channel from Wales, and bearing down, before the wind, under Anglo-Norman colors, upon the Irish coast. The decks of the strangers were crowded with knights, mailed warriors and archers; while one of the vessels, more conspicuous than any of the rest, flashed and scintillated with the polished armor and shifting forest of spears that thronged its poop. Already had the city, as well as that of Wexford and other fortified places, fallen into the hands of Strongbow—the adventurous Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, who, choosing to misinterpret the commands of his sovereign, Henry II. of England, in the previous Spring followed up the landing of Robert Fitz Stephen and Raymond le Gros: and the armament now in the offing was but yet another installment of his auxiliaries who had sailed from Milford Haven, ostensibly for the purpose of assisting him to replace Dermot, King of Leinster, on his throne, from which he had been driven by Roderic O'Connor, the then Monarch of the Kingdom, for the abduction of Der-vorgilla, the faithless wife of Tiernan O'Ruarc, Prince of Breffny.

This expedition was led by a distinguished Norman knight who was deep in the confidence of Henry, and who, at the instance of that politic ruler, offered his services to De Clare; but more with a view to watching the movements of the half-rebellious noble than from any desire to aid him in the cause of Dermot. Henry was prompted in this by the unpleasant intelligence that the earl had married Eva, the daughter of the Irish king, and was building up a party which might ultimately tend to embarrass his own designs upon the island; aided, as he seemed to be, by Raymond le Gros, Maurice de Prendergast, and the two brave sons of the *chevalier Nests*, mistress of Henry I., as well as by numerous other followers, all of whom composed at least the nucleus of a powerful army.

Although wise and prudent in no ordinary degree, at this particular juncture of his reign, the affairs of Henry were in a condition the most lamentable. To the dangerous distaste of his Norman subjects, he still held his proud and imperious queen—Eleanor of Guenne—a prisoner at Win-

chester, for the alleged murder of Fair Rosamond at Woodstock; while the blood of Thomas à Becket, who was assassinated through his instrumentality at Canterbury, cried aloud from the ground so portentously as to almost drive him distracted; notwithstanding that, under the displeasure of the Church, he was secretly atoning for his crime, with weary feet and palmer's hat and staff, before many a remote and holy shrine. In addition to this, his sons, who had espoused the cause of the queen, their mother, had now begun to exhibit symptoms of deeper disaffection toward him; although he had of late associated one of them with him in the government of his English possessions, and left him in charge of the realm; as he himself had, for a period recently, withdrawn totally from the busy haunts of men, in the hope of being able, through the severe penance he had been sentenced to undergo, to assuage his soul of its sin.

Of all the misfortunes that had befallen him, however, none bowed him to the dust so hopelessly as did the loss of Rosamond de Clifford, the object of his guilty love; even of whose remains he could not find a single trace. And thus it was that for the last sad year, although still in the full flush of his manly strength and beauty, he moved about a wretched and a melancholy man, with one fell sorrow gnawing incessantly at his heart.

At the time of this expedition to Ireland, Henry, in his thirty-eighth year, was regarded as one of the handsomest and most accomplished princes of the day. Sixteen years previously he had espoused Eleanor, great-granddaughter of Count Raymond of Toulouse; and through this alliance added to England those French provinces which subsequently became a source of so much bloodshed between both countries. At that period Eleanor, although eleven or twelve years his senior, was accounted the most beautiful and fascinating woman to be found in the whole of Aquitaine; and—were it not for her previous history as the wife of Louis VII., from whom she had been divorced, as well as the levity of her conduct with the famous Saladin and her uncle Raymond, prince of Antioch, when in Palestine during the Second Crusade—her name and charms would have been the honored theme of every court in Europe. But, tainted with that pernicious French doctrine which affirms that "true love cannot exist between married persons," she assumed a latitude in this connection repugnant to all that was admirable in her sex, and permitted the cancer of her desires to eat away completely the finer fibres of her nature.

And yet, with all the truth that was left within her, she loved Henry; and at the very period she was inciting his children to rebel against him, would sometimes burst into a passionate flood of tears at the idea that his heart had been given to another. It was rumored also that, when moved by those sudden gleams of renewed affection, she often prevailed upon her jailers to permit her to leave her prison in disguise, so that, unseen, she might, from some secret nook, gaze once again upon the face of the only being that had ever really captivated her heart, when, on some public occasion, he came before his subjects. While it was further averred that such confidence had her custodians in her pious word, that, whenever it was known that the king had crossed into Normandy or was out of England, she was invariably at liberty to take up her abode, until the eve of his return, with some one of her faithful adherents on whose fidelity and secrecy they could depend.

But, notwithstanding all this latent tender feeling, in her paroxysms of jealousy she could wish to be within reach of the faithless monarch so that she might strike him dead at her feet. It was gall and wormwood to her to think that she, Eleanor of Guenne, a sovereign princess in her own right, was supplanted in his bosom by the daughter of Walter de Clifford, who was but simple Baron of Hereford; that she, of such matchless beauty and unnumbered

conquests, should fall before the golden tresses and bright blue eyes of a half-rustic girl, whose only lore was drawn from the nunnery at Godstow and the soft, sweet-murmurings of the River Wye.

The thought was maddening to her, and while its influence was upon her, it was fearful to witness its effects. At such periods she would sometimes sit for hours, motionless as a statue, pondering in agony over that happy day when, amid the pomp and blare of the grand old city of Bordeaux, he led her a willing bride to the altar, or dreaming of the time that she journeyed in triumph by his side from Winchester to London, when, two years subsequently, on the death of Stephen of Blois, they were crowned in Westminster Abbey, and conjointly ascended the English throne, with more than Eastern magnificence.

But now all was changed. She had fallen from her high estate. Henry loved her no more, and she was a helpless prisoner in his hands!

The murder of Becket, which took place in the cathedral of Canterbury, of which See he was archbishop, so filled the people of England with superstitious alarm, that the Church gained more from the death of the distinguished prelate than it could have living, through his instrumentality were he still alive.

Henry, who was in Normandy at the period, hastened to make every concession in this connection that could tend to pacify Rome and reassure the clergy of his own dominions. The bones of the deceased churchman were canonized by the Pope, and speedily taking the hint, he performed a bitter pilgrimage to their resting-place, and, as already intimated, conforming to the sentence of the sovereign Pontiff, went forth an unknown palmer, to do weary penance before many a wayside shrine and cross.

In harmony with this, he encouraged the erection of new religious houses throughout the length and breadth of the land, until his kingdom, in a very short period, became thronged with monks and veiled recluses, all imbued with a missionary spirit, and anxious to engage in works of charity and love wherever a field lay open before them.

About this period, and in view of the leading provisions of the Bull of Adrian IV. granting "the dominion of Ireland" to Henry, Alexander III., zealous for the purification of the Church in that country, stimulated devout men and women to proceed thither for the purpose of collecting the neglected and scattered fragments of the cross, with which the whole island was falsely said to be strewn. Furthermore, and with the sanctimonious intention of prompting yet another crusade, he instituted at Rome a secret religious order, that of "The Monks of the Black Crucifix," to which none were admitted save persons of high rank, who vowed to make still one more attempt to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the Paynim. The members of this community, which had not yet found its way into England, were necessarily but few in number, so that among the devoted missionaries of both sexes who had accompanied the expeditions of Fitz Stephen and Strongbow even the existence of the fraternity was unknown.

Now, however, they were about to be enlightened in this respect, for, on the deck of the approaching vessel, already individualized, sat a distinguished dignitary of the Order, poring over a huge black crucifix that hung from his girdle—a man, as it was whispered, of great austerity, learning and piety, who had been dispatched by His Holiness to found a branch of the fraternity among such of the Irish kings and chieftains as were yet alive to the interests of the faith, and with the further design, as it was asserted, of aiding the adventurous *religieux* who had preceded him in their labor of love, touching the inhabitants of the kingdom generally.

The night, as may be presumed, had long set in, wild and starless, before the last ship of the fleet had rounded into the deep and sheltered harbor

that lay before the walls of the city. Sufficient light, however, flamed from the battlements and along the shore to reveal the full outlines of every vessel as well as the flashing oars of a gorgeous galley, filled with knights in glittering armor, and moving out from the land in the direction of the strangers.

In this galley sat Dermot, King of Leinster, the Earl of Pembroke, the sturdy Hervey de Montemarisco, Raymond le Gros, Maurice de Prendergast, Robert Fitz Stephen, Maurice Fitz Gerald and other leaders of the invasion, who had now left the city to give welcome to their newly-arrived friend and ally, Humphry de Burgo, the chief of the expedition, and those who accompanied him.

Once on board, eager greetings were exchanged and questions asked, upon which it was arranged that the troops should not disembark until morning, but that De Burgo, his principal officers and the Monk of the Black Crucifix should land at once, and take up their quarters in Reginald's Tower—a superb Danish structure, occupied, on the fall of the city, by Strongbow and his chiefs, and a portion of which had been placed at the disposal of Dermot and his suite when he joined the invaders. These preliminaries settled, the monk, whose name in religion was "Brother Ignatius," was formally and respectfully presented by De Burgo to the king and those who attended him, all of whom were struck with the dignity of his demeanor and venerable appearance, as well as with the extraordinary beauty of his beard and the profusion of silver locks that escaped from beneath his cowl—the members of his Order being neither shaven nor shorn.

Among the *religieux* of the softer sex who had arrived in Ireland with the advance guard of Strongbow under Raymond le Gros, there was one who had already become an object of admiration throughout the whole city, from her unwearied exertions among the poor and needy and her constant attendance upon the bed of suffering. Since the betrothal of Basilia, the sister of the earl, to Raymond, this nun had taken up her abode with the youthful *stanée*, and was her solace in the lonely and anxious hours that so often followed the departure of her brave young lover for the tented field.

Although past the first bloom of her youth, Sister Berenice was still extremely beautiful and a creature of the most intense refinement and delicacy of feeling, and these characteristics were rendered yet more attractive by a chastened melancholy which invariably overspread her angelic features, as though the gloom of some great grief struggled with the light of religion upon her marble brow.

That she had suffered, there could be but little doubt, as she had once been surprised in tears over a small and exquisite miniature by her affectionate hostess, who perceived that it was the likeness of a noble young cavalier in a doublet of crimson damask, and a short Angevin cloak. This discovery was due more to accident than to design, as the proud and noble Basilia was more pained and concerned in relation to it than was her confused and startled guest. The circumstance, however, though deemed unfortunate at the moment of its occurrence, was far from being so, as it led to explanations and touching confidences, which drew the bonds of friendship more closely between them than ever.

It is difficult to separate ourselves from the world, no matter how stringent our vows or sincere our intentions. Like Charles V. of Germany, we may lay down the crown and sceptre, and retire, as it were, from the light of day; but, still, there is a void within us that can be filled only by the busy hum or the tumultuous clangor of men.

And so it was with Berenice. Without taking the veil, she had become a voluntary recluse, and, as a lay-sister of her Order, had bid farewell to all the vanities and pleasures which so beset our earthly

career; but, yet, the bright blood flashed to her cheek and a strange, eager fire burned in her eyes as the news of the approach of the English ships was heralded through the city.

And now that they had arrived, late as was the hour, she stood trembling with excitement by the side of Basilia, as, from their lofty balcony, they both gazed down intently upon the shining cavalcade that thronged the streets below, where Dermot, Strongbow, De Burgo, Le Gros and the Monk of the Black Crucifix rode conspicuous in a ponderous chariot toward the massive gates of the tower that, held up by arches, and red with the glare of torch and flambeau, were now thrown wide open to receive them.

Notwithstanding that Henry II. never visited his queen during her confinement at Winchester, he exercised no undue harshness toward her, but held her as a state prisoner, to whom all the respect due her rank, possible under the circumstances, was scrupulously paid. Although presumed to be closely guarded upon all occasions, he connived at the stealthy visits paid her by her sons, and even permitted her faithful Peyrol, who had been her page from her earliest maidenhood, to remain near her person, though now no longer a youth.

It was through the cautious agency of this devoted and intelligent Provencal that she carried on a constant correspondence with her friends, and became aware of most of the projects and movements of her royal spouse.

This being the case, it may be readily imagined that in due course she was apprised of Henry's journey to Rome, privately undertaken in relation to the death of Becket, and learned, also, with equal facility, that the Pope had sentenced him to a protracted, if not a severe, penance for the criminal observation that consigned the imperious churchman to a premature and bloody grave. Consequently, on hearing of his absence from England, and that the conditions of his penance made it imperative that he should not return for some months, she received permission from her son, who now reigned conjointly with him, to retire secretly to a castle on the coast of Dover, that belonged to one of her most faithful partisans, from which she was to emerge once more a prisoner just before the reappearance of the king, of whose intentions to lead a large army into Ireland personally the ensuing Summer or Autumn she had now become aware to even the most minute particulars.

Within the friendly walls of this embattled retreat, then, she found herself safely lodged a short period before the sailing of De Burgo for Ireland; but, contrary to all expectation, she remained beneath its roof but a few days only; for, on the sudden appearance of Peyrol before its gates on the eighth evening after her arrival, she held a hurried conference with its noble inmates, and almost immediately afterward bid them adieu, and, disguised as a peasant, in company with her devoted attendant, retraced her steps to Winchester, then the capital of the kingdom.

On hearing of the death of Rosamond, Henry, who loved her with the most intense devotion notwithstanding his marriage to Eleanor, became at once morose and inconsolable. For whole days together he neither ate nor drank; while the queen, whom he charged with the destruction of the unfortunate beauty, notwithstanding her protestations of innocence, was, as already observed, instantly deprived of her liberty. Nor was this all: the society of even his most esteemed courtiers became, for a period, hateful to him, and he sought, in repeated excursions to the forsaken retreat of the being he had so ardently adored, that solitude which was denied him in his own princely halls. In vain, however, he wandered in disguise through its leafy labyrinths in search of some substantial evidence of her fate, or that of her two sweet children, Geoffrey and William; the hermitage in the forest was silent and deserted, and the only information he could glean

on the subject from the peasantry in the vicinity was, that, on the morning succeeding the night of her disappearance traces of blood and of a fearful struggle were found beside the Haunted Well.

And now, although absent from his realms, after many a weary pilgrimage in search of even her tomb, her image still filled his soul and unfitted him to perform adequately the penitential duties imposed upon him by outraged Rome. What recked it now, that he was the powerful monarch of a great empire, and the lord of ten thousand vassals who were ready to bow before his slightest nod? Of what avail was it that his royal spouse was still beautiful, and the most fascinating and accomplished princess of the day? Rosamond de Clifford had been all the world to him; and now that she had vanished from his sight, the heart of a king no longer leaped or burned within him, and he was dowered forth, a lone and desolate pilgrim, without a single hope for the future, and bowed still further to the dust beneath the heavy displeasure of the Church!

Still, however, he endeavored through all this to perform his duty toward his subjects and sustain the dignity of his crown; and thus it was that he viewed with a jealous eye the proceedings of Strongbow in Ireland, and projected the expedition that we have just seen safely moored in the bay of Waterford, Port Largi, or the Harbor of the Sun, as the city was then called, indiscriminately.

Early on the morning after the arrival of the fleet the city was all astir to witness the landing of the knights and men-at-arms, as well as that of the *rougiers* who had accompanied De Burgo. Among these latter were some persons of great reputed learning and piety, and of this class stood out, in pre-eminently bold relief, Mother Agatha and Father Bernardo, who had sailed in one of the most unpretending vessels of the fleet, and who, during the whole voyage, were so constantly engaged in devout exercises when not ministering to the sick or needy, as to command the profound respect and admiration of every soul on board.

The fame of this austere sister and brother soon reached the ears of Berenice as well as those of the inmates of the tower; but so averse to all mere worldly greatness and display seemed the humble missionaries, that, as yet, Bernardo only was to be occasionally seen in public, although never but at some point where he was certain to encounter Strongbow, the guest of Basilia, or the Monk of the Black Crucifix—yet a mysterious stranger to both him and his companion.

Through an opportune combination of circumstances, the low, narrow chamber selected by Brother Ignatius, in the tower, as his retreat for the present, opened into the splendid suite of apartments assigned to De Burgo and adjoined the private cabinet of that chivalrous knight.

This disposition of affairs was naturally grateful to the monk, as De Burgo appeared to be the only person in the gigantic edifice with whom he might be said to be in any degree acquainted. Every solicitation of Dermot and Strongbow to join them in the banquet-hall was firmly but courteously declined—De Burgo assuring both the king and the earl that the greatest favor they could bestow upon their devout and austere guest would be to permit him to move about the castle and city unobserved, as he had a mission to perform which was not of the world.

In consequence of this not unreasonable request, the worthy brother was relieved from all further importunities on this head, and as no person had access, for so far, to what might be termed his cell, save De Burgo alone, his presence in the tower was soon almost forgotten amid the noise and tumult that surrounded him.

Learning of the great difficulties that beset Henry, both at home and abroad, at this period of his career, the daring and adventurous earl began to entertain the idea of the subjugation of Ireland

to his own interests only, and wholly irrespective of those of his sovereign.

Already was he allied closely, by marriage, to Dermot, and some of his warmest adherents were lords of the city of Wexford and its domain. His uncle Hervey, of Mount Maurice, also was possessed of two cantards of land on the seaside, between Waterford and the city just named; and now the arrival of De Burgo swelled the ranks of his followers to such an extent, that he believed himself, aided by Dermot, almost in a position to defy the English king and aspire ultimately to the sovereignty of the whole island. But he counted without his host—Henry was still a great and powerful monarch, and Humphry de Burgo was his uncompromising and faithful friend.

The secrets that were confided by Berenice to the keeping of her fair hostess were religiously buried in the bosom of the latter. Though unreserved the confidence between her and Raymond, the story of the miniature never escaped her lips, nor did she ever drop a single hint or observation that could tend, in any degree, to pain or embarrass the beautiful nun, or indicate that some lone grief was lying at her heart.

This, Berenice could clearly perceive from the respectful conduct evinced toward her, by the young knight, on all occasions, as well as from the considerate and gentle demeanor of his new friend and now constant companion, De Burgo, who occasionally accompanied him when paying a visit to his betrothed, in the reception-room of her brother, the earl, which joined her apartments and which was situated near the great hall of "the castle," as the lofty building then encircling the tower was termed, and far removed from the wing in which the silent and stern ascetic had taken up his abode.

This loyalty to womanly sentiment and correct feeling on the part of Basilia so endeared her to her grateful guest, that the latter was always to be found in the society of the former when not engaged among the poor and afflicted of the city, or occupied in one of the public schools, founded by some members of the sisterhood and their friends, with a view to the education of the young of both sexes, as well as the propagation of the Faith.

Whatever information had been conveyed by Peyrol to Eleanor during her transient sojourn at Dover, it appeared to have revolutionized her very being, and trampled out the last lingering spark of affection entertained in her bosom toward humanity. So fearfully did it affect her, that, while engaged in making hasty preparations for her departure in the privacy of her chamber, her eyes and aspect were those of a tigress, and not of a human being. In an instant all her beauty had passed away, and her features became sharp, hard and angular under the terrible power of a most implacable hatred and sudden and unaccountable thirst for blood.

With a smothered yell that was truly demoniacal, she snatched her glittering poniard from her girdle, and, with the bound of a panther, buried it again and again in the unconscious laced pillow that lay in dazzling whiteness upon her crimson couch, and spat upon the polished mirror that reflected her disheveled attire and the frightful contortions of her face.

Soon, however, the paroxysm of her rage had subsided, and she emerged from her apartment the stony incarnation of cruelty and revenge, without one fibre of her nature touched with the love or gentleness of a woman.

That something of a character at once serious and sudden had occurred was evident to all within the castle who were not made aware of the precise cause of the hasty departure; but these latter being for the most part dependents, were, of course, shut out from her confidence, and left in a state of anxiety and doubt.

Not one of the religious institutions of England contributed more earnestly and effectually to the

spiritual success of the invasion of Ireland than did that of the nunnery at Godstow. From this establishment, whose stern Superioress was a Clifford and no friend to Henry, several devout personages, among whom was Berenice, volunteered heroically to accompany some one of the expeditions alluded to.

Through the slanderous machinations of the king, the impression had gone abroad that the Irish were fast relapsing into idolatry and barbarism, and that it was necessary for the Church to make some effort to save them from their impending fate.

An error more egregious than this could not have been propagated in any connection, as we have historical evidence the most indubitable that the island at that period was absolutely the home of religion and learning. The civil wars waged so constantly between the native chiefs tended no doubt to foster this false impression regarding the condition, mental and otherwise, of the people generally; but such commotions are not always the true indices to the moral or intellectual status of a nation, as they have been known to disturb communities at once refined and religious, in the abstract, at least.

However this may be, this faithless and unjustifiable rumor had the effect of testing the credibility of its authors, and no person was more astounded at their shameless want of candor than Berenice herself, who, in her daily intercourse with the very individuals that she, in common with others, had come to redeem from ignorance and moral degradation, saw much to emulate and a great deal to admire.

No sooner had Strongbow conceived the ambitious design of turning all his successes in the kingdom to his own account, without reference to the interests of Henry, than he set about strengthening his influence among the natives, and gaining the esteem and confidence of all the leaders who had for so far aided him in his enterprise. Of the hearty support of his father-in-law, Dermot, who was himself at war with Roderic, the Ard Righ, he was of course fully confident; but of the sentiments of Raymond le Gros, in this relation, he was not thoroughly assured, as he had hitherto looked rather coldly upon that young knight's aspirations regarding Basilia, and as Raymond invariably evinced the most unswerving loyalty toward his sovereign.

The stakes were great, nevertheless, and he felt that, to succeed, the game must be bold and fearless. He, therefore, at once conceived the idea of enlisting, if possible, in his unjust project, not only the recently arrived De Burgo, but also the Monk of the Black Crucifix, together with all the *religieux* who had joined the invasion, well-knowing the powerful influence which these latter could exert among the people of the country at large. With the greatest possible tact he sought to assure all those he had as yet tampered with in this respect that his only object was to place Dermot upon the throne of Ireland as his legitimate heritage; but averring, at the same time, that he himself owed no allegiance to the English monarch, against whose express commands he had sailed from Milford Haven, and who was now, as he intimated, so embarrassed as to be totally powerless to either render assistance or offer opposition to any scheme that might be set on foot touching the permanent occupancy of the island by any invader whatever.

As the mission of Brother Ignatius, regarding the founding of his peculiar Order, lay solely among the magnates of the island who were ready to pledge their solemn vows that they would aid any project that had for its object the expulsion of the Paynim from Jerusalem and the Holy Land, it did not find much favor in the eyes of either Dermot or the earl, who were too deeply engrossed with their own ambitious schemes to enter into any engagement that might tend to estrange their arms or energies from the advancement of their more immediate interests.

De Burgo, Le Gros, Prendergast, and one or two other distinguished leaders, notwithstanding, privately became members of the fraternity—it not being incumbent upon them to adopt either the guise or the insignia of the Order, unless engaged in some work clearly appertaining to it. Nightly meetings, therefore, were held in the monk's narrow chamber by the neophytes, at which the austere ascetic himself presided, and where the most profound secrecy and caution were observed, as well as unusually late hours indulged in occasionally.

Since the arrival of Mother Agatha and her devout companion, the latter often visited the school in which Berenice taught daily. On one occasion only was he accompanied by the good Mother, and then but for a few moments; as, being seized with some sudden indisposition, she was obliged to retire hastily to her cell in the Nunnery of St. Bridget, which, notwithstanding the complexion of Pope Adrian's Bull, had been then established in the city for upward of two hundred years. Here she was seen daily by the zealous Bernardo, who had long private conferences with her touching, as it was presumed, the welfare of their mission. Nor was he her only visitor, for the earl himself, on more than one occasion, was known to have gained admission to the establishment and to have joined their deliberations, to the secret delight of the whole sisterhood, who perceived in these devout indications on his part much that tended in the direction of the advancement of their beneficent Order. Shortly after the first of those meetings, too, Father Bernardo was to be seen, now and then, in the vicinity of the tower, and sometimes entering the building and proceeding unannounced to the private cabinet of his newly found patron, the ambitious son-in-law of the Irish king, where the two acquaintances, or, mayhap, friends, occasionally remained cloistered for hours together.

Although Strongbow—for some reasons unexplained—was decidedly averse to the intimacy existing between Le Gros and Basilia, yet there was not a single leader among any of those who had joined the expedition so popular or so much beloved by the army generally as the chivalrous young knight. Of this fact there were evidences in abundance, for on more than one occasion the troops had all but mutinied on learning that differences so grave existed between him and the earl as to endanger his command; and once he had to be recalled from Wales, to which he had retired on some misunderstanding with the ambitious chief in relation to Basilia, before the division whose leader he had been could be induced to take the field in furtherance of a certain important movement. Now, however, the aspiring invader, in the hope of enlisting the sympathies of his young ally in the daring project to which we have already referred, began to look more favorably upon his suit, so that, just before the arrival of De Burgo, he was permitted to pay his court to Basilia openly, and was, consequently, a frequent guest at the earl's table.

Through the great influence of her friends at all points, Eleanor became aware of the designs of Strongbow in relation to the sovereignty of Ireland, as well as of all the difficulties that beset his path; and she ardently hoped for his success, in the anticipation that it would advance the interests of her son, and, above all things, prevent Henry—against whom her antagonism appeared now to be strengthening hourly—from entering Ireland, at the head of an army, some time during the year now next following, as was his intention, and as history affirms he had done: "Landing at Waterford on St. Luke's Day, the eighteenth of October, in the year one thousand one hundred and seventy-one." Being informed, during her brief stay at Dover, that he was still at the court of Rome, performing pilgrimages daily to the tombs of the early martyrs, she was satisfied to await and watch his movements from a point so favorable and easy of access to news from the continent.

On the arrival of Peyrol, nevertheless, on the evening to which reference has been already made, some startling intelligence had reached her from Winchester, which induced her to quit her retreat and endeavor to move Rome, through her numerous allies, to lengthen the period of Henry's penitential probation, and discountenance for the present, at least, his intended descent in person upon Ireland. Should she succeed in influencing the Holy See on this head, she felt that she might be able, through her Norman subjects, who were still true to her in the main, to so precipitate affairs in the neighboring island as to bring both Dermot and Strongbow into an open rupture with him, while the growing disaffection of his children at home, and the general discontent which prevailed throughout his dominions, might, as she fancied, induce him to resign the crown altogether, as he now often thought of doing, and thus free her from all restraints at once, by placing their son, Richard, at the head of the realm.

But in all these speculations she was sadly at fault; for the designs of Strongbow, and the opposition now increasing on the part of his children under her influence, and the dissatisfaction of Aquitaine, but aroused the dormant lion within him, and prompted him more than ever to keep or enter the lists against all comers.

Satisfied, however, that under any circumstances his absence from England could not but be protracted, to whatever projects she now had in view she determined to devote in the interim all her energies, and that, too, in a manner so secret as not to compromise those to whom she was indebted for the personal liberty she enjoyed.

Still, with all the facilities she had of acquiring a knowledge of the hidden acts and intentions of the king, she had not even the most remote suspicion that the expedition of De Burgo was prompted by him, or that that knight and her royal consort were friends of no ordinary character; and thus it was that she regarded this projected expedition as partaking largely of the character of that of Strongbow, which had been clearly undertaken without the sanction of Henry, whose orders countermanding it had reached the earl, but without effect, at the very moment he was about to sail from Milford Haven for the Irish coast.

Under this latter conviction she labored so securely that she induced one or two of her friends to join this expedition for the purpose of detaching De Burgo from the interests of the king, should he happen to be favorable to them, and with the further view of forwarding the rebellious designs of the earl himself.

The long-entertained opinion that Rosamond de Clifford fell a victim to a poisoned cup which Eleanor of Guienne constrained her to drain to the very last drop in the famous labyrinth of Woodstock was without any foundation in fact; and the sudden and inexplicable disappearance of the celebrated beauty from her sylvan retreat, in which she was shut out from the current news and acts of the busy world, was simply owing to the circumstance that Queen Eleanor, on discovering her connection with Henry, as well as the place of her secret abode, paid her an angry visit, during which she informed the beautiful recluse that of which she was now apprised for the first time, namely: that Henry, whom she knew only as Duke of Maine, was actually King of England, and married to the daughter of William X. of Aquitaine, who then stood before her.

This was a deathblow to all the hopes and happiness of the unfortunate victim of a too confiding love; but her resolution was taken in a moment. Hitherto she believed the ceremony that had united her privately to Henry genuine, and that it was simply kept a secret for the present for some good reasons appertaining to his interests, but that he would ere long acknowledge her before the world, and remove the anxiety of her relatives, who, up to the present, were in utter darkness not only as to

the place of her concealment, but as to her *Maison* with the king.

The die was cast, however, and determined to continue no longer the mistress of the man who had thus so cruelly deceived her, she disappeared at once and with the utmost secrecy from Woodstock, and buried herself with her children privately within the walls of the Nunnery of Godstow, of which her aunt, as already mentioned, was superioress.

Here, although constantly apprised of the course of public events, she remained completely secluded until the rumor of her death had ceased to longer agitate society; nor was she, till long subsequently, aware of the grounds upon which Eleanor was imprisoned by the king—Henry always alleging that her incarceration was in consequence of her repeated efforts to cause a revolution in the kingdom, with a view to placing her son, Richard, upon the throne.

Soon nevertheless Rosamond began to discover that there were more truth and love in the king than she was led to believe, for she found that, on being satisfied of her death, he publicly acknowledged her children, Geoffrey and William, and avowed to his friends that he had married Eleanor for state reasons only, and that, as of her previous disreputable history he had not been made aware until too late, he had determined to divorce her, with the intention of placing the real object of his love in the position that of right belonged to her.

This sad although grateful intelligence reached Rosamond a short period before the sailing of Le Gros for Ireland, and induced her to prevail upon her aunt to permit her to accompany the expedition as a lay-sister of the Order, of which the good Mother was a directress, not only in the hope of diverting her mind from the melancholy that so constantly preyed upon it, but with the further object of assisting, in their good work, the other sisters of the institution who were appointed to go out as Christian missionaries under the protection of the brave and faithful young knight who commanded the advance guard of Strongbow.

Our readers, then, will now be able to recognize readily in Sister Berenice—the beautiful companion of Basilia—Rosamond de Clifford, the successful rival of Eleanor of Guienne, as well as perceive at a glance that the noble cavalier represented by the miniature, to which reference has been previously made, was neither more nor less than Henry Plantagenet, King of England and Duke of Anjou and Maine.

With all the power and agencies at his command, it might be presumed that Henry possessed, to an extent beyond that of any other person in England, the means of ascertaining the true fate of Rosamond, and yet, strange to say, he soon became satisfied with the prevailing opinion upon the subject, and ceased to regard the object of his affections as longer a denizen of this world.

The disordered condition of the hermitage in the forest, and the traces of blood and of some frightful struggle said to have been found near it on the morning succeeding the night of her disappearance, went to convince him that a fearful tragedy had been enacted which consigned her to a premature grave. He had, in addition, learned that, on the very day preceding the night on which she vanished, the queen had been at Woodstock, and remained in the forest for some time.

Under the pressure of such evidence, and well knowing the implacable spirit of revenge of which Eleanor was capable, he felt that his beloved mistress was no more, and that all his endeavors to unravel her fate could not but end fruitlessly, as a woman so deeply versed in every species of intrigue as the queen would not leave a single clue that could either implicate herself personally or lead to a discovery of the doom of any of her victims.

Thus impressed, he had now ceased to make further inquiries regarding his lost favorite, although

the iron had entered his soul and left him, in the midst of all his greatness, a lonely and a melancholy man.

But, notwithstanding that he was at fault regarding the fate of Rosamond, Eleanor of Guienne was far from being mystified upon the subject. On the day of her stormy interview with her rival in the forest at Woodstock, her language and demeanor were of such a threatening character, that the unfortunate recluse became alarmed, not only for her own safety, but for that of her children. Believing, then, that Henry had wantonly and deliberately deceived her, and that he regarded her merely in the light of a mistress that might properly be thrown aside at any moment, she determined to separate herself from the world and become secretly an inmate of the nunnery already mentioned, where she was sure to meet the protection and experience the tender care of those who had had the charge of her early education, and who were related by the closest ties to her family.

This resolution once taken, there was not a moment to lose, for the last ominous words of Eleanor, as she left her, heart-broken and paralyzed, in the hermitage, on the occasion of their interview, were: "Assail thy soul! we meet again to-morrow!" Consequently, when night set in, accompanied by a faithful domestic—and with these portentous words still ringing in her ears—she hastily and privately departed from the hermitage, and, before the ensuing day dawned, found herself and her children safely immured within the walls that had at once sheltered and fostered her youth.

Prompted by motives which must now for ever remain a secret, Eleanor was at the hermitage as the first faint streaks of morning were purpling the east; but, to her surprise and mortification, the sylvan retreat was deserted—while not a soul in the vicinity could inform her only attendant, Peyrol, as to the period or manner of the fair fugitive's flight. She was gone, however; for all in and around her fairy abode was silent. There lay her harp and tabor-work, as when she had last put them aside; while the drawn silken curtains of her exquisitely appointed chamber revealed that her sumptuous couch had not been occupied since the previous visit of her enemy. In short, everything that met the eye seemed to evince that her departure had been most precipitate—even to her bower beside the Haunted Well, some of the trailing vines of which the queen, in her passion, tore to the ground and trampled beneath her feet, lacerating her hands until they bled profusely and be-crimsioned the young leaves that were the unconscious objects of her insensate ire.

It was this act of jealous frenzy that gave rise to the rumor regarding the traces of blood and the fearful struggle previously spoken of; and Eleanor, to serve her own purposes, subsequently chose to let the circumstances remain unexplained. But—although baffled for the moment—being fully aware that her rival was still in existence, she determined to trace her to her place of refuge; so, on learning the fact that her aunt was Superioress of the Nunnery of Godstow, and being of the impression that she might possibly have fled thither in her great extremity, means, which proved successful, were at once set on foot to test how far this supposition was consistent with truth.

Mother Frances de Clifford, hearing, on the sudden arrival of her unfortunate niece at the convent, that the Duke of Anjou—now Henry II. of England—had been united privately to her by a mock ceremony, although already the husband of the notorious Eleanor of Guienne, became enraged at the fate of poor Rosamond and the base perfidy of the king. In like manner all the Cliffords not in the Holy Land became at once the deadliest enemies of Henry, and conspired with the haughty superioress to keep the hiding-place of his unsuspecting victim a secret from the whole world.

For the better effecting of their designs in this

relation, they purported to believe the current report that she fell by the hand of the queen, and had subsequently a secret understanding with Eleanor on this head, when it was found that, if the latter entertained the most implacable hatred of Rosamond, she had become also the uncompromising enemy of the king, and was consequently as much interested as they in keeping the retreat of the hapless fugitive a secret from him, as well as in permitting the story of her death to pass uncontradicted.

Outside the family of Rosamond, then, Peyrol and the queen were the only two persons in existence who were thoroughly aware of the circumstances of her fate; and thus matters stood when Eleanor was surprised at Dover by the intelligence that Rosamond had, in common with some other *religieux*, joined the expedition of Le Gros some months previously, and sailed for Ireland.

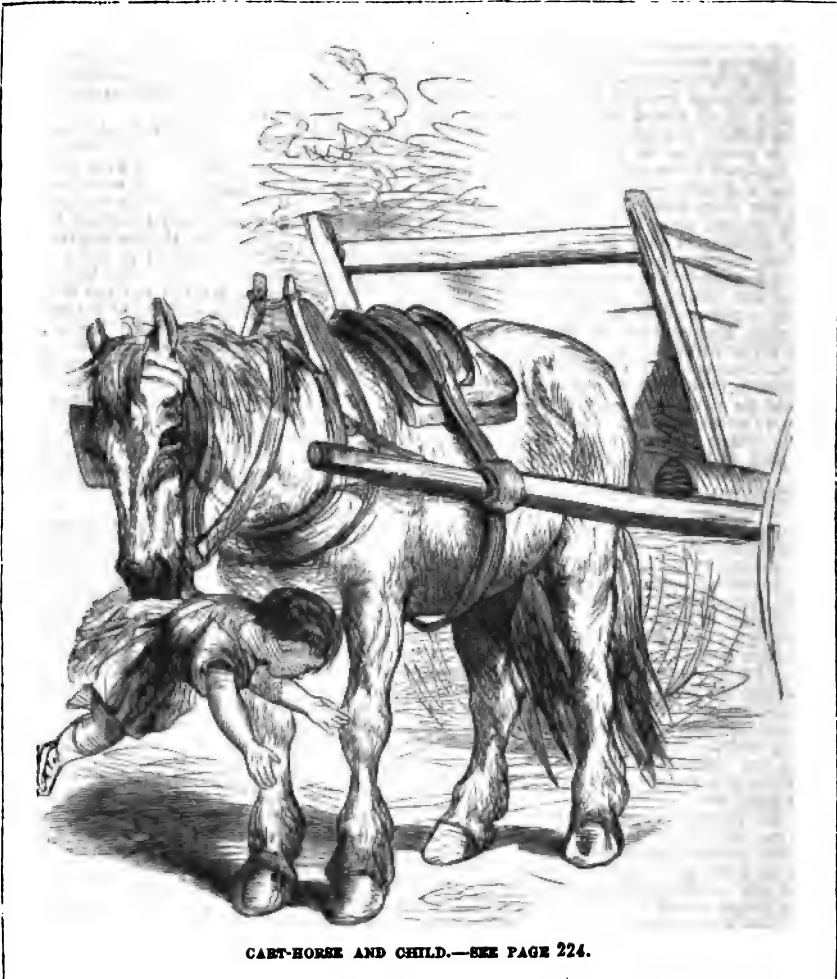
On the receipt of this information all her revengeful spirit and former jealousy were aroused with tenfold violence. Aware of Henry's intention to follow the expedition of De Burgo in person and with a numerous army, at some period during the ensuing Summer, she at once concluded that the Cliffords, appeased through the public acknowledg-

ment of Rosamond's two sons by the king, which had taken place but recently, had, from motives of the highest ambition, secretly apprized him that his mistress was still living, and further, that for the purpose of meeting his views, and prompting him to seek a divorce, now sanctioned her going to Ireland, ostensibly as a Christian missionary, where, they well knew, he would not fail to join her at the period already named.

This surmise, although not in any degree unreasonable, was sadly at fault, for the gentle object of her jealous fears undertook her devout mission with a pure heart and in good faith, while the king was still fully impressed with the hopeless conviction that she whom he so dearly loved was lost to him on this earth for evermore.

In this posture matters stood at the period of the arrival of the chivalrous De Burgo at Waterford; and now, resuming the broken thread of our story once more, we find Strongbow making the most insidious attacks upon the fealty of his new ally, and attempting to enlist, as previously stated, all the English *religieux* in the city in favor of his selfish and disloyal schemes.

Although the earl had on all previous occasions showed the greatest regard for Berenice, soon after



CART-HORSE AND CHILD.—SEE PAGE 224.



SAD BUT TRUE.—“‘YOU ARE RIGHT,’ I SAID, ‘I DO CARE NOTHING FOR YOU. I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE COME TO TELL ME THAT YOU WISH TO BREAK YOUR ENGAGEMENT WITH ME AND MARRY HELEN ABERCROMBIE.’”—SEE PAGE 272.

the arrival of De Burgo, he began to evince a reserve and coldness of manner toward her which was painful to her in the extreme. In connection with this, he dropped a few words into the ear of Basilia, to the effect that her companion was a person of low origin, and was not really what she assumed to be. This slander was repeated to Le Gros also, for the purpose of prompting him to induce his betrothed to associate no further with a person of a character so questionable.

Raymond was stunned for a moment at a disclosure so unexpected, but, his better nature and judgment rushing to the rescue, he instantly pronounced the cruel rumor a gross fabrication, and mentioned the same to Basilia, who was, of course, already aware of its utter falsehood.

Still, such awkwardness grew out of the affair, that Berenice, as we shall still continue to call her, at once determined to take up her abode in the Convent of St. Bridget during her stay in the city, and to return to Godstow in the first vessel that sailed for England.

This resolve on her part was a source of the most sincere anguish to Basilia; but, once taken, there appeared to be no remedy for it. The two friends consequently separated, but with a fixed determi-

nation on the part of Basilia to see her beautiful companion daily at the convent, and make the remainder of her sojourn in the city as agreeable as possible.

With the real name and history of Berenice she had been acquainted long previous to the rise of this false rumor, but, being pledged to secrecy, she was unfortunately debarred from dropping a word that would serve to enlighten or intimidate her brother. Yet she knew that, by a single observation, she could shake him to his very centre; for, were he but once made aware that Rosamond de Clifford still lived, and had all but been turned from his gates in a foreign land, he could not but tremble in anticipation of the vengeance that Henry would shower upon him at any cost, although the harshness shown to her might have been in ignorance of her real name and rank.

The good angel who presided over the Christian asylum in which Berenice, crushed and broken in spirit, now took shelter, received her with open arms, and took no notice whatever of the foul slanders that had reached even that sequestered retreat.

Since the arrival of the poor, pale stranger, she had been on more than one occasion a witness o

her self-denial and unwearied exertions in the cause of humanity and the Church, and the good opinion she had formed of her was not now to be destroyed by an idle or malicious rumor which she felt to be unfounded.

What were the sentiments entertained by Strongbow in this connection to her so long as she was satisfied that the lone and gentle creature to whom they referred was pure and good? Consequently, with a mother's love, her bosom yearned toward her newly arrived sister, while the constant visits of Basilis to the convent were not only permitted, but encouraged, by the aged nun, so that the retirement of Berenice from the tower might not be felt too severely by either of the friends.

Yet, with all her kindness and consideration, the health of Berenice began to suffer from a sense of the indignity she had received at the hands of the earl, as well as from the false reports regarding her character and origin, which were evidently the work of some secret and insidious enemy.

Since the fall of Waterford into the hands of Strongbow, Roderic, the Ard Righ—as the reigning monarch of the kingdom was always termed—had been collecting all his strength about him, with the intention of expelling the invaders from his realm, and punishing the treason of Dermot—now leagued with them, and struggling to establish himself in his own dominions.

But from a ruler so vacillating as Roderic there was but little to be expected. Ever timid and temporizing, he frittered away his opportunities of success in feeble demands of submission and cowardly negotiations, until at last, and notwithstanding the support of O'Buarc, he permitted the King of Leinster to resume the government from which he had previously ejected him, so that for the time-being there was such a lull in the din of arms as to permit Strongbow to devote all his energies to the project that lay nearest his heart.

Thus stood affairs when one night, as Basilis was returning unattended from the nunnery, which stood but a short distance from the tower, a sudden storm of wind and rain forced her to take speedy shelter within the porch of the Church of St. Paul, which she happened to be passing at the moment, and which was the usual devout resort of the nuns of St. Bridget.

Finding the door of the edifice open, and perceiving, in the dim light which burned upon the altar, that the aisles were completely deserted, she noiselessly entered the building and seated herself in the shadow of one of the great pillars that supported the roof until the tempest should pass away.

Here, however, she had remained but a few moments, when faint voices and footsteps suddenly arrested her attention, while in the feeble glimmer just mentioned she distinctly perceived the figure of a monk and that of a nun approaching the place in which she sat.

When within a few paces of her they paused, cautiously scanning the interior of the church, and, presuming it to be totally untenanted, resumed their conversation in low, earnest tones, perfectly audible to her from where she was concealed. At first she supposed that they also had been surprised by the storm, and were constrained to seek refuge as she had done, or that they were some devout brother and sister come to perform in secret a penitential act before the altar; but while revolving these probabilities in her mind, she had almost bounded to her feet with an exclamation of surprise on hearing the nun hiss through her teeth the name of Rosamond de Clifford, and, with a vehemence not the less fearful from its being subdued, upbraid her companion with cowardice and a want of fidelity in not having yet by poison or dagger encompassed the destruction of the unsuspecting Berenice.

"Henry of England," she continued, "will soon be in readiness to sail for these shores with a powerful army, but I shall foil all his projects, for he

shall never meet alive this accursed creature whom he vainly fancies he has now spirited away far out of my reach. Not another hour must be lost! Rosamond de Clifford is now in our power! Through my influence with De Clare, although he is not aware of my real identity, I have prevailed upon him to treat her in such a manner as I knew would induce her to seek shelter in St. Bridget's; and now that she is an invalid there, an attack of heart-disease, such as you can superintend, will soon carry her off without incurring the slightest suspicion as to the true cause of her death. Or, if you would prefer a surer and speedier mode of action, lie in wait for her within these walls up to-morrow night, when, as is her wont, she will come to perform her vigils just as the convent-bells toll the midnight hour, and then, without an eye to mark the deed or an ear to hear her last stifled cry, you can dispatch her with a single stroke of this poniard, and drag her remains into some remote corner of the gloomy vaults beneath these silent walls."

During the whole of these observations, Basilis was in a state of emotion so intense that she could scarcely prevent herself from swooning away; but feeling that the slightest movement would not only result in the loss of her own life but seal the fate of Berenice—there would be no one then to apprise her of her danger—with an effort the most gigantic she preserved her consciousness and upright position until she perceived that the two conspirators had retired from the church, and heard the monk, who had taken the proffered poniard and secreted it in his bosom, exclaim, in a hollow, sepulchral voice, as he parted with his companion at the door, "To-morrow night, at half-past twelve o'clock!"

Then there was a strange, gushing noise in her ears, and she sank insensible on the pavement at her feet! How long she had remained in this condition she was unable to say, but on recovering her consciousness and collecting her scattered senses, she speedily turned her footsteps toward the tower, and entering by a private postern, of which she kept the key since Berenice's retirement to the nunnery, she soon found herself in her own chamber. Here, the danger she had herself escaped, as well as that which threatened her friend, still agitated her so wildly, that she in vain sought repose, and spent the remainder of the night forming plans for the momentous day that was now about to dawn upon her. In this dilemma she naturally turned toward Le Gros for succor. Raymond, whom she loved ardently, she knew to be the soul of honor, and, consequently, she determined to watch his crossing the courtyard, from her balcony, in the morning, and apprise him, under a pledge of the strictest prudence, of all that had occurred.

As is not uncommon under circumstances when one person is eagerly awaiting and watching the arrival of another, Le Gros was unusually late in making his appearance, now so anxiously expected, and this so alarmed and excited her, that when she discovered him entering the gates of the castle after the morning had far advanced, she was so pale and nervous as to immediately attract his anxious attention on his gaining the balcony where she stood.

Retiring within the castle, and sealing her by his side, he soon learned the cause of her apparent indisposition, and was astounded beyond measure at the disclosures that she made; but at the mention of the name of Rosamond de Clifford, he leaped from his seat with an exclamation of intense excitement, startling her with the strange agitation of his manner and the crimson flush that suddenly mounted to his brow.

For a single moment, something like a jealous pang disturbed her sensitive heart, but as instantaneously it passed away under a hasty mental analysis which demonstrated its folly.

After this brief interview, and when Raymond had undertaken to thwart the murderous intentions of the monk of the poniard and his inhuman accom-

place, the betrothed lovers passed out into a lofty corridor, which led to the apartments of the earl. This they had scarcely entered when they were passed by Father Bernardo, who appeared to be cautiously making his way toward the cabinet of Strongbow. On the first glimpse of his form and countenance, Basilia had fallen to the floor but for the sustaining arm of Raymond.

It was the monk of the preceding night! the intending murderer of Berenice! Basilia had never before encountered him, although she had often heard of his name, as well as that of Mother Agatha; and now both she and Le Gros came to the instant conclusion that the latter was the nun from whom he had received the jeweled dagger in the Church of St. Paul. This discovery was a step in the right direction, as previous to it Basilia was unable to give any clue to the identity of the conspirators; but being now once made, the movements of Bernardo were placed under such surveillance by Raymond as to render the worthy father's infamous machinations perfectly harmless for the present, at least, while those of Mother Agatha were submitted to a scrutiny not less rigid.

The period had now arrived when Strongbow must either return to England or declare himself in open antagonism to Henry. Dermot being once reinstated on the throne of Leinster, his mission in the kingdom was properly at an end, as the permission given to him by the English monarch to enter Ireland, but which was subsequently revoked, was given with a view only to re-establish the Irish king in the dominions from which he had been expelled, and not for the purposes of any further aggression whatever.

And here De Clare found himself in a position far from comfortable. All his secret advances and hints to De Burgo, touching his scheme of placing Dermot upon the throne of the Ard Righ, were fruitless; nor did he receive any more encouragement from Le Gros himself, who manfully rejected a proposition which had not the sanction of his sovereign. In this dilemma, the earl was determined to apply for advice and succor to the Monk of the Black Crucifix, whom he understood to be high in favor with Rome, and armed with secret authority from the Pope to cite, if needs be, the bishops and clergy of the Irish Church before him, should he find matters taking a turn in the kingdom inimical to the interests of the Holy See.

Conceiving from this that Brother Ignatius could not entertain any very friendly sentiments toward the potentate who was the cause of the death of Thomas à Becket, and that he could not consistently indorse the designs of Henry in any connection, he had no doubt that the monk would aid him in any project that had for its object the curtailment of the power of that prince. Filled with this idea, a day or two previous to the disclosure of the dreadful conspiracy regarding Berenice, he sent to the monk, requesting a private interview with him; and on the evening of the same day on which the request was made found himself seated, alone by the side of the devout ascetic, in the low, narrow chamber already known to the reader.

It was dark when the earl entered this solitary apartment, where a dim lamp burned fitfully before the black crucifix, which now, no longer suspended from the girdle of the monk, was placed in a niche before which, as De Clare presumed, his lonely orisons were performed. Feeble, however, as the light was, Strongbow thought he perceived signs of deep agitation on the monk's gloomy countenance, and ventured on the conclusion that he wore his cowl with a view to concealing them. Be this as it may, the recluse paid the most profound attention while his wily visitor descanted upon the heinous crimes of Henry—his murder of A-Becket, his *liaison* with fair Rosamond, and his cruel imprisonment of his lawful wife. To all of this the monk listened with apparent interest, although, on one or two occasions a hasty gesture and a sudden, seemingly

angry movement in his seat convinced the earl that the good brother was far from being as pliant as he had anticipated. Nevertheless, now that he had come to consult him upon a subject the most momentous, he unbosomed himself to the fullest, and poured into the ear of his confessor—so to speak—all his hopes and fears, as well as the intelligence that Mother Agatha and Father Bernardo—who were persons of great influence in England and the true friends of Queen Eleanor—joined his project heart and hand, and carried him the fullest assurance that, if he once openly and fearlessly threw down the gauntlet in the teeth of the king, a revolution would be set on foot that would place her son Richard on the throne; as the opposition offered to Henry in Ireland would be attributed to the unfriendliness of Rome, and as it would be audaciously promulgated that he, Strongbow, was acting under secret instructions from the Holy See, and authorized to raise the standard of revolt against his sovereign. In addition to this, he spoke of the unwillingness of De Burgo and Raymond to aid him in his designs, and begged the good brother to use whatever influence he had with them, as well as with the clergy generally, in the hope of inducing them to forward his ends; pledging himself at the same time to endow the Church largely in every corner of the island, and asking the sovereignty of the whole kingdom; just then, for Dermot only; but intimating most distinctly that, on the demise of that prince, he himself should expect to ascend the vacant throne.

At the close of this interview Strongbow retired from the chamber of the monk far from satisfied with the result of his visit. Yet, nothing had been said by the cautious devotee that could be interpreted into direct opposition to the schemes he had propounded. There was something, however, about this recluse that he could not well decipher, and which impressed him disagreeably. Still, after all, the monk was but one man, and perhaps of no such power or importance as was attributed to him; while he was Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, with Dermot, King of Leinster, and no inconsiderable army, at his back.

That night the Monks of the Black Crucifix met, at an usually late hour, in the low, narrow chamber of Brother Ignatius.

On assuring himself that Basilia had fully recovered from the shock experienced on encountering Father Bernardo in the corridor, Raymond repaired at once to the chamber of the Monk of the Black Crucifix, whom he found seated in solemn conclave with De Burgo.

Here he remained cloistered for some time, and left only to summon the other members of the Order to a private and hasty conference with their chief. These soon arrived, and before the day was far advanced were again abroad, holding private converse with their trustiest followers.

Basilia visited the nunnery at an earlier hour than usual, and found Berenice in better health and spirits than she had been for some days past. The Church of St. Paul, too, seemed to be an object of more than usual interest on this particular day, as it was visited not only by several of the leaders of the invasion, but by the Monk of the Black Crucifix himself, who seemed to scrutinize with the most intense curiosity every nook and corner in the vicinity of the retired shrine of the Virgin, before which Berenice invariably came to renew her vows at midnight on certain solemn occasions.

At the close of all these unusual movements, and just before the shades of evening began to fall, the monk, armed with the unmetakable authority of Rome, as fully admitted by the bishops of the See, summoned Dermot, Strongbow and most of the knights and leaders of the expedition to attend a secret council to be held in the great hall of the castle at one hour past midnight, for the purpose of taking into consideration some matters of importance which had just transpired in relation to the

Church in Ireland, as well as other affairs of equal moment.

Both Strongbow and Dermot were astounded at this unexpected summons; but learning from the prelates just alluded to that it was issued on the undoubted authority of the Pope, they dared no longer to question the right of the monk to command their attendance, and prepared consequently to obey the mandate.

In pursuance of their intentions in this relation, they immediately caused the grand banquet-hall just mentioned to be hastily arranged, with five huge oak chairs, curiously carved and covered with crimson damask, placed on a dais at the end of the lofty apartment, the centre one, which was slightly elevated, to be occupied by the presiding dignitary, the monk; that on the right to be filled by Dermot, King of Leinster; that on the left by the Archbishop of Waterford; both of whom were to be supported by Strongbow and De Burgo, while seats for Raymond le Gros, Maurice de Prendergast, Herve of Mount Maurice, and other notables, occupied a somewhat lower elevation.

All these preparations made, such as were summoned for the august occasion awoke with anxious pulses the deep, single boom of the great bell of the castle that was to signal them to the midnight presence of the powerful and mysterious stranger of the Black Crucifix.

The city was buried in the most profound silence, and the dark mass of the Church of St. Paul towered in gloomy grandeur above every surrounding object, when at somewhat lengthy intervals a single muffled figure might be perceived stealthily gliding beneath its heavy arched porches, and disappearing within the deserted edifice itself.

This ponderous structure was situated at the extremity of one of the walls which inclosed the grounds of the nunnery, and in which was a private postern opening into the sacred structure and used invariably by the Nuns of St. Bridget whenever they repaired thither for devotional purposes.

Beneath a sheltering projection, which ran along this wall, the inmates of the nunnery could always reach the church without exposure, how inclement soever the weather, and without being subject to the inconvenience of traversing the general thoroughfare, which was of great publicity and of considerable length.

As the last peal of the midnight hour died on the tongue of the convent-bell, Berenice slowly quitted her cell, and proceeded along this lonely, roofed passage toward the church, to kneel once more before her wonted shrine and do secret penance for all the earthly affections which still clung closely around her wounded heart.

The silence of death reigned throughout the consecrated pile as she entered it, but, aided by the light from the altar, she fearlessly and steadily pursued her way until she arrived before the shrine just spoken of, and which was barely visible in the feeble beams that struggled amongst the deep shadows that fell around her.

Here, with uplifted hands and imploring eyes, she poured forth her whole soul in an agony of sighs and tears commingled with broken ejaculations, in which the names of Henry and of her two children were at times audible.

In this posture she had remained about half an hour, when, with cautious steps, a figure emerged from behind a neighboring column, and noiselessly approached the spot where she knelt. It was that of Bernardo, who, with his accomplices, had entered the church a short time previously, and who now, under the cover of night, stole forth upon his dark mission of sacrilege and death. His cowl was thrown back upon his shoulders, and, in his right hand, which, with his arm, was freed from the hanging sleeve of his long cassock, he held the deadly poniard given him by the nun, whose cruel eyes were now eagerly regarding his descent upon her unsuspecting victim.

Onward and onward he crept, until he was within a single bound of her. Here he paused for a moment, as if to collect all his energies for the fatal spring, but, just as he raised the dagger above his head and was in the very act of leaping upon her to bury it in her heart, he was felled to the earth by a powerful arm from behind, and in a moment the whole cathedral seemed a blaze of light.

Confident that the sudden and mysterious radiance was of a supernatural character and that the sound of hurrying footsteps beside her were of the same nature, Berenice, appalled, buried her face in her hands, awaiting the result, until she heard the well-known voice of Le Gros, as he exclaimed, in ringing tones, "Seize the nun, and pinion the monk!"

Surprised and alarmed out of all measure, she sprang quickly to her feet, when, beyond any shadow of doubt, Raymond stood by her side earnestly imploring her to be calm, as all would be explained in due course, and requesting her to join Basilia, who was awaiting her in the sacristy, to which he now undertook to lead her.

In a maze of utter bewilderment, she permitted herself to be conducted to her faithful friend, who received her with open arms; but, on moving down the aisle in which she had just been kneeling, she was doubly confounded on perceiving Bernardo in fetter with Mother Agatha a prisoner by his side.

This was, indeed, inexplicable, but the climax of her surprise and alarm was reached only when, on passing them both, the latter ground through her teeth, with a hiss the most demoniacal, the words: "Clifford, I shall yet be avenged!"

It was more than she could bear, for, immediately on entering the sacristy, she swooned away in the true and tender arms of her loving companion, who had been prevailed upon by Raymond to repair to the church for the purpose of reassuring her and conducting her to the tower, for it was secretly ordered that both she, Basilia and the two conspirators should be brought before the midnight tribunal, provided that the latter wretches were captured while engaged in their mission of blood—which order was communicated to Basilia by Raymond.

On recovering her senses, Berenice found herself reclining on a couch in the familiar apartment of Basilia in the castle; and, hastily collecting her scattered thoughts, she implored her loving friend, who had been administering restoratives to her, to give her some explanation of the strange and startling circumstances which had just transpired.

But Basilia, being well assured that the hour at which they were to appear in the great hall of the castle was just at hand, informed her that their presence would be expected there in the course of a very few minutes, and at once set about assisting her to arrange her toilet with a view to the exigencies of the occasion, promising, however, at the same time, to explain all she knew in the premises, at the earliest convenient moment.

In this way, mystery upon mystery was crowded upon her, until at last they were summoned to attend the grand tribunal which had already assembled and were now awaiting their appearance only.

As may be easily imagined, the capture of Father Bernardo and the nun was effected through the well-laid plans of Le Gros and his friends, who, with dark lanterns so constructed as to flash out upon the conspirators and their intended victim instantaneously, secretly entered the Church of St. Paul when the last worshiper had departed for the night, and a full hour before the arrival of Bernardo and the infamous nun.

Once within its sacred walls, they concealed themselves in the vicinity of the shrine before alluded to—Raymond occupying a position in the shadow of a huge pillar which stood close beside it. Here he remained until the coming of Berenice, of whose bitter agony he was a tearful although un-

willing spectator. It was his design to surprise the conspirators in the very midst of their infernal operations, as a means of their certain conviction and punishment; and thus it was that he withheld Basilia from apprising her of the villainous plot against her life and permitted her to pay her midnight visit to the church, unconscious of the danger that threatened her.

A trusty agent, secreted in the edifice long before his arrival, apprised him that no one had entered the building since night had set in; so that when he and his friends found themselves within its walls they were all fully satisfied that neither the nun nor her fellow-conspirator had reached the spot before they themselves had arrived.

This point once settled, they anxiously awaited the presence of the beautiful devotee, and were relieved of every misgiving when they saw her prostrate before her wonted niche. Soon afterward, the two intending murderers stealthily followed; and, as already described, the diabolical Bernardo was felled to the ground by Le Gros when about to plunge the jeweled dagger in her heart; while, the next instant, a dozen dark lanterns were sprung, and the paralyzed Agatha made a prisoner and removed to the tower in company with her villainous companion.

There was anger in the red glare of the torches and flambeaux that illumed the great hall of the castle as Basilia and Berenice entered it announced by an usher in waiting. Already was the Monk of the Black Crucifix seated, cloaked and cowed, upon the raised dais at the end of the lofty and spacious apartment; while Dermot, Strongbow, the archbishop and all the notables previously referred to, were distributed in the order once before assigned to them. Throughout the body of the hall there were some persons of lesser rank who were armed and evidently awaiting some expected call of duty.

Both ladies, on making their appearance, were led to a seat at some distance from that of the monk, who regarded them with fixed attention as they moved in front of the assembly, and who, on perceiving the beautiful pale face and agitated brow of Berenice, uttered a smothered exclamation of sympathy and fiercely clenched his hands in an agony of suppressed excitement which boded no good to the foul conspirators, of whose atrocious designs he had been fully informed by Raymond, who did not withhold even the real name and rank of the unsuspecting object of their murderous plot.

It was mainly on account of this intended assassination that the monk summoned the hasty council at which he now presided—although there were other reasons, also, which induced him to convene it, and which will become apparent as we proceed, without any more specific reference to them.

When the monk had regained his wonted composure, in a voice that rolled like thunder among the massive pillars that supported the groined roof of the ponderous edifice, he commanded the prisoners—who were confined in an adjoining hall—to be brought before him; assuming at once an air of dignity and authority which surprised and chagrined both Dermot and the earl. In obedience to his mandate, however, the culprits were speedily ushered into his presence. Mother Agatha, wearing a haughty and scornful smile upon her lip, and with a strange, triumphant light within her eyes that almost flashed in fire through the graceful folds of the flowing dark veil that wrapped her stately head and completely enveloped the whole of her commanding figure. By her side stood Bernardo, still in bonds, but now in some degree restored to his former self. The evidence given before the august tribunal by Basilia was clear, succinct and simple; while Berenice, as it proceeded, had almost sunk once more into a state of insensibility on hearing the dreadful details of her hairbreadth escape. Le Gros also described briefly all that had occurred within his own observation—establishing the guilt of the culprits so clearly that the whole council

were ready to concur in any sentence, no matter how severe, pronounced by the monk, who, armed as he was by Rome, and as the criminals belonged to a religious Order, possessed the fullest power to punish them.

There lay open, upon the huge carved table before him, the rescript of Pope Alexander himself, not only empowering him to cite the bishops of the Irish Church before him, but even to command, at a moment's notice, the attendance of any or all of the rulers of the island. As the eyes of Dermot and Strongbow fell upon this document, they felt an ugly choking sensation not easy of description; but there it unquestionably lay, spread out full in their view, and it now only remained for them to listen and obey.

When the evidence of all the witnesses concerned was duly weighed and noted, and the opinion of the council expressed upon its merits, the monk, in a low, measured voice, demanded of the prisoners if they had anything to say in their own behalf. At this juncture the haughty Mother Agatha stepped from beside her companion, and, advancing in front of the dais, suddenly tore off her cloak and veil, and proudly raising her arm above a jeweled tiara that encircled her brow, exclaimed, in a voice that pierced the inmost recesses of every ear present:

"Eleanor of Guienne, Queen of England and Aquitaine, denies the right of this tribunal to impeach or question any of her acts!"

This announcement, as well as the astounding transformation of the false nun herself, fell with electric power upon all present save the monk, who gave vent to his sudden surprise in a short, ejaculatory, "God's wot!" only. Rosamond, whom we shall now no longer call Berenice, clung faintly to Basilia. Dermot and Strongbow started to their feet—the former grasping his sword, and the latter about to descend from the dais and do homage to the revengeful spouse of his betrayed sovereign, in the full expectation that she would now aid him in all his ambitious schemes.

Neither De Burgo, Le Gros, nor any of the other knights, however, arose from their seats, and Eleanor, observing that the archbishop imitated their example, stamped angrily upon the paved floor beneath her, and ordered the immediate release of the spurious devotee, Bernardo, who was now gazing upon the assembly with an air of supercilious triumph.

Dermot and Strongbow, having been waved back into their chairs by a haughty gesture of the monk, no further notice was taken of the imperious command of the queen, and she herself, with a small and costly stiletto, which she snatched from the jeweled zone that encircled her gorgeous attire, was about to sever the bonds of her accomplice, when the monk, now leaping to his feet in turn, exclaimed, in a voice which shook the whole apartment once more, "Hold! and listen!"

So majestic and impressive was the command, that even Eleanor of Guienne, accustomed as she was to rule, paused in her attempt to free Peyrol from his fetters and listened mechanically while the stern ascetic continued thus:

"Eleanor, Duchess of Guienne, thou wouldst have stained thy soul with the crime of murder this night had not heaven interposed its all-powerful arm between thee and thy intended victim. I adjudge thee worthy of death, but, for thy children's sake and with a view to making some reparation for a certain false accusation preferred unconsciously against thee by thy sovereign, I now sentence thee to be conveyed back to the prison from which thou hast escaped, where thou shalt remain in close confinement during the rest of thy natural life. And, as for that dupe and accomplice by thy side, believing him to have been influenced mainly by thy evil example and advice, I condemn him only to the loss of his eyes, so as that again he shall never be able, through the light of that consecrated beam which unceasingly illumines the altar of God, to

steal at midnight upon the devotions of any poor penitent, with a view to silencing them in a premature and bloody grave! Prepare, therefore, to leave these shores by to-morrow's sun, and may heaven assuage thee of thy sin."

During the time that this just sentence was being pronounced, both Rosamond and the queen became greatly agitated, but the latter, recovering her self-possession, exclaimed, at its close, in a voice in which a slight tremor was clearly audible: "And who art thou who disposeth so readily in this matter, and threateneth the liberty of a sovereign princess in her own right?"

Once again the monk raised his mighty voice, and, hastily divesting himself of his silvery locks and beard, as well as of his huge cassock and cowl, stood full in the view of the whole assembly, and, pointing toward Eleanor with his right hand, upon one of the fingers of which blazed an enormous jewel, exclaimed, in reply: "Henry of England, Duke of Anjou and Maine!"

In an instant every soul of the august tribunal arose to his feet, while Strongbow, who now conceived his destruction inevitable, fell on one supplicating knee before his outraged sovereign.

The effect upon Eleanor was electric. Her head dropped upon her bosom, and she was charitably led from the hall by Basilina, who had, for a moment, confided Rosamond, now in a deep swoon, to the care of Raymond.

There is but little more to be told, and doubtless nothing beyond what has been already divined by the reader.

Eleanor, on learning from Peyrol on his arrival at Dover that Rosamond had passed into Ireland, rushed, as already observed, to the instant conclusion that Henry had discovered her retreat at Godstow, and prevailed upon her to sail with the expedition of Le Gros as a missionary, with the intention of joining her himself on the occasion of his own projected invasion, and fearing to renew his *liaison* with her in England, lest it should become public, and, while the blood of Becket was yet warm, operate against him not only at Rome, but among his own subjects.

Influenced by this erroneous idea, she became more than ever anxious to promote any project that would so embarrass him as not only to prevent his going to Ireland until she could encompass the certain destruction of his fair mistress, upon which she was now fully resolved, but tend to the sudden elevation of her son Richard to the throne. Consequently, after having set her secret agencies at work to stir up England and Normandy against him, as well as to influence Rome in her favor, she and Peyrol joined in disguise the expedition of De Burgo, not singly with a view to the assassination of Fair Rosamond, but with the additional design of forwarding the rebellious movements of Strongbow.

With all her devices, however, she was totally unaware that she sailed in company with Henry himself, whose identity was known only to the faithful De Burgo; nor had she slightest idea that her politic spouse had joined the Order of the Monks of the Black Crucifix, and through the instrumentality of his powerful friends at Rome induced the Pope to sanction his pilgrimage to Ireland, and hence the rescript already mentioned, investing him with the powers which he pledged himself to exercise in the interests of the Church only.

Through this stroke of diplomacy, with a view to better insuring the success of his projected invasion, he brought himself into direct contact with all the schemes and machinations of Strongbow, as well as continued that species of atonement for the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury which was most acceptable to the Holy See and the agitated clergy of his own realms.

Throughout the whole of her stay in Waterford she preserved her incognito until the momentous night of her arrest, neither Dermot nor Strongbow

having the slightest idea of her real identity, as she invariably spoke simply as a confidant of Eleanor, who was commissioned to apprise the earl that he should receive aid from both England and France the moment he publicly threw off his allegiance to Henry.

On the night just mentioned, however, she had determined to reveal herself to Rosamond, and that, too, under circumstances the most fiendish; for, with the idea of making her triumph more dreadful and imposing, she resolved to present herself in regal costume before the eyes of her unsuspecting victim as she struggled in her last agonies, but with what success we have already seen.

On the morning succeeding the eventful scenes through which we have just led the reader, the dire sentence against Peyrol was carried into effect, and the humiliated queen sent back, under safe convoy, to England, where she was held in the closest confinement until her son, Richard Cœur de Lion, ascended the throne.

Through the affection of Rosamond for Basilina, the earl was pardoned his treason on condition that he at once repaired to England and commenced preparations for the coming grand invasion which was to be led into Ireland the ensuing season by Henry himself, who, now entering into a thorough understanding with Dermot and other Irish chiefs, resolved upon opening his campaign at the earliest possible moment.

This and other arrangements having been made to the satisfaction of the English monarch, who was now no longer solitary nor sad, he solemnly pledged to the strictest secrecy all those who had become aware of his identity and the circumstances connected with Rosamond and the queen, and among Le Gros and Basilina of his friendship and protection, set sail for England with the faithful De Burgo and by the side of his long-lost mistress, who forgot her virtuous resolves regarding him the moment he threw off his disguise in the presence of the midnight tribunal, and stood before her, in all the insignia of royalty, the beloved cavalier of the crimson doublet and short Angevin cloak, which latter had gained for him the well-known sobriquet of Court-mantle.

On landing in his own dominions, he soon placed the beautiful rival of his outraged though designing queen beyond the power of future danger or annoyance, but still permitted the opinion to obtain that she had passed away from his embraces for ever. During his voyage, and until his subsequent abscission by the Pope, he wore the guise in which we first discover him on board the flagship of De Burgo, and which in the interim was laid aside in the delightful retreat of Fair Rosamond only, where it was by no means necessary that he should continue the rôle of "The Monk of the Black Crucifix."

Sad, but True.

I MEAN it was sad that any one should have made such a goose of herself as I did; yet, nevertheless, my having thus shamefully behaved is altogether true.

I was just eighteen, and I was unquestionably pretty. Our home at Meadown was the quietest of country homes, but it did not prevent one from meeting there what I felt wholly justified in calling my "fate."

Robert Carroll was a young artist, who had come up one Summer for the purpose of filling his portfolio with sketches under the most economical circumstances as regarded his board per week; and Robert and I, in the early part of the Summer, had met in a mutually love-at-first-sight sort of way, which soon resulted in our engagement.

Robert's present immediate prospects, as concerned personal support, were several water-colors of by no means remarkable value and an

oil-painting which he found it impossible to sell. But he whispered to me confidential things, before long, about a very comfortably-off grandfather of eighty-two and a neglected yet heir-presumptive grandson.

Mother (my only living parent) loved me in such a weakly fond way that she would have merely lifted her eyebrows in meek protestation, doubtless, if I had revealed a passionate attachment for our man-of-all-work or brazenly eloped with the village grocer. And so the fact of my formal engagement to Robert Carroll became, very soon, a settled matter in our small household.

But, in the middle of the Summer, something very unexpected happened.

I received an invitation from my aunt, Mrs. Grosvenor Abercrombie, to come and visit her at Newport.

Mrs. Grosvenor Abercrombie! Poor mother had trained me up from infancy to feel a sort of awe at the mention of that name. Never were two sisters so socially apart from one another as Augusta Lester, living humbly and plainly in an obscure little country town, and Cornelia Abercrombie, whose lucky match with a millionaire in years past had given her position as one of society's reigning queens.

I accepted the invitation in fear and trembling. I made no attempt at anything like a strain in the matter of costume; my few simple dresses, I well knew, would stand me in better stead than all the country-made finery which I might have had hastily "stitched up." At least, I was sure of one thing about myself, I had not a suggestion of vulgarity in appearance or manners that could shock these high-bred relations.

I think Mrs. Abercrombie recognized this fact five minutes after meeting me. She was a superb-looking woman, with great gray puffs at either temple, a delicate, peachy complexion, strangely untouched by time, and manners that were queenly with quiet dignity.

Aunt Cornelia had one daughter, Helen. Very much of her mother's stately grace belonged to Helen Abercrombie's style. Her small head, where thick masses of blue-black hair lay coiled and twined in glossiest abundance, was exquisitely set upon her swanlike, sloping shoulders. Her face, thoroughly brunette in type, had a dreamy sweetness of expression that struck you at a glance as most winningly lovely. She was a great belle, as I soon perceived, in Newport society.

Aunt Cornelia's house and its appointments were regal to my rustic eyes. The luxurious ease in which she lived seemed to me almost marvelous. Servants bowing at every turn; no task to be done by your own hands except just what they wished to do; splendor, wealth, grandeur and refinement everywhere—ah, me, what wonder that my head was turned with it all!

I rapidly accommodated myself to this new life. Helen was charming to me without any irritating touches of condescension, and Aunt Cornelia was full of the most genial hospitality.

I was made in the most delicate way to understand immediately upon my arrival that my few simple dresses would be wholly unsuitable for the gayeties of Newport, and very soon I was attending balls, dinners, kettledrums, and heaven only knows what else, in costumes that Aunt Cornelia's charming method of bestowal made it no embarrassment to accept.

The change from Meadowtown to Newport, from rural immurement to a perpetual round of merry-making, was a change intensely radical, as all will admit. After three weeks of this utterly new life, when the time came for me to go home, I remember having a dreadfully depressed feeling that not even the thought of seeing Robert once more could do anything except mildly alleviate.

But, ah! until I was really back in Meadowtown once more I never knew how radical my mental

change had been. Fight against it as I would, discontent and dissatisfaction besieged me at every turn. Our modest household customs, arrangements and conveniences struck me as ridiculous, meagre, contemptible, after the glories of Aunt Abercrombie's Newport mansion and the wealth-stamped surroundings of her fine friends.

Poor mother! she bore with me very patiently, as it was her sweet nature always to bear with everybody's crotchets and shortcomings. Robert bore with me patiently, too, at first, for I verily believe that his love was then strong enough to make nearly my worst faults take a borrowed ideal light of virtue.

But here is a specimen of how I would sometimes treat him during the month that followed my return:

"You have come for me to take a walk, Robert?"

"Yes, Ada"—with the pleasantest of looks in his large, soft brown eyes.

"Gracious!" (rather pettishly). "It is altogether too early in the afternoon. This blazing sun will ruin my complexion. Cousin Helen, and all the ladies at Newport, would never think of walking out at this hour."

"I thought it rather cool, Ada. But just as you choose. We can sit here and talk for a while on the piazza, if you prefer."

"Positively, Robert, I'm almost ashamed to sit with you whilst you have on that horrid, careless-looking arrangement which you dignify by the name of a coat. None of the gentlemen at Newport—"

"Well," Robert here interrupted, with just the least tinge of pronounced pique in tone and manner, "what about the gentlemen at Newport?"

"Oh, pshaw! I don't show jealousy. It is such dreadfully bad style, you know."

"Is it? I wasn't aware of being jealous, Ada. I hope there is no reason for any such feeling."

"All I meant, Robert, was that the Newport gentlemen" (with a faint, fluttering, retrospective sort of sigh at this point) "are so very neat in their costumes."

This amiable little confab is only one of the many which took place between Robert and myself during the month that succeeded my eventful visit. Did I finally see signs of impatience in his manner?—touches of manly intolerance at my treatment?—periods of coldness in his general demeanor? Well, if I saw them, I chose not to see them; and so the days passed.

At length, one Autumn morning, I rushed into the room where mother was seated, holding an open letter in my hand.

"Oh, mother—mother!" I cried, "what do you think?"

"Well, Ada?" was the placid question.

"You remember," I sped on, "how, in my last letter to Cousin Helen I jokingly invited her to Meadowtown? Of course I never dreamed of having her come, and just put in the invitation as a means of filling up my stupid letter. And now she writes me that she shall take me at my word—that she is very anxious to taste a little real country life before going back to next Winter's gayeties in New York, and—oh! I shall die of mortification at the thought of having her here!"

But have her I was forced to do, and mortification spared me any such terrible result as that prophesied. She came, looking the thorough lady she was, dressed with suitable quietness and accepting all our homespun hospitality with a sweet, thoroughbred lack of surprise.

"I want you to appear your very best," I said to Robert, on the morning before her arrival. "Cousin Helen is very particular and fastidious about gentlemen. She is a great belle—and, for that matter, a great beauty—and the least coarseness in a man's manners or dress always shocks her keenly."

Robert's brows darkened. I had gone too far.

For the first time since knowing him I saw his handsome mouth take a bitter, sneering curve.

"Perhaps a old like myself had better not appear at a l," he said, "whilst your paragon is here."

But he did appear that night. Helen was very affably cordial to him. She knew nothing of our engagement—I had never mentioned a word of it either to herself or Aunt Cornelia.

When Robert had left us that night and we were alone together, she astonished me by saying:

"What a charming man Mr. Carroll is! Why have you never mentioned him to me, Ada? Has he been long in Meadowtown?"

"Oh, yes! Nearly all Summer."

"He comes of the Carrolls of L—, does he not?"

"Yes," I said, a little confused, a great deal astonished. "That is, his grandfather, Mr. Everhard Carroll, lives in L—. This Mr. Robert Carroll is an artist, as he told you, and—quite poor."

"Oh, I know nearly all about his family!" Helen said. "His grandfather, Mr. Everhard Carroll, treated him shamefully on account of embracing art as a profession. The old gentleman is one of the greatest millionaires in the country, and he has given out, I believe, that he will bequeath all his fortune to this Robert, his only heir, though he refuses to notice him whilst he lives—and for that absurd reason, too! Is it not wonderful what simptoms some people can make of themselves?"

"Very," I murmured. I was more confused than ever.

During the next four or five days Robert came constantly to the cottage. Helen showed the most marked and rapidly-growing preference for his society. His manner was very courteous to me—nothing more. I could not complain, for I had more than once pointedly hinted to him that I desired no mention of our engagement to be made during Helen Abercrombie's visit.

Two weeks passed on. At the end of those two weeks I was sick, tortured, agonized with jealousy. It seemed to me that in every motion of Robert's and in every sound of his voice I saw proof that he had transferred all his old allegiance from myself to Helen. And for my own feelings, every vestige of my own slumbering, maltreated, half-despised love revived under the present shock of circumstances. I blamed myself for the past—I hated myself for it—I told myself that I deserved terrible punishment!

And the punishment came.

Helen staid with us three weeks. The night before she left they took a walk together among the paths that skirted our cottage. It was a night of perfect Autumn moonlight, and now and then I could see their dark forms sharply outlined in the silver air, as I watched them from the window of the sitting-room, where I sat alone, with a miserable, throbbing, foreboding heart.

At last they entered the house. Then I heard them pass into the little library where mother often sat, and was sitting now. Presently I heard Robert ask: "Where is Ada?"

He had never called me "Ada" before in her presence. I knew what was coming then. I heard mother's answer, "In the sitting-room, I think," and waited and shuddered.

The door was half closed. Presently there sounded a little knock upon it.

I rose as if stung.

"Come in," I said.

Robert entered.

I can't write out his words. They were very mildly spoken—very tender, even. He took for granted—had for some time been forced to believe—that I cared nothing whatever for him.

And then, though my heart was nearly breaking in my breast, woman's pride came to my rescue.

"You are right," I said. "I do care nothing for you. I suppose you have come to tell me that you wish to break your engagement with me and marry Helen Abercrombie?"

"I do," he answered, simply, "if you will release me."

"Very well," I managed. "You are perfectly free."

But the sitting-room light was dancing before my eyes as I said it, and my poor heart was wildly galloping. I had gotten my punishment. Was it over severe? Often, often I think so during the lonely, eventless years of maidenhood which have followed.

They have been married almost more years than I can count over. I rarely see them, but I know they are very happy. Do you call this a miserably sad story, reader? Well, remember that, as I said at first, it is "sad, but true."

The Cart-horse and the Child.

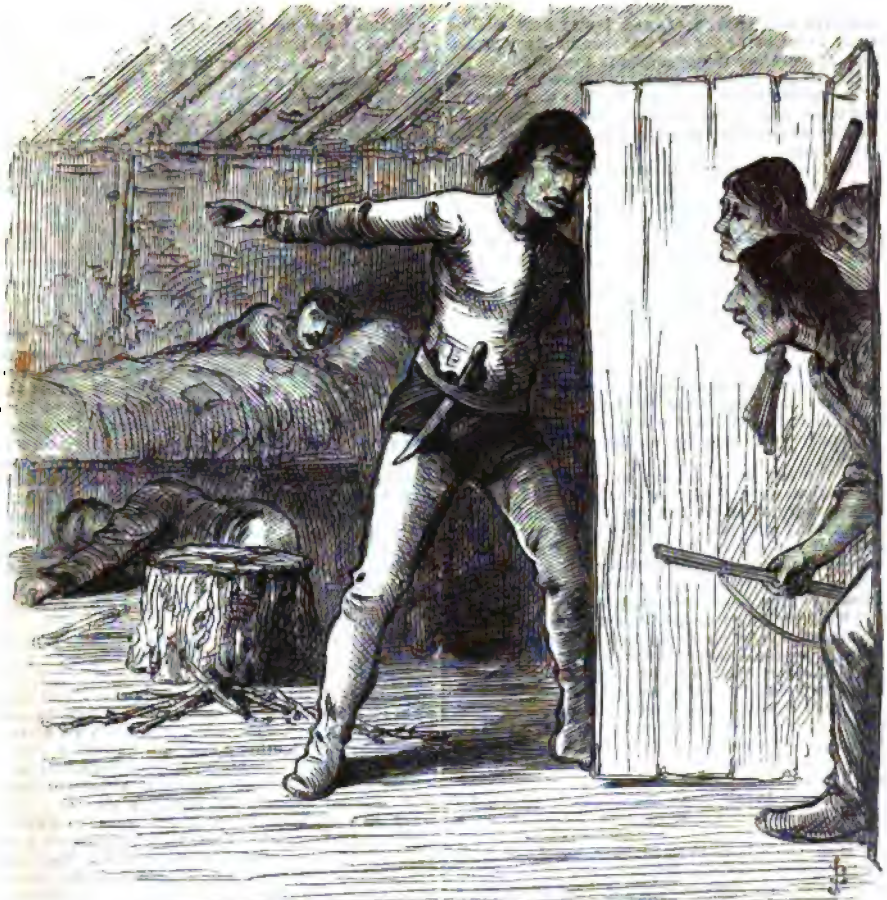
A CARTER, who had a large family, had a horse that was very amiable with children, and would on no account move when they were playing about its feet. On one occasion, when dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane, a young child happened to be playing in the road, and would have been crushed by the wheels, had it not been for the sagacity of the animal. He carefully took the child by the clothes with his teeth, carried it for a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the roadside, moving slowly all the while, and looking back as if to satisfy himself that the wheel of the cart had cleared it.

Finger-nails.—The nails of the human hand have a language of their own, and the manner of keeping them is eloquent. Some keep them long and pointed, like reminiscences of claws; others bite theirs close to the quick; some pare and trim and scrape and polish up to the highest point of artificial beauty; and others, carrying the doctrine of nature to the outside limit, let them grow wild, with jagged edges, broken tracts, and signals or "back friend" as the agonizing consequences. Sometimes you see the most beautiful nails, pink, transparent, filbert-shaped, with the delicate, filmy little "half-moon" indicated at the base—all the conditions of beauty carried to perfection, but all rendered of no avail by dirt and slovenliness; while others, thick, white-ribbed, square, with no half-moon, spotted like so many circus horses with "gifts" and "friends" and the like—that is, without beauties and positive blemishes—are yet pleasant to look at for the care bestowed on them, their dainty perfection of cleanliness being a charm in itself. Nothing, indeed, is more disgusting than dirty hands and neglected nails, as nothing gives one a sense of freshness and care as the same well kept.

"Is the Patient Really Dead or Not?" is at times a very anxious question. A medical practitioner of Cremona proposes a simple method by which the question may be answered with certainty. It is to inject a drop of ammonia beneath the skin, when, if death be present, no effect, or next to none, is produced; but if there be life, then a red spot appears at the place of the injection. A test so easily applied as this should remove all apprehension of being buried alive.

Substitute for a Corkscrew.—A substitute for a corkscrew may be made thus: Stick two forks vertically into the cork on opposite sides, not too near the edge. Run the blade of a knife through the two and give a twist. Another way to uncork a bottle is to fill the hollow at the bottom of the bottle with a handkerchief or towel; grasp the neck with one hand, and strike firmly and steadily with the other upon the handkerchief.

For Apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.



A TERRIBLE NIGHT.—“THE HALF-BREED NOW STOLE TO THE DOOR, AND OPENED IT GENTLY. THREE SINEATER HEADS NOW PEEKED IN OUT OF THE GLOOM.”

A Terrible Night.

“By Jove, Charlie, I’m nearly done up!”

“So am I, Frank. Did any one ever see such a confounded forest?”

“I am not only weary, but hungry. Oh, for a good steak, with a bottle of wine to wash it down!”

“Frank, beware! Take care how you conjure up such visions in my mind. I am already nearly starving, and if you increase my appetite much more, it will go hard with me if I don’t dine off of you. You are young, and my sister Bertha says you’re tender.”

“Hearted, she meant. Well, so I am, if loving Bertha be any proof of it. Do you know, Charlie, that I have often wondered that you, who love your sister so passionately, were not jealous of her attachment to me.”

“So I was, my dear fellow, at first—furiously jealous. But then I reflected that Bertha must one day or other marry, and I must lose my sister, so I thought it better that she should marry my old college chum and early friend, than anybody else. So you see there was a little selfishness in my calculations, Frank.”

“Charlie, we were friends at school, and friend, at college, and I thought at both those places that nothing could strengthen the link that bound us together, but I was mistaken. Since my love for your sister, I feel as if you were fifty times the friend that you were before. Charlie, we three will never part.”

“So he married the king’s daughter, and they all lived together as happy as the days were long,” shouted Charlie, with a laugh, quoting from nursery tales.

The foregoing is a slice of the conversation with which Charlie Moore and I endeavored to beguile the way as we tramped through one of the forests of Mexico, extending near the lovely little town of Tepic, where we were spending a few months. Charlie was an artist, and I was a sportsman; we had been brought up together, had traveled Europe together, and together we were then visiting Mexico. Bosom friends since childhood, and a constant visitor at his house, I had there met Bertha, his sister, and had soon learned to love her.

The pure young girl had reciprocated my affection, but we were both very young, and it had been deemed advisable by Bertha’s mother that a couple of years should be allowed to pass by before

relation, they purported to believe the current report that she fell by the hand of the queen, and had subsequently a secret understanding with Eleanor on this head, when it was found that, if the latter entertained the most implacable hatred of Rosamond, she had become also the uncompromising enemy of the king, and was consequently as much interested as they in keeping the retreat of the hapless fugitive a secret from him, as well as in permitting the story of her death to pass uncontradicted.

Outside the family of Rosamond, then, Peyrol and the queen were the only two persons in existence who were thoroughly aware of the circumstances of her fate; and thus matters stood when Eleanor was surprised at Dover by the intelligence that Rosamond had, in common with some other *religieuses*, joined the expedition of Le Gros some months previously, and sailed for Ireland.

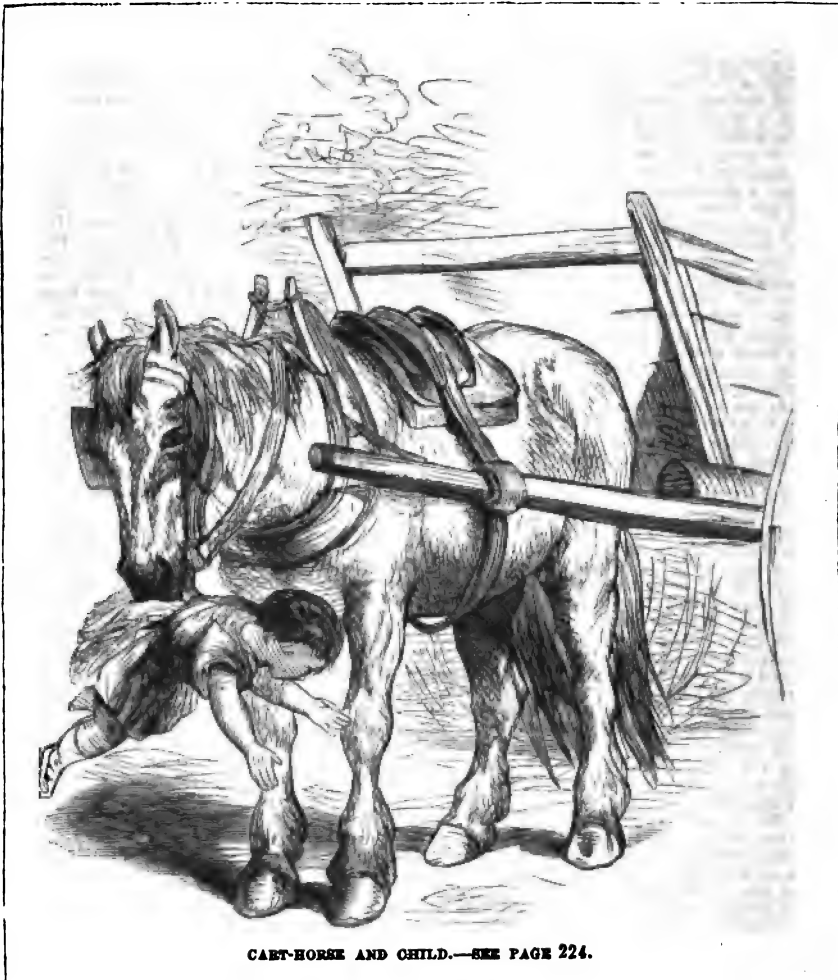
On the receipt of this information all her revengeful spirit and former jealousy were aroused with tenfold violence. Aware of Henry's intention to follow the expedition of De Burgo in person and with a numerous army, at some period during the ensuing Summer, she at once concluded that the Cliffords, appeased through the public acknowledg-

ment of Rosamond's two sons by the king, which had taken place but recently, had, from motives of the highest ambition, secretly apprised him that his mistress was still living, and further, that for the purpose of meeting his views, and prompting him to seek a divorce, now sanctioned her going to Ireland, ostensibly as a Christian missionary, where, they well knew, he would not fail to join her at the period already named.

This surmise, although not in any degree unreasonable, was sadly at fault, for the gentle object of her jealous fears undertook her devout mission with a pure heart and in good faith, while the king was still fully impressed with the hopeless conviction that she whom he so dearly loved was lost to him on this earth for evermore.

In this posture matters stood at the period of the arrival of the chivalrous De Burgo at Waterford; and now, resuming the broken thread of our story once more, we find Strongbow making the most insidious attacks upon the fealty of his new ally, and attempting to enlist, as previously stated, all the English *religieuses* in the city in favor of his selfish and disloyal schemes.

Although the earl had on all previous occasions showed the greatest regard for Berenice, soon after



CART-HORSE AND CHILD.—SEE PAGE 224.



SAD BUT TRUE.—“‘YOU ARE RIGHT,’ I SAID, ‘I DO CARE NOTHING FOR YOU. I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE COME TO TELL ME THAT YOU WISH TO BREAK YOUR ENGAGEMENT WITH ME AND MARRY HELEN ABERCROMBIE?’”—SEE PAGE 272.

the arrival of De Burgo, he began to evince a reserve and coldness of manner toward her which was painful to her in the extreme. In connection with this, he dropped a few words into the ear of Basilisa, to the effect that her companion was a person of low origin, and was not really what she assumed to be. This slander was repeated to Le Gros also, for the purpose of prompting him to induce his betrothed to associate no further with a person of a character so questionable.

Raymond was stunned for a moment at a disclosure so unexpected, but, his better nature and judgment rushing to the rescue, he instantly pronounced the cruel rumor a gross fabrication, and mentioned the same to Basilisa, who was, of course, already aware of its utter falsehood.

Still, such awkwardness grew out of the affair, that Berenice, as we shall still continue to call her, at once determined to take up her abode in the Convent of St. Bridget during her stay in the city, and to return to Godstow in the first vessel that sailed for England.

This resolve on her part was a source of the most sincere anguish to Basilisa; but, once taken, there appeared to be no remedy for it. The two friends consequently separated, but with a fixed determi-

nation on the part of Basilisa to see her beautiful companion daily at the convent, and make the remainder of her sojourn in the city as agreeable as possible.

With the real name and history of Berenice she had been acquainted long previous to the rise of this false rumor, but, being pledged to secrecy, she was unfortunately debarred from dropping a word that would serve to enlighten or intimidate her brother. Yet she knew that, by a single observation, she could shake him to his very centre; for, were he but once made aware that Rosamond de Clifford still lived, and had all but been turned from his gates in a foreign land, he could not but tremble in anticipation of the vengeance that Henry would shower upon him at any cost, although the harshness shown to her might have been in ignorance of her real name and rank.

The good angel who presided over the Christian asylum in which Berenice, crushed and broken in spirit, now took shelter, received her with open arms, and took no notice whatever of the foul slanders that had reached even that sequestered retreat.

Since the arrival of the poor, pale stranger, she had been on more than one occasion a witness o

her self-denial and unwearyed exertions in the cause of humanity and the Church, and the good opinion she had formed of her was not now to be destroyed by an idle or malicious rumor which she felt to be unfounded.

What were the sentiments entertained by Strongbow in this connection to her so long as she was satisfied that the lone and gentle creature to whom they referred was pure and good? Consequently, with a mother's love, her bosom yearned toward her newly arrived sister, while the constant visits of Basilia to the convent were not only permitted, but encouraged, by the aged nun, so that the retirement of Berenice from the tower might not be felt too severely by either of the friends.

Yet, with all her kindness and consideration, the health of Berenice began to suffer from a sense of the indignity she had received at the hands of the earl, as well as from the false reports regarding her character and origin, which were evidently the work of some secret and insidious enemy.

Since the fall of Waterford into the hands of Strongbow, Roderic, the Ard Righ—as the reigning monarch of the kingdom was always termed—had been collecting all his strength about him, with the intention of expelling the invaders from his realm, and punishing the treason of Dermot—now leagued with them, and struggling to establish himself in his own dominions.

But from a ruler so vacillating as Roderic there was but little to be expected. Ever timid and temporizing, he frittered away his opportunities of success in feeble demands of submission and cowardly negotiations, until at last, and notwithstanding the support of O'Ruarc, he permitted the King of Leinster to resume the government from which he had previously ejected him, so that for the time being there was such a lull in the din of arms as to permit Strongbow to devote all his energies to the project that lay nearest his heart.

Thus stood affairs when one night, as Basilia was returning unattended from the nunnery, which stood but a short distance from the tower, a sudden storm of wind and rain forced her to take speedy shelter within the porch of the Church of St. Paul, which she happened to be passing at the moment, and which was the usual devout resort of the nuns of St. Bridget.

Finding the door of the edifice open, and perceiving, in the dim light which burned upon the altar, that the aisles were completely deserted, she noiselessly entered the building and seated herself in the shadow of one of the great pillars that supported the roof until the tempest should pass away.

Here, however, she had remained but a few moments, when faint voices and footsteps suddenly arrested her attention, while in the feeble glimmer just mentioned she distinctly perceived the figure of a monk and that of a nun approaching the place in which she sat.

When within a few paces of her they paused, cautiously scanning the interior of the church, and, presuming it to be totally untenanted, resumed their conversation in low, earnest tones, perfectly audible to her from where she was concealed. At first she supposed that they also had been surprised by the storm, and were constrained to seek refuge as she had done, or that they were some devout brother and sister come to perform in secret a penitential act before the altar; but while revolving these probabilities in her mind, she had almost bounded to her feet with an exclamation of surprise on hearing the nun hiss through her teeth the name of Rosamond de Clifford, and, with a vehemence not the less fearful from its being subdued, upbraid her companion with cowardice and a want of fidelity in not having yet by poison or dagger encompassed the destruction of the unsuspecting Berenice.

"Henry of England," she continued, "will soon be in readiness to sail for these shores with a powerful army, but I shall foil all his projects, for he

shall never meet alive this accursed creature whom he vainly fancies he has now spirited away far out of my reach. Not another hour must be lost! Rosamond de Clifford is now in our power! Through my influence with De Clare, although he is not aware of my real identity, I have prevailed upon him to treat her in such a manner as I knew would induce her to seek shelter in St. Bridget's; and now that she is an invalid there, an attack of heart-disease, such as you can superinduce, will soon carry her off without incurring the slightest suspicion as to the true cause of her death. Or, if you would prefer a surer and speedier mode of action, lie in wait for her within the walls to-morrow night, when, as is her wont, she will come to perform her vigil just as the convent-bell tells the midnight hour, and then, without an eye to mark the deed or an ear to hear her last stifled cry, you can dispatch her with a single stroke of the poniard, and drag her remains into some remote corner of the gloomy vaults beneath these silent flags."

During the whole of these observations, Basilia was in a state of emotion and alarm so intense that she could scarcely prevent herself from swooning away; but feeling that the slightest movement would not only result in the loss of her own life but seal the fate of Berenice—as there would be no one then to apprise her of her danger—with an effort the most gigantic she preserved her consciousness and upright position until she perceived that the two conspirators had retired from the church, and heard the monk, who had taken the proffered poniard and secreted it in his bosom, exclaim, in a hollow, sepulchral voice, as he parted with his companion at the door, "To-morrow night, at half-past twelve o'clock!"

Then there was a strange, gushing noise in her ears, and she sank insensible on the pavement at her feet! How long she had remained in this condition she was unable to say, but on recovering her consciousness and collecting her scattered senses, she speedily turned her footsteps toward the tower, and entering by a private postern, of which she kept the key since Berenice's retirement to the nunnery, she soon found herself in her own chamber. Here, the danger she had herself escaped, as well as that which threatened her friend, still agitated her so wildly, that she in vain sought repose, and spent the remainder of the night forming plans for the momentous day that was now about to dawn upon her. In this dilemma she naturally turned toward Le Gros for succor. Raymond, whom she loved ardently, she knew to be the soul of honor, and, consequently, she determined to watch his crossing the courtyard, from her balcony, in the morning, and apprise him, under a pledge of the strictest prudence, of all that had occurred.

As is not uncommon under circumstances when one person is eagerly awaiting and watching the arrival of another, Le Gros was unusually late in making his appearance, now so anxiously expected, and this so alarmed and excited her, that when she discovered him entering the gates of the castle after the morning had far advanced, she was so pale and nervous as to immediately attract his anxious attention on his gaining the balcony where she stood.

Retiring within the castle, and seating her by his side, he soon learned the cause of her apparent indisposition, and was astounded beyond measure at the disclosures that she made; but at the mention of the name of Rosamond de Clifford, he leaped from his seat with an exclamation of intense excitement, startling her with the strange agitation of his manner and the crimson flush that suddenly mounted to his brow.

For a single moment, something like a jealous pang disturbed her sensitive heart, but as instantaneously it passed away under a hasty mental analysis which demonstrated its folly.

After this brief interview, and when Raymond had undertaken to thwart the murderous intentions of the monk of the poniard and his inhuman accom-

plise, the betrothed lovers passed out into a lofty corridor, which led to the apartments of the earl. This they had scarcely entered when they were passed by Father Bernardo, who appeared to be cautiously making his way toward the cabinet of Strongbow. On the first glimpse of his form and countenance, Basilia had fallen to the floor but for the sustaining arm of Raymond.

It was the monk of the preceding night! the intending murderer of Berenice! Basilia had never before encountered him, although she had often heard of his name, as well as that of Mother Agatha; and now both she and Le Gros came to the instant conclusion that the latter was the nun from whom he had received the jeweled dagger in the Church of St. Paul. This discovery was a step in the right direction, as previous to it Basilia was unable to give any clue to the identity of the conspirators; but being now once made, the movements of Bernardo were placed under such surveillance by Raymond as to render the worthy father's infamous machinations perfectly harmless for the present, at least, while those of Mother Agatha were submitted to a scrutiny not less rigid.

The period had now arrived when Strongbow must either return to England or declare himself in open antagonism to Henry. Dermot being once reinstated on the throne of Leinster, his mission in the kingdom was properly at an end, as the permission given to him by the English monarch to enter Ireland, but which was subsequently revoked, was given with a view only to re-establish the Irish king in the dominions from which he had been expelled, and not for the purposes of any further aggression whatever.

And here De Clare found himself in a position far from comfortable. All his secret advances and hints to De Burgo, touching his scheme of placing Dermot upon the throne of the Ard Righ, were fruitless; nor did he receive any more encouragement from Le Gros himself, who manfully rejected a proposition which had not the sanction of his sovereign. In this dilemma, the earl was determined to apply for advice and succor to the Monk of the Black Crucifix, whom he understood to be high in favor with Rome, and armed with secret authority from the Pope to cite, if needs be, the bishops and clergy of the Irish Church before him, should he find matters taking a turn in the kingdom inimical to the interests of the Holy See.

Conceiving from this that Brother Ignatius could not entertain any very friendly sentiments toward the potentate who was the cause of the death of Thomas à Becket, and that he could not consistently indorse the designs of Henry in any connection, he had no doubt that the monk would aid him in any project that had for its object the curtailment of the power of that prince. Filled with this idea, a day or two previous to the disclosure of the dreadful conspiracy regarding Berenice, he sent to the monk, requesting a private interview with him; and on the evening of the same day on which the request was made found himself seated, alone by the side of the devout ascetic, in the low, narrow chamber already known to the reader.

It was dark when the earl entered this solitary apartment, where a dim lamp burned fitfully before the black crucifix, which now, no longer suspended from the girdle of the monk, was placed in a niche before which, as De Clare presumed, his lonely orisons were performed. Feeble, however, as the light was, Strongbow thought he perceived signs of deep agitation on the monk's gloomy countenance, and ventured on the conclusion that he wore his cowl with a view to concealing them. Be this as it may, the recluse paid the most profound attention while his wily visitor decanted upon the heinous crimes of Henry—his murder of A-Becket, his *liaison* with fair Rosamond, and his cruel imprisonment of his lawful wife. To all of this the monk listened with apparent interest, although, on one or two occasions a hasty gesture and a sudden, seemingly

angry movement in his seat convinced the earl that the good brother was far from being as pliant as he had anticipated. Nevertheless, now that he had come to consult him upon a subject the most momentous, he unbosomed himself to the fullest, and poured into the ear of his confessor—so to speak—all his hopes and fears, as well as the intelligence that Mother Agatha and Father Bernardo—who were persons of great influence in England and the true friends of Queen Eleanor—joined his project heart and hand, and carried him the fullest assurance that, if he once openly and fearlessly threw down the gauntlet in the teeth of the king, a revolution would be set on foot that would place her son Richard on the throne; as the opposition offered to Henry in Ireland would be attributed to the unfriendliness of Rome, and as it would be assiduously promulgated that he, Strongbow, was acting under secret instructions from the Holy See, and authorized to raise the standard of revolt against his sovereign. In addition to this, he spoke of the unwillingness of De Burgo and Raymond to aid him in his designs, and begged the good brother to use whatever influence he had with them, as well as with the clergy generally, in the hope of inducing them to forward his ends; pledging himself at the same time to endow the Church largely in every corner of the island, and asking the sovereignty of the whole kingdom, just then, for Dermot only; but intimating most distinctly that, on the demise of that prince, he himself should expect to ascend the vacant throne.

At the close of this interview Strongbow retired from the chamber of the monk far from satisfied with the result of his visit. Yet, nothing had been said by the cautious devotee that could be interpreted into direct opposition to the schemes he had propounded. There was something, however, about this recluse that he could not well decipher, and which impressed him disagreeably. Still, after all, the monk was but one man, and perhaps of no such power or importance as was attributed to him; while he was Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, with Dermot, King of Leinster, and no inconsiderable army, at his back.

That night the Monks of the Black Crucifix met, at an unusually late hour, in the low, narrow chamber of Brother Ignatius.

On assuring himself that Basilia had fully recovered from the shock experienced on encountering Father Bernardo in the corridor, Raymond repaired at once to the chamber of the Monk of the Black Crucifix, whom he found seated in solemn conclave with De Burgo.

Here he remained closeted for some time, and left only to summon the other members of the Order to a private and hasty conference with their chief. These soon arrived, and before the day was far advanced were again abroad, holding private converse with their truest followers.

Basilia visited the nunnery at an earlier hour than usual, and found Berenice in better health and spirits than she had been for some days past. The Church of St. Paul, too, seemed to be an object of more than usual interest on this particular day, as it was visited not only by several of the leaders of the invasion, but by the Monk of the Black Crucifix himself, who seemed to scrutinize with the most intense curiosity every nook and corner in the vicinity of the retired shrine of the Virgin, before which Berenice invariably came to renew her vows at midnight on certain solemn occasions.

At the close of all these unusual movements, and just before the shades of evening began to fall, the monk, armed with the unmistakable authority of Rome, as fully admitted by the bishops of the See, summoned Dermot, Strongbow and most of the knights and leaders of the expedition to attend a secret council to be held in the great hall of the castle at one hour past midnight, for the purpose of taking into consideration some matters of importance which had just transpired in relation to the

Church in Ireland, as well as other affairs of equal moment.

Both Strongbow and Dermot were astounded at this unexpected summons; but learning from the prelates just alluded to that it was issued on the undoubted authority of the Pope, they dared no longer to question the right of the monk to command their attendance, and prepared consequently to obey the mandate.

In pursuance of their intentions in this relation, they immediately caused the grand banquet-hall just mentioned to be hastily arranged, with five huge oak chairs, curiously carved and covered with crimson damask, placed on a dais at the end of the lofty apartment, the centre one, which was slightly elevated, to be occupied by the presiding dignitary, the monk; that on the right to be filled by Dermot, King of Leinster; that on the left by the Archbishop of Waterford; both of whom were to be supported by Strongbow and De Burgo, while seats for Raymond le Gros, Maurice de Prendergast, Herve of Mount Maurice, and other notables, occupied a somewhat lower elevation.

All these preparations made, such as were summoned for the august occasion awaited with anxious pulses the deep, single boom of the great bell of the castle that was to signal them to the midnight presence of the powerful and mysterious stranger of the Black Crucifix.

The city was buried in the most profound silence, and the dark mass of the Church of St. Paul towered in gloomy grandeur above every surrounding object, when at somewhat lengthy intervals a single muffled figure might be perceived stealthily gliding beneath its heavy arched porches, and disappearing within the deserted edifice itself.

This ponderous structure was situated at the extremity of one of the walls which inclosed the grounds of the nunnery, and in which was a private postern opening into the sacred structure and used invariably by the Nuns of St. Bridget whenever they repaired thither for devotional purposes.

Beneath a sheltering projection, which ran along this wall, the inmates of the nunnery could always reach the church without exposure, how inclement soever the weather, and without being subject to the inconvenience of traversing the general thoroughfare, which was of great publicity and of considerable length.

As the last peal of the midnight hour died on the tongue of the convent-bell, Berenice slowly quitted her cell, and proceeded along this lonely, roofed passage toward the church, to kneel once more before her wonted shrine and do secret penance for all the earthly affections which still clung closely around her wounded heart.

The silence of death reigned throughout the consecrated pile as she entered it, but, aided by the light from the altar, she fearlessly and steadily pursued her way until she arrived before the shrine just spoken of, and which was barely visible in the feeble beams that struggled amongst the deep shadows that fell around her.

Here, with uplifted hands and imploring eyes, she poured forth her whole soul in an agony of sighs and tears commingled with broken ejaculations, in which the names of Henry and of her two children were at times audible.

In this posture she had remained about half an hour, when, with cautious steps, a figure emerged from behind a neighboring column, and noiselessly approached the spot where she knelt. It was that of Bernardo, who, with his accomplices, had entered the church a short time previously, and who now, under the cover of night, stole forth upon his dark mission of sacrilege and death. His cowl was thrown back upon his shoulders, and, in his right hand, which, with his arm, was freed from the hanging sleeve of his long cassock, he held the deadly poniard given him by the nun, whose cruel eyes were now eagerly regarding his descent upon her unsuspecting victim.

Onward and onward he crept, until he was within a single bound of her. Here he paused for a moment, as if to collect all his energies for the fatal spring, but, just as he raised the dagger above his head and was in the very act of leaping upon her to bury it in her heart, he was felled to the earth by a powerful arm from behind, and in a moment the whole cathedral seemed a blaze of light.

Confident that the sudden and mysterious radiance was of a supernatural character and that the sound of hurrying footsteps beside her were of the same nature, Berenice, appalled, buried her face in her hands, awaiting the result, until she heard the well-known voice of Le Gros, as he exclaimed, in ringing tones, "Seize the nun, and pinion the monk!"

Surprised and alarmed out of all measure, she sprang quickly to her feet, when, beyond any shadow of doubt, Raymond stood by her side earnestly imploring her to be calm, as all would be explained in due course, and requesting her to join Basilia, who was awaiting her in the sacristy, to which he now undertook to lead her.

In a maze of utter bewilderment, she permitted herself to be conducted to her faithful friend, who received her with open arms; but, on moving down the aisle in which she had just been kneeling, she was doubly confounded on perceiving Bernardo in fetter with Mother Agatha a prisoner by his side.

This was, indeed, inexplicable, but the climax of her surprise and alarm was reached only when, on passing them both, the latter ground through her teeth, with a hiss the most demoniacal, the words: "Clifford, I shall yet be avenged!"

It was more than she could bear, for, immediately on entering the sacristy, she swooned away in the true and tender arms of her loving companion, who had been prevailed upon by Raymond to repair to the church for the purpose of reassuring her and conducting her to the tower, for it was secretly ordered that both she, Basilia and the two conspirators should be brought before the midnight tribunal, provided that the latter wretches were captured while engaged in their mission of blood—which order was communicated to Basilia by Raymond.

On recovering her senses, Berenice found herself reclining on a couch in the familiar apartment of Basilia in the castle; and, hastily collecting her scattered thoughts, she implored her loving friend, who had been administering restoratives to her, to give her some explanation of the strange and startling circumstances which had just transpired.

But Basilia, being well assured that the hour at which they were to appear in the great hall of the castle was just at hand, informed her that their presence would be expected there in the course of a very few minutes, and at once set about assisting her to arrange her toilet with a view to the exigencies of the occasion, promising, however, at the same time, to explain all she knew in the premises, at the earliest convenient moment.

In this way, mystery upon mystery was crowded upon her, until at last they were summoned to attend the grand tribunal which had already assembled and were now awaiting their appearance only.

As may be easily imagined, the capture of Father Bernardo and the nun was effected through the well-laid plans of Le Gros and his friends, who, with dark lanterns so constructed as to flash out upon the conspirators and their intended victim instantaneously, secretly entered the Church of St. Paul when the last worshiper had departed for the night, and a full hour before the arrival of Bernardo and the infamous nun.

Once within its sacred walls, they concealed themselves in the vicinity of the shrine before alluded to—Raymond occupying a position in the shadow of a huge pillar which stood close beside it. Here he remained until the coming of Berenice, of whose bitter agony he was a tearful although un-

willing spectator. It was his design to surprise the conspirators in the very midst of their infernal operations, as a means of their certain conviction and punishment; and thus it was that he withheld Basilia from apprising her of the villainous plot against her life and permitted her to pay her midnight visit to the church, unconscious of the danger that threatened her.

A trusty agent, secreted in the edifice long before his arrival, apprised him that no one had entered the building since night had set in; so that when he and his friends found themselves within its walls they were all fully satisfied that neither the nun nor her fellow-conspirator had reached the spot before they themselves had arrived.

This point once settled, they anxiously awaited the presence of the beautiful devotee, and were relieved of every misgiving when they saw her prostrate before her wonted niche. Soon afterward, the two intending murderers stealthily followed; and, as already described, the diabolical Bernardo was felled to the ground by Le Gros when about to plunge the jeweled dagger in her heart; while, the next instant, a dozen dark lanterns were sprung, and the paralyzed Agatha made a prisoner and removed to the tower in company with her villainous companion.

There was anger in the red glare of the torches and flambeaux that illumed the great hall of the castle as Basilia and Berenice entered it announced by an usher in waiting. Already was the Monk of the Black Crucifix seated, cloaked and cowed, upon the raised dais at the end of the lofty and spacious apartment; while Dermot, Strongbow, the archbishop and all the notables previously referred to, were distributed in the order once before assigned to them. Throughout the body of the hall there were some persons of lesser rank who were armed and evidently awaiting some expected call of duty.

Both ladies, on making their appearance, were led to a seat at some distance from that of the monk, who regarded them with fixed attention as they moved in front of the assembly, and who, on perceiving the beautiful pale face and agitated brow of Berenice, uttered a smothered exclamation of sympathy and fiercely clinched his hands in an agony of suppressed excitement which boded no good to the foul conspirators, of whose atrocious designs he had been fully informed by Raymond, who did not withhold even the real name and rank of the unsuspecting object of their murderous plot.

It was mainly on account of this intended assassination that the monk summoned the hasty council at which he now presided—although there were other reasons, also, which induced him to convene it, and which will become apparent as we proceed, without any more specific reference to them.

When the monk had regained his wonted composure, in a voice that rolled like thunder among the massive pillars that supported the groined roof of the ponderous edifice, he commanded the prisoners—who were confined in an adjoining hall—to be brought before him; assuming at once an air of dignity and authority which surprised and ohagrined both Dermot and the earl. In obedience to his mandate, however, the culprits were speedily ushered into his presence. Mother Agatha, wearing a haughty and scornful smile upon her lip, and with a strange, triumphant light within her eyes that almost flashed in fire through the graceful folds of the flowing dark veil that wrapped her stately head and completely enveloped the whole of her commanding figure. By her side stood Bernardo, still in bonds, but now in some degree restored to his former self. The evidence given before the august tribunal by Basilia was clear, succinct and simple; while Berenice, as it proceeded, had almost sunk once more into a state of insensibility on hearing the dreadful details of her hairbreadth escape. Le Gros also described briefly all that had occurred within his own observation—establishing the guilt of the culprits so clearly that the whole council

were ready to concur in any sentence, no matter how severe, pronounced by the monk, who, armed as he was by Rome, and as the criminals belonged to a religious Order, possessed the fullest power to punish them.

There lay open, upon the huge carved table before him, the rescript of Pope Alexander himself, not only empowering him to cite the bishops of the Irish Church before him, but even to command, at a moment's notice, the attendance of any or all of the rulers of the island. As the eyes of Dermot and Strongbow fell upon this document, they felt an ugly choking sensation not easy of description; but there it unquestionably lay, spread out full in their view, and it now only remained for them to listen and obey.

When the evidence of all the witnesses concerned was duly weighed and noted, and the opinion of the council expressed upon its merits, the monk, in a low, measured voice, demanded of the prisoners if they had anything to say in their own behalf. At this juncture the haughty Mother Agatha stepped from beside her companion, and, advancing in front of the dais, suddenly tore off her cloak and veil, and proudly raising her arm above a jeweled tiara that encircled her brow, exclaimed, in a voice that pierced the inmost recesses of every ear present:

"Eleanor of Guienne, Queen of England and Aquitaine, denies the right of this tribunal to impeach or question any of her acts!"

This announcement, as well as the astounding transformation of the false nun herself, fell with electric power upon all present save the monk, who gave vent to his sudden surprise in a short, ejaculatory, "God's wot!" only. Rosamond, whom we shall now no longer call Berenice, clung faintly to Basilia. Dermot and Strongbow started to their feet—the former grasping his sword, and the latter about to descend from the dais and do homage to the revengeful spouse of his betrayed sovereign, in the full expectation that she would now aid him in all his ambitious schemes.

Neither De Burgo, Le Gros, nor any of the other knights, however, arose from their seats, and Eleanor, observing that the archbishop imitated their example, stamped angrily upon the paved floor beneath her, and ordered the immediate release of the spurious devotee, Bernardo, who was now gazing upon the assembly with an air of supercilious triumph.

Dermot and Strongbow, having been waved back into their chairs by a haughty gesture of the monk, no further notice was taken of the imperious command of the queen, and she herself, with a small and costly siletto, which she snatched from the jeweled zone that encircled her gorgeous attire, was about to sever the bonds of her accomplice, when the monk, now leaping to his feet in turn, exclaimed, in a voice which shook the whole apartment once more, "Hold! and listen!"

So majestic and impressive was the command, that even Eleanor of Guienne, accustomed as she was to rule, paused in her attempt to free Payrol from his fetters and listened mechanically while the stern ascetic continued thus:

"Eleanor, Duchess of Guienne, thou wouldst have stained thy soul with the crime of murder this night had not heaven interposed its all-powerful arm between thee and thy intended victim. I adjudge thee worthy of death, but, for thy children's sake and with a view to making some reparation for a certain false accusation preferred unconsciously against thee by thy sovereign, I now sentence thee to be conveyed back to the prison from which thou hast escaped, where thou shalt remain in close confinement during the rest of thy natural life. And, as for that dupe and accomplice by thy side, believing him to have been influenced mainly by thy evil example and advice, I condemn him only to the loss of his eyes, so as that again he shall never be able, through the light of that consecrated beam which unceasingly illumines the altar of God, to

at midnight upon the devotions of any poor wretch, with a view to silencing them in a premeditated and bloody grave! Prepare, therefore, to these shores by to-morrow's sun, and may you assuage these of thy sins."

During the time that this just sentence was being pronounced, both Rosamond and the queen became highly agitated, but the latter, recovering her self-possession, exclaimed, at its close, in a voice in which a slight tremor was clearly audible: "And art thou who disposest so readily in this matter, threatenest the liberty of a sovereign princess wrong?"

Once again the monk raised his mighty voice, hastily divesting himself of his silvery locks and beard, as well as of his huge cassock and cowl, and full in the view of the whole assembly, and pointing toward Eleanor with his right hand, upon the fingers of which blazed an enormous diamond, exclaimed, in reply: "Henry of England, of Anjou and Maine!"

An instant every soul of the august tribunal turned to his feet, while Strongbow, who now considered his destruction inevitable, fell on one supple knee before his outraged sovereign. The effect upon Eleanor was electric. Her head bowed upon her bosom, and she was charitably forgotten from the hall by Basilia, who had, for a moment, confided Rosamond, now in a deep swoon, to the care of Raymond.

There is but little more to be told, and doubtless lying beyond what has been already divined by the reader.

Eleanor, on learning from Peyrol on his arrival at that Rosamond had passed into Ireland, and, as already observed, to the instant conviction that Henry had discovered her retreat at Dow, and prevailed upon her to sail with the aid of Le Gros as a missionary, with the intention of joining her himself on the occasion of the projected invasion, and fearing to renew relations with her in England, lest it should become public, and, while the blood of Becket was warm, operate against him not only at Rome, among his own subjects.

Influenced by this erroneous idea, she became more than ever anxious to promote any project that would so embarrass him as not only to prevent his going to Ireland until she could encompass the destruction of his fair mistress, upon which she was now fully resolved, but tend to the elevation of her son Richard to the throne. Consequently, after having set her secret agencies on foot to stir up England and Normandy against him, as well as to influence Rome in his favor, she Peyrol joined in disguise the expedition of Dermot, not singly with a view to the assassination of Rosamond, but with the additional design of arming the rebellious movements of Strong-

bow with all her devices, however, she was totally unaware that she sailed in company with Henry himself, whose identity was known only to the faithful De Burgo; nor had she slightest idea that her political spouse had joined the Order of the Monks of the Black Crucifix, and through the instrumentality of his powerful friends at Rome induced the Pope to sanction his pilgrimage to Ireland, and issue a rescript already mentioned, investing him with powers which he pledged himself to exercise in the interests of the Church only.

Through this stroke of diplomacy, with a view to insuring the success of his projected invasion, he brought himself into direct contact with all the means and machinations of Strongbow, as well as induced that species of atonement for the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury which was most pleasing to the Holy See and the agitated clergy of his own realms.

Throughout the whole of her stay in Waterford she preserved her incognito until the momentous day of her arrest, neither Dermot nor Strongbow

having the slightest idea of her real identity, as she invariably spoke simply as a confidant of Eleanor, who was commissioned to apprise the earl that he should receive aid from both England and France the moment he publicly threw off his allegiance to Henry.

On the night just mentioned, however, she had determined to reveal herself to Rosamond, and that, too, under circumstances the most floodish; for, with the idea of making her triumph more dreadful and imposing, she resolved to present herself in regal costume before the eyes of her unsuspecting victim as she struggled in her last agonies, but with what success we have already seen.

On the morning succeeding the eventful scenes through which we have just led the reader, the dire sentence against Peyrol was carried into effect, and the humiliated queen sent back, under safe convoy, to England, where she was held in the closest confinement until her son, Richard Cœur de Lion, ascended the throne.

Through the affection of Rosamond for Basilia, the earl was pardoned his treason on condition that he at once repaired to England and commenced preparations for the coming grand invasion which was to be led into Ireland the ensuing season by Henry himself, who, now entering into a thorough understanding with Dermot and other Irish chiefs, resolved upon opening his campaign at the earliest possible moment.

This and other arrangements having been made to the satisfaction of the English monarch, who was now no longer solitary nor sad, he solemnly pledged to the strictest secrecy all those who had become aware of his identity and the circumstances connected with Rosamond and the queen, and, assuring Le Gros and Basilia of his friendship and protection, set sail for England with the faithful De Burgo and by the side of his long-lost mistress, who forgot her virtuous resolves regarding him the moment he threw off his disguise in the presence of the midnight tribunal, and stood before her, in all the insignia of royalty, the beloved cavalier of the crimson doublet and short Angevin cloak, which latter had gained for him the well-known sobriquet of Court-mantle.

On landing in his own dominions, he soon played the beautiful rival of his outraged though designing queen beyond the power of future danger or annoyance, but still permitted the opinion to obtain that she had passed away from his embraces for ever. During his voyage, and until his subsequent abasement by the Pope, he wore the guise in which we first discover him on board the flagship of De Burgo, and which in the interim was laid aside in the delightful retreat of Fair Rosamond only, where it was by no means necessary that he should continue the rôle of "The Monk of the Black Crucifix."

Sad, but True.

I MEAN it was sad that any one should have made such a goose of herself as I did; yet, nevertheless, my having thus shamefully behaved is altogether true.

I was just eighteen, and I was unquestionably pretty. Our home at Meadowtown was the quietest of country homes, but it did not prevent one from meeting there what I felt wholly justified in calling my "fate."

Robert Carroll was a young artist, who had come up one Summer for the purpose of filling his portfolio with sketches under the most economical circumstances as regarded his board per week; and Robert and I, in the early part of the Summer, had met in a mutually love-at-first-sight sort of way, which soon resulted in our engagement.

Robert's present immediate prospects, as concerned personal support, were several water-colors of by no means remarkable value and an

oil-painting which he found it impossible to sell. But he whispered to me confidential things, before long, about a very comfortably-off grandfather of eighty-two and a neglected yet heir-presumptive grandson.

Mother (my only living parent) loved me in such a weakly fond way that she would have merely lifted her eyebrows in meek protestation, doubtless, if I had revealed a passionate attachment for our man-of-all-work or brazenly eloped with the village grocer. And so the fact of my formal engagement to Robert Carroll became, very soon, a settled matter in our small household.

But, in the middle of the Summer, something very unexpected happened.

I received an invitation from my aunt, Mrs. Grosvenor Abercrombie, to come and visit her at Newport.

Mrs. Grosvenor Abercrombie! Poor mother had trained me up from infancy to feel a sort of awe at the mention of that name. Never were two sisters so socially apart from one another as Augusta Lester, living humbly and plainly in an obscure little country town, and Cornelia Abercrombie, whose lucky match with a millionaire in years past had given her position as one of society's reigning queens.

I accepted the invitation in fear and trembling. I made no attempt at anything like a strain in the matter of costume; my few simple dresses, I well knew, would stand me in better stead than all the country-made finery which I might have had hastily "stitched up." At least, I was sure of one thing about myself, I had not a suggestion of vulgarity in appearance or manners that could shock these high-bred relations.

I think Mrs. Abercrombie recognized this fact five minutes after meeting me. She was a superb-looking woman, with great gray puffs at either temple, a delicate, peachy complexion, strangely untouched by time, and manners that were queenly with quiet dignity.

Aunt Cornelia had one daughter, Helen. Very much of her mother's stately grace belonged to Helen Abercrombie's style. Her small head, where thick masses of blue-black hair lay coiled and twined in glossiest abundance, was exquisitely set upon her swanlike, sloping shoulders. Her face, thoroughly brunette in type, had a dreamy sweetness of expression that struck you at a glance as most winningly lovely. She was a great belle, as I soon perceived, in Newport society.

Aunt Cornelia's house and its appointments were regal to my rustic eyes. The luxurious ease in which she lived seemed to me almost marvelous. Servants bowing at every turn; no task to be done by your own hands except just what they wished to do; splendor, wealth, grandeur and refinement everywhere—ah, me, what wonder that my head was turned with it all!

I rapidly accommodated myself to this new life. Helen was charming to me without any irritating touches of condescension, and Aunt Cornelia was full of the most genial hosthood.

I was made in the most delicate way to understand immediately upon my arrival that my few simple dresses would be wholly unsuitable for the gayeties of Newport, and very soon I was attending balls, dinners, kettledrums, and heaven only knows what else, in costumes that Aunt Cornelia's charming method of bestowal made it no embarrassment to accept.

The change from Meadowtown to Newport, from rural immurement to a perpetual round of merry-making, was a change intensely radical, as all will admit. After three weeks of this utterly new life, when the time came for me to go home, I remember having a dreadfully depressed feeling that not even the thought of seeing Robert once more could do anything except mildly alleviate.

But, ah! until I was really back in Meadowtown once more I never knew how radical my mental

change had been. Fight against it as I would, discontent and dissatisfaction besieged me at every turn. Our modest household customs, arrangements and conveniences struck me as ridiculous, meagre, contemptible, after the glories of Aunt Abercrombie's Newport mansion and the wealth-stamped surroundings of her fine friends.

Poor mother! she bore with me very patiently, as it was her sweet nature always to bear with everybody's crochets and shortcomings. Robert bore with me patiently, too, at first, for I verily believe that his love was then strong enough to make nearly my worst faults take a borrowed ideal light of virtue.

But here is a specimen of how I would sometimes treat him during the month that followed my return:

"You have come for me to take a walk, Robert?"

"Yes, Ada"—with the pleasantest of looks in his large, soft brown eyes.

"Graciously!" (rather pettishly). "It is altogether too early in the afternoon. This blazing sun will ruin my complexion. Cousin Helen, and all the ladies at Newport, would never think of walking out at this hour."

"I thought it rather cool, Ada. But just as you choose. We can sit here and talk for a while on the piazza, if you prefer."

"Positively, Robert, I'm almost ashamed to sit with you whilst you have on that horrid, careless-looking arrangement which you dignify by the name of a coat. None of the gentlemen at Newport—"

"Well," Robert here interrupted, with just the least tinge of pronounced pique in tone and manner, "what about the gentlemen at Newport?"

"Oh, pshaw! don't show jealousy. It is such dreadfully bad style, you know."

"Is it? I wasn't aware of being jealous, Ada. I hope there is no reason for any such feeling."

"All I meant, Robert, was that the Newport gentlemen" (with a faint, fluttering, retrospective sort of sigh at this point) "are so very neat in their costumes."

This amiable little confab is only one of the many which took place between Robert and myself during the month that succeeded my eventful visit. Did I finally see signs of impatience in his manner?—touches of manly intolerance at my treatment?—periods of coldness in his general demeanor? Well, if I saw them, I chose not to see them; and so the days passed.

At length, one Autumn morning, I rushed into the room where mother was seated, holding an open letter in my hand.

"Oh, mother—mother!" I cried, "what do you think?"

"Well, Ada?" was the placid question.

"You remember," I sped on, "how, in my last letter to Cousin Helen I jokingly invited her to Meadowtown? Of course I never dreamed of having her come, and just put in the invitation as a means of filling up my stupid letter. And now she writes me that she shall take me at my word—that she is very anxious to taste a little real country life before going back to next Winter's gayeties in New York, and—and—oh! I shall die of mortification at the thought of having her here!"

But have her I was forced to do, and mortification spared me any such terrible result as that prophesied. She came, looking the thorough lady she was, dressed with suitable quietness and accepting all our homespun hospitality with a sweet, thoroughbred lack of surprise.

"I want you to appear your very best," I said to Robert, on the morning before her arrival. "Cousin Helen is very particular and fastidious about gentlemen. She is a great belle—and, for that matter, a great beauty—and the least coarseness in a man's manners or dress always shocks her keenly."

Robert's brows darkened. I had gone too far.

For the first time since knowing him I saw his handsome mouth take a bitter, sneering curve.

"Perhaps a cled like myself had better not appear at a," he said, "whilst your paragon is here."

But he did appear that night. Helen was very affably cordial to him. She knew nothing of our engagement—I had never mentioned a word of it either to herself or Aunt Cornelia.

When Robert had left us that night and we were alone together, she astonished me by saying:

"What a charming man Mr. Carroll is! Why have you never mentioned him to me, Ada? Has he been long in Meadowtown?"

"Oh, yes! Nearly all Summer."

"He comes of the Carrolls of L—, does he not?"

"Yes," I said, a little confused, a great deal astonished. "That is, his grandfather, Mr. Everhard Carroll, lives in L—. This Mr. Robert Carroll is an artist, as he told you, and—quite poor."

"Oh, I know nearly all about his family!" Helen said. "His grandfather, Mr. Everhard Carroll, treated him shamefully on account of embracing art as a profession. The old gentleman is one of the great millionaires in the country, and he has given out, I believe, that he will bequeath all his fortune to this Robert, his only heir, though he refuses to notice him whilst he lives—and for that absurd reason, too! Is it not wonderful what simpletons some people can make of themselves?"

"Very," I murmured. I was more confused than ever.

During the next four or five days Robert came constantly to the cottage. Helen showed the most marked and rapidly-growing preference for his society. His manner was very courteous to me—nothing more. I could not complain, for I had more than once pointedly hinted to him that I desired no mention of our engagement to be made during Helen Abercrombie's visit.

Two weeks passed on. At the end of those two weeks I was sick, tortured, agonized with jealousy. It seemed to me that in every motion of Robert's and in every sound of his voice I saw proof that he had transferred all his old allegiance from myself to Helen. And for my own feelings, every vestige of my own slumbering, maltreated, half-despised love revived under the present shock of circumstances. I blamed myself for the past—I hated myself for it—I told myself that I deserved terrible punishment!

And the punishment came.

Helen staid with us three weeks. The night before she left they took a walk together among the paths that skirted our cottage. It was a night of perfect Autumn moonlight, and now and then I could see their dark forms sharply outlined in the silver air, as I watched them from the window of the sitting-room, where I sat alone, with a miserable, throbbing, foreboding heart.

At last they entered the house. Then I heard them pass into the little library where mother often sat, and was sitting now. Presently I heard Robert ask: "Where is Ada?"

He had never called me "Ada" before in her presence. I knew what was coming then. I heard mother's answer, "In the sitting-room, I think," and waited and shuddered.

The door was half closed. Presently there sounded a little knock upon it.

I rose as if stung.

"Come in," I said.

Robert entered.

I can't write out his words. They were very mildly spoken—very tender, even. He took for granted—had for some time been forced to believe—that I cared nothing whatever for him.

And then, though my heart was nearly breaking in my breast, woman's pride came to my rescue.

"You are right," I said. "I do care nothing for you. I suppose you have come to tell me that you wish to break your engagement with me and marry Helen Abercrombie?"

"I do," he answered, simply, "if you will release me."

"Very well," I managed. "You are perfectly free."

But the sitting-room light was dancing before my eyes as I said it, and my poor heart was wildly galloping. I had gotten my punishment. Was it over severe? Often, often I think so during the lonely, eventless years of maidenhood which have followed.

They have been married almost more years than I can count over. I rarely see them, but I knew they are very happy. Do you call this a miserably sad story, reader? Well, remember that, as I said at first, it is "sad, but true."

The Cart-horse and the Child.

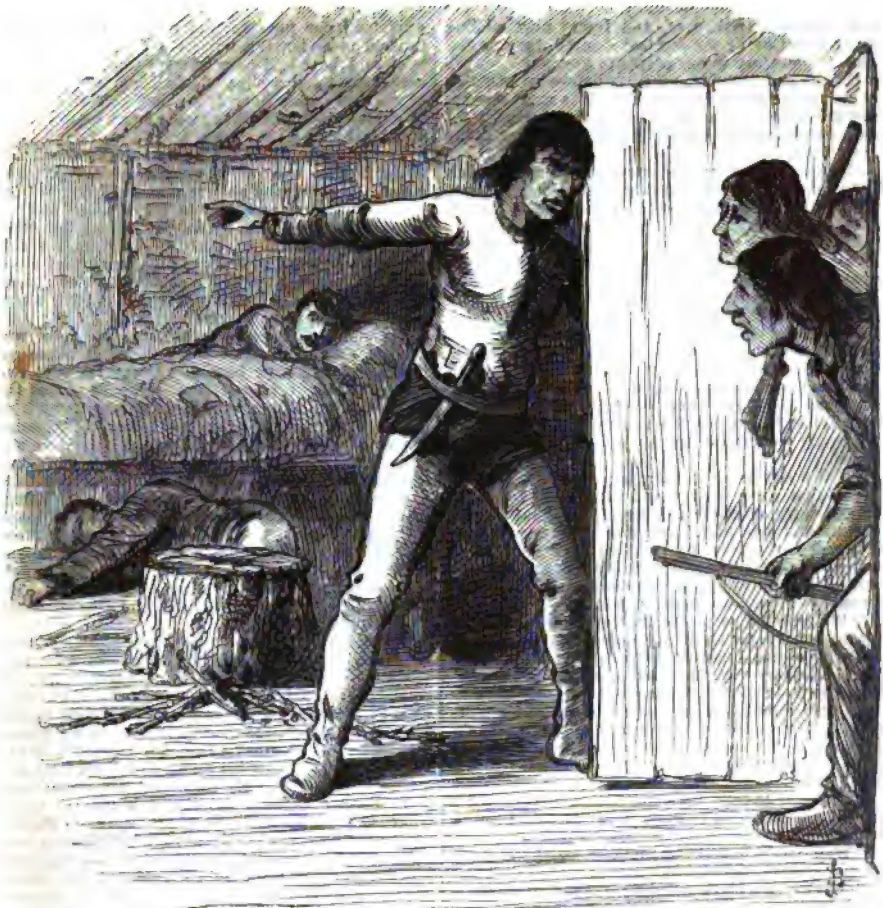
A CARTER, who had a large family, had a horse that was very amiable with children, and would on no account move when they were playing about its feet. On one occasion, when dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane, a young child happened to be playing in the road, and would have been crushed by the wheels, had it not been for the sagacity of the animal. He carefully took the child by the clothes with his teeth, carried it for a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the roadside, moving slowly all the while, and looking back as if to satisfy himself that the wheel of the cart had cleared it.

Finger-nails.—The nails of the human hand have a language of their own, and the manner of keeping them is eloquent. Some keep them long and pointed, like reminiscences of claws; others bite theirs close to the quick; some pare and trim and scrape and polish up to the highest point of artificial beauty; and others, carrying the doctrine of nature to the outside limit, let them grow wild, with jagged edges, broken tracts, and agnalls or "back friend" as the agonizing consequences. Sometimes you see the most beautiful nails, pink, transparent, filbert-shaped, with the delicate, filmy little "half-moon" indicated at the base—all the conditions of beauty carried to perfection, but all rendered of no avail by dirt and slovenliness; while others, thick, white-ribbed, square, with no half-moon, spotted like so many circus horses with "gifts" and "friends" and the like—that is, without beauties and positive blemishes—are yet pleasant to look at for the care bestowed on them, their dainty perfection of cleanliness being a charm in itself. Nothing, indeed, is more disgusting than dirty hands and neglected nails, as nothing gives one a sense of freshness and care as the same well kept.

"Is the Patient Really Dead or Not?" is at times a very anxious question. A medical practitioner of Cremona proposes a simple method by which the question may be answered with certainty. It is to inject a drop of ammonia beneath the skin, when, if death be present, no effect, or next to none, is produced; but if there be life, then a red spot appears at the place of the injection. A test so easily applied as this should remove all apprehension of being buried alive.

Substitute for a Corkscrew.—A substitute for a corkscrew may be made thus: Stick two forks vertically into the cork on opposite sides, not too near the edge. Run the blade of a knife through the two and give a twist. Another way to uncork a bottle is to fill the hollow at the bottom of the bottle with a handkerchief or towel; grasp the neck with one hand, and strike firmly and steadily with the other upon the handkerchief.

For Apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.



A TERRIBLE NIGHT.—"THE HALF-BREED NOW STOLE TO THE DOOR, AND OPENED IT GENTLY. THREE SINKING HEADS NOW PEERED IN OUT OF THE GLOOM."

A Terrible Night.

"By Jove, Charlie, I'm nearly done up!"

"So am I, Frank. Did any one ever see such a confounded forest?"

"I am not only weary, but hungry. Oh, for a good steak, with a bottle of wine to wash it down!"

"Frank, beware! Take care how you conjure up such visions in my mind. I am already nearly starving, and if you increase my appetite much more, it will go hard with me if I don't dine off of you. You are young, and my sister Bertha says you're tender."

"Hearted, she meant. Well, so I am. If loving Bertha be any proof of it. Do you know, Charlie, that I have often wondered that you, who love your sister so passionately, were not jealous of her attachment to me."

"So I was, my dear fellow, at first—furiously jealous. But then I reflected that Bertha must one day or other marry, and I must lose my sister, so I thought it better that she should marry my old college chum and early friend, than anybody else. So you see there was a little selfishness in my calculations, Frank."

"Charlie, we were friends at school, and friend, at college, and I thought at both those places that nothing could strengthen the link that bound us together, but I was mistaken. Since my love for your sister, I feel as if you were fifty times the friend that you were before. Charlie, we three will never part."

"So he married the king's daughter, and they all lived together as happy as the days were long," shouted Charlie, with a laugh, quoting from nursery tales.

The foregoing is a slice of the conversation with which Charlie Moore and I endeavored to beguile the way as we tramped through one of the forests of Mexico, extending near the lovely little town of Tepic, where we were spending a few months. Charlie was an artist, and I was a sportsman; we had been brought up together, had traveled Europe together, and together we were then visiting Mexico. Bosom friends since childhood, and a constant visitor at his house, I had there met Bertha, his sister, and had soon learned to love her.

The pure young girl had reciprocated my affection, but we were both very young, and it had been deemed advisable by Bertha's mother that a couple of years should be allowed to pass by before

marriage was spoken of, and I was now whiling away with Charlie the few last months of my probation, preparatory to our return to Europe.

Charlie had announced the day before his intention of going into the woods for a week to study nature, and it seemed to me an excellent opportunity for me to exercise my legs and my trigger-finger at the same time.

Charlie, in his rambles through the forests, which from Tepic stretch to San Blas, on the Pacific shore, had made the acquaintance of a Mexican family, who lived on their rancho, or farm, some thirty miles from the town. As he said he knew the forest thoroughly, he was to be the guide; and we accordingly started, with our guns on our shoulders. It was a desperate walk, but as we had started by daybreak, and had great faith in our pedestrian qualities, we hoped to reach the place by nightfall.

The forest through which we traveled was of the densest description. Overhead, branches of the tall aloes and mimosa, mingling with the stately cactus, shut out the day, while beneath our feet lay a frightful soil, composed chiefly of ragged shingle, cunningly concealed by an almost impenetrable brush.

As the day wore on, our hopes of reaching our destination grew fainter and fainter, and I could almost fancy, from the anxious glances that Charlie cast around him, that, in spite of his boasted knowledge of the woods, he had lost his way. It was not, however, until night actually fell, and that we were both sinking from hunger and exhaustion, that I could get him to acknowledge it.

"We're in a nice pickle, Master Charlie," said I, rather crossly, for an empty stomach does much to destroy a man's natural amiability. "Confound your assurance that led you to set up as a guide! Of all men, artists are the most conceited."

"Come, Frank," answered Charlie, good-humoredly, "there is no use in growling so loudly; you'll bring the bears and panthers on us if you do. We must make the best of a bad job, and sleep in a tree."

"It's easy to talk, my good fellow, but I'm not a partridge, and don't know how to roost on a bough."

"Well, you'll have to learn, then, for, if you sleep on the ground, the chances are ten to one that you will have the wolves nibbling at your toes before daylight."

"I'll be hanged if I do, either!" said I, desperately. "I am going to walk all night, and I'll drop before I'll lie down."

"Come, come, Frank, don't be a fool!"

"I was a fool only when I consented to let you assume the rôle of a guide."

"Well, Frank, if you are determined to go on, let it be so, we'll go together. After all, it's only an adventure."

"I say, Charlie, don't you see a light?"

"By Jove! so there is! Come, you see Providence intervenes between us and wolves and hunger! That must be some woodman's hut."

The light to which I had so suddenly called Charlie's attention was very, faint and seemed to be about half a mile distant. It glistened through the dark branches of the trees, and, weak as it was, I hailed it as the mariner without a compass hails the star by which he steers.

We instantly set out in the direction of our beacon. In a moment it seemed as if all fatigue had vanished, and we walked as if our muscles were as tense as iron.

We soon arrived at what, in the dark, seemed to be a large clearing, but the tall forest-trees, hemming it all around, gave it more the appearance of a square pit than of a farm. Toward one corner of the clearing we discerned the dusky outline of a log hut, through whose single end-window a faint light was streaming. With a sigh of relief we hastened to the door, and knocked. It was opened immediately, and a man appeared on the threshold. We

explained our position, and were instantly invited to walk in and make ourselves at home. All our host said he could offer us were some cold indian-corn cakes and a slice of dried deer's flesh, to all of which we were heartily welcome. These viands, in our starving condition, were luxuries to us, and we literally reveled in the anticipation of a full meal.

The hut into which we had so unceremoniously entered was one of the most poverty-stricken order. It consisted of but one room, with a rude brick fireplace at one end. Some deer's skins and old blankets stretched out by way of bed at the other end of the apartment, and the only seats visible were two sections of a large pine trunk that stood near the fireplace. There was no vestige of a table, and the rest of the furniture was embodied in a long rifle that hung close to the rough wall.

If the hut was remarkable, the proprietor was still more so. He was, I think, the most villainous-looking man I ever beheld. About six feet two inches in height, proportionately broad across the shoulders, and with a hand large enough to pick up a fifty-six pound shot, he seemed to be a combination of extraordinary strength and agility. His head was narrow and oblong in shape. His straight, Indian-like hair fell smoothly over his low forehead as if it had been plastered with soap. And his black, bead-like eyes were set obliquely and slanted downward toward his nose, giving him a mingled expression of cunning and ferocity. As I examined his features attentively, in which I thought I could trace nearly every bad passion, I confess that I felt a certain feeling of apprehension and distrust which I could not shake off.

While he was getting us the promised food, we tried, by questioning, to draw him into conversation. He seemed very taciturn and reserved. He said he lived entirely alone, and had cleared the spot he occupied with his own hands. He said his name was Pedro, and, when we hinted that he had some other name, he pretended not to hear us, though I saw his bushy eyebrows knit and his dark eyes flash. My suspicions about the man were further aroused by seeing a pair of shoes lying in a corner. These shoes were miniature specimens compared to those that our gigantic host wore, and yet he had distinctly said that he lived entirely alone. If those shoes were not his, whose were they? The more I reflected upon the circumstances, the more uneasy I felt, and my apprehensions were still further aroused, when Pedro, as he called himself, took both our fowling-pieces, and, in order to have them out of the way, as he said, hung them on crooks from the wall at a height that neither Charlie or I could reach without getting on a stool. I smiled inwardly, however, as I felt the smooth barrel of my revolver that was slung in the hollow of my back by its leathern belt, and thought to myself, if this fellow has any bad designs, the more unprotected he thinks us the more incautious he will be; so I made no effort to retain our guns. Charlie also had his revolver, and I knew he was one of those men who would use it well when the time came.

My suspicions of my host grew at last to such a pitch, that I determined to communicate them to my friend. Nothing would have been easier for a villainous half-breed than, with the aid of an accomplice, to cut our throats or shoot us while we were asleep, and so get our guns, watches and whatever money we carried. Who, in those lonely woods, would hear the shots or hear our cries for help? What emissary of the law, however sharp, could point out our graves in those wild woods, or bring the murder home to those who had committed it? Charlie at first laughed, then grew serious, and finally became a convert to my apprehensions. We hurriedly agreed that, while one slept, the other should watch, and so take it in turns through the night.

Pedro had surrendered to us his couch of deer-skins and his blankets; he said that he himself

could sleep quite as well on the floor, near the fire. As Charlie and I were both tired, we were anxious to get to rest as soon as possible; so, after a hearty meal of deer-steak and tough cakes washed down by a good draught from our brandy-flask, I, being the youngest, got the first sleep, and flung myself down upon the couch of skins. As my eyes gradually closed, I saw a dim picture of Charlie seated, sternly watching by the fire, and the long shape of the half-breed stretching out like a huge shadow on the floor.

After what I could have sworn to have been only a three minutes' doze, Charlie woke me and informed me that my hour was up; and turning me out of my warm nest, he lay down without any ceremony, and in a few minutes was sleeping heavily. I rubbed my eyes, felt for my revolver, and seating myself on one of the pine stumps, commenced my watch. The half-breed appeared to be buried in a profound slumber, and in the half-weird light cast by the wooden embers, his enormous figure seemed almost titanic in its proportions. I confess I felt that in a struggle for life he was more than a match for Charlie and myself. I then looked at the fire, and began a favorite amusement of mine—shaping forms in the embers: battles, tempests at sea, familiar faces; and above all shone bright and clear the dear features of my far-away Bertha. She seemed to me to smile at me through a burning haze, and I could almost fancy I heard her say: "While you are watching in the lonely forest, I am thinking of you and praying for your safety."

A slight movement on the part of the slumbering half-breed recalled me from those sweet dreams. He turned on his side, lifted himself slowly on his elbow and gazed attentively at me. I did not stir: still retaining my stooping attitude, I half closed my eyes and remained motionless. Doubtless he thought I was asleep, for in a moment or two he rose noiselessly, and, creeping with a stealthy step across the floor, passed out of the hut.

I listened—oh, how eagerly! It seemed to me that through the imperfectly joined crevices of the log walls I could plainly hear voices whispering. I would have given worlds to have crept nearer to listen, but I was fearful of disturbing the fancied serenity of our host, who, I now felt certain, had sinister designs upon us. The whispering suddenly ceased; the half-breed re-entered the hut in the same stealthy way in which he had quitted it, and, after giving a scrutinizing glance at me, once more stretched himself upon the floor and affected to sleep. In a few moments I pretended to awake, yawned, looked at my watch, and finding that my hour had more than expired, proceeded to wake Charlie.

As I turned him out of bed, I whispered in his ear: "Don't take your eyes off that fellow, Charlie; he has accomplices outside. Be careful."

Charlie gave a meaning glance, and carelessly touched his revolver, as much as to say, "Here's something to interfere with his little arrangements;" then took his seat on the pine stump in such a position as to command a view of the sleeping half-breed and the doorway at the same time.

This time, though horribly tired, I could not sleep. A terrible load seemed pressing on my chest, and every five minutes I would start up to see if Charlie was true to his watch. My nerves were strung to a frightful pitch of intensity; my heart beat at every sound, and my head seemed to throb until I thought my temples would burst.

The more I reflected on the conduct of the half-breed, the more assured I was that he intended murder. Full of this idea, I took my revolver from its sling, and held it in my hand, ready to shoot him down at the first movement that appeared at all dangerous.

A haze seemed now to pass across my eyes. Fatigued with long watching and excitement, I passed into that semi-conscious state in which I

seemed perfectly aware of everything that passed, although objects were dim and dull in outline, and did not appear so sharply defined as in one's waking moments.

I was apparently roused from this state by a slight crackling sound. I started, and raised myself on my elbow. The half-breed had lighted some species of dried herb, which sent out a strong aromatic odor as it burned. This herb he was holding directly under Charlie's nostrils, who I now perceived, to my horror, was wrapped in a profound slumber. The smoke of this mysterious herb appeared to deprive him of all consciousness, for he rolled gently off the great log, and lay stretched upon the floor.

The half-breed now stole to the door, and opened it gently. Three sinister heads now peered in out of the gloom. I saw the long barrels of rifles, and the huge, brawny hands that clasped them. Pedro pointed significantly to where I lay with his large, bony finger, then drawing a huge, thirsty-looking knife from his breast, moved toward me.

The time was come—my blood stopped, my heart ceased to beat! The half-breed was within a foot of my bed! The knife was raised; another instant and it would have been buried in my heart, when, with a hand as cold as ice, I lifted my revolver, took deadly aim, and fired!

A stunning report, a dull groan, a large mass of smoke curling around me, and I found myself standing upright, with a dark mass lying at my feet.

"Great God! what have you done, sir!" cried the half-breed, rushing toward me. "You have killed him! He was just about to wake you!"

I staggered against the wall. My senses, until then immersed in sleep, suddenly recovered their activity. The hateful truth burst upon me in a flash. I had shot Charlie Moore while under the influence of nightmare. Then everything seemed to fade away, and I remember no more.

There was a trial, I believe. The lawyers were learned, and proved by the evidence of physicians that it was a case of what is called *somnolentia*, or sleep-drunkenness; but of the proceedings I took no heed. One form haunted me, lying black and heavy on the hut-floor; and one pale face was ever present—the face I saw once after the terrible catastrophe, and never again—the wild, despairing face of Bertha Moore, my promised bride!

All in the Eye.

THE eye shows character. The eyes of great warriors have almost always been gray, the brows lowering like thunder-clouds. Inventors have large eyes, very full. Philosophers the most illustrious have had large and deep-set eyes. The poets all have large full eyes, and musicians' eyes are large and lustrous.

Buffon considers that the most beautiful eyes are the black and the blue. I think I have seen black and blue eyes that were far from beautiful. Byron says the gazelle will weep at the sound of music. The gazelle's eyes have been called the most beautiful in the world, and the greatest compliment an Arab can pay his mistress is to compare her eyes to the gazelle's. The power of the eye was well illustrated in Robert Burns. He was taken to Edinburgh very much as Samson was taken to the temple—to amuse the Philistines. He was brought to the palace where the great men of Scotland were to be entertained, and was put in a back room until the time should come when they were ready for him. When they were, he was brought in, and, having measured the company with his wonderful eyes, he recited his immortal poem, "Is there for Honest Poverty?" Carlyle says that when he finished, the nobles and gentlemen cowered and shrunk before his eyes. I think his words had as much to do with it as his eyes. Henry Clay's eyes were big gray ones, that looked black when he was

excited. Webster's eyes were a lustrous black, and were like caged lions. Carlyle compares them to a great cathedral all lighted up. Cleopatra had black eyes. Mary Queen of Scots had liquid gray eyes. Dark eyes show power; light eyes gentleness, and gray eyes sweetness. There is great magnetic power in the eyes of several of the lower animals. The lion's, the tiger's, and the serpent's eyes are all magnetic. It is well known that the serpent will charm birds that are flying above it, until in great circles they will sweep down to the destruction which awaits them. A friend of mine, a doctor, was one day walking in the fields, when he saw an adder lying on a rock. He drew near to examine it, and presently looked at its eyes. He was attracted by their great beauty, and involuntarily stepped forward two or three steps. Beautiful light flowed from them, and seemed to bathe the very coils of the serpent. Gradually he drew closer until, just as he was almost within the reptile's reach, he fell, feeling, as he said afterward, as though he had been struck by a stone. When he became conscious, his head was in a friend's lap. His first words were: "Who struck me?" "No one struck you, doctor. I saw you charmed by the snake, and I struck it with a stone." He had struck the snake, and the doctor had felt the blow.

Chinese Bridges.

WHETHER the Chinese are right in assigning to their portion of the world a much greater antiquity than many are willing to allow may be fairly questioned, but certain it is that in China many of the arts and sciences have been known at a period when the European nations were sunk in barbarity and ignorance. The ancient Greeks and Romans knew little or nothing of China. To that vast country, the southern part of which was known imperfectly to the people of India, they gave the name of *Tsin* some time before the Christian era, and this is the name by which the whole empire is called by the Russians even at the present time.

The names both of China and *Tsin* are unknown to the Chinese. The early history of this nation remains shrouded in fable, but it is certain that civilization was considerably advanced among them when it was only dawning on other nations. They have records now in existence, consisting of the writings of Confucius, which date as far back as five hundred and fifty years before the coming of Christ, from which period they descend in an unbroken series to the present day. The emperor of this immense region is styled "Heaven's Son," and is accountable only to heaven. He unites in his person the attributes of sovereign, pontiff and supreme magistrate, and his government is an unlimited despotism.

The first intercourse was attempted by the English with China in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the vessel sent did not reach its destination. No satisfactory results with regard to intercourse with China were obtained till about thirty years ago, since which time all nations are at liberty to visit the country, under certain restrictions.

Some of the bridges in China are of extraordinary beauty and magnificence. There is one near Peking built entirely of white marble, elaborately ornamented. Others are found over the canals of still greater magnificence, and with a grand triumphal arch at each end; and some, instead of being built with arches, are flat from one side of the canal to the other, marble flags of great length being laid on piers so narrow and airy, that the bridge looks as if it were suspended in the air. From the amazing facilities afforded by the numerous canals for transportation of goods by water, these bridges do not require to be built of great strength, for only foot-passengers use the bridges, which is the reason they are of such an elegant and fanciful construction. These bridges are built with a number of

arches, the central arch being about forty feet wide, and high enough for vessels to pass without striking their masts. The great elevation of these bridges renders steps necessary. They resemble, in this respect, the old bridges of Venice, on which you ascend by steps on one side, and descend on the other in the same way. Chain bridges were not made in this country for more than eighteen centuries after they were known in China.

My True Friend.

CIRCUMSTANCES had thrown us together during the best—that is to say, during the youngest and strongest, the brightest and happiest—years of our lives, and now that the shadow of a heavy cloud was lowering over me, there was something reassuring and strangely sweet in the presence of my old friend. The separation between us, some eight years before this reunion, had been a sudden and violent one, and the wound to my nature caused by the severance had been bitterly felt when inflicted, and long in healing. But the two great physicians, Time and Absence, had done their work well, and we met, even in the presence of those who knew our story, as peacefully as if we had never parted.

Need I say that I, being the woman, had been both the greatest sinner and the greatest sufferer in the affair? Having the grace given me to make this admission, need I add that my love had been the warmest—while it lasted?

While it lasted! In those three words lies all the weakness of my case. It was strong, I know; he told me it was sweet, fallacious hope led me to believe it was true, but conscience compels me to admit that it was very short-lived.

A catastrophe brought about my first acquaintance with Leonard Carroll, a catastrophe hastened the avowal of his love for me, and a catastrophe awoke me from the dream that love of his was to me. I will describe them and their effects briefly before I go on to say anything about this avowal of milder relations between us, from which I vainly anticipated that "joy in friendship" which I now firmly believe is only to be found in Utopia.

I had gone into the country to spend a few mid-Summer weeks with an old schoolfellow who was recently married, and, rather to my chagrin, when I arrived at her house and found myself fairly committed to the visit, I found that she took it for granted that I should feel such a fullness of satisfaction in witnessing the happiness of herself and her husband, that all other amusement or occupation would be superfluous.

"Harry and I prefer being quiet, and the people about here would bore you terribly, Belle, so we're not going to attempt any festivities in your honor, but just treat you as one of us, and give you an opportunity of enjoying a thorough country rest," my friend, Mrs. Barlow, said to me on the night of my arrival.

And I perforce had to appear pleased with the plan, which seemed to me a peculiarly monotonous one.

I was handsome, healthy, active-minded, warm-hearted, and "aged nineteen" at this time, and after a few days' observation of it, the sight of my friend's conjugal felicity palled upon me.

Mr. Barlow was a young country gentleman, possessed of a moderate patrimony and brains to match it. His interests were limited to his wife, his land, the cattle in the pastures, and the sheep upon the hills, and his ideas harmonized with his interests in a way that was a beautiful example of the fitness of things.

However, inability to alter the existing order made me submit to it contentedly enough, and I learnt rather to like the domestic system which revolved in such a narrow space. The saunter into the conservatory of a morning, the stroll round the

kitchen-garden after breakfast to select and sometimes to gather the choicest fruit for the day's dessert, the lounge on the lawn before luncheon, the quiet drive after it, and the well-appointed dinner and long, long evening that followed it—all these things came to be regarded by me with a wholesome if not hearty liking.

Altogether, I told Eveline Barlow, and believed in my own statement while I made it, The Grange was one of the most charming places in the world in which to lie fallow when once the necessity for lying fallow was fairly forced upon one.

The house stood well in the middle of a triangular piece of fat, well-wooded and watered pasture-land, inclosed within a ring-fence, and bounded on two sides by a lazily flowing trout-stream, and on the third by the high road to the chief market-town of the district, Bifferton Regis.

Vaguely, in her sweet, feminine, inconsequent way, my pretty friend, Mrs. Barlow, had sought to make me acquainted with the historic claims to consideration which Bifferton Regis possessed during the course of our many drives through its long, clean, solemn streets, and vainly had I attempted to get up a show of corresponding interest in return for her efforts.

Finally we came to the tacit understanding that we didn't care a bit whether or not Henry VIII. had sojourned there on the occasion of one of his surreptitious visits to Anna Boleyn before he had ultimately made up his mind to cut the Pope adrift. Nor did we take any very fervid interest in the stories that were abroad respecting the whilom owners of Bifferton Hall.

"They say," Eveline told me one day, languidly, as we drove by the fine old Tudor house, "that there is a curse upon the family of Pomeroy, and that it will never be removed until some member of the family makes a sacrifice of the dominant passion of the race to his or her zeal for the good of it. Ages ago a daughter of the house, who was a nun, broke her vows in a very awful way—something in the same way poor Constance de Beverly did for Lord Marmon, you know—and the story goes that good fortune will never attend the Pomeroyes until they balance that evil deed by something as astounding good."

"I wonder what is to purify the Pomeroyes?" I laughed.

"They must sacrifice their strongest passion, 'love,' for 'duty,'" Eveline explained. "People say that they have tried, both the women and the men of the house, to do it over and over again, but they invariably break down before they die; so Bifferton Hall stands desolate, and its owner wanders a vagabond upon the earth, for all we know; and all because his father would marry a beautiful girl who had neither brains nor birth, instead of the daughter of the Lord Lieutenant of the County."

"The present owner's father ought to have been ashamed of himself," I laughed out, in my young, girlish worldliness. "But how about the reigning sovereign? Has he made his misalliance yet?"

"Not yet. But 'Charlie Pomeroy,' as everyone calls him, is sure to do it; he's only a name here now; his mother took him away fifteen or sixteen years ago, when he was a wild boy of twelve, but people talk of his madcap, boyish tricks to this day."

"I should like to know him," I observed, meditatively.

"My dear Belle!" Mrs. Barlow exclaimed, with a little affected shudder, "don't wish anything so detrimental to the peace of the neighborhood. You would be sure to fall in love with this hero because of his hereditary inability to resist loving in the wrong direction; and as your fate is your only fortune, my dear Belle, I for one pray that you and he may never have the opportunity of making The Grange the battlefield between love and duty."

Mrs. Barlow wound up this exordium of hers just in time. She had been driving her clumsy little

thick-set Suffolk punch pony carelessly for some time, for the day was hot and the flies were many, and she was thinking more of protecting her fair face from the sun than of keeping Dumpty on his stout legs.

"He's so steady, and so safe, he doesn't know how to fall," she always said in reply to my remonstrances, but Dumpty contradicted her practically on this occasion by putting his foot on a rolling stone and coming to the earth in a heap with violence, midway down a slight declivity.

There was nothing tragical, nothing even exciting, in the manner of the accident. It was a tame, commonplace stumble, and we had nothing to do but to get out of the pony-carriage and cast about for manly assistance to tie up some portions of the harness that had got strained and broken, while the pony was struggling to his feet.

"I wish, as Dumpty meant to belie me by falling at all, that he had had the consideration to do it in Bifferton high street, where we could have been mended at once," Mrs. Barlow began, with a seriocomic air of complaint, as we stood ruefully regarding the effect of Dumpty's awkwardness.

"If we were not such fanatics in the cause of liberty, we should have had a little groom with us to pick up our pieces," Mrs. Barlow laughed, as we began feebly unbuckling something that did not, whether fastened or unfastened, materially affect the condition of things.

"As it is, I will perform the pleasing office," a merry voice exclaimed, and its owner came through a gap in the hedge opportunely, and stood, hat in hand, bowing and smiling in good-natured amusement at our misfortune and bewilderment.

"As it is, we must accept your offer," Mrs. Barlow answered; and then, when he had helped sturdy little Dumpty to his feet again, and discovered that no material damage was done to the harness, he was about to take his leave with merely another low bow.

Urged on by some demon of curiosity that it would have been far more becoming in me to have quelled, I said: "May we not know to whom we are indebted for this aid in our need?"

"My name is Leonard Carroll, at your service," he answered, lightly; "and if you desire to know anything further about me, my lodgings for some weeks to come will be at the Bifferton Arms. I am down here on a sketching-excursion."

"My husband shall call and thank you for the assistance you have given us," my young matron friend said, importantly, and then we drove on and left him standing in the road watching us.

"I am disappointed!" I exclaimed, as soon as we had driven on out of earshot, facing round at Eveline.

"Yes! at what?" she asked, with languid interest.

"Why, he's the handsomest, most striking-looking man I ever saw in my life, and he isn't 'Charlie Pomeroy,' and I have made up my mind that Charlie Pomeroy shall be the romance of my life."

I said all this with a girl's idiotic, unfounded vanity, with a girl's idiotic ignorance of the important subject she presumed to jest about. Mrs. Barlow recalled me to my senses by replying:

"Thank Fortune that it was not Charlie Pomeroy. I shall have no scruples about superintending your flirtation with Mr. Leonard Carroll, the probably poor artist, but I should send you straight away back to your friends if the 'curse had come upon you' of a meeting with the Forlorn Hope of the Pomeroyes."

"Don't trouble yourself; I have no intention of falling a prey to a passion, and settling down into a domestic drudge for any man just yet," I replied, huffily, for I was annoyed with her for implying that I should be far more fitly mated with an obscure artist than with the heir of all the Pomeroyes—even though he might be under a cloud.

A day or two passed, and we heard nothing of Mr. Carroll. Need I say that my vanity was piqued

at this? for I had thought of him incessantly. At length he came, and I flutteringly betrayed my satisfaction at the sight of him, far too openly for my future weal.

"Young blood will have its course, lad,
And every dog his day,"

as Charles Kingsley truthfully sings. It was not vanity, it was not a mere selfish desire to gratify the human longing for the love of a fellow-creature, which led Leonard Carroll and me on to seek each other's society, and to show the mutual pleasure we felt in fanning the mutual flame. It was a true, genuine going-out to each of the other's heart. It was an honest manifestation of the love that we were impelled to feel for one another.

The dream of perfect peace, of unspoken but thoroughly understood and reciprocated love, was one from which I was destined soon to be rudely awakened. Coming home one night from a long, happy stroll with Leonard in the Bliferton Woods, I was met by Mr. Barlow with the grievous tidings that my only sister was dangerously ill, and that a telegram had been received from my father asking me to return home without delay.

Now, my only sister was my idol. Up to the time of my meeting with Leonard Carroll my sister Mabel had been the absorbing interest of my life. She was two years my senior, and in our childhood and early girlhood we had been so much apart. At twenty she had come home the inheritor of all the wealth the rich godmother had left with whom Mabel had always lived, and I had rejoiced in her riches, and never envied them.

It was only fitting, it seemed to me, that Mabel should be the queen of the family. Queen of it she was entirely, reigning supreme by right of her almost matchless beauty, and her great wealth, and her grand, generous nature.

To hear that she was ill—"ill unto death" my fears made me imagine instantly—cooled the fervor of my love-fever considerably, and I was preparing to bid a very calm adieu to Leonard, when he startled me by saying that he should accompany me back to town.

"How could I let my darling travel alone in her anxiety and unhappiness?" he said, appealing to the Barlows. "It's all right; don't you be distressed, Mrs. Barlow. I shall take Belle home, and ask her father's permission to stay near her till she is free to come to me altogether as my wife."

"Has she engaged herself to you without telling me?" Mrs. Barlow replied, with quick, friendly jealousy, and I had to appease her by telling her the truth: the proposal was as unexpected by me as it was by her at that juncture.

However, I was too fond of him and too frank with him to feign anything like hesitation, and so he traveled back to my father's house with me in the character of my accepted lover.

In spite of my passionate love for him, and the passionate happiness I felt in the prospect of passing my life with him, the interval that followed that return was a terribly sad one. Our darling Mabel hovered for long, long weeks between life and death, and when, at length, her youth and naturally strong constitution asserted themselves, and she began to recover, she was still so frail that the slightest emotion caused a relapse that excited afresh all our worse fears.

For this reason the facts of my engagement to Leonard and of his frequent presence in the house were kept secret from her for at least three months after my return, and it was not until she was pronounced well enough to be sent down to Brighton that I told her of the glorious kingdom I had won.

She listened to my story with the sweetest sisterly interest; in her lovely violet eyes, and in the tender smile that curved her beautiful lips, there shone a loving satisfaction in my joy that made me repent I had not told her of it before.

"So he is but a landscape-painter? Never mind,

darling Belle, I'll take care that you have a fitting dowry. When am I to see my new brother?" she said.

"To-day, if you will."

"I will," most certainly. I want to tell him at once that he has drawn a prize, and to teach him to be fond of me without delay," she said, pulling me down to her couch, and covering my face with kisses.

Just then, as we were embracing, he came in; and, oh, heavens! how happy I was in the society of those two beloved ones!

Even now, knowing the bitter end as I do, memory likes to go back and loiter through the weeks that followed this, the joyous weeks of perfect love and trust that I passed at Brighton, waiting only for Mabel's perfect recovery to become Leonard's bride.

For a short time after going down, the fresh sea-breezes, the pure air and bright atmosphere of our queen of English watering-places seemed to be performing their duties of restorers of health most thoroughly. The roses came back to Mabel's cheeks, the elasticity to her step, and the light to her eyes. But soon a shadow fell, and Mabel waned. This time it was not her bodily health, but her spirit, that gave way, and gradually, to my inexpressible agony, it dawned upon me that my sister loved Leonard Carroll!

Even now the burden of writing about this miserable epoch in my existence is almost too heavy a one for me to bear. Time and custom have staled the pain, but have not killed it! I feel again the pang which nipped my heart when one day she bent her glorious head low before me, and murmured out, between her bursts of wild sobbing, that she "could not bear it any longer, and that she must go away before she broke down and betrayed her ignominious, wretched secret to him."

I feel again the pang for myself, the pity for her, which nearly broke my heart, as I turned away, being powerless to comfort her, to meet Leonard, and to baffle as best I could his curiosity as to "what had upset me."

I could not baffle it long, for I loved the man who questioned me, and so I told him all, and his face grew grave and pitiful. I feel a flush of pride now in the knowledge I have that his heart did not waver in its allegiance to me, even though that terrible temptation of her beauty and her wealth was held out to him—for I would have released him and given him to her that minute, if he had desired it. But all he did was to say:

"My darling Belle, this precipitates events. We must marry at once. Mabel must think of me henceforth as her brother only. But, before we marry, I have a confession to make: I wooed you under a false name and under false pretenses, dearest, but you will forgive me, and help me to make my real name of Pomeroy more honored than it has ever been before!"

As he spoke, all the sad, sad story of his race and the fate of it, and the curse that hung over it till "a Pomeroy should be found who would sacrifice love to duty," flashed itself vividly before me, and I knew, in that moment, that he must be made to resign me, and to rebuild the fortunes of his house by a marriage with the great heiress, my own sister Mabel!

I will not dwell on these details—they sadden me too much. The upshot of it all was, that I, being fanatically devoted to the tradition of his house, was the one to sever myself from him. I would not, I could not, explain my motive to him; his arguments would have upset me and turned me from my purpose. As it was, I wrote to Charlie Pomeroy (as he, my "Leonard" was known now) and released myself. I did myself the injustice of saying that "I" had changed, so determined was I that I would not be the one to put fetters on the feet of the Pomeroy who had it in his power to remove the curse that hung over them.

It was in vain that he expostulated, pleaded, reviled and argued. I would not listen to him. I assumed a callous demeanor that it nearly broke my heart to maintain, and I deceived him effectually. But I could not deceive Mabel, and it was not till many months had passed over our heads—not, in fact, till I had married another man in order to avert the suspicion that I still loved Charlie Pomeroy—that Mabel could be induced to marry him and resuscitate the fortunes of his house.

Many years passed away. My husband, Mr. Ravers, was an independent, idle man, fond of travel and of society, and, as we had then no children to keep me at home, I accompanied him everywhere, and so had a fair excuse for refusing all Mabel's invitations to visit her at Bilferton Hall. The truth is, that, though I loved my sister dearly, I could not bring myself to consent to go and witness her happiness for—I loved her husband dearly, too!

"A horrible confession for a married woman to make!" morality will cry out. I grant it a very horrible one, but truth is as great as morality, and I will adhere to the truth, though it shames me.

At last a sad day dawned for me. My husband, who was on a fishing excursion in Norway, neglected a cold, and it rapidly developed some dangerous symptoms, which caused me to urge him to return home without delay, and which eventually wrecked his originally fine constitution and reduced him to the condition of a suffering, almost helpless invalid. It was with a pang that I realized the truth, that now, indeed, his days of travel and adventure were over, and this not only out of regard for him, but because I felt that now I should be condemned to a residence in England, and possibly to a renewal of intercourse with the only man I had ever loved—my sister's husband, Charlie Pomeroy.

For a short time, I feebly opposed my will to Fate. The latter was too strong for me. In vain I strove to turn a deaf ear to Mrs. Barlow's representations as to the desirability of our taking up our abode in a charming house that was to be let or sold, and that stood midway between The Grange and Bilferton Hall. Fate overpowered me. My husband inclined to the proposal, took the house, and carried me off to live there, under the false impression that he was doing me a kindness by planting me well in the midst of my relations and old friends.

My first meeting with Mabel and her husband was a passionless one enough to all outward seeming, but I believe that it was fraught with the most exquisite inward pain to us all. I was now the mother of three healthy, handsome, happy children, and their presence on the occasion served to dispel a portion of the unavoidable awkwardness. But poor Mabel was a childless woman, and I could but feel that the caresses which her husband lavished on my little ones stung her to the heart.

The eight years which had passed over our heads since we parted had scarcely altered Charlie Pomeroy at all; but Mabel's beauty was sadly dimmed, and her spirit sadly crushed, it seemed to me. Yet she told me, when I questioned her, that Charlie had been uniformly tender, affectionate and considerate toward her. "Only he never loved me as he loved you, Belle; and it is breaking my heart that I should have come between you and brought him no son to carry on the name."

Yes, this was the thorn that was pressing into my darling sister's heart, and it was one that neither the love of her sister nor the consideration of her husband could remove. Her wealth she poured freely into his coffers, and by his marriage with her and his sacrifice of his passion for me superstition said that he had redeemed his race from the curse that had hung over it. But the redemption was worked out at a fearful cost to sensitive, loving Mabel.

She died before that melancholy year was out, and my husband quickly followed into that awful unknown land of which we know nothing yet; and when these two events had occurred, leaving me free to act as I deemed best for my children and

myself, I turned my back on the Bilferton neighborhood, and tried to banish all memories of the man who had been my lover and was my brother.

I went away to a cheap, unfrequented town adjacent to the Swiss Alps, and there, for a while, I lived a happy, aimless kind of life. My children were healthy, were learning all that it was needful for them to know, and, above all, were bountiful in the free manner of their response to the affection I lavished upon them. What more could I desire? Alas! I *did* desire more.

With an unburdened conscience, with an unfiled heart, I lived on my quiet life for a couple of years; and then, in a weak moment, I was induced, by the representations of some of my friends, to come back to England. It was not in my nature to be in the same land with Charlie Pomeroy and not desire to see him. It was not in the nature of either of us to meet and be as though we had never met before.

Shall I confess all my folly? I would have defied my conscience and the law of the land which will not legalize such love as ours, but his will restrained me and made his unspoken wishes on the subject more potent with me than my own insane inclinations. There was nothing standing between us now, according to my reasoning, but an old-world, vamped-up, foolish prejudice. There was nothing to prevent his making me his honored, cherished, dearest and nearest friend for life, save the fact that I was his deceased wife's sister. Knowing this, can it be wondered at that I, being what I am, turned a glad, expectant face toward him, and expected him to reciprocate the joy I had no guilt in feeling? But he was wiser than I, and I will tell in a few sentences how he taught me to acknowledge the reign of law and right.

He had been with me a good deal for several weeks, and a certain sort of comradeship had seemed to spring up between us from out of the rich soil of our former love. He had sought to make himself essential to my daily life, in the way in which men can make themselves essential, in a blameless, brotherly way, and I was getting to lean upon him, and to feel that without him there would be a good deal of tameness and littleness in my life.

I began to store my memory with precedents—with stories of happy marriages that had been made in the face of more dreadful difficulties than those which confronted us. I nobly resolved to resign every acquaintance who had no charm for me. I taught myself to feel that I should consider the world well lost if only I could gain him. "I would even relinquish my children," I wept out sometimes, for I knew I could not keep them always, and my life without him was so utterly unfulfilled that its mere creditabilities and comforts were insufficient compensation for that which was lacking."

Thus I spoke in my ignorant heedlessness, thus even with my well-loved children I would have acted had I been left free to work my own will in my own way.

I said at starting that I had been both the greatest sinner and the greatest sufferer in the affair. I had broken my vow to him—for his good truly, as I thought, but still I *had* broken it. And we had both of us lived real married lives since then. Nevertheless, when we found ourselves together, free to make fools of ourselves once more if we liked, Reason had a hard battle for it in both our breasts, I believe, and I know that in mine he got utterly worsted.

He came to me one day—he, the lover of my youth, the one man whom I had loved all through my womanhood—and, knowing me his slave, knowing how I had sacrificed to the welfare of his house, and how now I was ready to sacrifice name, fame, position, children, fortune, to him, what do you think he said?

"If all this had happened ten years ago, Belle, I might have been selfish enough to let you lose caste by marrying your dear sister's husband; but I'm wiser now, darling, and so I've put the temptation

to wreck yourself for me out of your path; I am going to marry a young cousin of mine whose sweet eyes will teach me not to let my thoughts linger unholly about you any more, and in doing this, Belle, I have proved myself *your true friend!*"

He said *this!* really believing it to be true; and I only answer: "Is love worth loving? is pain worth suffering? is life worth living?"

Aaron Burr captured a gun at the attempted storming of Quebec, in 1776. That gun is now in Oswego, New York.

The Tradition that whoever kisses the "blarney stone" in the castle of Blarney, county Cork, is endowed with persuasive eloquence, is traced to the circumstance that Cormac M'Dermot Carthy, an Irish rebel, having concluded, in 1602, an armistice with the English, on condition of surrendering Blarney Castle, succeeded by his promises and entreaties in holding that stronghold until the assailants became the laughing-stock of the English court. Two stones of the castle are said to possess the power referred to—one, dated 1446, being situated about twenty feet from the top of the lofty tower, while the other, inscribed 1703, is at the summit, and easily accessible.



MY TRUE FRIEND.—"I WANT TO TELL HIM AT ONCE THAT HE HAS DRAWN A PINE, AND TO TEACH HIM TO BE FOND OF ME WITHOUT DELAY," SHE SAID, PULLING ME DOWN TO HER COUCH, AND COVERING MY FACE WITH KISSES."



TAKING ADVICE BEFORE ACTING.

PRUDENT PRISONER.—"Judge! Judge! Here's a *lieyer* says he'll git me off for me free dollars. Is it better to give it to him or give it to you?"

Daily Queries.—Is Monday's dinner stewed next day because it's Stevuesday? Are knock-kneed people worse on Wednesday? Does a horse go to the pond because it's Thursday? Do young sheep tremble on a lamb's Fryday? What about nymphs on a Satyrday? Do grocers shut up shop at eleven on Sunday because of the Law's Sundayfined terrors?

An Old Gentleman, who was living with his sixth wife, and who had always been noted for the ease with which he managed his spouses, on being asked to communicate his secret, replied: "It is the simplest thing in the world. If you want to use a woman up, just let her have her own way in everything all the time. There never was a woman born who could survive *that* long."

Mr. Longfellow once received a letter requesting him to compose an acrostic, the first letters of which should spell, "My sweet girl." The applicant added: "Write as if it were some beautiful girl with whom you were in love—just as if it were for yourself." At the foot of the letter were these words: "Send bill."

A Selfish Man.

"Och hone!" said Paddy to Jamie, "in me back I've a mighty bad pain; It's because I came down to me labor in all ov this pourin' rain."

"Selfish," said Jamie to Paddy, "Put that wid your cheese on the shelf; Don't talk or comin' in *all* ov the rain, For I came down in *some* meself."

An English Contemporary, alluding to the loss of the British man-of-war *Lapwing*, says: "So total was the wreck that not even a feather of the *Lapwing's* boats' oars was to be found."

Poor Mary Walker? Vests were vain,
And trowsers gave her torments,
So "Mary had a little 'am—"
Bignity of garments.

A Humane Countryman, while chopping fagots in a wood, discovered an unfortunate adder chilled and apparently lifeless. Moved with compassion he placed the miserable reptile in his bosom and carried it home to his cottage, where the grateful warmth of the fire soon revived it. But the adder had no sooner regained consciousness than it stung the countryman's mother-in-law and wife, and was about to kill his yellow dog, when crying, "Softly, softly, now!" he seized an ax and destroyed it. *Moral.*—Thus we see that we may have too much of a good thing.

At One of the Gatherings held periodically at Braemar, some years ago, a certain earl telegraphed, it is said, to Edinburgh for a "cooked-hat" to be sent to him at once. In transmitting the message, the article mentioned as wanted was converted by the treachery of the wires into "cooked ham," which was at once forwarded, greatly to the surprise and indignation of the nobleman.

A Rash and somewhat deluded young man has threatened to apply the Maine law to his sweetheart, she intoxicates him so.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.—A BOUQUET.

1. A Latin pronoun and part of your face. 2. An animal and something seen in a church-tower. 3. A large city and conceit. 4. An animal production and a small vessel. 5. One-third of pen and the liquid used with it. 6. A consonant, a conjunction and a pronoun. 7. A kind of carriage and the people inhabiting a country. 8. A Christian name and a metal. 9. Useful things in a house and a vowel. 10. Four-fifths of a large vessel and a pronoun. 11. Precise and a female name. 12. Moisture and the same.

2.—LIPOGRAM.

—mar sttng n hs rm
S cntng r hs trsr;
Sd h — shll hv gt ngh vr en,
Thn — hpp shll b bnd mar
— bggr jst thn cm nd tppd t hs dr,
Bth strvng nd cld s sh—
G— sd h v n rght t b pr,
— shld svng nd prvnt b.
Bt n th nrt mrrng th cld gr dn
S lghtng hs drry hm;
Bt hs sprt hd fld, grm dth hd cm
Nd clmd hm fr hs n.
Nd ht s th s f hs crtd gld
T hm n tht hd gn t hs rst?
Hd h sd th mght hv gud blsmgs ntld;
Bt nstd h s crst nd nbist.

3.—CHARADE.

My first is old, yet ever new,
A source of wealth and pleasure;
My next the fond desire of kings,
Napoleon's cherished treasure.
My whole is found in desert lands
And 'mid perpetual snow;
And in the lovely tropic climes
Where flowers perennial blow.

4.—ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

'Tis bitter, indeed.
A beautiful hue.
Not a broken reed.
Here's a cross for you.
A quarrel, a fight.
A coin and a name.
What follows the night.
A large kind of game.
A popular wine.
A spring or a bound.
With bright heat to shine.
To whirl round and round.
Of these I have two—
So, I fancy, have you.

First discover these "lights," then place one below
Another, like words in a square, you know.
Then begin at the top, and read zig-zag down,
And you'll quickly drop on a bard of renown.

5.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

To three-fifths of Japan, add one-fourth of Etna,
two-fifths of Italy, one-half of Norway, and one-
third of Greece, to find the name of a noted poetess.

6.—SQUARE WORDS.

1. A lake in South America; a town in Portugal;
rambler; a goddess; animals.
2. A river in England; sharp; deaf and dumb; a
trial; supports.
3. A bondsman; a town in France; of use;
what ladies wear; a Christian name.

7.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; a seed-case; laid with brick; a
magistrate; compact; a fallow-deer; a consonant.

8.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A once-famous warrior and conq'r'r stands
here;
2. Naught but toil and industry will make me ap-
pear;
3. I was a ruler—the ninth of the name;
4. And I for much wisdom was well known to
fame;
5. In the fane to great poets my niche is placed
high;
6. And I am a sea 'neath a warm southern sky;
7. Among the nine muses I still may be found;
8. And as an inventor, I'm known the world
'round.

I remember, I remember,
Chilly evenings in September,
In the happy long ago.
When the cricket on the hearth
Joined its matin with the mirth
Of the children, while they listened—
Listened till their bright eyes glistened
To grandma, who, with face benign,
Told some tale of auld lang syne;
While my cheeks were all aglow
From the fire, which, blazing high,
Fling the sparks up toward the sky.

Though times have changed, I still appear
To dear old friends, their hearts to cheer;
And till the scenes of life are past
May I be with you to the last.

9.—RECTANGLES.

I.
Some words, by Shakespeare, bear in mind,
On hope, which I hope you will find,
These letters show, aright combined.

L E N L O O N
H E N O L I E
M T E J E V
M E A N O V
I C I O I N E
S E E V E T E

II.
Examination with success will show
Herein a sentence, I wish all to know
That Milton wrote two hundred years ago.

R E H T A H
V N E R S E
I O W N A C
O W A R H L A
T N E D T O E
O R I E S N F

10.—DECAPITATION.

Behead brought up, and get a color; behead the
outer edge, and get the same; behead a cup, and
get a girl; behead again, and get an animal; be-
head a certain kind of a vessel, and get another;
behead an animal, and get a bird; behead a wild
flight, and get station.

11.—CENTRE DELETIONS.

I.
From a useful animal the centre delete,
And a sort of stockings you'll have complete.

II.
Whole, I'm weight you all know,
But if you the trouble will take
To extract my centre, you'll view
A somewhat diminutive lake.

12.—SQUARE WORDS.

A lounge; to urge forward; marks; to turn out;
pauses.

13.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A Frenchman brave, who for his country fell
On Abrah'm's Plains—his name you now can tell.
2. A mighty chief who ev'ry battle won,
Till Chalons' field pronounced his race was run.
3. Another vict'ry over France we claim;
When next we meet her, may it prove the same!
4. Bold Roman! 'midst thy country's heroes placed,
'Tis sad that you were exiled and disgraced.
5. Once more brave Marlboro' marches to the fray,
And, as in number three, he gains the day.
6. Ambitious, he to rule all Europe tries;
But fate forbids, and he in exile dies.
7. Two days of fighting on the soil of Spain;
Defeated are the Frenchmen once again.
If the finals and primals you rightly read down,
Two marshals of France you will see, of renown.

14.—CHARADE.

My first the Summer rainbow shows,
When in its richest hue it glows;
My second is of vowels three;
My third was once a noble tree;
My fourth at close of day appears,
And always comes before the years.
My total gives a pleasure past,
To those who study much the past.

15.—ENIGMA.

We beat the water, now the air,
Now grasped by slender fingers fair,
And now by brawny hands.
Willing we toil, and by our aid
Ye pass by many a sylvan glade.
By fertile meadow-lands.
Upon the breast of silver stream,
And in the sun, the white swans gleam
As dreamily ye go
Past willowed "eyots" and islets fair,
Drinking in perfume from the air—
Cheerily, brothers, row!
Our country knows no healthier sport
Than that in which our aid is sought,
For oft we sow the seed
Of many a gallant ocean fight—
Of many a triumph of the right—
Of many a noble dead!

16.—DECAPTATIONS.

1. At first extended wide, you'll say;
Behcad, and you will find a public way.
2. Now I'm to pronounce, or else to utter;
Then you are on me—mind, don't flutter!
3. The hind part of the foot you see;
Behcad, a fish you find in me.

17.—CHARADE.

Bones said, t'other night, at the minstrels,
With my first he had just had a walk;
My second was there when he said so,
And greatly enjoyed the small-talk.
My last was one of the pontiffs—
"Infallibles," as some people say.
My whole was a learned Italian,
And was far in advance of his day.

18.—ORIGINAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Letter in sycophant; a compound; a mark; a
Pannonian chief; an ancient Washington; firm; a
town in Africa; to visit; letter in sycophant.

19.—HALF-SQUARE WORDS.

An extinct quadruped; ascends; told; clowns;
metals; a cave; Latin for bone; a consonant.

20.—CHARADE.

A young man courts a pretty girl,
He don't wish to offend her;
But asks her to become his wife
A week before December.
But when the question's put to her,
A blush runs o'er her cheek;
She evidently feels my first,
And therefore cannot speak.
My second on most doors is found—
For safety I would say;
My whole will name a character
In one of Shakespeare's plays.

21.—PUZZLE.

Whole the answer we can tell,
If we but mark the context well,
T is the first—first second;
Surely this is quickly reckoned.

22.—ENIGMA.

If you insert a fissure
Within a goodly weight,
They'll name for you, at leisure,
A city in Jersey State.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN
MARCH NUMBER.

1. Mo-rose (morose). 2. Blucher, Rostock, thus—
BeaRt, LassO, United-staES, CaT, HallO, ElastC,
Rock.

3.—
A
A L E
A U G E R
A L G E R I A
I E R A M
R I M
A

4. Chay, lay, ay. 5. Leavenworth. 6. Arm, Leg,
Ear, Eye, thus—AggLOmERatE, RepEntAntY,
ManGleR-like. 7. Toano, orbit, abbo, Niobe, otter.
8. Polka (poll-car). 9. Day-break (daybreak).
10. Persia, Turkey, thus—PouT, EmU, BuLeR, SIlK,
leE, AgencY. 11. Scramble, ramble, amble, lamb,
blame, lame, meal, male, ale, lea. 12. Convict-I-on
(conviction). 13. Broad, brad; route, rote; salve,
save; cause, case; stair, stir; metre, mare.

14.—
E M E R A L D
M E R I N O
E E C T
R I C E
A N T
L O
D

15. Bodle, Odeon, demit, Loire, enter. 16. Lento.
Emeer, needs, tedge, or-set. 17. Penal, ebony,
nomad, an-All, Lydia. 18. Jack-in-the-Pulpit.
19. Acrostic-Charade, thus—AcrostiC, CurriSH, Rol-
linA, OrdeR, SlestA, TankarD, IntenseE, CharadeS.
20. Spectre, sceptre. 21. Waterford, Kill-dare.
22. Apple, phlex, plant, longo, extol. 23. Qui(vive)
nine. 24. Alabama, Ural, SlaB, TlogA, IndiaN,
NaughtY. 25. L(ace)s.

26.—
E
A P E
S P I T E
G H A S T L Y
E P I S C O P A L
E N D O R S
C A P E R
L A C
L

27. Guttenberg, thus—Gage, Upraise, Terror, To,
Elapse, None, Box, Emerge, Race, Garden.

For Anti-sportsmen.—Sir Francis Head, speaking of the pleasure of the chase, gives an anecdote of a hard arguer in favor of fox-hunting in these words: "Said the haughty Countess of — to an aged huntsman who, cap in hand, had humbly invited her ladyship to do him the honor to come and see his hounds, 'I dislike everything belonging to hunting—it is so cruel!' 'Cruel!' replied the old man, with apparent astonishment. 'Why, my lady, it can't possibly be cruel, for'—logically holding up three fingers in succession—'we all knows that the gentlemen like it, and we all knows that the hooeses like it, and we all knows that the hounds like it.' After a long pause—'None on us, my lady, can know for certain that the foxes don't like it.'"

A Member of a New York club objected to the publication of the list of the meeting-nights of the club, "Because," said he, "if it's published, we married men will have to account for the off-nights." The motion to publish was lost.

The Young Woman that was lost in thought, after wandering in her own mind, found herself at last in her lover's arms.

Lord Chancellor Campbell, a few days before his death, met a barrister, and remarked: "Why, Mr. —, you are getting as fat as a porpoise." "Fit company, my lord, for the great seal," was the ready repartee.

Never, except upon one occasion, was a prominent newspaper editor in Milwaukee known to refuse to take a joke, and that was the other day at noon, when the boys inked his glasses and sent him home with a lantern to apologize to his landlady for being out till midnight.

When a Young Man who earns his living by opening oysters is asked by his sweetheart's father what his business is, he says, "I'm a conchologist, sir."

They Have the Greediest Boy of the period in Milwaukee. He takes everything from the other children of the family. Recently, he even took the measles from his little sister.

A Cynical Man insists that the fewer relations or friends we have the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you, in your prosperity they always help themselves.



YOUNG, BUT PRACTICAL.

"What! Harry! not in bed yet, and it's nine o'clock! What will papa say when he comes home?"
 "Oh, papa! he'll say, 'Supper! supper! What's for supper!'"



SO TENDER AND—SO TRUE!

EDWIN—"And now, darling, before we part, how are we to keep our marriage a profound secret?"
 ANGELINA (promptly)—"Nothing easier, Edwin, dear. You have only to believe to me as you have always done, and nobody will suspect it."

Reports of last week's Mexican revolution have come promptly to hand. Several thousand men were engaged on both sides, and one Greaser is reported to have sprained his elbow and got a black eye.

A Plain-Spoken Woman—recently visited a married acquaintance, and said to her—"How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other, starting. "Do you not know that I have my housework to do?" "Yes," was the answer. "I see you have it to do; but as it's never done, I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

The Virginia Papers complain of the strange love of litigation which curses their State. One of them mentions an extremely novel case—where a citizen actually sued himself—the suit being brought in his judiciary character against himself as an individual.

There are some delicate impulses that a good woman cannot resist; she cannot help putting three hairpins and a spare shoe-lace into the first shaving-mug she sees. Women are better than men in this respect.

Franks of a Prince.—A funny story is told of the second son of the Prince of Wales, Prince George Frederic. He is a merry little fellow, fond of tricks, and no more awed by the majesty of his sovereign than most lads are of their grandmother. He was even less amenable to discipline a few years ago than he is now, and on one occasion, when staying with the Queen at Windsor, played her a pretty prank. She had a solemn dinner at which a grand duke, Mr. Gladstone and Dean Stanley assisted. At dessert the children were sent for. When they came in Prince George was riotous. Grandmamma reproved him. He went on heedlessly. Grandmamma was again obliged to interfere. At last the youngster became very obstreperous, and he had to be sent under the table—a favorite mode of punishment, it is said, with her majesty—whence he was not to emerge until he had confessed his sin and promised amendment. He was very quiet, to everybody's surprise; but, when challenged, assured his imperturbable grandmamma that he was not yet quite good, but would be soon. At last he was satisfied with his own condition, and, to the amusement of the guests, emerged as naked as he was born, when, after a smart chase, he was removed by the servants.

The Man of Business, returning to his mansion, findeth his wife at the grand pianoforte ;

Sing to me, love, I need thy song,
I need that thou shouldst cheer me well,
For everything is going wrong,
And life appears an awful sell.
I've overdrawn my banker's book,
I'm teased for loans by brother John,
Last night our clerk eloped and took
Two thousand pounds—sing on, sing on.

My partner proves a man of straw,
And straw, alas! I dare not thrash;
My mortgagee has gone to law,
And swears he'll have his pound of flesh.
My nephew's nose has just been split
In some mad student's fight at Bonn;
My tailor serves me with a writ
For three years' bill—sing on, sing on.

My doctor says I must not think.
But go and spend a month at Ems;
My coachman, overcome by drink,
Near Barnes upset me in the Thames.
My finest horse is ruined quite,
And hath no leg to stand upon;
The other's knees are such a sight
He'll never sell—sing on, sing on.

My love, no tears! I'll touch thee now,
Thy parrot in our pond is drowned;
Thy lap-dog met a furious cow,
Whose horn hath saved thee many a pound;
Thy son from Cambridge must retire
For tying crackers to a don;
The country-house last night took fire—
It's down, sweet love—sing on, sing on.

He Could not Say "Amen" to That.—It is related that the Bishop of Sierra Leone was once on board a ship on the coast in a severe storm, when he anxiously asked the captain if he thought there was any danger. "Any danger, my lord?" interrogated the captain, and, pointing to the coast, to which the ship was rapidly drifting, he announced, "If the gale continues, we will be in heaven in half an hour!" "Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the bishop.

Divine Frenzy.—An American contemporary makes merry over the Poet-Laureate. It says; "Tennyson has been ordered to write an ode to the Prince of Wales, and it is amusing to behold England's Poet-Laureate walk fretfully up and down his garden, and hear him mumbling, 'The Prince of Wales—favoring gales—spreading sails—tigers' tails—the people yearn—his return—our bosoms burn—our love he'll earn—we'll tyrants spurn—jungles—bungles—India—Ind—dia-dis,' and then snap out, 'Oh, hang the ode!'"

Coloridge Tells Us that the German writer Hans Sachse, in attempting to describe the period of chaos, speaks of it as being so pitchy dark that the very cats ran against each other.

A Busy Housewife was sitting in a doorway playing her needle. Her husband was lounging on the rail, when his foot slipped, and falling, he bruised his knee on the doorstep. "Oh!" said he, groaning, "I have broken the bone, I am sure!" "Well, then," said she, holding up her needle with its eye broken out, "you and I have done nearly the same thing." "How so?" "Why, don't you see?" said she. "I have broken the eye of the needle, man, and you have broken the knee of the idle man!"

"Now, Then," said an angry wife to her provokingly good-natured husband; "now then, I'll just give you a piece of my mind!" "No, no; don't do it, my dear. You've no mind to spare, and I've got more than I need already," said the tantalizing creature, whistling a lively air as he walked away.

When we Picture the hundred or more trunks that ladies travel with, we cannot help reflecting how happy is the elephant, whose wife, when on a journey, has only one trunk.

A Young Iowa Man, who recently started out for the Black Hills, writes back to his friends that it's a perfect earthly paradise out there, and he is delighted with it. He also asks them to please lend him twenty-five dollars to come home with.

A Kentuckian becoming incensed at the boastfulness of an Englishman as to the superiority of British inventions, exclaimed: "Pshaw! They are of no account. Why, a house-painter in my neighborhood grained a door so exactly in imitation of oak, that last year it put forth leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns. And another fellow up in Iowa has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they *lay boiled eggs!*" The Englishman from that time forth exhibited a modest and subdued air.

"Excuse Me, Madame, but I would like to know why you look at me so savagely?" said a gentleman to a lady stranger. "Oh, I beg pardon, sir. I took you for my husband," was the reply.

Genius is the most peculiar of attributes. Genius leaves the water in the wash-basin. Genius never shuts a gate or door. Genius borrows small sums of money, never to return them. Genius gets drunk and affects filth. Genius loses its keys and spectacles. Genius uses other people's stamps and stationery. Genius is often a poet. Genius is incapable of folding a newspaper properly or keeping a book clean. Genius always leaves a letter on somebody's desk. Genius is a grown baby that disarranges everything. Genius is systematic only in bad manners. Genius's faults are ascribed to eccentricity. Genius would be happy, but his selfishness won't let him alone. Genius, in an advanced state of civilisation, would be stamped to death by an infuriated mob, paradoxical as such a tragedy may seem.

Mem. for Parties about to Brew.—The right place in which to set up a brewing establishment is Malta. There is the further charm about this locality that there would be no hop-position.

His Offense.—A little boy was charged the other day at one of the police courts with having committed the rather peculiar offense of "going to sleep in a gas-pipe." If it be urged that this was not a very great crime, it must, nevertheless, be admitted that the juvenile offender was "wrong in the main."

"How is It," asked Mr. Kinglake of one of his servants one day when traveling in the East, "that you, who are a Christian, persist in lying to me, and robbing me on every occasion, while my Turkish servants neither steal nor tell me falsehoods?" "It is probably," promptly replied the man, "because their religion does not permit them those advantages."

What is the Difference between a tradesman who uses false weights and a highwayman? The tradesman lies in weight, while the highwayman lies in wait.

Something the Police have Overlooked.—Post-office robberies are of such frequent occurrence in these days, that nobody is surprised to find a record of one in his morning paper; but an announcement was made the other day in connection with St. Martin's-le-Grand which is really shocking. In a certain part of the building they put up a notice that they should actually "dispatch a male three times every week-day." Horrible!

"William," said Emeline, "what do you see in those wild, wild waves?" "Sea foam," curtly answered William.

A Syrian Convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered Hayop, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

His Royal Acquaintance.—Two young gentlemen meet on Fifth Avenue, and express languid surprise at the encounter. These cosmopolitans last saw each other on the Rue de Capuchins. "Aw, yaw heah?" "Yes; came last week." "On the Cunardaw?" "Yes; the Scythiaw." "Enjoy yourself in Paris?" "Tolerable. Had good lettaws, you know. Some deuced distinguished people." "Hunt any of 'em up? Call on 'em?" "Yes; called on a marquise and a countess, and one evening I called on two queens." "Aw! Pleasant interview?" "Not very. The other fellow had three kings, you know." "Aw!"

Uncle John, did you not know that Mr. Jones had made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors?" "Humph!" said Uncle John, "that's the way they always put it—assignment for benefit of creditors?" But who ever knew *creditors* to get any benefit of an assignment?"

The Man who Answered an advertisement to the following effect had his curiosity satisfied: "If you would learn to make a home happy, send half a dollar in postage-stamps to A. B." etc. Upon receipt of postage-stamps, A. B. replied: "Your home would be more happy if you were less frequently there."

A Leg to Stand On.—Subscriptions are being raised for the benefit of the newly-elected professor of Chinese at Oxford—Doctor Legge. It is satisfactory to think that the Celestial language and literature have at last got one Legge, at all events, if not as yet a firm footing in Oxford.

Another Way to Get the Girls Off.—A thriving trader in Wisconsin, claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months. A neighbor of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him to obtain the secret of his husband-making success, when the trader informed him he had made it a rule, after a young man had paid his attentions to one of his girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and request him to choose between death and matrimony. "You can imagine," continued he, "which of the two they prefer."

A Sick Man was telling his symptoms—which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming! Delightful! Pray go on!" and, when he had finished, the doctor said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct."

Tender and True.—*Little Girl*: "Oh, please sir, I've brought your shirt 'ome, but mother says she can't wash it no more, 'cos she was obliged to paste it up agen the wall and chuck soap-suds at it, it's so tender."

"I'm a Good Deal spryer than I thought I was," said an old gentleman who had passed his three score and ten. "How did you find it out?" asked one of his grandchildren. "By Neighbor Johnson's bull trying to interview me as I came through his pasture this morning," quietly replied the old gentleman.

Kangaroo Steaks have been introduced to the tables of France, and the frogs are beginning to breathe a little easier.

The Late Baron Brisse adored fowl, and had a chicken served up in some form at every meal. One day a friend remonstrated with him, and assured him that the diet would one day injure his health. "Pahaw," replied the ventricole, parodying a historic phrase, "the chicken that is to kill me has not yet been hatched."

A Ventriloquist fell overboard in Lake Erie the other day, and was drowned. When the cry of "Help, help!" came from under the bulwarks, the deck hands said "he couldn't fool them," and went right on with their work.

When a Young Man gets the impression that he's as handsome as a picture, isn't it about time for somebody to take him down?

An Old Author quaintly remarks: "A void argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among *silks* and *satins*, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound-up."

The Directions for roasting a hare and portraying grief on the stage are identical—first catch your hair.

A Merchant of Liverpool, who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter, written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, seeing the necessity of sending the letter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above, I have died."

The Seven Wonders of the Social World.—1. A Box of Figs, or a Basket of Strawberries, with the biggest at the bottom. 2. A Hotel Waiter who will decline to take a fee, on the ground that all gratuities are rigidly forbidden by the rules of the house. 3. An advertised Plain Cook, whose plainness prevents her having any followers. 4. Your own Umbrella in its stand, after some good friend has borrowed it. 5. A Keeper of a Lodging-house who, if you complain of fleas, can refrain from a loud protest that you must have brought them with you. 6. A Newsboy who, defiant of street-chaff, has the pluck to wear an eye-glass or a pair of spectacles. 7. A Young Man of the Period who never calls things "too thin," or talks about the Governor.

"Do You Love Me still, John?" whispered a sensitive wife to her husband. "Of course I do—the stiller the better," answered the stupid husband.

Our Sage Says that the fewer our relatives or friends, the happier we are. "In your poverty they never help you; in your prosperity they always help themselves."

As a Party of ladies and gentlemen were climbing to the top of a church-steeple, one hot day recently, a gentleman remarked: "This is rather a spiral flight of steps." To which a lady rejoined: "Yes, perspiral," and she wiped her brow as she spoke.

A Wealthy Baronet, now deceased, invited the well-known John Clerk, of Elgin, to inspect a collection of paintings which he had made with infinite care and expense during a recent visit to the Continent. The opinion which he formed of the collection was by no means favorable. Happening to be shortly afterward in company of admirers of the fine arts, who were doubting which of the Continental cities furnished the greatest attraction to a purchaser of paintings. "If anybody wants to get guid pictures," said Mr. Clerk, "they should gang to Tours." "To Tours!" exclaimed the company. "Way to Tours, of all places?" "Because Sir—has been there," answered Mr. Clerk, "an' he's bought up a' the bad anes."

The Most Valuable recent western contribution to the language is a new verb—to "korne-woggle." As nearly as we can get at it, it means to swindle artistically.



DOCTOR—"I am afraid you drink too much; all stimulants in your case are injurious."

PATIENT—"I give you my word of honor, doctor, I never touch a drop of beer but when I am out of brandy, as I am now!"

The Perversity of the Mule is proverbial. Repeated experiments have shown the futility of reasoning with the animal, and the severest chastisement is little more effectual. Who does not remember the taunt of the grim muleteer, who, when one of his charges was capering, and showing off somewhat too jauntily to meet with his kind approbation, showered a rain of thumps, kicks and bangs, interspersed with the ejaculation: "You out a caper!" (Bang!) "You give yourself a rs!" (Thump!) "Why, I knew you" (kick) "when your father was a jack-ass!" (Thump, kick, and bang!)

A Man from the Western frontier took a warm bath in Omaha the other day, and died within an hour. The coroner's jury, after a careful investigation, returned a verdict that "The deceased came to his death from too sudden and unnatural cleanliness."

The New York "Mail" says: "When a gentleman steps on a lady's train, the lady should turn round and say, politely, 'I beg your pardon, sir;' and the gentleman should bow and say, 'I accept your apology, madam.'"

An Eight-hour Man, on going home for his supper, found his wife sitting, in her best clothes, on the front doorstep, reading a volume of travels. "How is this?" he exclaimed, "where is my supper?" "I don't know," replied his wife, "I began to get your breakfast at six o'clock this morning, and my eight hours ended at two P.M."

The Orphans.—Recently, a New York clergyman, while announcing from the pulpit an appointment for the ladies of his congregation to meet at the orphan asylum on a beneficiary visit to the institution, closed the announcement with the following words: "The ladies will take with them their own refreshments, so as not to eat up the orphans."

"John, you must come home early this afternoon. We are going to have one of the Advisory Council for dinner, you know." "Well, Em, I'll come; but I don't promise to eat a bit of him."

Taking the "Romance" Out of It.—Victor Hugo, when about to make the journey in Germany which inspired his book "The Rhine," called at the Government office for his passports, when the following conversation took place with the clerk:—"Your name, if you please?" "Victor Hugo." "Age?" "Thirty-three." "Profession?" "The poet lifted proudly his Olympian front, and replied, with majesty, "Founder of my School." "Very well. Write"—turning to a fellow-clerk—"write out a passport for M. Victor Hugo—age, thirty-three; school-teacher."

The First Architect.—"Who built the first house?" asked an ambitious schoolmistress of a bright little girl on examination day. "I don't know, ma'am, but I think Noah did." "Why do you think so, my dear?" "Because he's the first architect we read of."



TOLD UNDER THE CASTLE WALLS.—"BEFORE ARTHUR COULD PREVENT IT, GUSTAVE HAD SHOT HIMSELF THROUGH THE BREAST."

Told Under the Castle Walls.

It was one lovely Summer evening at Heidelberg, the moon filled the ruins of the old castle with a host of ghostly shapes, and cast a brilliancy equal to that of day on the surrounding terraces and promenades. The scene was one of perfect quiet, and, in spite of the fine evening, not a creature was visible among the castle grounds.

The deep silence was finally broken by the sound of voices and the barking of dogs, which heralded the approach of a party of students. Shortly after, six or eight members of the Westphalian corps appeared on one of the winding paths which led to the restaurant garden.

After taking places at one of the rustic tables, and ordering wine, they soon became engaged in a lively conversation, varied by songs and clinking of glasses. Among other subjects, the question arose as to whether or not the castle was haunted.

One of the party related how long years ago a man was imprisoned in one of the underground dungeons. He was plentifully provided with food, but water or drink of any sort was totally denied. A spring of pure water gurgled and bubbled continually in his cell, but his chains prevented his approaching the precious liquid, and he could only watch and listen to it with an agonized fascination. After a few days of maddening thirst, death put an end to his sufferings.

"The cell with the spring still exists, and is said to be faithfully haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate prisoner. Who is brave enough to go with me and beard the ghostly lion in his gloomy den!" continued the narrator, starting from his chair and going in the direction of the dungeon.

Several other students were preparing to follow him, when Carl Bernstein exclaimed:

"It is utter nonsense to prowl among those moldy dungeons at this time of night. Your pains will be rewarded by a profusion of mud and bats, with, perhaps, a broken bone or two on the crumbling stairs. As for that ghost, and all the others that are said to haunt this castle, they will prove as deceitful and unreliable as April days."

"Or as Madeline Arnold," said Gustave von Bremer, a dark, handsome fellow, wearing an expression of melancholy which made him appear older than his years.

The words, though few, were spoken with such a decided sneer as to attract the attention of all present, especially that of Count Waldau, a handsome young man at the opposite end of the table. He started to his feet, crashing one of the delicate champagne-glasses to the ground in his haste, and while an angry flush suffused his face, exclaimed:

"Baron Bremer, this is neither the time nor place to mention the name of Miss Arnold in that tone! If you are a gentleman, please recall the alighting words you have just spoken!"

"Never will I play the coward so far as to retract words which express my exact opinion. Madeline Arnold is a heartless, deceitful, fickle coquette, and I question your right to take exception to my words!" exclaimed Bremer, now angry as his opponent.

"I exercise the right of an affianced lover," answered Count Waldau, by this time white with passion. He advanced a step nearer his adversary; but, with a powerful effort, turned and left the garden, saying, in an icy tone as he went: "We will settle this matter more satisfactorily during the week, Baron von Bremer."

This scene cast a silence over the party for some moments, which Baron Bremer was the first to interrupt by exclaiming:

"Fool that that fellow is, to trust that heartless fiend! But I will take him at his word. Bernstein, will you come with me to arrange for a duel the day after to-morrow?"

This request caused no astonishment among the other students, as duels are of daily occurrence among the corps-students of Heidelberg. They are fought with thin, sharp swords, and are, in reality, fencing-matches. They are never fatal, but in case of a quarrel, sometimes very serious.

The two young men then disappeared by another path than that which the count had chosen, leaving their comrades to discuss the quarrel at length.

"It is a bad case of jealousy between Bremer and Waldau, but Bremer is wrong in turning so bitter toward the young lady because she happens to prefer Waldau," said one the party.

"But she deserves great blame for encouraging Bremer to the extent that she did," was the reply.

"There is a diversity of opinion on that subject. What Bremer calls encouragement was only what any pretty girl would show toward a handsome fellow that admired her. Bremer should remember that the American girls are much more demonstrative than our German lassies. He was a fool to drag in the girl's name at such a time, and I think he will suffer for his folly, as Waldau is the best fencer in the corps."

By this time the evening was considerably advanced, so a proposition to descend to the town was accepted with unanimous consent, and silence brooded again over the moonlit ruins.

Madeline Arnold was a lovely American girl who had been spending the past year at Heidelberg. At

one of the Museum balls she met for the first time the two students, Count Waldau and Baron von Bremer, who, as the principal characters in this narrative, deserve a slight description. The former was the only remaining son of one of the best and wealthiest families of North Germany. His was that happy, genial temperament which at once created him the favorite of his corps. Baron von Bremer, though of a more serious disposition, was also a great favorite among his friends. Highly intellectual and well informed, his seemed a most promising future, were it not for his one great failing—intemperance.

The great beauty and fascinating manners of Madeline Arnold awakened the keen admiration of both gentlemen, who from that time forth vied with each other in offering their homage. She was equally gracious to both—of which fact they were each quite conscious—so she could not be accused of coquetry. This friendship flourished for some months, at the end of which time Madeline evinced the stronger preference for Arthur von Waldau. Just at this point Baron Bremer offered his hand and heart, and was refused. Apparently more angry than disappointed, he withdrew, leaving the field entirely to his more fortunate rival. This disappointment was ranking in his mind when he spoke the words that led to the quarrel at the castle, though until that evening the two men had been friendly as ever. At the commencement of our story, Madeline was absent on a tour through Switzerland, after which, at the expiration of a year, her marriage with Arthur, Count von Waldau, was to be celebrated.

The night after the scene described at the castle, Arthur von Waldau was alone in his rooms, busily engaged in writing. The night was far advanced before he finally desisted. As he rose from his chair, the sound of unsteady footsteps on the stairs attracted his attention. The steps came nearer and nearer, and shortly the door opened and Gustave von Bremer entered the room, evidently highly intoxicated. Before the quarrel his visits at all hours were of too frequent occurrence to excite remark; but, under the existing circumstances, Arthur was much astonished, and inquired, in a frigid tone, "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" But, without replying, Gustave strode over to the chimney-piece and seized a pistol that was lying on the mantel-shelf. With a cry of horror, Arthur sprang forward and tried to wrench the pistol from him, but too late! Before Arthur could prevent it, Gustave had shot himself through the breast and lay on the floor apparently dead, the discharged pistol lying a short distance from him.

After gazing for a few seconds on the shocking sight, Arthur rushed out for medical aid, in the hope that life might not be quite extinct.

On the arrival of the surgeon, a slight pulsation of the heart was discovered, and the wounded man was removed to the hospital, where he would be under the best medical skill.

By this time a crowd had collected on the scene of action, and a long consultation arose as to the cause of the deed.

"Was it an attempt at murder or suicide?" asked one.

"The court will probably decide that," was the answer.

"Appearances are against the count, as every one knows he and Bremer have been at daggers' points since that quarrel at the castle."

In the midst of this discussion, a voice rose full and clear above the rest. It was Count Waldau relating the facts as they had occurred.

His statement created very contrary effects among his auditors. Some excitedly attested their belief of what he said; others regarded the matter more suspiciously, and the remarks of the students concerning the past quarrel strengthened their suspicions.

After many long, excited arguments on the sub-

ject, the crowd finally dispersed, and all was quiet for the remainder of the night.

The next morning Count Waldau received a warrant of arrest on the charge of an attempt to murder Baron von Bremer.

Proudly erect and lolly calm, firm in the consciousness of his own innocence, Arthur von Waldau confronted his judges.

Circumstantial evidence condemned him. The particulars of the quarrel between himself and Baron Bremer were well known; his threat that "this quarrel should be settled satisfactorily during the week"; the discharged pistol lying at a distance from the wounded man—all told heavily against him, and public opinion seemed to decree that he would be convicted.

Silently and coldly he listened to the charges made against him, then arose, and, in full, ringing tones, bright and glowing with the halo of truth, pleaded his own cause. When he had finished much feeling in his favor was evinced among his auditors, but, in spite of the sympathy of the many, the few ordained that he should return to his solitary confinement till the event of the recovery or death of the wounded man, when the conviction or acquittal of the prisoner should be fully decided upon.

As Count Waldau returned to his cell, his predominant feeling was one of thankfulness that Madeline was unconscious of the sea of trouble in which he was immersed.

During all this time Baron von Bremer lay in a heavy stupor, and apparently at the point of death. From this he relapsed into a violent fever, which, at the end of three weeks, left him weak and helpless as a child, but saved!

When sufficiently recovered, the facts regarding the arrest of Count von Waldau were related to him.

"Oh, my God!" cried he, as the memory of past events burst upon him, "that unfortunate man has been languishing in prison all these weeks through a cruel mistake, and all my fault! Let it be known throughout the town that I will make a statement in court to-morrow that will clear Count von Waldau from every breath of suspicion. Mad, infatuated fool that I was!" and, with a sigh of exhaustion, Gustave von Bremer sank back on his pillow.

The next afternoon the court was thronged to overflowing with an excited, eager crowd, anxious for the arrival of the two heroes of the day.

At the appointed hour they appeared, Arthur von Waldau, prisoner at the bar, and his supposed victim, Gustave von Bremer, pale and worn from his severe illness, but strong with the excitement of the confession oppressing his brain. At a given signal he arose, and in a slow, pained voice spoke the following:

"Prisoner at the bar, I owe you an apology which words cannot express. Though my statement will acquit you, it cannot atone for the suffering my wild recklessness has already caused. The wound I received in your room was inflicted voluntarily by my own hand. I was insane that night; oppressed with a sense of anger and jealousy, I resolved to take my own life. Though I drank so deeply as to lose all other consciousness, this idea did not forsake me. The thought that you kept constantly a loaded pistol in your room took possession of my crazed brain, and, as if in a trance, I made my way to the weapon which has caused so much misery for both of us. The rest you know. I am now thankful that my worthless life was spared, if only to clear you from suspicion. Gentlemen of the jury, Arthur von Waldau is wholly innocent in this matter. I alone am the offender."

A burst of applause followed this declaration, and amid acclamations of universal joy, Count von Waldau was honorably acquitted.

It is now several years since the above events

transpired, and Count Waldau has long been in possession of the fair object of his quarrel while a student at Heidelberg. Baron von Bremer appears to have abandoned his idea of suicide; his wife and the Countess von Waldau are sworn friends, and all feelings of antagonism between the two heroes of this tale have long ago sunk into oblivion.

The Big Medicine of the Sioux.

CHAPTER I.

THIS earth of ours has many a wild and curious patch of ground upon it, between its polar desolation and its tropic luxuriance of vegetable and animal life. It has its cities, dead and living, its battlefields and its other great cemeteries, but, in all the twentyfour hours of any day, it does not hold up for the sun to shine upon a more remarkable stretch of country, all things considered, than that which lies between the muddy waters of the North Platte, on the south, and what men have chosen to call the Black Hills, on the north, including the "bad lands" of Dacotah, and the broken ranges of height and valley which the Crows pre-empted, the Sioux have tried to sell, and which the turkey-buzzards, the coyotes and the prairie-dogs really own.

It is a queer country, and will soon be described in as many more different ways as it has been heretofore, but no one thing among its mournful solitudes was half so well worth human attention as was either of three several parties of human beings who were working their way across it under the bright sun of one October morning, not so very long ago.

"One at a time?"

The better way, beyond all doubt, for they were separated by miles and miles of broken country, and neither one knew where to find the other.

By the side of a bright clear spring of water, that started off on a "run" down-hill to the eastward, no man knew whither, a group of three were listlessly watching a dull-looking half-breed Indian, as he lazily harnessed the treble spans of mules to a couple of light but strongly-constructed Plains wagons.

Three of them, and all white, and what was more remarkable, all of them, the two gentlemen and the lady, bearing unmistakable traces of having recently come from the very upper circles of that civilization of which the Bad Lands are the earthly antipodes. The lady, albeit the dark and quiet beauty of her sweet young face had a good deal of steady resolution in it, bore, just now, a species of resigned and worn expression, as if she were enduring that for which she rather hoped than expected comfortable ending. Her two male companions, on the other hand, were evidently in at ease, like men who feel themselves hovering on the edge of a somewhat perilous debate.

"You would not leave us now, Harry Poole," said one—"now that we must be so near our journey's end?"

"Near its end, Sam Garrett!" half angrily retorted the other. "Who ever talked of leaving you? I only hope the old man *has* followed us, as you believe. If he has, we had better turn toward the settlements again and leave him to hunt for our trail among these sage-bushes and dog-holes. He might as well hunt for a needle in a haystack. Upon my soul, I don't see what you are running away for. If you've stolen your guardian's daughter, didn't he steal your money—"

"Harry Poole!" it was the voice of the lady, now. "You forget that you are speaking of my father."

"Indeed I don't," replied the undaunted Harry. "I've been your friend since we were babies together, and I've stuck by Sam through West Point,

and on the Plains, and through many and many a day of hard service in camp and field; but I do say that, for a wedding-trip, we've gone about as far into the rural districts as any sane white man ever dreamed of going. I don't mind my own scalp so much, but I wonder either of us has anything of the kind to boast of this blessed day. If you don't want to go to the expense of a wig before your time, you'd better join me in urging Sam to strike for Fort Laramie, without another day of this crazy prospecting for he don't know what."

"You forget, Harry," said Sam, "that you and I have been over a good deal of this country before, and it may be I do know what I am after."

"Maybe you do," growled Harry, "and I'm ready to back you for anything in reason; but I wish I knew better than I do where we were bound for this day, and whether my hair would be in order when we go into camp again. We're close to the foot of the Black Hills, now. Hallo—what's that? Mount, Sam! No, there isn't time to mount; they're charging right in on us! Close work, this! There, tally one for me! Antone, look out for the mules! Lottie, get under the wagon!"

Both Harry Poole and Sam Garrett had seen service on the Plains before, or the intended "surprise party" of that half-dozen of Sioux warriors would have been altogether too complete a success. As it was, they quickly learned, to their cost, that they had made a very disastrous blunder; and three of them wheeled away as swiftly as they had come, leaving the other three where the deadly bullets of the two white men had pitched them.

No harm had come to the little "wedding party," if such it was, although Lottie had not gone "under the wagon," and had a Sioux war-arrow sticking in the loose folds of her dress to bear witness to Sam's anxious eyes how near and how real had been the peril into which he had somehow brought her.

"I give it up, Harry!" he exclaimed. "Now the redskins are actually on our trail, there's no use in discussing the matter. I've been an obstinate, wrong-headed, dreamy fool; but that arrow has opened my eyes. I only hope those fellows won't be back again, with half their tribe at their heels!"

"Not likely," dryly returned Harry; "the only wonder is, in my mind, how they happened to be here, in their war-paint, at this time of the year, so far away from their hunting-grounds. There's some devilry a-going that we're not posted up on."

"Sam! Harry! There they come again—a great many of them!" just then almost screamed poor Lottie. "Oh, what shall we do? I had rather meet my father!"

"I should say so," coolly returned Harry; but Sam added:

"Look there, now; I don't understand that. I'll swear our first lot were Sioux, but those other fellows are after them, foot-footed!"

"Crows, then," said Harry. "That solves the whole riddle; only I'd as soon be scalped by one as another, and there's a round hundred in that gang!"

"It's hardly the thing to strike the weaker party," replied Sam, as he raised his rifle; "but here's another crack at the Sioux!"

"Wise, if not liberal," said Harry; and he, also, sent a leaden messenger after their recent assailants, as they galloped past.

Only one went down, but the deed had had plenty of witnesses, and was greeted with tumultuous yells of savage approbation from the clouted and painted swarm of pursuers, a few of whom pressed on after their remaining victims, while the remainder drew rein around the "wedding party."

Anything like hostile demonstration on the part of the two white men would have been utter madness, even if the gestures and utterances of the Crows—for such they really were—had seemed to call for

resistance. Sam and Harry, therefore, with Lottie between them, stood heroically still, while the newcomers were approaching, and poor Antone, for reasons best known to himself, disappeared somewhere in the interior of the nearest tilted wagon.

The etiquette of the Plains is as rigid as that of any court in Europe, and the mass of the Crow warriors halted, as a matter of course, at two or three rods of "respectful distance," while their head chief, a tall and splendidly ugly redskin, followed by a trio of lesser dignitaries, sprang from his horse and strode forward to closer quarters, extending his hand as he did so, with the Plains "sign-language" token of amity.

He was answered in due form by Sam Garrett, but the chief himself must have been astonished to find a white man, dressed in such a thoroughgoing "settlements" rig of "store clothes," addressing him in his own tongue.

Not a visible sign of such an emotion, or of any other, however, was to be discovered on the cloudy bronze of the warrior's face as he listened and responded.

"Glad to meet great Crow chief," Sam had said. "Friends come just in time. Maybe more Sioux around. Only two of us, and we couldn't kill them all."

"White men fight Sioux. Must be friends of Crow chief. Red Arrow glad to meet them. Glad to see squaw. Must be great braves, else never come out here," was the very logical rejoinder of the dusky leader.

Sam Garrett and his friend, however, knew too much of Indian character to do any great amount of talking or to explain too minutely the circumstances of their singular trip into the wilderness. A more practical and politic operation was that of stepping to the wagon and bringing out a handsomely mounted rifle, as a present to Red Arrow and a token of the satisfaction of the two palefaces at meeting their friends and being delivered from their enemies.

"It was magnificent good-luck for us," growled Harry Poole, as he climbed into the wagon, "that the Crows didn't turn up first. I'd have shot the wrong redskin, as sure as I'm alive."

One other thing Harry discovered, as he handed the presentation-rifle out to Sam, for Antone, flat on the bottom and covered with miscellaneous goods and properties, grabbed him by the leg, exclaiming:

"You not 'calp yit? Is de colonel dead? Bery queer ting!"

"Get up, you fool!" snapped Harry. "These are Crows, and Sam Garrett knows their lingo. I ain't half sure he didn't meet 'em by appointment, and if he don't mean to settle among 'em. Get up, and come out of that."

"Crow?" soberly returned Antone. "Den I come out. Reckon dey forgit all about Antone."

And so saying, the somewhat stupid-looking half-breed slowly followed his cynical employer. No sooner, however, did the luckless "sneak," as he surely had been, show himself in the open air, than the swarm of daring raiders around him, instantly comprehending the situation, greeted him with such a chorus of mocking jeers as testified abundantly to the keen sense of the grotesque and the ludicrous possessed by the red men of the Plains.

"Half-and-half!" exclaimed one.

"White man fight, Crow fight, even Sioux fight—half-man hide in the wagon!" shouted another.

"Take his scalp off!"

"Take his head off!"

"Kill half of him!"

"Kill the other half!"

Lottie could not, of course, comprehend the meaning of the tempest of rude and guttural wit that greeted the cowardly teamster, but the smile which showed that she understood its drift was accepted by the Crow bystanders most graciously, as a token

of the remarkable confidence in them entertained by their new paleface acquaintances.

White men who killed their enemies for them, and a white squaw who could appreciate their fun, were likely to get a strong hold on the good-will of the wild gentlemen of the Dacotah Hills, and Harry Poole remarked to himself that there "was less of a half-lifted sort of feeling about the roots of his hair than there had been.

As for the luckless Antone, he pretended to be wonderfully busy about the harness of his team, quite contented to be laughed at, so long as the arrows and lances remained inactive. A jeer was evidently a better thing, in his opinion, than a scalp-yell, at any time of day, and especially just then and there.

CHAPTER II.

SO MUCH for the first scene in this drama of the wilderness, and the second was by no means a great many miles away. Beyond all doubt, moreover, number two was following on the trail of number one, in spite of Harry Poole's sneer at the impossibility of such a thing. It may be that even his icy nerves would have experienced something of a sensation if he could have observed precisely the manner in which that trailing had evidently been done.

There were three in this party also, but only one of them was a human being, the other two being a pair of remarkably strongly-built and efficient-looking thoroughbreds. One of the latter was at present doing duty as a pack-horse, and the other bore upon his back a being who would have challenged attention wherever or by whomever he might have been met. In the thickest crowd on earth or in the loneliest desert, that weird, bitter-faced, withered old man would have been worth while to turn for a second look at him.

From under bushy and projecting eyebrows of yellowish-white, a pair of deep, greenish-gray, fiery eyes looked out over a prominent "hawk's nose" to light up the innumerable seams and wrinkles which crossed each other in all directions until they were concealed, so far as the lower part of his face was concerned, by the tangled luxuriance of his grizzly beard, while his scanty white hair fluttered out on the prairie breeze from under a close-fitting cap of what looked like sealskin.

A very remarkable-looking old man, indeed, to be forcing his way at so fast and so steady a pace across that desolate wilderness, all alone by himself.

As for the wilderness and the desolation, however, he seemed to mind neither the one nor the other, peopled as they well might be with perils of every sort and nature, but bent his keen eyes straight before him, now at the trail and now at the far horizon, as if he half expected that those who had made the former might shortly appear between him and the latter.

"Been made within six hours, I should judge," he muttered, in a hoarse, deep voice, and with the monotone of one who is accustomed to talk to himself. "The young fools must have had something more than fear of me to send them out on this awful journey. Sam is a strange fellow, but Harry Poole is a man of sense, and I wonder he didn't prevent it. It isn't possible either of them knew; and yet for what other reason could they have taken this direction? At all events, I am likely to know before noon, unless I fall in with the wrong party first."

Even as he spoke it became evident that he had fallen in with some party or other, but whether the right one or the wrong, nothing in his own conduct or appearance gave the slightest indication. For most white explorers into that debatable ground it would certainly have been altogether the most unpleasant of all possible company, but the grim old man turned neither to the right hand nor the left as warrior after warrior rode out from the seeming

solitude around him and urged his fleet steed nearer and nearer, with at first loud yells of what seemed strangely like greeting and recognition.

Closer and closer wheeled and charged and shouted the painted Sioux riders, till more than a score of them were accompanying the steadfast and voiceless progress of the incomprehensible stranger.

Assuredly, there was nothing which could be called hostile in the demonstrations of the red men, and after a little while the shouts died away into silence, and, with meaning nods and beck and gestures, they even disappeared as they had come, leaving the hard-faced old man to his own devices.

"Three times that has happened since yesterday morning," he growled through his grizzly mustaches. "I wonder if it will continue to hold good. There is something more in it than I can understand—and yet I know them well."

It was, indeed, a curious kind of a puzzle, nor would it have been altogether explained if he or another could have heard and interpreted the meaning of the remarks which passed from brave to brave as they rode away.

"The Medicine-eyes is angry."

"He is riding for the Manitou."

"We ought not to have spoken."

"How should we know?"

"He will be with the chiefs at the council to-morrow."

"Then he will tell us."

"It is bad medicine for the Sioux when he is silent."

"We have lost some scalps to-day, or we shall lose some."

And so the painted warriors grew graver and more silent as they galloped on, mile after mile, in a direction nearly at right angles to that which the old man had taken.

For nearly an hour after he had been left to himself, the latter pushed steadily forward, without meeting a living thing bigger than a coyote, until he came to a spot where a few trees and a spring of water seemed to have provided a resting-place for wayfarers like himself.

Springing from his unwearied quadruped with an agility which belied his white hairs, the traveler gave such careful attention to both his equine servants as showed a practical appreciation of their needs as well as their value.

"My scalp may depend on their legs before night," he soliloquized; "and old Simon Maynard has ridden across prairie too often to neglect the only protection he has brought with him. I only hope Lottie and her two fools are as well off for horseflesh as I am. They must be, or I'd have caught up with 'em long ago."

Somewhat in error as he was in this, the veteran's next movement showed that he had not forgotten himself in his preparations for his "forced march." Wonderfully compact and condensed as was the load on the spare horse, it nevertheless contained quite enough to furnish forth many a comfortable meal.

No time wasted in making a fire, to be sure, but an alcohol lamp was quite enough to prepare a cup or two of black coffee, and sundry strange preparations of fish, or flesh, or fowl were duly expanded, with a little water and a little heat, to an ample volume and a very appetizing smell and appearance.

The armies of the future will laugh at the huge commissary-trains of the present and the past, and kingdoms by the dozen have been thrown away for lack of the science which went to the simple provision of that grim graybeard's breakfast. When all that is eatable of an ox can be stored in three haversacks, there is no need for a whole regiment to be disabled till the animal himself can be driven into camp.

The breakfast was a good one, no doubt, and the

horses were permitted to pick a while on the scanty herbage by the spring, while their master was preparing for them something akin to that on which he had regaled himself; but, at last, all that prudence and experience could dictate had been properly attended to, and the white head once more was lifted to its former high place and the fiery eyes again looked steadily forward on the trail of the wagon-wheels and the hoots, as it led away from the spring toward the darkening ranges of the mountains to the northward.

"Simon Maynard," he said to himself, as he rode forward, "you will catch them before night, and what will you do then? You are not the same man you were when you started. Is there any witchcraft in the air of these Plains to make you grow young and soft-hearted again? You were both when you last rode over them. Don't be a fool, Simon."

Little enough of youth or softness could any observer have discerned in the face from which the muttered monotone proceeded, but it may have been that there was somewhat less of burning intensity in the old man's eyes. Could it have been because he had eaten so good a breakfast and with so very remarkable an appetite, for a man of his age?

Perhaps so.

At all events, he seemed to have lost no part of his purpose of following that trail, whatever doubt he might have as to what he would do when he should find the other end of it, and the gallant beast under him pushed onward with a steady and unflinching stride, which paid small attention to the occasional roughness of the way.

And with every mile of progress the distant mountain-ranges seemed to loom up darker and taller against the unclouded sky, save where some prouder peak than the rest bore upon its summit the tokens of the perpetual Winter which reigned there.

"The mountains will bring them to bay," muttered Simon Maynard; "but I think I shall reach them before they reach the mountains. I only hope the Sioux may not get hold of them first, or that, if they do, they will deal as respectfully with Lottie and her husband, not to mention that scapegrace of a Harry Poole, as they seem disposed to deal with me."

The softening process was evidently doing very well, but now it became once more apparent that the seeming solitudes were peopled. Away to the right and left wild horsemen began to show themselves over the dull rolls of the plain. No whooping, no yelling, but more and more near they were riding, watching closely as they did so the steady career of the strange old man, as if he were some puzzle far beyond them.

CHAPTER III.

LITTLE more than half an hour's gallop to the westward of the spring and grove at which Simon Maynard had halted for his late breakfast, a group had gathered that was in many ways as noteworthy as either of the others, and it, too, consisted at first of but three persons, leaving out of the account, this time, the quadruped part.

Two Indians, stately-looking old fellows in spite of their painted and wrinkled faces, with that in their bearing which betokened no small opinion of their own importance, and yet who seemed disposed to regard, with a most extraordinary measure of deference, the third member of their party, albeit neither age, nor weather-bronze, nor his wild yet well-appointed dress, could disguise the fact that he was a full-blooded white man.

Bronzed, indeed, was he, so far as his thin, stern face was not hidden by his flowing and grizzly beard, and his eagle-beak was overlooked by piercing eyes of greenish-gray, from under jutting eyebrows of yellowish white. Over his well-made and profusely

ornamented hunting-shirt and leggings of deerskin he wore a species of robe of the thinnest and most pliable antelope-hide, stained with multitudinous devices and characters, among which the eyes of a scholar might have amused themselves in picking out the totems of the aborigines from the well-drawn emblems and symbols of the oldest of all civilizations.

His head was covered by a close-fitting cap of some smooth fur, from under which his white hair escaped in long, scant locks, that fluttered lightly in the prairie breeze.

"The Crows have broken their treaty, and their war-parties have already been seen this side of the hills," said one of the old chiefs.

"The palefaces have been permitted to come in far enough," said the other. "Some of our young men may strike them, or they may fall into the hands of the Crows."

"Our young men must not strike them," said the wearer of the robe; "but they must take them all prisoners, and bring them to me. This is not a good day for the warriors of the Sioux. They must not even strike the Crows before to-morrow."

"I am glad, then," returned one of the old chiefs, "that some of them are coming yonder. We can tell them what they are to do. This is not a time to make bad medicine."

If the Indians of the Plains have no religion to speak of, they have a superabundance of superstition, and they most devoutly believe in what they call "medicine," but which is only another name for what all other people have also worshipped under the head of "blind luck," and its several equivalents.

It was even as the painted veteran had declared, and a number of well-mounted braves could now be seen riding closely together in something like sober order toward the spot where the trio were standing. Their nearer approach, however, was a signal for the white "medicine man" and his two associates to spring suddenly upon the backs of the horses which they had hitherto been holding, as if they deemed it beneath their dignity to await their inferiors on foot.

The conduct of the latter, however, as they came nearer, offered a very provoking sort of puzzle, although they were themselves evidently struggling with some unusual perplexity of their own.

At a distance of a good two hundred yards every man of them drew rein, nor could any amount of gesturing or even peremptory shouting from the two old chiefs bring them a horse's length nearer. They had decided apparently that it was a "bad medicine-day" for Sioux, and they did not want any of it for their own personal share.

"Go and speak with them," quietly remarked the robed white man. "Ask them what they have seen."

In an instant he was alone in his magical dignity, nor did the "young men" seem at all averse to the approach of their own kith and kin, chiefs and conjurers though they might be.

In a short space of time, however, the wrinkled messengers returned, bringing with them several of the more plucky of the hesitating warriors to tell their own story for themselves.

They would not approach any too nearly even now, but a tall Sioux brave responded to a sternly uttered question with—

"We know how the Big Medicine finds out so much when we think he is in his lodge."

"Do you?" was the sneering rejoinder. "Well, if you know, you may tell."

"We have all seen it this day," continued the awe-stricken brave. "The Big Medicine does not need to leave his lodge—there are two of him."

Under all the bronze of the aged white man's face a deep and deadly pallor crept to the roots of his hair as he listened, and he seemed almost to reel upon his saddle as he gasped:

"Have you seen him?"

"We have seen him," sententiously replied the

warrior. "He is riding toward the mountains, and he does not speak."

"Then follow him," sharply and sternly commanded the old man. "Do him no harm, for your lives, but bring him to me. Beware how you lay a hand upon him. Go!"

They needed no second command, and, as the "young braves" wheeled hurriedly away to communicate their errand to their comrades, a strong feeling of curiosity could be seen struggling with the customary composure of the two old chiefs.

"The Big Medicine is troubled," said one.

"Is it good or bad?" asked the other.

"It is a bad day," was the brief, sternly uttered response; and the Big Medicine struck spurs to his horse, with a manifest purpose of riding by himself for the present.

Great must have been the respect with which he had inspired his savage conditors, for they even condescended to follow meekly in the rear, without a question as to where he was leading them.

"There cannot be any mistake," he muttered. "That fatal resemblance which darkened my boyhood, robbed me of my bride, and from which I fled into the wilderness, has crossed my path again at last, and it will surely bring evil with it. Simon—Simon Maynard—it is he, beyond a doubt; but what can have drawn him out into this wilderness? He is no miner, any more than that young woman and her companions. I see now—it is all one story, he and they. Anyhow, I will have them all in camp this day. Yellow Bear and his band cannot be many miles away. There are bloody times ahead, or I am mistaken."

Right onward, in a direction, whether he knew it or not, nearly parallel to that in which Simon Maynard was at that moment pushing, rode his marvelous counterpart, and the rude warriors whose superstitious fancy insisted upon the identity of the two might well have been pardoned. Dress them alike, and one could have passed for the other as readily as coins of the same mintage.

Now, however, the Big Medicine of the Sioux was suddenly aroused from the reverie into which his thoughts had driven him by the shouts of the pair of old chiefs, and the cause was straight in front of him, in the shape of a strong and well-appointed band of warriors who had silently halted to await his approach.

"Yellow Bear!" he muttered. "Now we need be in no further trouble about the Crows. I hope we will be in time to prevent any mischief."

In a moment more he was among them, and there was something like dismay in his face as he listened to the news they had to tell.

Already, that morning, a party of Yellow Bear's braves had verified his prediction of "bad medicine," and the one who had escaped reported that his fellows had fallen, not by the arrows of the Crows, but by the bullets of the white men. What was more, these last, also, had fallen into the hands of the Crows.

"Bad, very bad," remarked Yellow Bear himself, a short, thick-set, burly scalper, "but the young men forgot the warnings of the Big Medicine."

"It would have been all right to-morrow," replied the latter. "We must strike the Crows, but those palefaces must go back to Fort Laramie, or the whole year will be bad."

A wonderful thing is "luck" in the minds which recognize it, and "bad luck" is stronger even than good. So strong that even Yellow Bear and his warriors were content to swear obedience to the directions of their Big Medicine in spite of their bitter wrath over the disaster of the morning. They could but wonder, however, that their mystical counselor immediately led the way northward, although he knew that the Crow band was to be found in that quarter, and Yellow Bear ventured to remonstrate.

"Bad Medicine?" he inquired.

"Ride fast," replied the old man. "We shall be just in time."

CHAPTER IV.

At first, Simon Maynard had utterly disregarded his strange companions, merely glancing at them out of the corners of his glittering eyes, as they galloped nearer, and pushing on more and more rapidly. Not an arrow whizzed past him, not a yell threatened them, and the silent savages, who were closing in upon him, seemed in a most disagreeable quandary as to what they should do next.

Orders were orders, however, and take him they must, and so, just as the whole party were riding up a gentle declivity, half a dozen Sioux at once disengaged their long lariats, and prepared absolutely to lasso the object of their dread and curiosity.

Forward sprang Simon Maynard's thoroughbred, under a quick touch of the spur. And then, just as he cleared the summit of the "rise," and as the folds of the lariats were launched through the air, the prairie beyond suddenly rang with a chorus of fierce whooping, and the Sioux braves found themselves in the immediate presence of five times their number of their deadliest enemies.

Tangled and hampered with coil after coil, Simon Maynard was dragged heavily from the saddle, while the two startled steeds sprang even more swiftly forward.

"We've got him!" was about the true interpretation of a dozen guttural exclamations around him, but it was very much what the Crows also were shouting, for they fully believed they had "got" that party of Sioux.

And so, truly, they would have done, had it not been for the sagacity with which the Big Medicine had urged forward the warriors of Yellow Bear.

The plucky messengers sent to arrest old Simon had fastened on their prey like bulldogs, and presented a truly valorous front to their charging foes. They were no chaff to be swept away, and no children to follow, as every Crow well knew; but none the less did the latter instantly swoop down upon them, riding around and around them in a narrowing circle from which escape seemed impossible.

So it seemed, and so it would have been, but just now the column of Yellow Bear, with the white hair and flowing robe of the Big Medicine well in front, came dashing in to the rescue, fully restoring the equality of numbers and adding something of a surprise to the vigor of their onset.

Scattered and broken for the moment, but neither defeated nor disheartened, the warriors of Red Arrow were driven back over the crest of the hill, while Simon Maynard was lifted to his feet and into the saddle from which an unlucky redskin had just been speared. As he once more glanced keenly around him, however, his eyes fell upon that which sent a singular spasm, it might be of pain, through every nerve of his attenuated frame.

"Andrew!" he exclaimed. "Can that be you?"

"Simon!" was the only answer; but the Yellow Bear added, in a low voice, to the warriors round him:

"All right, now. Big Medicine all here. Both of him. Wonder what come next!"

But, if Simon Maynard's eyes turned for a moment from an encounter with those into which they had been gazing, it was only to find cause for yet another tremor.

"Andrew!" he exclaimed; "look yonder! My daughter and her husband have fallen into the hands of the Crows. Can you not save them?"

"Perhaps," was the rejoinder; "but what shall I do with you, meantime? I don't want you to lose your scalp—it is altogether too much like mine."

Strangely alike were the two withered faces which were peering into each other for a solution of the problem so cynically propounded; but the ordinary chances of the battlefield were likely to solve



THE BIG MEDICINE OF THE SIOUX.—“IN RESPONSE TO THE LAST REQUEST, SHE BENT QUICKLY DOWN AND PRESSED A MOST KINDLY AND SYMPATHIZING KISS UPON THE OLD MAN'S FOREHEAD..”



TWO THANKSGIVINGS.—“ARCHIBALD!” SHE SAID, EXTENDING BOTH HER HANDS IN WARMEST WELCOME. NOT A WORD ESCAPED THE SUFFERER’S LIPS.”—SEE PAGE 243.

it for them, as the Crows were fast rallying for a renewal of the struggle; while the Sioux, forgetting their “bad medicine” in their brief success, were not waiting to be attacked, but at that very moment were charging down the slope with an impetus which bore Simon Maynard and his “double” irresistibly with them. These two, however, were not the only interested spectators of that savage combat, for old Simon’s glance over the rise had told him the truth, and Sam Garrett and his sweet-faced bride, with Harry Poole, and even Antone, had a very distinct conception of the fact that their own fortunes were hanging in the balance, as well as those of Red Arrow and Yellow Bear.

“My father! my father!” Lottie had cried, as she saw him lassoed and pulled from his horse.

“I’d know him a mile away,” gruffly remarked Harry Poole. “They didn’t mean to hurt him, or they’d have used something worse than their lariats. The Crows will bag the whole lot in ten minutes.”

“No, but they won’t, though!” exclaimed Sam. “There are more Sioux coming up. Do you see that, now? Look at that queer old guy in front—he’s no redskin, or I’m mistaken.”

“You’re not mistaken,” quietly responded Sam. “That’s the very man I came out here to find.”

“Well, then,” said Harry, “now you’ve found him, why don’t you go in and shake hands with him? At this distance he looks like a good caricature of your fine old father-in-law.”

“Harry!” remonstrated Lottie.

“The Crows are getting the worst of it,” said Sam. “I must say I don’t like the looks of things.”

“No more do I,” said Harry. “Look here, Sam, it won’t do for us to be taken, you know. We’ve shot four Sioux this very day, and they’d have our scalps to a certainty. The Crows must win this fight.”

“That’s so,” replied Sam, “and two good rifles will make a tremendous difference in their chances. Lottie, you and Antone stay here by the wagons. Harry and I must go in to help our friends.”

Right glad were Red Arrow and his braves, in their moment of deadly peril, that they had refrained from scalping those two white men that morning, and an awful thing it was for the warriors of Yellow Bear when their best and foremost began to pitch from their ponies under the terrible precision of that brace of repeating rifles. Riding, as they did, a little in the rear of their Crow allies, and picking out their targets with a good deal of security, Sam and Harry emptied their cartridge-chambers as

coolly as if they had been shooting for a prize. And so they were, too, for their own scalps were to be considered worth winning.

Conical balls, at less than two hundred yards, were undoubtedly entitled to rank as "bad medicine," at least for such red men as came in their way, and the Sioux charge wavered, slackened, scattered, and was broken in all directions by the exulting rush of Red Arrow and his yelling followers.

Not a man of the former, moreover, but now recalled the ominous predictions of the "Big Medicine," and remembered that this was a "bad day" for him and his tribe, and, veterans as they were, the fighting heart began rapidly to ooze out of them, as they were pushed more effectively by their fierce pursuers.

The Crows, however, were in "an enemy's country," and Red Arrow knew too well the men with whom he had to deal to carry a matter of that sort too far. There was no telling at what moment the broken remnants of Yellow Bear's band might receive such reinforcements as would reverse the unpleasant features of their relative position.

The victorious Crows were therefore called back from their eager pursuit, and compelled to content themselves with such harvest of scalps and glory as they had already secured, while their leader magnanimously tendered to his white allies the acknowledgments to which their timely services entitled them.

The whole Crow nation, he averred, would for ever regard them as brothers of the most brotherly sort, and how much more he might have said can only be conjectured, but just then he was interrupted by an exclamation of Harry Poole.

"Here's your father-in-law, Sam, and no mistake. Those lariats have saved him this time. The Crows have spared him because the Sioux tied him up. Now, they're letting him loose. What's that he's going for in that reckless way?"

"Harry! Red Arrow, my friend, this way!" exclaimed Sam, as he sprang forward.

But a hand was on his arm at that moment, and a trembling voice murmured in his ear:

"Oh, Sam—my father!"

"Come with me, Lottie, dear. We'll take care of him. I'd as lief meet him now as any other time, and you mustn't be afraid."

"I'm only afraid they'll hurt him," said the young wife, as she clung more closely to her husband.

They were none too soon, with all their haste, for a tall Crow warrior was resenting, knife in hand, the interference of Simon Maynard between him and the trophy he was about to secure from a form which lay prostrate on the trampled and bloody grass.

The voice of Red Arrow himself was hardly sufficient to turn back the grumbling brave, but Sam Garrett and his friend strengthened their authority by a motion toward the handles of their revolvers, and both Simon and the scalp were saved.

"Andrew! Andrew! Have they killed him?" exclaimed old Simon, as he bent low above the outstretched body; for it was indeed the Big Medicine of the Sioux whom he had protected so courageously.

Something in the tones of his voice seemed to reach the senses of the apparently slain man, and a look of recognition flashed suddenly out from under the white eyebrows.

"Simon, are you here? Yes, I think they have done for me at last. I knew this was to be a bad day. Are your daughter and the rest safe?"

Strangely indeed had the "softening process" worked on the heart of old Simon Maynard that morning, for the hot, big drops that were falling now on the withered face of the dying man came from the greenish-gray eyes which had been so like his own even in their strong hardness and bitterness of expression.

"It's all right, Simon," continued his brother. "That's your daughter, is it? Give her my robe, and tell her husband there's a fortune in it, if he knows enough to find it. No, Simon, I can't do any weeping, even for the sake of resembling you. I'd as lief die now as any other time. Don't let that scoundrel scalp me; and bury me so deep, the coyotes can't dig me up. Don't forget about the robe, Simon. Your daughter's my niece, you know. Tell her to stoop down here and kiss her uncle good-by."

Fainter and fainter the steady voice had grown, and the bystanders, as well as old Simon, had leaned forward closer and closer to catch the falling utterance.

Slowly enough a conception of the truth had crept into the brain of even Sam's trembling wife, and, in response to the last request, she bent quickly down and pressed a most kindly and sympathizing kiss upon the old man's forehead.

The keen gray eyes closed fast as she did so, and they never opened again, for the arrows of the Crows had done their work.

According to all the laws of Indian warfare, Sam and his friend were entitled to at least as much of that day's trophies as Simon Maynard and the body of his brother might be supposed to amount to; nor was it much more difficult to secure the two horses of the former, and the dying requests were religiously attended to.

First, however, as old Simon rose from his last look at the face so mawelously like his own, with the unwonted tears still wet upon his cheeks, he met the eyes of his daughter, more tearful than his had been, in such a mingling of repentance and appeal, that his arms flew open in spite of himself.

"Sam," growled Harry Poole, "what in all the world did you and Lottie run away from him for?"

"That's what did it for him," said Sam, as he pointed to the prostrate form of Lottie's strange uncle. "I'd have given a good deal for a talk with that man before the Crows hit him."

An hour later, as the Crows were preparing to move on again and the white men were discussing what might be their best and safest way home, Antone threw broadcast over the end of the nearest wagon the splendid antelope-skin robe which had that morning adorned the "Big Medicine" of the Sioux.

"Turn it over," said Harry Poole; "let's see the other side of it. That's your fortune, Mrs. Sam Garrett."

Wonderfully complex and grotesque as was the exterior of that conjurer's robe, the other side was likely to be even more interesting.

"It looks like a map," said Lottie.

"It is a map, and no mistake!" exclaimed her father.

"And of this very country we're in, or I'm a sinner," added Harry. "Sam, have you forgotten your book-learning? Can't you make something out of these letters?"

"The funniest mixture I ever saw," said Sam. "Indian words spelled with Greek letters, with here and there a dash of Hebrew. Hullo, what does that mean? Harry—Lottie, the old man's robe will tell us all he could have told."

"About what?" said Harry.

"Don't you see?" said Sam. "Of course you don't; but I do. That map gives the result of old Andrew Maynard's prospecting for nobody knows how many years, and it's just gold—gold—gold—gold, all over it."

"Small good it will do us just now," said Harry, ruefully.

"That's so," said Sam; "but some day we can come back for it, if we ever get home."

Well, it was weeks and weeks, even with the help of their Crow friends, before the singular bridal-tour wound up in a place of safety, but they carried with them the robe of the Big Medicine of the Sioux.

Yes or No.

SMALL. I answer him Yes or answer him No,
Bright stars, when he comes to-night,
With his pleading voice and his eyes aglow
With the fervor of love's soft light?

Pale moon, with your silvery bow,
Pray listen and guide me aright—
Shall I answer him Yes or answer him No
When he pleads for my love to-night?

Soft winds with your musical song,
Oh, hark to my cry ere you go!
He has loved me so truly, and loved me so long,
Shall I answer him Yes or No?

Sweet roses with bosoms of snow
Unveiled to the soft moonlight,
Shall I answer him Yes or answer him No,
When we pause by your side to-night?

Shy heart, with your tremulous sigh,
And secret none other may know,
Now tell me truly, here under the sky,
Shall I answer him Yes or No?

Ah! his step on the sea-washed shore
Has set all my pulses aglow,
And I think, shy heart, I can waver no more,
But will answer him Yes, not No.

Two Thanksgivings!

EIGHTEEN AND TWENTY-EIGHT.

CHAPTER

BETROTHED? Yes.

Folks looked and wondered a little; but then folks would gossip about everything. There was no stopping their tongues, and Lillian Travis hadn't the least notion of placing a restraint upon her lover, simply because she was engaged to him. That might be possible for some natures, but to hers never. True that on several occasions she did experience a singular sinking at the heart when, coming suddenly upon her promised husband and the bewitching Ida Harris, she found them in cozy *côte-à-côte*, Ida, at least, impatient of interruption. Did she show her annoyance? Not even by the sign so unfailing, a change of color. Her very blood was held in check by an indomitable will, a pride so superior to ordinary attacks upon it as to be in the largest sense exceptional.

Farmer Travis was a rich and prosperous framer, with more land than he knew what to do with. His wife had gone home many years before, and Lillian was his only child, and as thoroughly idolized as ever fell to the lot of only child to be.

It was with a sorrow too deep for words that he finally gave his consent to his daughter's union with Archibald Glenburn. Not that he had any objection to the young gentleman; on the contrary, he was profoundly sensible of and grateful for the admirable qualities of his prospective son-in-law.

The marriage was proper enough, if he could only have kept his child at home. This would be, of course, impossible. Mr. Glenburn was a rising lawyer, and his clients in New York city were a full day's journey from the farm.

The day before Thanksgiving! Cold and blustering outside, but in the great, roomy country-house it was all warmth and cheeriness. The presiding genius had touched and retouched everything from top to bottom, from the cake and pies in the kitchen to the hanging-baskets and special adornments of the sitting-room and parlor.

The piano was open, and his favorite music ready on the rack, for the lover was hourly expected.

As she arranges her abundant dark hair, and puts the finishing-touches to the lace in her neck, let us see if we can analyze her thoughts.

They are not altogether happy. In the midst of

all human joys a flavor of bitterness arises from beneath. And what was hers?

Gossips had been busy, as a matter of course, when her engagement was known. and it was said, so openly that it had even reached her ears, that during the past Summer her cousin, the gay, heartless, but showy Ida Harris had done all in her power to win Archibald's love.

And gossip said that she had succeeded! Was it really so?

Lillian started to find herself insensibly recalling little incidents of her cousin's visit, which had not been in the least to that person's credit.

The farmer had gone to the depot.

"It is too cold, child, for you to go," he said, as Lillian made ready to accompany him. "The wind is as keen as a razor, and it's an up-hill journey anyhow."

"Very well," she answered, placidly.

Not even to her father could Lillian Travis show her great anxiety to meet her intended husband.

So the birds had more seed, the tidies an extra pull, and the pictures another dusting. The new pieces were every one tried, and at last came the farmer's hearty "Whoa!"

Lillian's heart beat quickly, but she made no motion to stir.

What was that?—a woman's voice.

Lillian's heart almost stopped now.

"Where in the world is Lil? Here, Archie, take my bag! Mercy! my arms are almost broken, and my hands are just like sticks."

The sitting-room door opens with a bang, and the "sticks" find their way about the neck of the now self-possessed hostess. Archibald brings up the rear with carpet-bag, umbrella, overshoes and waterproof.

Lillian wonders if she is always to be so bitterly disappointed, but she returns her cousin's unusual caress, and smilingly offers to unload her lover, whom she thinks she never saw looking quite so handsome and quite so awkward since she has had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Where is the tenderness of that welcome she has so delightfully anticipated? To be sure, Archie draws her to him and kisses her forehead silently. She feels sure he is just as glad to see her as she is to see him, but of course nobody can act naturally when Ida is around.

"I hadn't the remotest idea of coming," Ida rattled on; "but when Mr. Glenburn was to our house about a week ago, and I found he had decided to come, I wanted to come with him, oh, so much! Mercy! am I not a perfect fright?" and the fair speaker brushed back the golden curls and pursed up her rosy lips till Lillian was fain to admit that she looked more kissable than ever.

So Archie visited at the Harrises'. She supposed he must call occasionally, but not an intimation of it had she received from him.

"I don't mean to go up-stairs until I get completely thawed out. But, as I was saying, when I found Mr. Glenburn had really made up his mind to come——"

Lillian wondered if the old adversary was really trying to make her jealous. So there had been a doubt about the gentlemen's spending Thanksgiving with her? This was news also.

"I determined that I would come. I had to forego two parties to do it, Lillian; but I had rather be here with you than anywhere else in the world. So I told him I'd let him know the next time he called; and here we are. It is ever so much nicer coming down with somebody! Why, the journey didn't seem ten miles long—did it, Mr. Glenburn?"

"It never seems long to me," replied Archie, with a knowing glance in Lillian's direction that told wonderfully, but not outwardly.

There might have been a trifle more warmth in her manner toward her cousin, but this was the only perceptible effect.

Ida must have been very entertaining all through

the rest of that day and evening, for both Archie and the farmer were constantly testifying to her power over them by the heartiest laughter and the merriest rejoinders.

Ten o'clock, and not one moment yet alone with her lover. Ida was sleepy and Archie fatigued. His handsome head pressed the sofa-cushion, and his yawns, though politely repressed, were quite sufficient to justify the hostess in suggesting bedtime.

"Oh, mercy, yes!" gaped Ida. "I am just fagged out."

"And who would have thought it?" remarked the farmer, in surprise. "It is ten o'clock, upon my word!"

It had been an interminable evening to Lillian. She had played and sung, and Archie had turned her leaves, it is true, and sometimes his hand had strayed to her shoulder, and lovingly lingered there, just as it always did when they were alone. It was provoking, though, to think that every one of these little heart-comforts had been offset by some coquettish trick of Ida's.

"Did you ever see such fine hair, Lil?" she had asked, her little hand among the luxuriant dark rings which adorned the young gentleman's head. "Say, Lil, lend me your back-comb, and let's see how he looks with his hair parted in the middle; never mind, I'll take a hair-pin," and Lillian forced herself to laugh, as the giddy girl, her task completed, pulled her victim to a sitting posture, to mark the effect.

"I hope you are not going to ring us out at six o'clock, if to-morrow is Thanksgiving," continued Ida, lingering a moment at the foot of the stairs to bid the farmer good-night.

"Breakfast at eight," replied Lillian, pleasantly. "And you need not rise then unless you are quite ready."

"Oh, mercy, I always get up to breakfast. Don't you, Mr. Glenburn?" Good-night, and pleasant dreams. Good-night, Lil. Dear me! I believe I shall fall asleep before I can undress myself."

Archie lingered at his door, lamp in hand.

"Good-night, my darling," he whispered, tenderly, as Lillian returned.

"Good-night," and Lillian's dark eyes sought her lover's face.

"Can we not have a few moments to ourselves now?" he laughingly asked, pointing to the stairs.

"Do you mean to go down again?" she inquired, her eyes so full of light that Archie playfully put her away, declaiming that they dazzled him.

"Come on," he answered, leading the way. "Was there ever such a marplot as your cousin?" he asked, as they sat together before the fire. "I did everything but tell her a falsehood about my coming. If she had had a particle of sense she would have seen that I didn't want her; but never mind, Lillie dear, she cannot always spoil our courting."

So it was all explained, and there was no need of asking a single question. How perfect was the harmony now! A thousand times more perfect for the temporary discord. Five minutes of unalloyed happiness. Archie was in an explanatory mood, and was just going to tell of his calls upon Miss Ida, when their delicious *l'été-à-l'été* was rudely broken in upon by an unearthly scream from the second floor.

"Lillie! Lillie! Where are you! Uncle Travis! Somebody come here quickly! There is a burglar in the clothes-press! Oh, where is everybody?"

"Go away with your nonsense," Lillian heard her father say from the foot of the stairs where she stood, her lover's arm tight about her waist. "It is a mouse, I suppose, Ida. Lillie, where are you? Come and see what your cousin has got stowed away in her clothes-press."

"Confound that girl's foolishness!" muttered Archie. "I believe it is all done on purpose."

"Don't go there, I beseech of you!" shrieked Ida, as Lillian approached the closet, and threw wide the door. "Oh, mercy! I am petrified with

fear," as the empty clothes-press was disclosed. "Don't leave me, pray don't, Lillie. I shall have a fit if you do—I know I shall. Go and get your night-dress and sleep with me. I'll stand right here in the doorway till you come back."

A smothered creak at the door of Archie's chamber, and the lovers separated for the night. For the night? Let us see.

Lillian was up bright and early the next morning. Many duties were hers to perform, and, in true housewife fashion, she commenced in season. Her heart was lightened of its heavy load, and as she flitted from kitchen to dining-room, from closet to cupboard, the old cook thought she had never seen her look half so handsome.

Thanksgiving! What a delightful morning it was! The clouds had blown themselves away, and the sky was that of a September day. The hostler, as he warmed his fingers before the kitchen-fire, declared it was "uncommon raw," but this Lillian, looking out upon the pure blue of the heavens, her cheeks glowing with exercise, could hardly credit. The breakfast-bell rang out merrily. Lillian had made the coffee, and was now busy in the dairy skimming a pan of last night's milk. Her silver pitcher is full, and blithely she trips to the dining-room, anxious to have everything ready before her guests arrive.

Her slipped feet make no noise as they cross the thickly-carpeted hall. The door opens very softly. The dining-room is just off the large sitting-room, and right opposite the open door of the last is an immense mirror.

Pitcher in hand, Lillian stands like one stunned. Bending low over the little figure of her cousin, is her affianced husband. Ida's arms are clasped about his neck in passionate embrace, and the low tones of her companion strike the knell of all Lillian's hopes.

Once more the breakfast-bell sounds out loud and clear, and the guests advance to the dining-room. Lillian is already at her place by the coffee-urn. Her lip curls haughtily as Archie, with a very red face, makes his appearance from the hall-door, and Ida from the sitting-room.

"Contemptible subterfuge!" she keeps saying to herself.

An hour later, the old cook presents each of the guests with a note. They both tell the same story.

"Mr. Glenburn," her lover's said, "I have left the house to give you time to leave it. I shall return in two hours, and expect to find myself alone."

"LILLIAN TRAVIS."

Farmer Travis and his daughter had no company at their Thanksgiving dinner-table.

"I never was so surprised in my life," said the farmer, in evident perplexity, "as I was when I got back from the Marsh and found the folks gone. What on earth does it mean?"

There was not a quiver in Lillian's voice as she answered:

"It means this, father, that the goossips were right when they declared that Archibald Glenburn was in love with Ida instead of me. It means that our engagement is over, and—and"—it was hard work to keep the tears back now—"it means that I am your daughter and housekeeper for ever, and that I will never believe another man when he tells me he loves me. Now let us drop the subject for all time."

Farmer Travis was not a profane man, but this is his literal answer, as he surveyed his daughter's beautiful face and straightened himself in his chair:

"I suppose you have seen something, or heard something, that convinces you. But I'm—I'm—I'll be teetotally smutched if I believe it."

CHAPTER II.

TEN years had passed—years of strange and valuable discipline for the farmer's daughter.

Archibald Glenburn did marry Ida Harris, just as she had expected. Neither one of them had Lillian ever seen since, and very little had she heard of them. They had made two or three trips to Europe—so gossip had reported—and some children had been born to them; how many Lillian did not know. A ring of dark hair was hidden away among Lillian's sacred relics. Strange that she could never bring herself to destroy it.

"It is the only link that binds me to the past," she had said many times, as her fingers fluttered over the silken wrappings. "I will let it remain; perhaps it will keep me from making a fool of myself in the future."

Lillian's home was now in New York. Farmer Travis had sickened and died. His illness had been a long and painful one, and at his death Lillian, who could not endure the pressure of old associations, determined to leave the farm. Her fortune was ample, and her desire for intellectual improvement the only stimulant that made life endurable. So she bought herself an elegant little home in the city, and then went to work in good earnest.

"Every woman determined to be an old maid should be sure that she makes for herself a position where she can be of as much use as in the capacity of wife and mother," Lillian reasoned; and, full of this idea, she became an earnest medical student.

Twenty-eight, and a graduate with a diploma, a fair practice and a host of students! Truly, Lillian, you have made good use of your time. There is very little difference in the girl of eighteen and the woman of twenty-eight, after all; if anything, she has gained in beauty. The earnestness of her life has impressed itself upon her face, and the result is a sweet nobility of expression, a tender sympathy of manner, impossible to a life of idleness. She feels that she has been richly blessed in her ability to bless others; but—but! Ah, these womanly life and but! how they penetrate to the depths of the heart, disclosing all its hidden secrets! Lillian has kept this love-chamber of hers pretty well locked; but sometimes the fastening slips, and, to tell the truth, it is always opened widest by this tiny ring of dark hair.

Another Thanksgiving morning! Lillian's little maid wondered what was the matter with her mistress.

"Have your breakfasts," she had said, in answer to a timid knock upon the door. "I shall not rise yet. I want nothing but a cup of coffee, and that I will take by-and-by."

Eight o'clock! Why must she go over that heart-breaking time? Just this hour, ten years ago, she started for the dairy to skim the milk for Archie's breakfast; just this time she returned, pitcher in hand, to see in that hateful mirror the picture that has never left her memory a moment since. She shall feel better, she is sure she shall, when Archie and Ida have left the house; for they are just as present with her now as they were on that dreadful Thanksgiving all those years ago. This is nothing new: she has lived it over every year, and now she is more inconsolable than ever. Who would ever suspect the presence of this ghastly intruder in the life of this beautiful and talented woman? Not a person in the whole world, for the same pride that dug the grave has covered it up, and there is nothing left to mark the spot save the tiny ring of dark hair hidden away in the upper drawer.

This time the maid's knock is a little more decided.

"One of the stoojents for you, miss, and says can you see him right away?"

"A business woman hasn't even time to bury her dead," she murmured, commencing her toilet.

Conscience inquired how many times this body of her sorrow had been consigned to the dust, and how often resurrected.

"Yes, I know it has had a good many funerals," she answered, softly, to herself; "but a woman who cannot weep for her dead must do something."

It was a very bright and earnest face that greeted the young gentleman waiting for her in the parlor.

"It is too bad, doctor," he apologized, "to trouble you on Thanksgiving Day, but I have been through the wards this morning, and I find that two or three of the last patients are much worse, and you are wanted for consultation. Shall I say that you will be there?"

"Certainly," was the prompt answer. "Have a cup of coffee with me, and we will go down together."

Surely this was no love-sick woman so learnedly conversing with her visitor. Beauty and accomplishments at eighteen! Beauty perfected by intellect at twenty-eight.

"The most self-possessed woman in the college," had been the verdict of the professors, as Lillian had steadily pursued her studies. And now, as the young man listened to the words of wisdom from his fair companion, he found himself constantly wondering at the amount of solid information she had obtained.

It was very foolish—how Lillian did despise herself for it—but with the utmost effort she could not take herself out of that Thanksgiving Day ten years ago. As she listened to the low murmur of the doctor's voice as he explained to her this and that symptom of the sufferers around them, her right hand still clasped the handle of the silver pitcher, and over and over again she was forced to look upon the picture which the mirror in the old farmhouse had shown her.

"This is a new one," said the physician, stopping before one of the last ones. "She was brought in last night in an insensible condition, and hasn't rallied in the least."

Lillian's heart always went out with unutterable longing to sufferers of her own sex, and this woman's forlorn condition touched her deeply.

"Intoxicated when she fell, I am quite sure," continued the doctor, as Lillian examined the patient.

"Intoxicated," repeated Lillian; "and, doctor, she is evidently from the higher classes." And then she stepped to the foot of the bed, strangely enough wishing to get a better idea of the pallid features.

"Yes," replied the professor; "but you ought to know by this time that that makes no difference."

"Do you know, doctor, where I could find this woman's clothes?" inquired Lillian, in so solemn a voice that the professor looked at her in surprise.

"Certainly—yes," he answered. "The contents of her pocket are in the office."

Lillian had lifted the head, and stood gazing into the dying woman's face with an eagerness which testified to previous acquaintance.

"Have you any knowledge of this woman?" continued the professor. "If you think you have, I will bring you the articles I had put away. I believe her relatives have already been sent for."

Lillian's self-possession was hardly proof against the information which the gentleman returned with. This was the first thing that met her eyes:

"IDA—For the love of God, if you have none for the only child you have left, return to your home. For his sake I will forgive everything, and this you know full well. I have tracked you to your present infamous quarters. Write or telegraph me where the coachman may take you up, for, of course, I cannot send him there. ARCHIBALD."

The next letter bore the date of a week back:

"Willie was buried yesterday. I did my best to find you in time to look once more upon his precious baby-face. Oh, Ida, our last darling has gone, and his mother was not near him! May God forgive you for all the misery you have caused me. A. G."

On the envelope was written, in Ida's hand, "Dead, and I did it."

Another examination disclosed a still later note, begging the wretched woman to return to her home and husband.

"I knew you never loved me," it said, "but I can be so much kinder to you than the wicked world you have so recklessly thrown yourself into. The doctor has ordered me abroad, and I feel that it is about my only chance for life. Come home, and go with me!"

The remainder of the letter Lillian could not read for her tears. The nobility of the husband and father stood confessed. It was by no fault, no neglect, of his that this wretched woman had come to such an end, for surely her life was fast ebbing away.

Lillian removed her things, and announced her intention of remaining until all was over.

"Could it be possible," she asked herself, with quivering lip, "that this disfigured creature, this bloated, bruised mass of dying humanity could be her once beautiful and gifted cousin, Ida Harris?"

Yes, there was the same golden, curly hair, the same beautiful hands, but only by them was the poor woman recognizable.

An hour after she breathed her last, Lillian had the body taken to her own home, and prepared for burial.

Thanksgiving evening Lillian sat by the fire in her cheerful sitting-room, her head bowed upon her hands, the destroyer of her happiness dead in the next apartment.

No tidings had yet been received from the husband, and Lillian feared he had left the city, if not the country. Her heart went out toward him in unutterable sympathy.

"Great heavens! what must he not have suffered?" she moaned, as she saw again in her imagination the disfigured countenance of the woman who had once been his wife.

A ring of the bell.

"This way, if you please, sir," Lillian heard the servant say, and then a slow, feeble step approach the door.

His step, but how altered! Summoning all her resolution, the brave woman stepped forward to meet her visitor. He did not look up at first, and she found ample time to note the change which had taken place in the sorrow-stricken man.

"Archibald!" she said, extending both her hands in warmest welcome.

Not a word escaped from the sufferer's lips. A smile of joy for one brief moment lit up the pale features. Mechanically he grasped her outstretched hands, his eyes riveted upon her face, then, with a groan, fell back upon a chair, insensible.

Weeks passed, and neither strength nor reason returned. Ida was carried to her last resting-place. Archibald all unconscious of the ceremony. Surely no invalid ever had such skillful and tender nursing as this one.

"Where is—where is she?" were the first words of the sick man to his faithful attendant.

"Have no fears, Archie," Lillian answered, leaning over him. "Ida is at rest."

"Thank God!" he replied, heartily. "And is this Lillian? Am I dreaming, or am I crazed? Why, you are—you certainly are Lillian!"

"Yes, Archie," she smiled; "I am the same old Lillian; and the greatest happiness of all my life has been this one of nursing you back to life. Now you must be quiet, for I am your physician as well as nurse."

And, as true as you live, she stooped over and closed both of his eyes with a kiss.

Did she marry him? Of course she did; and she found, too, that her father's impressions had been correct. The embrace that Thanksgiving morning was all Ida's, and the beseeching quality she had heard in her lover's voice was a desperate endeavor to bring the foolish girl to reason. So, summarily dismissed, the young man decided that Lillian did not care for him, and thus Ida's efforts were crowned with success.

Yes, they were married; and they didn't wait a great while, either. Would you, if you had been in their places?

All Night with a Panther

It was useless to search longer for the lost trail. Each step might be bearing me further astray; daylight was almost gone and I must prepare to spend the night in the forest. The prospect was not a delightful one, for an all day's hunt with an empty game-pouch had sharpened my appetite wonderfully, and I longed for the flesh-pots of camp. But repining was of no avail: each moment the sombre shadows spoke of the fast-fading light, each moment the woods grew more gloomy, and I must lose no time in securing some shelter, let my hunger be what it might. Had I followed the trail more carefully during the afternoon, waiting and fasting would not have been needed now; but such was my fate and "*Que voulez-vous?*" as the little Frenchman on the Big Muddy used to say, "*Ze milk be spilt!*"

I was hunting on the Blue River in Southwestern Colorado, among the spurs of the Rocky Mountains. Early in the day had I driven a herd of deer from Surprise Valley, and, intent upon securing some venison, had followed the animals for hours until the slanting sunbeams warned me of the approaching night, and, anxious to regain my friends before the darkness fairly set in, I had made too great haste and lost my own trail. For an hour or more I wandered up and down among the cañons, uncertain of my bearings, until the gathering darkness rendered further searching useless, and I acknowledged myself fated to pass the night alone.

Having bemoaned my unlucky lot and cursed my own stupidity to my heart's content, I sought some snug corner in which to rest my weary limbs. The temperature was not cold, nor would it be, for, although late in the year, the day had been one of unusual calm and even sultry heat, and, during the afternoon, great banks of dun-colored and yellow clouds had arisen along the southern horizon, threatening storm, but their masses seemed only to increase the heaviness of the atmosphere and render any exertion enervating. However, rain might come, and from that I needed a shelter.

For a time I stumbled about seeking some low, thick bush or tree whose outspreading branches would afford me the covering I desired, but only the yellow pine flourished in that region, and the crackle of its dry needles beneath my feet answered to the ceaseless rattle of its green needles far overhead in seeming derision at my fruitless efforts. I had about decided to cast myself down anywhere and find sleep, for I was very tired, when suddenly, just before me, I heard a sharp, grating sound, and with a cry of horror sprang back trembling and cold with fright, for I knew the warning, and cared not to meet the deadly rattlesnake upon his own ground and in the darkness. As I retreated, the reptile slowly writhed away, and my attentive ear caught the sound of his departing movements; but one such encounter was enough, and, turning, I strode hastily from the spot, determined to occupy a second-story lodging in the first convenient tree that I could find.

Fortune favored me, for I had not taken a dozen steps when I saw dimly before me an umbrageous cedar, its gnarled and twisted branches offering the very resting-place I desired.

Slinging the rifle across my back, I quickly scrambled aloft. The tree was not a large one, and, at a height of some fifteen feet, I discovered a convenient fork, and at once began to arrange myself for the night.

Not caring to tumble from my perch when asleep,

I loosened the strap from the gun for the purpose of hatching my body to the limb. As I did so, the sound of a soft, quick tread fell upon my ear, and, with startled pulse, I leaned forward to listen. It, whatever it might be, was coming toward me; I grasped my rifle nervously. Nearer, nearer, until, through the twilight, my straining eyes discovered a long, dark form skulking close to the ground and approaching the cedar. What was it?

Hardly had the question formed itself in my brain when the answer came: a wild, blood-chilling yell ringing out through the sultry night-air with an ominous thrill, echoing and re-echoing from the neighboring cliffs, and dying away among the tangled thickets in the distant cañons.

It was a mountain-lion, and the beast had discovered me!

Quick as thought my weapon sprang to my shoulder, and aiming as well as might be in the gloom toward the blue, flaming eyes, I waited. Slowly, and with cat-like motion, my enemy gathered his feet together. I could hear the leaves rustle as he moved; almost could I see the lissome swaying of the long snake-like tail. His eyes burned even more brightly.

In an instant he would spring, when, with a half-uttered prayer, I fired.

There came the blinding flash, the sharp report, and then an unearthly yell, half howl, half moan, and a scrambling to and fro, accompanied by low, snarling cries. I had hit the animal, and he was wounded.

Was the shot a fatal one? Determining at all events to decide the matter, I hurriedly pushed a second cartridge into its place, and began with searching eyes to seek my antagonist in the darkness. The night was each moment growing thicker, and the air seemed more oppressive. Overhead the sky gleamed with a dull phosphorescent light, however, and occasionally a blood-red lance flashed for an instant across the southern horizon. I could still hear the half-suppressed moans of the wounded lion, but was unable to define his position with sufficient certainty to fire at him.

As I peered anxiously into the gloom, I was suddenly and horribly aroused by the sound of strong claws tearing at the bark of the very tree in which I lay concealed, and, turning my eyes downward, for a second time they encountered the blazing balls of the panther not ten feet away.

My shot had wounded without disabling him, and, wild with pain and anger, with tremendous efforts and low snarls of rage he was climbing the slanting trunk of the cedar.

There was no time for thought; it was life or death—sure death for one of us. I caught the gun in my left hand, swung its muzzle into the animal's hideous face, and pressed the trigger; but at that very instant my hold upon the tree gave way. I slipped a little, and with the natural instinct which impels one to save himself at any cost, I dropped the rifle, caught wildly at the treacherous branch, touched it, seized it, struggled a moment, and regained my footing—regained it to listen with a shudder to a sharp, metallic ringing, growing fainter and fainter, until, rising from unmeasured depths beneath, the last sullen plunge died upon my ear, to hear once again sound forth the lion's demoniacal cry, to see his horrid eyes gleaming toward me, and to know that the cedar-tree stood upon the brink of some terrible abyss, into which my rifle had fallen, while my dreaded enemy still lived.

Had I not cause to shudder? I was lost.

For a time my reason tottered on her throne, and fiends came and tempted me, mocked me, crying, "Death, death!" in my affrighted ears; sought to loosen my grasp upon the limb and hurl me, too, into the black gulf below; but it was for a little time only.

Soon I grew calmer, and hope revived again. It might be that the panther could not reach me,

wounded as he was, and my heavy knife would yet perform good service if used aright, and drawing it, I climbed still further aloft, until the tree began to yield and bend beneath me. Then I waited.

The beast below was slowly struggling upward, and the tearing of his cruel claws told of his steady approach. Nearer and yet nearer he dragged his ugly form, until, by the frequent flashes flaming from the lowering sky, I could see his gleaming teeth, until his hot breath struck upon my trembling hands, until a single branch alone remained between us. His cries had ceased, and only an occasional snarl now broke the oppressive silence, or a low, cat-like growling. His prey was cornered, and he knew it.

Two feet more, and the dreaded claws could reach me; and I clutched my knife-hilt with a desperation born of despair, and, crouching, nerved my whole strength for one sweeping blow. With arm drawn back and muscles tense as steel, I waited, counting the seconds, straining my wild eyes through the darkness to mark the vital spot, when suddenly I felt myself enveloped in a stifling cloud. For an instant the heavens burned red, then yellow, and with a roar like that of an angry ocean, the wind came down upon us. The storm had burst at last, and a whirlwind was sweeping the forest.

For an hour I lived in pandemonium. Such passages in one's life cannot be described, for they are neither seen nor heard, but *felt*. A thousand times was my frail support bent far out over the horrid gulf below, a thousand times great trees, torn from their mother earth, were hurled fiercely through the air, or cast with terrible thunderings into the yawning pit beside me, and yet I lived. The woods echoed with cries and howlings, the air was filled with screams and croakings, the treetops, lashed each other, while the wild wind surged on, and the debris fell as snow-flakes in a storm. From the narrow cañon came up continually the sullen sound of death, the shrieks of panthers, crushed and mangled, the bleating of wounded deer, the snarling of dying wolves, while dismal moans and groanings lent a minor chord to all the horrid chorus. In very truth the darksome ravine was like a hungry grave that fearful night.

Half-stunned, torn and bleeding, I yet clung to the cedar, whose tough and twisted roots had thus far resisted the fury of the elements. As the moments flew, the wild wrath of the wind seemed slowly to fall, and when, perhaps, two hours had passed, the danger for the time was over, and the gale had ceased.

More than once during the hurricane had I glanced downward, only to see the eyes of my dreaded antagonist still blazing through the night, and to know that he as well as I had found safe refuge from the demons of the air. Often had I wondered, too, that the beast did not cry out or fall from the tree with fear, for I knew that usually the denizens of the forest were filled with terror in such a storm; but still he crouched before me, and with a sinking heart I confessed to myself that revenge had driven out fear, and that he only awaited a safer moment to drag me down and slay me. Truly mine was a fearful fate!

Again, with knife in hand, I watched my enemy, quick-eyed, alert; determined to die bravely, if die I must. Watched anxiously, fearfully, wearily; watched waiting, but only the animal's eyes gleamed up at me, and he made no move. Waited gleaming, while the moments grew to hours, shivering, weak and faint; but the beast stirred not. Watched through all the long, long night, until the gray dawn came, and waited until the sun began to climb the golden east; then, emboldened with the approach of day, and worn to desperation by my vigil, I determined to lie a prisoner no longer, but to attack the lion, if he would not attack me.

With stealthy movement and slow, with eye and hand and knife ever ready, I carefully let myself down inch by inch from my perch, drew near and

nearer to the ugly form, marked all the dull-hued stripings of his hide, the fang-like claw, the claw like fangs, chose out the very spot where I would strike, and had raised the glittering knife, when a sudden thought came to me like a gleam of light,

never again to endure, and in all my hands days thereafter, I gave not the half only, but the whole of the narrow pathway to the panther the mountains when we met—the striped lion of Colorado.



and reaching forth my hand, I laid it on the shoulder of my kingly enemy; his form was stiff and cold—the animal had been dead for hours!

The reaction overcame me, and weak and helpless, I slid from the tree to the ground. Then gathering strength again after a few moments of rest, I procured a long pole, unfastened the curving claws, and the great brown carcass came tumbling to my feet. Then I learned the reason of his death. During the storm some flying branch had stricken him, breaking his back, even as one snaps a pipestem with the fingers, killing the great cat instantly, while his strong claws, driven into the bark of the tree, had held his body in its place during all the hours that had passed, an object of terror to me throughout the night.

I regained the lost trail after an hour's search, and, with the lion-skin at my back, and a shattered rifle on my shoulder, presented myself at camp before noon, a little tired and ravenously hungry, but uninjured in body or in mind. Such another vigil, however, I care

ALL NIGHT WITH A PANTHER.—“I PROCURED A LONG POLE. UNFASTENED THE CURVING CLAWS, AND THE GREAT BROWN CARCASS CAME TUMBLING TO MY FEET.”



THE TWO NIECES.—“THEN YOU WILL NOT DOUBT MY LOVE, IF I TELL YOU I HAVE DISINHERITED YOU!”

The Two Nieces.

“Now, LAURA, do remember how much depends upon this visit. If your aunt should take a fancy to

you and make you her heiress, you could then have an opportunity to do justice to the education it has cost every dollar of your little patrimony to procure for you. You will have an opportunity now to see

some society, and you may make a great match. You are very handsome, Laura!"

Laura Estabrook rose from her chair, as her mother spoke, with an impatient gesture.

"Are you tired of me, mamma? Do you wish to be rid of me?" she asked. "It is only six months since I came home from boarding-school, and you are planning already to have me married or adopted by Aunt Maria. I am contented here, and I can earn my living by teaching music, French or German."

"Laura, you do not mean to refuse your aunt's invitation now! She is your father's only sister, and her husband left her very wealthy."

"What has she ever done for you, mother?"

"Nothing; but it is very kind to write you to spend the Winter with her. She writes that she has invited a niece of her husband's to join you, so that you will have constant companionship. Now, Laura, do be reasonable. Your aunt is a leader of society, and you may never have another such opportunity—"

"To catch a rich husband," interrupted Laura. "I will go, mamma, for I see it will grieve you to the heart if I do not; but be prepared to see me return again in the Spring. I should certainly prefer to teach for a living, to resorting to any tricks to attract the attention of gentlemen."

"You put it so broadly, Laura," said Mrs. Estabrook, in a whining protest.

"In plain English, mamma, I am on a husband-catching errand; but I warn you it will be a failure."

Mrs. Estabrook sighed, looking up at the gloriously handsome girl who stood before her, her red lips curling scornfully.

"I am sure, Laura, I don't want you to do anything unaimably, but it is terrible to me to think of your beauty and talents being buried in this miserable little village while you are young."

The look of proud scorn left Laura's face in an instant, and she knelt by her mother, clasping her in her arms, and resting her head upon her shoulder.

"Don't I know, darling mamma," she said, "that your whole life is a loving thought for me? If you would only believe that I could be happy here with you!"

"Well, dear, I will spare you to your aunt Maria this Winter, and if you come home again, I will try to make you happy. But you know, Laura, my income is so very small, that it is hard to make both ends meet, and your little fortune is all gone."

"I know; but my fortune is invested in my brains and fingers, and I will win it back again. Never fear for me."

Mrs. Estabrook sighed again. If the minute history of the worthy widow's life was given, it would be found that deep sighs formed a very important item in each day's experience.

She was a frail little woman, living in a small house in the village of Herndon, where she had moved from New York after the death of her husband. Here she had lived for ten years, depriving herself of the society of her only child, in order to give her the best education that could be furnished with the small fortune realized from the sale of the city house and furniture, and the nest-egg deposited in the savings-bank for a rainy day.

The child gave promise of great beauty, and her mother hoped that her marriage would place her in the position she felt her talents and loveliness would adorn.

It was a stormy evening in November when Laura Estabrook arrived at her aunt's splendid house, and was led at once to the drawing-room.

Two ladies were seated beside a cheerful grate-fire—one an elderly matron of the same style of beauty that Laura had inherited from the Estabrooks; the other, a small, rather pretty, girl, about Laura's own age, who looked shy and frightened.

The older lady, Mrs. Murray, rose as Laura entered the room.

"I am glad to see you," she said, cordially. "Let me assist you in removing your cloak and bonnet, and come to the fire. Lina, will you ring the bell? You have the Estabrook face," continued Mrs. Murray, as Laura threw aside her cloak and bonnet. "Lina is all Murray. You must consider yourselves as cousins, young ladies, for this Winter. Your rooms open into each other, and I do not wish you to feel lonely when you are in them."

Lina looked up timidly, and met a smile on Laura's face that encouraged her at once.

"We shall be good friends, I am sure," said Laura, kindly; and Mrs. Murray bit her lip to hide a smile at the quickly assumed position of patron and patronized that so entirely suited the character of her guests.

"Supper at once," she said, as the servant entered; "and tell Jennie to see that Miss Estabrook's room is ready and her trunks unstrapped. Jennie," she continued, speaking to Laura, "will be your maid and Lina's while you are here. She is a good seamstress, dressmaker and hairdresser, and has no duty here but to wait upon you."

Again the lady smiled, as Laura merely bent her queenly head in acknowledgment of Jennie's duties, and remembered Lina's eager protests against the trouble she was giving, and her entire willingness to wait upon herself.

"Estabrook all over," she thought. "Anybody would suppose she had always had a train of servants to wait upon her, instead of one miserable little housemaid at her mother's. She will be a success."

The last sentence of Mrs. Murray's soliloquy was the keynote to her Winter's plans. She had lived for social success. Widowed when still young, she had kept always in a fashionable circle, giving large parties, keeping a stylish equipage, dressing richly, and leading a clique in New York exclusives. But she was getting old, had completed her fifty-fifth year, and, having long before established the fact that she would never replace her lost husband, she fancied her popularity was decreasing.

In order to give a new importance to her social position, she determined to invite her own niece and a niece of her late husband's to spend a Winter with her, and she had never contradicted the whispered report that the young ladies would be joint heiresses of her wealth.

Invitations were issued for a party late in November, when the guests of Mrs. Murray were to be introduced to her friends, and Laura's arrival was the signal for shopping and dressmaking on a scale that was certainly new to the country-bred Lina, and even astonished Laura.

Mrs. Murray grew every day more convinced that Laura was a desirable acquisition, and secretly gloried in the girl's independence, appreciating fully that respect was paid to her as an elderly lady, a relative and hostess; but not one look or word of cringing was accorded to her wealth.

She saw, too, that Lina was losing something of her timidity under the genial influence of Laura's kindness, accepting it entirely as a condescension on the part of the regal-looking girl, who was really her junior by several months.

"You are not afraid of Aunt Maria?" she said one day, in the privacy of their own apartments.

"Afraid! of course not. She is very kind."

"But you know it has been a sort of gospel at our house to avoid offending her. We were all brought up to believe that, as her money came from my uncle, it was only right that some of it should come again into the family."

"I thought it was entirely at her own disposal?"

"So it is. But it made a great commotion at home when I was invited here. My sisters will have to wear their last Winter's clothes to pay for my finery, and, after all, Aunt Maria won't let me wear

what mother provided, but has bought me new dresses for all occasions."

"Could your sisters wear the others?"

"With a little alteration."

"Why don't you send them home?"

"Oh, I can wear them when I return, if I do go back again."

Laura's lip curled over the selfish forethought, but she made no further suggestions.

Every drop of blood in her veins tingled at the idea of courting her aunt for her money; but she firmly resolved that the impression, if there was one, should be removed before she returned home. She had accepted evening-dresses from her rich relative, because she felt it was due to her to make a creditable appearance as her guest; but Mrs. Murray realized, as well as herself, what thorns in the flesh these were to her pride.

The evening of the *début* of the cousins came, and Mrs. Murray, dressed in black velvet and rubies, went to the rooms of her young guests, to satisfy herself regarding their dress and appearance. She found them just starting for the drawing-room.

"Stand back, and let me look at you," she said, smiling.

It was a fair sight. Both girls wore dresses of white tulle over rich white silk, and sprays of starry jasmine upon the dress and in the hair. Lina was really pretty, and Laura actually startled her aunt by the splendor of her beauty. The rich, dark complexion, with its deep coloring, the shining blue black hair, the great black eyes, perfect features and tall, queenly figure, were all improved by the rich yet simple dress.

"She only wants a *parure* of diamonds to be perfect," thought Mrs. Murray. "I wonder what Count de Vierre will think of her?"

"Are we sufficiently impressive, Aunt Maria?" asked Laura, visibly chafing under the inspection.

"Yes; you will do. Gloves fit, fan in order, slippers perfect, handkerchief fine, and hair well dressed? Yes, you will do."

Lina smiled gratefully at the approbation, but Laura appreciated the half-suppressed sarcasm, and dropped a sweeping courtesy, with a mocking:

"You are too complimentary."

"Come down-stairs now," said Mrs. Murray. "Don't scorch me, Laura, with your eyes," she added, as Lina ran down. "You know you are handsome, and I am willing to admit it. Come," she added, closing the door, "suppose you and I cease the half-suppressed warfare between us, and come to an understanding. You are afraid I will think you are courting my money if you treat me as an affectionate aunt who is really fond of you. Is it not so?"

Laura hesitated a moment, then she said, frankly: "I could love you dearly, Aunt Maria, if you would believe it was yourself I loved. You remind me of my father, and I worshiped him. But if you have the idea that I came here to try to get a rich husband, or find a place in your will, we can never be more than friends, as hostess and guest."

"Kiss me, Laura, from your heart, and believe that I understand you perfectly. Marry as you please, and love me as if I had not two cents in the world. I will tell you in confidence that one-half of my husband's wealth is already willed to his brother, Lina's father, and if she licks the dust from my shoes, or insults me to my face, it will not affect that will one way or the other. Still, it is amusing to watch her mean little soul writhing in terror for fear of offending me," she said, contemptuously. "I shall try to marry her well for the sake of her father and nine brothers and sisters. Come, we will join her now."

It was not much later when Mrs. Murray's parlors were filled with guests, but there were only two who were important to the fortunes of my heroines. Count Adolphe de Vierre, and Lawrence Riverton. To these two I must give a few words of description.

Count de Vierre was undoubtedly a French nobleman. His income was about sufficient to keep him in gloves and pomade, but he understood the use of cards and dice, and was therefore able to dress handsomely, keep up a stylish equipage, board at a fashionable hotel and turn the heads of New York girls, who were eloquent regarding his handsome face, his white hands, elegant figure, little feet, and title. Probably half of them thought him a fortune-hunter, but it was money versus rank, and a fair bargain.

Lawrence Riverton was a young lawyer who stood literally alone in the wide world, with no fortune and few friends. He had earned the money for his college expenses and tuition in the law-school, by keeping a district-school, and by such rigid economy as was just one degree removed from positive cold and hunger. His figure was tall, and his face large-featured and rather stern in expression, but his talents were already beginning to be recognized, and he was earning enough for daily expenses, if these were confined to necessities.

His dead mother had been a friend of Mrs. Murray's, and the lady made a point of inviting him often to her house, and had introduced him to more than one influential friend. She was quite shrewd enough to see a brilliant future before the talented young lawyer, and she delighted in his conversation, deep and searching, full of suggestive thoughts. There was but little froth in his character and words, but Mrs. Murray appreciated his sterling worth and profound reading.

The young *débütantes* were the stars of the evening, their own personal attractions losing nothing by the faint rumors of their probably inheriting "old Murray's" money.

Mrs. Murray watched them keenly for a few moments, then, with a sigh of relief, she decided that Laura could "take care of herself," and gave her full attention to Lina and her guests.

It is not possible to describe the sensation Laura Estabrook made in society. Her regal beauty, her half-baughty, half-gracious manner, her superb contralto voice and finished musical education, her command of German and French, all combined to make her a belle, *par excellence*, and when to these was added the possible heiress-ship, society opened its doors and arms, and Laura Estabrook was the centre of every brilliant assemblage in her aunt's "circle."

After the conversation we have recorded, she had yielded readily to Mrs. Murray's wish to attend ball, party, opera, concert, and wore just such dresses as were suggested by the exquisite taste of the elder lady.

Count de Vierre paid marked attention to the reigning belle, and Lawrence Riverton was more than ever a constant guest of Mrs. Murray's. Gracious to both, Laura's eyes would brighten involuntarily if Mrs. Murray proposed a quiet home evening, because "Mr. Riverton had promised to bring her a book," or was "coming to spend an hour or two."

Lina had overcome her shyness to a great degree, and would often accept the chaperonage of some of Mrs. Murray's friends on these occasions, leaving the two to their own devices.

It would have caused many of Laura's admirers a sensation of surprise could they have peeped into the drawing-room on these evenings. Her *hauteur* was put aside with her rich evening-dresses; and in plain merinos or delaines, with simplest of *coiffure*, she would be a gentle, modest maiden for those hours. Mr. Riverton was poor, no *parti*; her aunt had warned her and Lina, so she could surrender her attention to the fascination of his conversation without any fear of misconception. And it was certainly fascinating beyond description to see this queenly belle in this phase of humble listener.

At times, when questions arose where her own reading had been thorough, she would surprise her

aunt by the power of her arguments, her thorough acquaintance with political and social topics, and her keen though quiet remarks. She never sang in crowded rooms as she sang, at her aunt's request, for Mr. Riverton, and the Winter wore away, binding together two noble young hearts, all unconsciously to both.

Spring opened, and a wedding was in prospect. Count de Vierre had proposed to Laura, been rejected, and laid his title at Lina's feet. Mrs. Murray had settled ten thousand dollars upon the bride, to the bridegroom's deep disgust, and the happy pair were to be married the week after Easter. Laura was to be bridesmaid, and then return home.

This programme had been long arranged, and the *trousseau* was in active preparation, when one morning Mrs. Murray sent for Laura to come to her private room.

"I have a delicate task this morning, Laura," she said, motioning Laura to a seat near her own; "I want to ask your perfect confidence."

Laura flushed a little under the searching glance bent upon her face, but said:

"I think there has been perfect confidence between us for a long time, Aunt Maria."

"Then you will not doubt my love if I tell you I have disinherited you?"

"No; I am glad of it."

"I made my will this morning, and your name is not in it."

"Again, I am glad of it."

"Mr. Riverton has assumed the position of my confidential lawyer, and will bring the will for my signature this evening."

Great tears rose in Laura Estabrook's eyes as she pressed her lips upon her aunt's cheek.

"You understand me, dear," said Mrs. Murray, affectionately. "He loves you, Laura, and he is worthy of you. I, who have known him from a boy, tell you that; but his pride is as great as your own, and he would have crushed out his love with an iron grasp before he would have offered hand or heart to an heiress. I think we will have a double wedding after Easter."

"Let me go home first, Aunt Maria."

Aunt Maria had judged rightly of Lawrence Riverton's love and pride. Before evening Laura received a manly letter in which he told his love, and also told her his prospects. Wealth he could not offer her, but he was earning a competence; and if she could be happy in a quiet, humble home, the future, he hoped, would bring more brilliant fortune. His whole aim in life would be to secure her happiness, if she would trust it in his hands. With all her pride Laura had a warm, loving heart, and Lawrence Riverton reigned there as king.

She wrote in reply, telling him of her mother, alone, widowed, and with but one child to love. Her income would be sufficient for her support—more, indeed, if the price of her present home was added to it; but she wanted her to have the love and companionship of her child in her old age.

"Before I bind you by any engagement," she wrote, "come to my home and see if my mother can be yours. I love you, Lawrence, and will gladly share my life with you; but I will not promise to be your wife till you have seen me in my own little home."

The wedding at Easter was a brilliant affair, and when it was over, Laura packed again the simple wardrobe she had brought from home and returned to Herndon.

It was astonishing, considering his rapidly increasing popularity and practice, how many opportunities Lawrence Riverton found for a trip to Herndon, and how much his love increased with every visit.

"I am fitting myself to be a good wife," Laura told him once, "by learning all mother knows of housekeeping. I was at boarding-school so long that when I returned home mother would treat me as a distinguished visitor, and my Winter in New

York only taught me how to dress and dance. When I came home I determined to learn to bake and brew, and I know I am fit now for a good, practical housekeeper. You shall taste my biscuit and cake at tea-time."

"But is not my time of probation almost over?" urged Lawrence. "I love your mother, and would gladly offer her a home with us. I have seen you in a calico dress, and find you as charming as in satin; I have seen your home, and find you as much a jewel in its quiet, tasteful seclusion as in your aunt's magnificent mansion. What more was there to be accomplished before you became Mrs. Riverton?"

"Nothing. I promised Aunt Maria to be married at her house, so you may call upon her, and tell her I will come whenever she is ready for me. I am forbidden, on pain of her eternal displeasure, to add even a pocket-handkerchief to the *trousseau* she and Jennie have been all Summer preparing."

"Be ready then for a speedy summons," was the gay response. "Mrs. Murray and I are the best of friends."

Speedy truly was the summons; the cottage at Herndon was sold, and Mrs. Estabrook went to New York as Mrs. Murray's guest until Laura should be settled at home. The wedding was a brilliant one, Mrs. Murray exerting herself to the utmost to do honor to her favorites, and her wedding present was a neat, pretty house and furniture, and a check for twenty thousand dollars.

"Not a word," she said, as Laura would have spoken. "Remember you are not in my will."

Ten years later, at one of President's receptions in Washington, Mrs. Murray met her two nieces. A pale, hollow-eyed woman, who was spoken of, in pitying terms, as the neglected wife of a dissipated gambler and spendthrift who hung about Washington, introduced herself as Lina de Vierre. She had lost three sickly children, her fortune was all spent, and her husband ill-treated her. She had married, without love, for position and an anticipated fortune, and she was slowly dying of a broken heart.

While Mrs. Murray was taking her address, a handsome woman, leaning on the arm of a noble-looking member of Congress, spoke:

"Lawrence, there is Aunt Maria."

"Laura! Do you not recognize Lina?" said Mrs. Murray.

"Yes, indeed! but we see Lina often. You are a stranger!"

"I could not resist the temptation to hear Lawrence speak in Congress," was the reply.

"Thank you," said Mr. Riverton. "I shall be more eloquent if I know you are listening."

"You must come to us, Aunt Maria," said Laura.

"I am at Willard's."

"Nonsense. We have a spare room that will just suit you, and you must see my boys. Three romping, great boys, and never a girl among them, as Lawrence says, pathetically. You will come?"

"Certainly I will. I have often longed to see the baby; the others will, probably, remember me."

"And you will dine with us, Lina, to-morrow? You and Adolphe?" said Laura.

"I will not promise," was the reply, in a weary, sad tone. "I never know what Adolphe's engagements are."

"Which means whether he will be drunk or sober," thought Laura, adding aloud: "You come, Lina, at any rate. We will excuse Adolphe, if he is engaged."

"I will come."

The crowd separated them again before long, but the next day Aunt Maria learned from Lina's lips how many acts of kindness she owed the cousin she had thought once to patronize as Countess de Vierre; food and delicacies for the sick children, money for rent, money for clothing, and always kind advice and sympathy.

"Who made the best match, sister Martha,"

asked Mrs. Murray of Mrs. Estabrook, as they visited the nursery together; "my niece who married a title, or my niece who married for love?"

Was it a Low Rent?

A THIN, stooping, nervous-looking woman entered the office, and the house-agent looked up, smiled, and opened his book at yesterday's page.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith," began the lady, in the reluctant tone of a person so accustomed to having her wishes denied, that she dreads to make them known. "I suppose you have not heard of a house within the rent I mentioned as our limit?"

"Good-morning, Miss Cowles. I am glad to say that I have chanced on the very thing, and quite unexpectedly. Very seldom, indeed, that such a chance occurs; large, handsome house, mahogany finish on dining-room floor, chestnut above, plate-glass—"

"But the rent, Mr. Smith! I told you—"

"Yes, yes, I know, Miss Cowles, and that's why I call it such a chance. The rent is nominal, if the tenant suits, as your family can't fail to. You may have the house for sixteen dollars a month, provided you will not mention what you pay, and will occupy the premises constantly for a year."

"But, Mr. Smith! What does it mean?" asked Miss Cowles, nervously. "These conditions are so extraordinary, the rent for such a house is so very low—I'm afraid there's something not correct—"

"Perfectly correct, my dear lady; perfectly so, I assure you. Here are the keys; you just go and look over the house, and then we'll talk. I'm awfully busy this morning, so, if you'll excuse me—"

And before Miss Martha Cowles had half prepared the next question she was crowded away from the agent's desk, and on her way to the door. A young gentleman passed her, said a few words to the agent, who replied laughingly, and nodded toward Miss Martha, hovering uncertainly upon the threshold; the young gentleman looked, smiled also, and overtook the quivering maiden at the foot of the stairs.

"Beg pardon," began he, touching his hat. "But Mr. Smith above there tells me that you think of looking at my house on Ark Street. I am Frank Winchester, you know, or, I dare say, you don't know, but I own the house on Ark Street, and my buggy is here at the door, and, if you please, I'll drive you over there. I'd like to go through the house myself."

"Thank you, I'm sure, Mr. Winchester, and—Oh, I have forgotten something I had to say to Mr. Smith, if you can wait a minute."

And with more rapidity than could have been expected, Miss Martha retreated up the steep stairs, leaving her companion smiling broadly, as he thought:

"Gone to get my credentials! Shy old bird, but looks tremendously respectable; four of them will tone the old place up and cure its bad name—Oh, here you are, my ancient virgin!"

"I hope you'll excuse my keeping you waiting, Mr. Winchester," began Miss Martha, all unconscious that her little ruse had been discovered; "and, if you're going to Ark Street, I shall be happy to have company in looking over the house."

Mr. Winchester made some suitable reply, helped the lady into the high-wung, narrow buggy, where she looked and felt considerably out of place, and drove away as demurely as Zenobia, his gay little mare, would allow.

Ark Street is one of those localities to be found in every city of respectable age which have been the abode of wealth and fashion and are to be included in the great business area constantly enlarging its borders in a growing city, but which are meantime stranded between the two, the fashiona-

ble people having departed and the warehouses not yet built.

The deserted mansions are very often turned first into cheap lodging-houses, and after a time into still cheaper tenement-houses, preparatory to being pulled down altogether; but in some cases, where the owners do not choose to see their former homes or the homes of their ancestors thus desecrated, and can afford to indulge themselves in sentiment, their houses remain closed and abandoned, melancholy tide-marks of the world's retreating flood.

Such a street was Ark Street, and such a house was the great, dusty, forlorn mansion standing in its own courtyard, before whose gates Frank Winchester stopped the gay little mare, and assisted Miss Cowles to alight.

"This key is marked 'gate,'" said she, handing the bunch to the young man, and glancing rather forlornly up at the rows of shuttered windows above.

"Yes, and—there! A little rusty or so, but—Walk in, Miss Cowles. Policeman, just keep an eye on that horse and buggy, if you please. She'll stand all right if she isn't meddled with; thanky."

And blithely unlocking and throwing wide the doors, the young landlord escorted his prospective tenant through the great echoing hall, hardly lighted by the dusty fan-glass over the front door, and into the dining-room, with its china-closet large as a modern parlor, the great kitchen, black, gloomy and sepulchral, and the breakfast-parlor at the other side of the front door; then up the wide, low stairs, with their carved balusters in shining dark wood, to the great gloomy drawing-rooms, finished in mahogany, with curious brass handles and hinges to the doors, and great plate-glass windows, opening upon a balcony overhanging the courtyard. Upstairs again to the best bedrooms, and then up another flight to a great hall embracing the whole area of the house, and nearly surrounded by a low and wide bench or divan running round the wall, and only broken by the two doors, the chimney, and another similar projection, apparently without opening or use.

The remarkable size and arrangement of this room, above which were only attics and store-closets, strongly excited Miss Martha's curiosity and suspicion.

Mr. Winchester for some time evaded or failed to reply to the remarks and inquiries pressed upon him, but at last said, suddenly:

"I perceive that I had better tell you the whole truth about the old house, Miss Cowles, and you will then have your mind at rest. Besides, you would be sure to hear all sorts of rumors if you came here to live. Let us sit down on this bench, and I'll tell you the whole thing. This house was built by my grandfather when he was going to be married, and here he brought home his wife, and they reared their family, and finally both died. My mother was their youngest child, and as a boy I was never tired of hearing her stories of the old house, and what gay times they had in it, and of the state they kept up with their negro servants—children of the old slaves, you know—and all that sort of thing. When my grandparents died, the house came to one of the sons, who left it in the hands of an agent to let, and went abroad. All the other children were dispersed, my mother going South with her husband, and for twenty years or so nobody knew exactly what the old house was doing. At the end of that time the owner died, still abroad, and the house, in the division of his property, went to another brother, a sort of hermit-student, living in the wilds of Maine. He also left it in the hands of an agent, and it was at this period that the darker epoch of its story begins, for the agent of this second uncle let it for a gambling-house, and the proprietors made several important alterations in the house. One was, converting all this story into a hall, probably for billiards, or it might be also for a smoking-room, this divan resembling those I have seen in

optum-houses abroad. They also put in the great plate-glass windows in the drawing-rooms, and arranged the dining-room as a bar, although that was again altered by the next occupants."

"And who, pray, were the next occupants, Mr. Winchester?" asked Miss Cowles, in a severely sarcastic tone.

"The city, my dear madame," replied Frank, serenely. "The city fathers, who kindly seized upon the premises in the beginning of a panic about cholera, which, you may remember, seized upon the country some seven years ago."

"Cholera! Here!" ejaculated Miss Martha, springing to her feet and looking wildly about her.

"But, my dear madame, it was seven years ago; and, furthermore, there never was any cholera here at any time. The hundreds of homeless cases which were to throng these wards never appeared; if anybody had the cholera, they kept it in their own homes, and I do not think a single case was ever brought to this hospital, which, nevertheless, was fitted up with great care and expense, this room being filled with little iron beds, and water brought to the top of the house, the bar removed, and a big range and washing arrangements put in the kitchen. When the cholera was over, the city was very willing to give up their claims upon the house. I have forgotten whether they had leased or bought it, but at any rate my mother, who had always been unhappy at what she considered the desecration of her old home, prevailed upon my father to buy it and make her a present of it, which he did. She came North almost on purpose to have a look at her new possession and compare it with the old memories, and was, I believe, terribly shocked. I was abroad at that time, and was summoned home by the news of my father's mortal illness. I came home only in time to see him die, and then took my mother directly abroad. She died in Florence eighteen months ago."

The young fellow had evidently forgotten to whom he talked or where he was, for he paused abruptly and sat staring out of the window in front of him, and Miss Martha liked him none the worse for the dimness that had come over his bold, dark eyes, or the pallor of his merry mouth. She did not interrupt the reverie, but after a moment Frank roused himself with a start, and said:

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Cowles, but you see my mother and I were all alone in those days, and—well, the house came to me then, and for her sake I wouldn't have it pulled down or let out in tenements, or any of those things done to it, and I told Smith to look me out a very nice, respectable tenant, who would look after the place a bit and plant some sweet-williams and damask-roses in the garden just as it used to be. Do you like flowers, Miss Cowles?"

"I do not care very much about them, Mr. Winchester," replied Miss Martha, frankly. "But Helen does; and if we conclude to take the house, I do not doubt she will do as you wish in the garden."

"One of your sisters, I suppose? But you will conclude to take the house, won't you, Miss Cowles? I should so like a lady here, and you would let me come and see you once in a while; perhaps give me a cup of coffee after dinner. You'll think I'm an awful spoon, I dare say, but the truth is, since mamma died I've been knocking about in Paris and all, till I feel as if there wasn't much left of me that was what she'd like, and I've a sort of notion of fixing up the old place here just as she used to talk of it, and maybe—you know—eh?"

"Maybe, your mother will know it and be pleased," ventured Miss Cowles, blushing violently at thus embarking upon sentiment with a young man.

"Yes, yes; that's just it," replied Frank, relieved. "And, now, say you'll take the house, Miss Cowles; and if you'll let me lay out the garden, I'll consider it equivalent for rent."

"But how, Mr. Winchester?" demanded Miss Cowles, a little bewildered at the proposed bargain. "How could your expending money on the garden be an equivalent for our paying rent for the house?"

"Why, the bother, you know, of having me in and out; and, then, I shall be going away, in a few weeks, perhaps for all Summer, perhaps for a year, or more, and I shall ask you or Miss Helen to oversee the gardener and work around a little, just as the ladies used in the old time. And, altogether, you perceive it is quite a friendly arrangement; and, if your sisters are like yourself, I shall make myself quite at home, and—there, now, I didn't think of that—but perhaps you'll let me retain a room in the house, not to trouble you with the care of it all, but just so that I could come and go, and sleep here a night now and then, and feel as if it were my mother's old house. Isn't it possible, Miss Cowles? Of course, if you don't like, I say no more about it."

"Well, really, Mr. Winchester, I do not know what to say," began Miss Martha, all in a flutter. "If my sisters have no objection—the family, perhaps you know, is my sister Tabitha, who is really Miss Cowles; my sister Lucy, who is Mrs. Gray, a widow; her daughter Helen, and myself. Tabitha and I have a little property and have always boarded in a very genteel part of the town; but now poor Lucy has come to us, and—well, Mr. Gray is dead, so I will say nothing, except that Lucy has nothing at all left for herself or her daughter; and so, of course, Tabitha and I make them welcome to an equal share with ourselves. But it is impossible to think of Mrs. Beamish's, or any other first-class boarding establishment; and as we none of us could think of leaving town, where we have always lived, we looked about for an economical house in a good part of the city; and Ark Street used, in my father's time, to be considered very nice, I'm sure."

"Exactly the family I wanted, and, if you'll only take me, you'll find me exactly the landlord you'd desire; so, let's call it a bargain and draw a lease for any number of years, with rent 'for value received!'"

Frank's enthusiasm was contagious, and it was not until Miss Martha found herself again in the bosom of her family, that a recollection of her scruples and hesitations came over her, and she began to torment herself and Tabitha with doubts and uncertainties. But Tabitha's opinion varied so much faster than her own, and Mrs. Gray's remained so quietly set in favor of the old house, and Helen was so gleefully anxious to go and see it and seal the bargain, that Miss Martha finally consented to do as she had all along wished to do, and give an affirmative answer to the young landlord, who was to call in the evening to receive it.

Nor was Frank's satisfaction with his new tenants at all diminished by finding that the "Helen" proposed as superintendent of his gardening schemes proved to be a beautiful girl, not yet twenty years old, and as gay and restless as her aunts were staid, or her mother pensive and silent.

The call proved a very pleasant one, and when Frank took his leave, it was with an appointment to meet all the ladies the next morning in Ark Street to settle the details of the contract, which all parties seemed to consider settled upon the terms which Frank had proposed, with the additional suggestions of the Misses Cowles that they should have the care of the rooms reserved by the young landlord, and should provide breakfast and tea for him whenever he chose to occupy said room, and even thus, as Miss Tabitha declared, they should always feel that they were visitors and not tenants of Mr. Winchester's, as they could not flatter themselves that they paid any rent.

"And after Helen is married," added Miss Martha, "there will be no one to help about the garden."

At this announcement a shadow fell over the young gentleman's face, quite unwarranted and unreasonable considering how very brief had been his

acquaintance with the fair *flamée*, and, in his impetuous way, he exclaimed:

"I'm sorry to hear that. I hope, Miss Cowles, you do not lose your niece very soon?"

"I suppose that question has nothing to do with our taking the house, however?" interposed Helen, a little touch of annoyance in face and voice, and of course the subject was hastily dropped and avoided during the rest of that interview and the whole of the one on the succeeding morning, when all parties met in Ark Street, and spent a very pleasant hour in planning all sorts of repairs and amendments of the dim old house and neglected garden, where Frank set a man at work that very day.

Something of the zest he had at first felt in the affair seemed, however, to have suddenly evaporated, and he often found himself speculating upon what sort of man it might be whom this lovely Helen was to marry, and why she never alluded to him in any manner, and why even her aunts and mother since that first mention so carefully avoided the subject; gradually, too, he became conscious of a feeling of dislike to this unknown lover, and even a sort of petulance in his feelings toward Helen, as if she had in some manner injured or rebbed him, and this caused a corresponding change in his manner at different times, which puzzled and annoyed the young girl more than she chose to confess even to herself.

Of course all this did not occur in the first day or week or even month of the mutual occupancy of the house in Ark Street, for by no other name can we describe the condition into which affairs fell from almost the very first, for Mr. Winchester's interest in his garden proved at once so engrossing and so capricious, that he was always at work there, generally undoling in one week all that had been done in the one before, contriving fountains, arbors, trellised walks, rockeries, and espaliers, until within the quaint old patch of walled ground, worth nobody can tell how many dollars each square foot, were compacted half the caprices that would have filled a dozen acres.

His own apartment also, a large, sunny room, looking down upon his beloved garden, soon became a sort of bazaar of all the useless pretty toys that idle young men collect about themselves, and Miss Martha, who always rigidly supervised her one handmaiden in the making-up of this room, constantly brought out reports of a new picture, statuette, smoking-cap, slippers, scent-bottle, or what she generally classed as *fol-de-rol*, many of them expensive and beautiful.

No reports, however, tempted Helen the maidenly to step across the threshold of this room, and it became one of Winchester's amusements to carelessly mention objects recently placed there, and generally out of sight from the door, and to try to surprise a confession from Helen that she had seen them, the ruse generally succeeding in drawing from one of the maiden aunts a prim declaration that "Helen never went into that room at all," to which Frank generally responded in great innocence, "Don't she? I noticed how prettily the books were arranged, and thought it could not be Bridget;" or, "I hoped it was she who left the flowers on the stand;" or something to that effect.

From all which little straws it will be easy for the sagacious reader to see which way the wind blew through Ark Street, and to induce him to sympathize with Mr. Winchester's annoyance one bright October afternoon, when he, having declined to join a gay party of men at a club-dinner, because he preferred a quiet tea in Ark Street, let himself into the house, ran up to his own room, and, looking out of the window, saw Helen—his Helen, as he had almost come to consider her—walking in the garden with a young man, who was at that very moment putting his arm around her waist.

The caress was to be soon repulsed, but not indignantly, merely, as Frank bitterly said, because some one might be looking on.

As if to prove that this thought was really in the young girl's mind, she at this moment turned and glanced up at his window, and her action was both seen and imitated by her companion, who thus revealed a dark and sullen face, whose coarse lines and deep shadows suggested many an experience and many a stain, all unsuited to the companionship of the girl beside him.

Winchester felt this, and felt, too, a pang of jealousy so bitter, that he could not endure to remain at the window, and, retreating to the back of the room, took up a book, then a paper, and then his hat, with which he escaped from the house, and spent his evening after all with the gay party of convives, who welcomed him uproariously.

Could he have heard the conversation in the garden, he might have been still less content, for the man was saying:

"So that's the fellow, is it? Looks like a fool, as he must be, to keep this house and garden, instead of selling at the price land commands hereabouts. Good-looking I suppose you women call him, don't you?"

"I consider Mr. Winchester very handsome, and he is a gentleman," replied Helen, in quiet scorn.

"And Tom Wyeth has forfeited his claims to that title from Miss Grey's lips, eh?" demanded the lover, with a savage sneer. "But there's one claim he hasn't forfeited, my dear, and that's a claim to you for a wife, and it's a claim he's going to press pretty actively, I can tell you."

"Not at present—not yet, Tom!" exclaimed the girl, in a voice of alarm; and the smile which replied to it upon her lover's face was not a pleasant one to see.

"Yes, my love; I do not see why I should wait any longer, loving you so dearly as I do. I can support you in a sort of a fashion—a little fluctuating, as the cards happen to run, you know, but—"

"Oh, horror! You confess yourself a gambler!"

"I confess myself nothing at all, and I advise you to be careful how you use such words as that, young woman," retorted the other, savagely. "Though, if it comes to that, what is my hold over you? Was it not because your father was what you call me that he put his name to that check—?"

"Oh, hush, hush, for pity's sake, for God's sake!"

"In this very house, too," pursued the other, pitilessly; "I did not tell you before, but there was a time when I knew this house far better than you or your old tabs of aunts will ever know it, for it has secrets—"

He broke off abruptly as one who has said too much, and, at the next turn, led the way into a path skirting the wall of the house, at which he curiously glanced in passing, then smiled secretly, and nodded his head slightly, as if revolving a plan in his own dark mind.

Helen was too deeply engrossed in her own gloomy thoughts to heed him, and presently exclaimed:

"What a horrible instance is this of the sins of the father descending upon the children! Why must I sacrifice my whole life because my father—"

The bitter words choked her, and her companion finished the sentence after his own fashion.

"Because your father was a gambler and a forger, and because I hold the proof of both failings in the forged check I once showed you, and because, if I do not receive my stipulated price, no other than this little hand, I shall go to your aunts, who will flutter and cluck and bristle like two ancient portlets, and finally will give me all they have to avoid the infamy of exposure and disgrace to your mother, you and themselves."

"Cruel, cruel and hard, and remorseless!" cried Helen, looking at him in horror.

Tom Wyeth laughed aloud

"Not very likely to give up my own plans, at any rate, so you had better lay out to submit with a good grace," said he, and then added, more darkly: "No, the trouble isn't anything new you've found in me; it's that fellow up there, that rich, good-looking fool who has been living here and making love to you behind my back, and you, false and shy, as all women, have allowed it! You needn't say a word, I understand all I want, and I tell you now, my lady, that one week from this day you are going to marry me and follow me wherever I choose to take you, or—you know the penalty."

And, not waiting for a reply, he turned down a path leading to the back gate of the garden and was gone, while Helen, half stunned, half enraged, and with a sense of degradation upon her which led her to avoid the company of every one, crept away to her own chamber, nor appeared again that night, while Frank Winchester, amid all the merry din of the bachelor entertainment, found a weight and a sadness at his heart that no wine would drown, no laughter silence.

He did not return to Ark Street that night, but late in the following day an impulse, too strong to be resisted, drew him thither, and in the parlor he found Helen alone, sad, and very pale.

She raised her eyes as he approached, but lowered them in confusion as she met his look of unconscious reproach, and hastily made some idle remark.

"Frank did not reply and in the silence that ensued, Miss Martha bustled into the room, and the opportunity was gone. At the time, Frank carelessly mentioned that he should leave town in a day or so, and might be away some time, in fact, the whole winter, as he had some thought of going abroad.

"Amid the exclamations and regrets of the elder ladies—who every one loved him as she fancied she would have loved a son—Frank listened in vain for Helen's voice, and, finally, stole a glance at her face, half averted as it was. The silent pain, the effort at self-control he read there, sent a thrill of new regret, of more desperate love, through his own heart, and yet it showed him still more clearly that he must go. His own feelings were no longer a secret to him, and now, if Helen shared them and yet was betrothed to another, honor, duty, manliness bade him remove temptation from his own path and hers, and fly while it yet was time.

So he turned the subject from his own movements, and soon after tea Helen retired to her own room, leaving Frank to wander for an hour or so in the garden with the two aunts, and then to retreat to his own room for the oligar never allowed to profane the rest of the house.

"At an early hour the house was quiet, for no one had the heart to talk much, and Helen would not come down-stairs, and Frank was sad and silent.

A little after midnight, as he tossed and turned in the restlessness of a wakeful mind, the attention of the young man was attracted by a noise in the corridor outside his room, and presently the door opened slowly and silently, and a man's figure stepped inside, looked about, and hastily retreated. Frank was up in a minute, and in another was partially dressed, and, with a pistol in one hand, followed the intruder as silently as possible, desiring not to alarm the house if it could be avoided.

A slight creaking of the upper stairs showed in which direction he had gone, and Frank, following, distinctly heard the words:

"Nellie—Nellie! I'm here, darling; open the door quick, or we shall be caught!"

Then a handle softly turned, and as Frank, his very blood turned to ice with the horror of the doubt starting to life in his own mind, hastened up the stairs, he saw the figure of the man whom he pursued quietly entering Helen's chamber and closing the door after him.

A sudden bitter determination to show her that he knew all seized upon the man's worst nature,

and, springing up the stairs, he knocked loudly upon the door. It was immediately opened by the intruder, who stepped out, closing it behind him. Frank seized him by the throat with a mad desire to throttle and destroy him, but the other, adroitly wrenching himself loose, rapidly said:

"It's all right, Mr. Winchester. I'm Nellie's husband—or all the same. We are to be married in a few days, and we thought it no harm to get a little time to ourselves out of reach of the old ladies. She left open the garden-door and I slipped in, but I made a mistake and opened your chamber-door first, and so aroused you. Don't make a fuss and shame the girl, sir. Don't say anything to her, and I'll go this minute. You can come down and look me out if you will, and then you'll see that the door was left open for me by Helen; so it's all right."

"All right, you rascal!" growled Frank through his clinched teeth, while his finger played ominously about the trigger of his pistol; but at this moment the door of Helen's room softly opened and she appeared, a white wrapper hastily cast about her form and her golden hair streaming over her shoulders, while the moonlight, falling behind her, gave an air of unearthly delicacy and beauty to her figure.

"What does this man say, Mr. Winchester?" asked she, excitedly. "I was roused by your knock upon my door, but I was afraid to open, and have tried to listen to what was going on. I could not hear much, but—what did he say, Frank?"

"He said that he was all the same as your husband, and that you let him in, and he begged me not to shame you, and I won't," replied Frank, in a voice whose bitterness he did not try to disguise. "And yet, for your mother's sake, Helen, I should not think you would have chosen this house. Will you go down and fasten him out, or shall I?"

In the dim light he saw her stand like a statue, staring into his face for a moment, and then, without a word, she retreated and locked the door, leaving to Frank an undefined feeling, as if the shame and the guilt of the whole matter rested on his shoulders rather than her own. He was roused by the hoarse voice of his companion.

"You see she don't deny it, Mr. Winchester. Be a man and let her alone, now and always, and don't press what she may think her shame upon her mind, and don't betray her to the rest. We shall be married in a few days, and all will be right. Now let me go."

"Go, and my curse go with you!" growled Frank, and, following down the stairs, he saw the man whom of all the world he loathed and hated pass from his house, carrying with him, as the poor young fellow told himself, all the peace and joy of his future life, let it be what it might in other ways.

The next morning, as Frank was about to leave his room and the house, intending never to see one of its inmates again so long as he should live, he found a slip of paper pushed under his door, and with difficulty deciphering the blotted lines, read:

"You have wronged me so cruelly, that I can never forgive you; and yet I cannot 'for my mother's sake' let you leave this house without one word of reply to the horrible accusation you listened to and believed and repeated last night. As God in heaven sees my heart at this moment, as I hope to be with Him very, very soon, I swear that I knew nothing of that man's intentions to visit this house, or of his presence in it until your knock upon my door aroused me from a heavy sleep, and listening, I heard the foul slander told and believed, and came out to hear it repeated—by you, Frank! And it was all, all a lie, I swear it by all that I hold sacred—by all that I once believed of you. Good-by, for ever and for ever.
HELEN."

Who ever understood the logic of love, or comprehended its subtle processes? What was there in this brief note to disprove the plain evidence



LET THOSE LAUGH WHO WIN — "JUST AS SHE GAINED THE STAIRCASE HE REACHED HER AND LAID HIS HAND ON HER ARM, AND STOPPED HER ON THE FIRST STAIR."—SEE PAGE 282.

of a man's own senses and reason? And yet no sooner had Frank Winchester read it than he called himself a fool and a brute, and spoke of his own injured Helen, and swore that she and none

other should be his wife, with various other remarks too silly to be repeated, quite forgetting or ceasing to care for the plain fact, that, even setting aside the events of the last night, he well knew

Helen Grey to be the betrothed wife of another man, and had himself seen him put his arm about her waist in a proprietary manner, which at the time had sufficed to drive him almost wild with jealousy.

Yet, now, all this seemed as nothing in the delight of finding his darker suspicions dissipated; and it was almost joyously that he waited until Helen's light step was heard descending the stairs, and then neatly waylaid her before she could escape, and, seizing her hand, begged for a few moments' interview so importunately, that she, who at first had been cold and firm as December's ice, soon became uncertain and yielding as that same ice in April, and finally allowed herself to be led out into the garden and to a retired bench, whereon Frank seated her before he began a speech so foolish, so inconsequent, so clumsily worded, and yet so eloquent, that none but a lover could have made it, none but a lover could have understood it. Helen listened very patiently, understood every word, and so proved herself—don't you see?

Then she told her story fully and frankly, and opened wide her innocent eyes at the ease with which Frank disposed of the bugbear that had threatened to devour her whole life.

"Money, my own love!" cried he, gayly. "Money will do it all, and I have lots of money quite useless until now. I shall see the fellow and buy him up and export him to Australia, or somewhere, and we will never hear of him again. But how did he get in?"

A pattering, tottering pair of feet, a shrill voice and withered, frightened face brought the reply, as Miss Tabitha came hurrying after Frank to tell how that the maid-servant had discovered a door swinging open in the projection like a chimney in the smoking-room, and found it open upon a flight of stairs winding down and down and down to a grated cellar-window, at one side of which appeared a pair of hinges, although the catch-lock at the other side defied her ingenuity. Frank soon unraveled the mystery, and soon satisfied himself that, at some period of the old house's history—probably while it was in the hands of the gamblers—this secret passage had been constructed; and Tom Wyeth, familiar with it from old usage, had employed it in the nefarious plot by which he had hoped to drive away Helen's more worthy lover and secure her for himself.

Whether Wyeth had means of knowing that his plot had been discovered and defeated, or whether some one of the casualties incident to a lawless life suddenly overtook him, no one knows; but, for whatever reason, he never again appeared or was heard of in the lives of the young people, who soon forgot him in their own exceeding happiness.

They were married very soon, and lived in Ark Street until the health of the children tempted them to remove to the country, leaving the old aunts to vegetate calmly and peacefully, and finally to fade away in the dear old house, which now, at last, has been torn down and forgotten.

Let Those Laugh Who Win.

JOHN IRVINE was thought fortunate in having so rich and generous a relation as Mrs. Beach. She was an Irvine, handsome and poor as they all were, with one exception. She married into a family where the want of money had never been known. Her poor relations were never forgotten. She helped all as far as she could, and hearing of John's talent for painting, sent for him to come and see her. It seemed to John as he stood with his hand on the back of a chair, looking at the splendid figure in trailing blue silk that came toward him with the gliding step of a goddess, that an immense distance lay, and must always lay, between them. Sensitive to every fair thing, as are all these chil-

dren of fancy and pain, he would like to have bent his knee before her, as a knight of old, for less reason.

Mrs. Beach saw how nervous he was, and seated herself by his side with a portfolio of drawings; and while he looked at the rare engravings, she talked as only Josephine Beach could. But the young man was not ready to be helped but in the way of work, so Mrs. Beach gave him a commission, and kept him to tea. Then he saw the two girls, Dot and Rose, who sat like smiling fairies opposite him, and whose examining eyes he met continually. Mr. Beach was a pertly man, perfectly polite, but silent. Irvine painted a picture for his cousin, received a note of thanks with his check, and after relapsed into the obscurity of his working-room. He had everything to learn, he felt, and put himself at it with an iron resolution sure to succeed. In a few years his cousin, Mrs. Beach, became a widow, and he was summoned to see her once more.

"John," said this dominant Josephine, "you must go abroad and study. You need the air of sleepy Europe. Working, hurrying America is exciting you too much. You can't be contented to stand and wait, you are wasting yourself. When you ought to be studying and thinking, you are making pictures to sell—pictures that are promising, John, but not the best you can do, or ought to do. What may you not be, after years abroad, where you can grow and sun yourself through and through in the warm influences!"

John's face answered her as she went on; but he said very little.

"Now, I propose to give you a sufficient sum of money for your wants, and you must give me the pleasure of helping to make an artist."

She saw the tinge of pride in his face; a settling of the muscles round the mouth.

"You will give it back some day, if you prefer. I am only putting my money at interest."

"Thanks," returned John, whose emotion made him cold. "I accept the loan. If I live I know I can pay the money—the kindness—"

"We won't be sentimental," she interrupted. "We understand each other. Dot, come in; it is our cousin John."

When he came again, he had fulfilled Mrs. Beach's expectations. For the past two years he had been quite independent of her aid. He was now perfect in drawing, full of imaginations, with great power in light and shade. Besides, his pictures possessed that something that makes the picture. Not altogether the drawing, not the design, not the coloring, but the subtle, intangible aroma of soul.

He was fearfully sensitive, nervous, too conscious of his own failures; but the divinely implanted love of art carried him over every hindrance. Of course his first visit in America is to Mrs. Beach, who, liking him always, admires him now for his independence, honest work, and his success.

John is ready now to pay back the money that has done so much for him; but Josephine says, "Not yet." She has been waiting for him to come to paint their portraits. Does he paint portraits? He has done so, for practice, and when he found a beautiful subject.

He does not intend to make that branch of painting a specialty. No, of course not.

"But," said Mrs. Beach, you must paint me full-length. In a few years I shall be an old woman. The girls want to have a picture of me at my best. That must be done first. Dot and Rose may be taken at your leisure. Meanwhile stay with us; it will be more convenient on many accounts. You will get commissions here, execute those on hand, and determine where to set up your tent for the future."

The girls were certainly exquisite in their ways. Dora was the younger, far less pretty than her sister, often called "Fair Rosamond." She was slender and taper, so quiet as to miss notice, but if

you gave her a little, you saw how delicate were the regular features, how sweet the mouth, how true the eyes.

Rosamond was very like her, only fairer and brighter. A deep rose bloomed on her soft cheek, every feature gave expression to joy and love. Her brown hair was coiled in a splendid knot behind, defying all fashion, and yet she was fashionable. There was a childfiness and innocence about her absolutely captivating.

In certain lights the nun and the bacchante, as John mentally called them, were like twins, and their voices were almost undistinguishable.

The painter having the choice of many rooms for his studio, decided upon the gloomiest in the house, said they all. It was a large apartment looking north to the hills of Marlon, sombre inside with old carvings and suits of armor.

"He has a picturesque air about him," said Rosey to Dot, while the mother sat looking into the fire, idly turning the gold bracelet on her white wrist. "His travels have improved him. Don't you recollect his taking dinner here, Dot? I thought he couldn't blush more, but when I asked him for the salt, his countenance took another tinge. He spilt it, too—sure sign we shall quarrel. Now the man has some grace and can keep his face composed."

"I wish you could gain that desirable faculty," remarked Mrs. Beach.

Rosey grimaced.

"I like to hear him talk," said Dora. "I like to hear most men. They use such good words, and go right through a sentence. I'm tired of hearing a dozen beginnings and all the ends brought up struggling together."

"If you talked more yourself, you wouldn't get so tired," said Rosey; "but you sit and open your eyes and ears, and make your criticisms at everybody's expense. Do you know how he is going to pay his debt? He is going to paint the portrait of us; the likeness of me." Here Rosey put on a smirk, and assumed what she called a happy expression. "I think I'll be gathering roses," added Rosamond, "because of my diminutive, and then, you know, people will say, 'Here's a fairer flower.'"

Mrs. Beach looked round at Rosamond.

"Mamma, don't put on the awful," and Rosey came with a gliding sweep, down at her mother's feet, looking up at her with the dimples indented and brown eyebrows raised. Mrs. Beach had no child like herself. Her face was like a Madonna's, but she had the majesty of an empress. They made John very happy; he was their cousin. Besides, he was good-looking, in a strong, dramatic sort of way. He no longer colored when the girls addressed him, but went on quietly with his painting, and let them rummage at pleasure among his sketches and studies.

Rosey was always interrupting him.

"What is this great flowery knob, Cousin John, with such a beautiful shadow cast on a warm, yellow wall?"

Irvine puts down his maul-stick, and leans over her.

"I drew that in Milan. It's a boss."

"I like bosses," remarked Rosey. "How I wish I could draw!"

"Let me give you some lessons," said the painter.

"Will you? Thank you. Mamma has always desired me to take lessons; but wouldn't one's hands get so dirty? But, if you will teach me, Cousin John," with one of her indescribable looks, "I will learn."

So Irvine goes back to his picture. Rosey has found a stool, on which she seats herself, her ganzy dress and blue ribbons spreading up and around her like the corolla of a morning-glory. The portfolio is open wide, and she is talking and asking questions in the most delicious voice.

"Cousin John, do I interrupt you?" asked she, in one of these early days, before the portraits were begun.

"Yes, and no," replied he. "I ought to work rapidly to fulfill your uncle's order and do your mother's will; but I do very little work—you are bewildering!"

Rosamond blushed, and was ready with an answer to what she thought was a compliment, but perceived that Irvine was perfectly unconscious of saying anything flattering.

"I'll go away," said she.

"Do," returned he.

She pouted at him in such a schoolgirl way, so pretty, so evidently annoyed, that he smiled, showing beautiful white teeth through the floss of a blonde mustache.

"Let me have the mornings to myself, but come and make me happy after two o'clock."

"What is it, Rosamond?" asked her mother, as Miss Beach threw herself on a sofa with considerable force.

"John is going to give me drawing-lessons."

"Against your wishes?"

"Oh, no; I asked him."

"Have you been up in the studio all this time?"

"Yes."

"I don't advise that—he wants his time to himself."

"So he said."

"Did he?" exclaimed Mrs. Beach, laughing. "I see he can take care of himself."

"Perfectly, mamma. He told me to come after two o'clock, but I am not to pass his threshold before."

"Excellent!" returned the mother; and she took up her embroidery again. "Where is Dora?"

"Making macaroons."

"Have you called on the Hoffmans?"

"No," said Rosamond, grimacing; "I don't know them."

"I cannot go; you must call for the family, and leave a card for Thursday."

"It's such a plague to dress! Can't I go as I am?"

"They have been unfortunate—you must go in style."

"Rosey did not stir; so, after the lapse of a few moments, her mother told her to ring the bell.

"Peter, Miss Beach must have the close-carriage directly! Now, Rosamond, go and dress!"

"Oh, dear!" from that young lady; "I wish there was no such thing as visiting and leaving your card! I never could see what it amounted to."

"Is there anything in the world you would like to do?"

"Yes," said Rosey; "to sit on a piazza by the sea and have somebody make love to me."

"You have too much of that," said Mrs. Beach.

"It would be a good plan to send you to a convent, out of the sound of everything but prayers!"

Rosey finished her toilet and came for inspection, as usual, to her mother. She wore a silk of pale, sparkling gray, a tint of rose in its shades; it trailed behind in stiff folds and was edged all round by shining quillings of white. Her shawl was of plain white lace, bought by herself in spite because her mother would not allow her to wear point; but somehow it suited her. Her parasol and gloves were white, as was also the little bonnet of puffs of lace, without a single ornament but the pink briar-rose that fastened back the tiny veil. She looked like a Quaker angel, Irvine said, as he caught sight of all this gray and white sweeping down the stairs; but was obliged to change the comparison when he saw the face and the flower.

When she came back, with a happy air of satisfaction about her, she found Dora and a young man in close confabulation.

The young man rose, and Dora introduced "Captain Angelo Dorrance." Rosey returned the captain's deep salutation. He seemed not able to find speech for a moment.

"We are waiting for you, Rosey," said her sister. "Hurry off your bonnet; tea is ready." So Rosey, who had not uttered a word either, went up the stairs, saying to herself, "Is that Angie Dorrance?"

Captain Dorrance meanwhile leaned toward Dora and talked in a mellow voice of India. He had a way of throwing himself into the interest of the passing moment, seeming to forget everything besides, and giving devoted attention to his auditor, be she young or old, dark or fair.

He talked to Dora with such earnestness, and listened with such evident pleasure to her words, that before Rosey came down she had told him more of her thoughts and feelings than for years she had expressed to any dear friend.

Captain Dorrance had been watching the door, however, as well as talking and listening, and the moment Miss Beach appeared, he placed a chair for her.

Little did Captain Dorrance suspect that he had been scouted at by the two girls as an adventurer who had won Aunt Irvine's love in some strange way; for, had it not been for their eccentric relation's fancy for this youth, her beautiful old house and gardens, all her stocks and shares would have fallen to Dora and Rosamond Beach.

Aunt Irvine, knowing they had no need of anything in the world, had left them each a pleasant sum of money in her will, but Angelo Dorrance was adopted son and heir. She wrote this in a kindly letter, and said she was going to send their new friend to see them.

No unworthy thought ever seemed to touch Mrs. Beach. She welcomed the heir with gentle friendliness first, and then grace so cordial, that he impulsively kissed her hand. And now, while the two girls looked at their guest, their hearts glowed.

Captain Dorrance had bright, laughing dark eyes, and black hair in those round close curls so rarely seen. He was brown, strong and handsome. Southern in temperament, his face could scowl and darken like a tropical landscape before a storm, or his eyes look love.

After dinner, the painter came with them into the drawing-room, but the teasing, merry Rosamond never gave him a word or a glance. He might as well have been one of the figures in the niches. She was not cold; she did not alight him; but she entirely ignored him.

Dorrance scarcely left his seat beside her, and in the pauses of the general conversation asked her to sing or play. Rosamond confessed she had no touch of any instrument—she had no accomplishments.

"If there is anything done or known here, Dora is the one to do or know it. She can give you a little song."

"All I ask of a woman is to look fair," said Dorrance, in a low tone, and begged Dora to give him pleasure.

Two vivid days passed, and Captain Dorrance left them.

Rosamond sulked a little, and Dora went to practicing, and then made chocolate to please Irvine, who seemed a little out of sorts, too. Altogether the evening was a grave one, for Irvine read the *Atlantic* to Mrs. Beach, and Rosey sat alone on a sofa and turned over pictures. The next day she came to Irvine, and asked to begin her drawing-lessons. Dora wished to be taught, too, and at the time appointed both made their appearance with pencil, paper, and rubber, like schoolgirls. Pinned against the wall was a great sheet of white paper with a square drawn on it; this square divided into smaller ones; on the checker-work a pattern was traced.

"Oh!" exclaimed Rosamond, "I can't do that thing; it's ugly besides!" which remark received no comment from Irvine.

He took their pencils, condemned their mode of pointing them, put them in order for use, and gave a few clear and simple directions.

He began to take the colors off his palette, but nothing escaped his eyes.

"Miss Beach, you must not turn your paper round."

"It's a great deal more convenient," returned Rosamond; "I can't make that perpendicular line unless I do."

He replied by fastening the paper to the board with thumb-tacks, which device won a laugh of mischief from the scholar.

In a moment the young woman was seen measuring her outline with a slip of paper, to see if the square was exact.

"Miss Beach, the object is not to have a square made, but to gain the power to make it. You make what you do of no use to yourself. Resolve to do without any help but your eye, hand, and your obedient servant. That is good, Dora; you have a fine eye."

He called her Dora, and the girl's cheeks tingled, but Irvine never thought of her, except as an attribute of Rosamond.

Very patient was the master all through the lesson, although Rosey tired him sorely. But at the end he made them quite a little speech.

"I am very happy to help you in drawing," said the painter, "but I can do very little for you; indeed, I will not consent to try, unless you, for the time, yield yourselves entirely to my dictation like children. I have been battling with you all this hour, Miss Beach, but I cannot waste my time and yours so childishly again."

Rosamond was perfectly amazed. She had always been in the habit of playing the spoilt child and ruling over all her masters. It was quite a new sensation to be obliged to obey.

Irvine was, at that moment, not only dignified but indifferent. Had he been in the least heated or annoyed, she would have carried her game further. She said:

"I'll be good, Cousin John—don't be cross!" and giving him a bright smile, flashed out of the room in her blue dress like a Mexican butterfly. Rosey was good after this, with only momentary lapses, and the drawing-lessons were delightful to two out of the three. After some weeks' drill in lines and scrolls, they received lessons in perspective, and then began to draw from objects like boxes, tubs, barrels, etc., piled up in the studio. Dora went on from one thing to another with ever-growing delight; she was fast becoming skillful, and making nice little sketches of all the corners of the house. Her ambition rose; she worked hard, so as to reach the study of figures as soon as possible.

And Irvine was far from idle; a hundred sketches he made of Rosamond, in India-link, in sepia, in water-colors. You may look over his portfolios to-day and find them all, for he scorned to help his peace by removing them from his sight. There is Rosey with her head drooped; again looking upward; Rosey with a crown, as Guinevere; Rosey in black serge, as bride of heaven; and generally Dora's sweet, grave countenance was shadowed behind these fairer images, as in real life.

In the midst of these working, dreaming, happy days, Aunt Irvine fell very sick, and Mrs. Beach and Dora went up into New Hampshire to care for her. They left, as duenna and companion for Rosamond, a Mrs. Bailey, who was always ready to come up from the outskirts when desired, delighted at having a change of scene, and ready to make the most of her chances to get fashions and remodel her clothes. She and Rosey had no great liking for each other, and civilly let each other alone. Rosey followed her own instincts, while Mrs. Bailey washed and ironed, and pieced and turned, and got ready to astonish her little neighborhood.

"Never mind your old pictures," Rosey would say to Irvine; "come and walk! Let us take a holiday while you can. The house will soon be full of company, and when they come back, you know I have more to do and can't be with you so much."

Very little work did the young man in the fast-flying days that followed. At first he lived in a kind of "stealthy joy," but at length threw off all mask. And Rosey said to herself: "I wonder if mamma would let me marry John? She thinks he must have just what he wants. I will make the dear old fellow happy, if I please. Mamma can forbid me a diamond-cross or limit my choice in shawls, but she can't prevent my taking any man I like for a husband!"

It was a most delicious night, like a silver day; the doors of the great house stood open, while the soft scent of honeysuckle floated through the rooms. Rosemond went lazily down-stairs.

"Come," half whispered Irvine, mindful of the figure of Mrs. Bailey over her puffings; "it's an Arabian night."

So Rosey came on down the stone steps, through the grounds, out into the street, on and on.

"I wish," said Irvine, "we could walk into fairy-land, and never have to come back to this world, with its considerations."

"Lead the way," said Rosey; "I'll follow."

They strolled on.

Rosey had by this time snipped her hand in Irvine's arm, and her white, warm fingers were covered by his.

There was a bridge over the river. On it they stood, and looked down-stream, where the moon shone as if on a silver shield. Both were silent a long time. At last Rosey says, "What are you thinking of?" and almost within his arm as she is, she turns and looks up in his face.

He had been looking at her all this time, with his worship of her in his eyes. At the question, he stooped and kissed her.

She seemed in that delicious light to glow and shiver; but, though her eyelids fell, she did not turn away.

On the next day came a note from Mrs. Beach. Aunt Irvine was dead. They would stay to the funeral, and then Captain Dorrance would come home with them.

In spite of his newly-acquired fortune, he would not as yet relinquish the sea. He was just promoted, proud of his commandship—as fond of his sailor-life as a Sebastian Cabot or Hudson. "He was to have a new ship," Dora added, in her post-script, "which was not finished yet. They hoped to keep him with them till Spring."

A pang seized Rosey. Perhaps Captain Dorrance would fancy Dot. Why not? The idea seized her to go up to the funeral. But, no; she would be days getting there, she supposed, and perhaps the homeward-bound party would pass her on the road. She would bide.

She was so sober that evening, that even Irvine's gentle coaxing could not make her what he was pleased to term herself.

He had been painting a picture which had delighted them all. It was a rich interior of a magnificent apartment in Liege. The time, when Margaret of Parma ruled the Low Countries; the story was that a beautiful girl, who had given her faith to a Protestant lover, had been won to betray him doubly. She was wooed by a Catholic lord in Alva's service, and the first lover was slain. In the picture both stand looking at the body of the murdered man, who is stretched on a hasty pall covered with violet velvet, his rich dress torn and bloody, his sword broken. Escaping from his dream is a miniature of his false love, attached to a heavy gold chain. The girl is within the arm of her favored lover, and looks with horror on the fallen.

It was the morning of the day on which Mrs. Beach and her companions were expected. Irvine had gone to work, and Rosey was with him.

"Why don't you finish the 'Dead Protestant'? I do like this. It is such a dismal story. Do give it to me for a Christmas present."

"Do you like it so much?"

"I think it will be your very best picture."

"You heard your mother say that, Rosey; you are not a bit of a judge of the merit of a picture."

Rosey pouted.

"I know what I like."

"You shall have the picture, darling; my best or my worst. I don't feel satisfied with it myself; there isn't passion enough in it."

How was it that when the people were together again Irvine sank into his old solitude? He had not believed it would be so. Captain Dorrance was certainly a charming, frank, generous fellow. Mrs. Beach, kind and magnificent as she always was. Dora, even kinder than her wont. Rosey, like a sweet ice.

The past days, haunting Irvine as they did, made the remembrance like an opium-madness. It was the same, yet not the same.

They breakfasted late, and there was no finding Rosey alone. She never came to the studio, and Dora took her drawing-lesson alone. Some relatives were staying in the house, and the evenings were busy and musical. Irvine could not endure the drawing-room, and therefore absented himself. Many times had he been on the point of telling Mrs. Beach his little love tale, but did not like to do so without speaking to Rosey first. But an interview with the young lady did not come by accident, and he would not demand one.

The last week of Irvine's stay had come. His fortune was assured. He had more orders than he could execute by two years' hard work. Dorrance came into his room, and stood by his easel, as he was often fond of doing.

"You are already famous, Irvine; I wish to add another to your innumerable orders. I want a picture of Rosey. I hate photographs. I know you have ever so many sketches of her, and it won't take you long to give me a little picture that I can hang in my cabin and dream over this voyage. Rosey is terribly afraid of the sea; and if she were not, her mother will not consent to her going with me. It will have to be my last voyage."

"You will marry her before you go, lest you lose her," remarked Irvine.

"I see you know all about it," laughed he. "Yes, we are to be married at Christmas."

"A picture of her," said the painter; "here are sketches; take your choice, when you feel like looking them over."

"I wish I could afford to order this," said Dorrance, standing before the picture Rosey had admired so much, and which was called, "Treach-erous Love."

"It may drift into your hands," said Irvine, with wonderful composure. "I have promised to copy it for a Christmas-present for Miss Beach."

"That's lucky. So it will be a bridal-gift as well. Poor fellow"—looking at the Protestant lover—"he's happier dead. I've a great softness toward unhappy lovers."

"They thank you," said Irvine.

"After all, I had better leave the portrait of Rosey to you. Do as you please—only paint her *con amore*." And the interview ended.

So did the day and the night—Irvine's last. He was going to New York to live. Crossing the hall, he saw Rosey a little before him. Just as she gained the staircase he reached her and laid his hand on her arm, and stopped her on the first stair. Rosemond had a faint dread of a scene, and said:

"I'm in a hurry, Cousin John; mamma wants me!"

He paid no attention, but compelled her to look at him, fully and fairly. She saw in his face the marks of pain and struggle—the pallidness of the cheek, the shadows along the brow and mouth that will be wrinkles; but in the eyes she saw only scorn. Then, with a smile gentle yet insolent, he kissed her, saying only: "Free to any who wish to gather."

Like a flash Rosey fled up-stairs and burst into a summer tempest of tears and sobs—that left no

sign, however, when, two hours later, Irvine had gone and the rest met at dinner.

The day before their wedding, Dorrance called Rosamond aside. He was very pale.

"Come and see Irvine's Christmas present," said he, "and tell me what it means."

He turned up the gas; a strong glare fell on the picture of "Tracherous Love." It was the same, yet not the same. The rich old room in the palace, the glinting of sunshine on armor, the dress of the figures—but the faces! That of the murdered man, who clasped his broken sword, was Irvine's, haggard and passion-crossed. The noble who held with his arm the faithless girl, and looked with sorrowful compassion on the dead, was Dorrance. The young lady who glanced with physical dread at the prostrate body, who half leaned her head caressingly on the lord's shoulder, that was Rosamond, more beautiful than she believed herself to be. But, in the fond, nonchalant air, the careless twirl of the rose in her fingers, you could read the woman as the painter had read her.

"Rosamond," asked Dorrance, "did your cousin love you?"

She unconsciously took the attitude of the picture, as if to soften his displeasure. "I don't know but he did."

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Beach, who had followed them, giving the picture one glance. "I see it all now; it is even worse than I expected! I believe you never spared one pang, merciless girl!"

"If he loved me so much," exclaimed Rosamond, "it was mean to revenge himself in this way! I can't help it, and I don't see why you all look so. I won't have the hateful thing!"

Dorrance put her out of his arms. Irvine had told his story well; his rival remembered many words he had not minded at the time of utterance, but which returned to him now with great power. He went away, and did not see Rosey again until the time of their wedding. He married her with a strange distrust in her. He went to sea, but left his picture of her at home.

While Mrs. Dorrance sits and shudders at every wind that blows, Dora, when she is not working for others, draws and studies, and thinks of Irvine as she leans her head on her hand. Day by day she grows in closer kindred with him. Will she ever see him again?

Wicked Ah Hee.

A STORY OF CHINESE HELP.

There were four in the family besides Jackie—to be sure Jackie was a host in himself, but he belonged to the juvenile fraternity, and so didn't count.

Then there was the servant-girl—Seraphina—a most remarkable misnomer, for she was not a seraph by any means; besides these two, who didn't count, there were Mr. and Mrs. Gallup, and Mrs. Gallup's sister Fanny, and Fanny's husband, Taddy—Taddy Loftis.

Fanny was a good woman with a sharp temper; Taddy was a cipher; Almira Gallup always spoke of him as "Fanny's husband," or "Taddy, poor fellow!" He wasn't to blame for being a cipher, you know—I suppose he was born so.

Seraphina "couldn't abide" him, and he couldn't abide Seraphina; he didn't mind being ruled by his wife, or his wife's sister, or even his wife's sister's husband, but to be "sassed" by a servant-girl was more than mortal man could endure.

They had had many tiffs; in fact, they usually had about one a day, but the last one, which led to Seraphina's discharge, happened in this way:

Taddy came down with a very long face, Fanny's temper being rather sharper than usual that morning, and stalked through the kitchen without a

word, although he knew that the seraph made quite a point of being bidden "good-morning."

After hunting fruitlessly through the wash-house, he returned.

"I'd like to know where that blacking-brush is!" he remarked, sourly.

"Thin, indade, ye'd better hunt and find out," returned the seraph; "and is it me ye'd be after expectin' to go out and hunt it up?"

"Who was that man who was here last evening?" pursued Taddy.

"It was me cousin, and what's that ter you?"

Seraphina discontinued panoake song, placed her arms akimbo, and stood looking at Taddy as if ready for anything.

"Did he black his boots while he was here?" asked Mr. Loftis.

"Oh, me sowl! and is it me own cousin that ye'd accuse of bein' a thafe, ye miserable little spalpeen!" and the seraph seized the kettle of boiling water in a threatening manner.

"Put that down, you old virago!" cried Taddy.

"Sure'n I'll put it down your throat!" shrieked she.

What followed, Taddy could never give a distinct account of; when he was rescued by his wife and Mr. Gallup, assisted by Mrs. Gallup and Jackie, who did the high yells for the occasion, he was found to be carved across the face with the carving-knife, and scalded over the hands with the boiling water from the tea-kettle, and scratched by Seraphina's finger-nails. That young woman was leaning against the sink, still armed with the carving-knife and the finger-nails, and apparently eager to renew the fray.

Mr. Gallup gave her her discharge on the spot, when she bade him "come on" in such threatening tones that he deemed it wise to look her into the kitchen, and go for a policeman, who speedily disarmed her, and escorted her to the police office.

The next day Mr. Gallup brought up Ah Hee.

He was a youthful heathen, sleek and neat, with an innocent, pensive face, which was strikingly in contrast to the expression of their late domestic tyrant.

He was obedient even to Taddy, whom he treated with a respectful tenderness, and who, in return, became his champion.

He was friendly with every one in the house save Jackie; Jackie had a snub nose, freckles and sandy hair, and a pair of blue eyes, whose exceeding sharpness did no injustice to his character.

He looked at Ah Hee with the interest of a naturalist examining a new bug, and advised his mother to lock up the spoons every night herself.

Mrs. Gallup reproved Jackie, though she *did* lock up the spoons; and Mr. Gallup reproved Jackie, and all the family took Ah Hee's part, and liked him all the better for his having an enemy in this annoyingly smart boy.

As time went on, they grew more and more attached to him. On one occasion he picked up a four-bit piece from the parlor carpet, and rustled in, all excitement, to restore it to its rightful owner. The fact that Taddy bestowed it upon him as a reward for his honesty seemed to affect him greatly, and he was observed to wipe a tear from his eye as he returned to the kitchen.

On two or three other occasions he gave signal proofs of his honesty, returning a pocket-knife to Mr. Gallup, and a gold cuffpin (plated, it is true, but how did he know?) to Mrs. Gallup; on both these occasions he seemed to be in breathless haste and great agitation. Still that incorrigible Jackie put his finger to his eye with an inquiry as to the greenness of that optic, and said, "Wait."

One mild February morning, Mrs. Gallup, having succeeded in getting Jackie off to the Kindergarten, where he made four amiable teachers wretched for six hours every day, announced to her sister, Fanny Loftis, that she was going over to Aunt Samantha's to lunch.

"You were not going anywhere, were you?" she inquired.

"I was not; but if I was, I should go," responded Fanny, tartly.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gallup, dreamily, "how it would do to go off and leave Ah Hee alone in the house. I have such suspicions of these Chinese servants; though I *know* Ah Hee to be honest."

"Of course! It would be perfectly safe!" replied Fanny. "But it doesn't matter; I was not going out; I am going to do up my laces, and that will take me until you get back. I'll warrant. Be sure and get home before Jackie does; I don't want to be at that child's mercy for two or three hours, I assure you."

"Jackie shall not annoy you," said Mrs. Gallup, with a lofty air of offended maternal affection which tickled Mrs. Loftis exceedingly, although she maintained her serious demeanor.

Mrs. Loftis met with many obstacles in her laundry-work: the starch was first too thick and then too thin, the fire did not burn well, the laces seemed possessed with the spirit of contrariness, and tore in every direction.

"This fire!" said she, giving it a vicious poke. "Where's that Ah Hee, I wonder? He's been upstairs long enough to make twenty beds. I suppose he is honest, but I left my purse out, and—"

She opened the door; at the same instant Hee opened the front-door. Fanny's perceptions were keen, and she darted after him.

"Stop!" she cried; "where are you going?"

Ah Hee paused an instant; turning his pensive, innocent countenance upon Mrs. Loftis, he replied: "Me no wait! You go helly!" and then he was off like the wind.

Fanny, however, was also fleet of foot, and, without waiting for hat or shawl, she pursued the flying angel. The wind blew with true San Francisco vigor, and they went out in a cloud of dust. Little knots of astonished spectators gathered here and there to look at them; one or two, more curious than the rest, joined in the chase, but were soon distanced, and obliged to give it up.

Had the Gallup residence been nearer the Chinese quarter, Ah Hee would have found no difficulty in making his escape; he would have plunged into the labyrinth on Jackson Street, where Fanny would not have dared to have followed him.

As it was, she drew nearer and nearer. Ah Hee redoubled his efforts, but in vain. Fate was against him. A sudden gust of wind bursting upon him from a side street made him falter for a moment, when a second gust lifted his long queue, and clapped it around Mrs. Loftis's neck.

She knew how to take the goods the gods provided, and seized it with both hands, screaming, "Help! Police! Thief!" at the top of her voice. She had had no time to scream until then.

Ah Hee made a grab to recover his property, but in his rage and excitement seized, instead of his queue, a long curl which hung from Mrs. Loftis's waterfall.

He gave a vigorous pull, his countenance indicative of anything but innocence, when off came the whole of Mrs. Loftis's head-rigging, revealing a bare, smooth scalp, with only a small knot on the crown, which stood erect, like the scalp-lock of an Indian chief; hair-pins dropped around like hailstones, and "rats" tumbled in every direction.

As she felt her chignon going, Fanny dropped the queue. She was too late to save the precious edifice, however, and gave a shriek of anger and despair as it slid off.

Ah Hee had stood motionless, dumbfounded by what he had done; but the shriek seemed to arouse him, and before the crowd which rapidly gathered could quite understand what had happened, he had made his escape, this time unpursued.

For some time after this episode in their domestic affairs the Gallup family remained without help, but at length Jackie, being more of a trial every day,

Mrs. Gallup said they must try again, being sure this time to engage a heathen who was well recommended from his last place, and whose honesty, moreover, was vouched for by the employment agent.

With some difficulty Mr. Gallup found a Chinaman who fulfilled all these acquirements. His name was Chin Luck. He was elderly; he wore leather goggles of huge dimensions; he was scrupulously neat; and he had a deferential air of wisdom about him that reminded one of Confucius.

He might have been the grandfather of a long line of virtuous children, judging from appearances. Moreover, he was an excellent and careful cook, and did not "spit in the griddle to see if it was hot"—one of the sins of which Ah Hee now stood accused.

Taddy was no longer the angelic youth's champion, and as for Jackie, he fairly reveled in taunts, stood knee-deep in "I told you so's," and had serious thoughts of rebelling against any more Kindergarten.

Chin Luck treated Jackie with paternal kindness, baking him little pies and cakes, and furnishing him with a cold lunch every day upon his return from school, although he would not tolerate him in the kitchen while he was cooking.

Jackie was evidently puzzled by the venerable pagan. He made no prophecies, gave no advice concerning the silver spoons, but preserved a mysterious silence which made Mrs. Gallup miserable.

Meanwhile nothing was heard of Ah Hee and the silver-mounted purse. The case had been into the hands of a detective, who, like Jackie, was puzzled, and who, still like that precocious youth, preserved a mysterious silence which passed current for wisdom.

One Sunday morning, while all the family were at church save Mr. Gallup, who was not a church-goer, an incident happened which led to the peremptory discharge of the gentle Chin Luck.

It was five minutes to eleven when Mrs. Gallup, Jackie, Mrs. Loftis and Mr. Loftis left the house.

"Come, Fanny, hurry!" said Taddy, mildly.

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" responded Fanny.

"We are late now," he remarked, faintly.

"We'll get there during the first prayer. I don't call *that* late," said Fanny.

"We get a lickin' ter school if we're late," volunteered Jackie.

"Hush, you vulgar little boy!" said Fanny; and then they started.

Chin Luck was perusing a volume of Chinese classics in the kitchen.

Jackie had an inexhaustible interest in Chin Luck's reading; why he should begin at the end of the book, read the pages from the bottom up, and from the right to the left, instead of left to right as he did, was a series of facts which the smart youth could not understand.

Mr. Gallup was smoking, and reading "Buckle" in his "den" at the rear of the house; a window of this den looked upon the backyard; this window had inside blinds; the sun shone in Mr. Gallup's face, and he closed one of the blinds; he sat considerably to the left of it, but his head was in such a position that, whenever he looked up from his book (which was often, for Mr. Gallup masticated his mental food carefully before he swallowed it); when he looked up, as I was saying, his eye fell upon the dismal prospect of the cramped, dusty, unattractive hole, called by courtesy a backyard.

Upon one of these occasions, his eye caught a round, black object, which appeared and disappeared behind the shed, bobbing up and down like a rubber football.

Mr. Gallup looked at it with sleepy interest; in a few moments a pair of blue-clad shoulders appeared, then a pair of long, slim legs, and Mr. Gallup uttered, "Hi-ah!" in a suppressed whistle, when a well-grown Celestial stood upright on the

shed. At first thought, Mr. Gallup took him to be Chin Luck—a vile libel upon that venerable gentleman—absorbed in his book! A second look, however, convinced him that it was altogether a more youthful heathen.

"The dickens!" said Mr. Gallup—(he *might* have used a more profane expression on a weekday)—"The dickens! What's he about?" and, with a mental order to himself to "keep dark," he softly opened the door leading into an adjoining room, and pushed his chair into a secluded spot, from whence, with the aid of a convenient mirror, he could view all that the slim Pagan could attempt to do, within *his* borders, at least; his neighbors must look out for themselves!

The slim youth gazed about him only a moment, then, dropping upon his hands and knees, he began to crawl along the edge of the shed; reaching the end, he drew himself up, like a steel spring, and lightly vaulted over the intervening distance of six or eight feet to the next shed, where he again crawled along, with an easy, almost imperceptible motion, like a snake.

For a moment or two, Mr. Gallup, intently gazing into the mirror, lost sight of him; he was just rising from his chair, for the purposes of investigation, when the faint squeak of the window in the next room caused him to drop back with the least possible noise. Then, in the mirror, he saw the window slowly go up, saw the round, black head peer in for a moment, then enter, followed by the blue-clad shoulders and the slim legs.

He seemed in no doubt or uncertainty where to go; he spent no precious time in gazing about him, but walked up to an old table standing against the wall, and took from the drawer thereof a package, tolerably bulky, wrapped in a white table-napkin.

Mr. Gallup concluded that the time had come for action; as soon as the visitor's back was turned, he slipped lightly into the room behind him, keeping his bulky form between the slim youth and the window. Fortunately, the door was closed; Mr. Gallup fervently hoped that it was also locked.

Having secured the package wrapped in the napkin—the surprised owner could not imagine what it might be—the heathen turned to go, as silently as he came.

Mr. Gallup, however, proved an impediment; he rushed upon him, and seized him firmly by the collar; the slim youth kicked, bit, fought his best, not screaming at all, but uttering, under his breath, a few expressions, which his captor took for Chinese swearing, but all in vain; Mr. Gallup mastered him, tied him, secured an iron bar, which he had hidden in the folds of his blouse, and shoved him into a closet, locking the door; so silent was the struggle, that Chin Luck, down in the kitchen, read on undisturbed!

As soon as he recovered his breath, Mr. Gallup picked up from the floor and opened the package wrapped in the white napkin; what was his surprise to find one and one-half dozens of silver spoons, one dozen forks, marked "coin," a twenty-dollar gold piece, with a hole through it, which he recognized as his wife's property, and five silver napkin-rings of considerable value for their workmanship. Mr. Gallup was aghast! Chin Luck—

Then he heard the church-goers talking down in the hall, and called them up. Mrs. Gallup found something to be thankful for.

"What a mercy you didn't go to church!" she said. "And how did this silver get up-stairs? Chin Luck must—"

"Let's see him!" said Mrs. Loftis, instinctively shaking her head, to make sure that her chignon was secure.

They closed and locked the window and both doors, although Mr. Gallup assured them that it was needless, the slim youth being securely tied.

When he opened the door and dragged him out, Mrs. Loftis, with one look and a suppressed yell, clutched him.

"So it's you, Ah Hee, is it?" she said.

"My name Ah Mog—no Ah Hee. Me no know Ah Hee! Allee same bad Chinaman, eh?"

At this assumption of virtuous indignation, Mr. Gallup laughed; nobody else seemed to see anything to laugh at, except Jackie, who laughed continually, from pure joy.

"Yes, it is Ah Hee!" said the smart boy. "I know him from that bullet-hole through his ear and that blue mark on his hand!"

"Yes, it is Ah Hee!" echoed Jackie's mother. "I am certain of it!"

"Of course it is!" said Taddy.

"I don't know—I most believe it is the scamp," said Mr. Gallup.

"Me no Ah Hee!" said the slim youth, actually weeping. "Me Ah Mog! Me no bad Chinaman! Me come see Chin Luck—cousin! Me no steal allee same spoon! Lemme go!"

"Not much!" said Fanny, with a hissing emphasis which must have made Ah Hee-Mog's blood curdle.

Jackie was sent after a policeman, who not only bore away the weeping Ah He-Mog, but also escorted Chin Luck to the City Prison; though that venerable gentleman, peering through his goggles, serenely assured everybody of his entire innocence and emphatically denied the consinship claimed by the slim youth.

When the trial came on, a triumphant detective appeared with Mrs. Loftis's silver-mounted purse and a witness, who pronounced the prisoner to be undoubtedly the same person who pawned the purse. Ah Hee, then, with touching repentance, confessed, pleaded youth, and was consigned to the Industrial School.

Chin Luck, impressed with the success of his confederate, also confessed and pleaded youth, staffing with serene confidence that only thirteen Springs had passed over his innocent head.

That his story was not credited seemed to cause him pain and surprise, not unmingled with indignation.

The Gallups have broken up housekeeping, and state that they will board (in spite of all Jackie may do) until there is some improvement in the domestic service.

Lime Water for Burns.—The readiest and most useful cure for scalds and burns is an embrocation of lime-water and linseed-oil. These simple agents, mixed, form a thick, cream-like substance, which effectually excludes the air from the injured parts, and allays the inflammation almost instantly. A case is recorded where a child fell backward into a bath-tub of boiling water, and was nearly flayed from her neck to below her hips. Her agonies were indescribable; but, her clothing being gently removed, and the lime-and-oil preparation thickly spread over the injured surface, she was sound asleep in five minutes. Subsequently, the parts were carefully washed with warm milk and water three times a day, the oil-dressing was renewed, and the little patient rapidly recovered. Though all the scalded skin came off, she did not have a scar. This remedy leaves no hard coat to dry on the sores, but softens the parts and aids nature to repair the injury in the readiest and most expeditious manner. This mixture may be procured at a chemist's; but, if not thus accessible, slake a lump of quick-lime in water, and, as soon as the water is clear, mix it with the oil and shake it well. If the case is urgent, pour boiling water over the lime, and it will become clear in five minutes. The preparation may be kept bottled in the house, and it will be as good six months old as when first made.

Wethersfield, Connecticut, sometimes called Onionton, derived its name from the fact that a church-bell hung in 1775 was paid for by contributions of onions from the parishioners.



WHAT COUSIN GEORGE FOUND IN HIS STOCKING.—"AND GEORGE HAVING HEARD THE CONFESSION, STEPPED FORWARD AND PUT HIS ARMS AROUND HER WAIST, WHILE ADELAIDE, ONLY STOPPING FOR ONE COUSINLY EMBRACE, LEFT THE LOVERS TO EACH OTHER.

What Cousin George Found in His Stocking.

GRANDFATHER'S house in the city was merry with the sound of romping feet and laughter and noisy prattle, for it was Christmas-tide, and there were Christmas doings there. Under that hospitable roof the whole of a numerous family was gathered, children and children's children to the fourth generation, velvet and homespun on equal terms, and jollity the order of the day.

On the morning before Christmas, when their elders had retired to various occupations and the

little ones to their games, Grace and Adelaide still lingered at the breakfast-table discussing their morning plans, while handsome Cousin George, a cousin only in name, lounged by the window in a velvet smoking-jacket, his splendid head enveloped in the curling wreaths he blew from his cigar, and his furtive glances bent upon the two pretty faces so close together and so full of girlish eagerness and interest. There was a very charming by-play of youthful gallantry and coquetry going on between these three, but not one of the wise heads in the house could determine which of the two girls was George's favorite or what his chance would be with either. Grace thought she knew, and, perhaps, she

did. Modest little Grace, plain though she felt herself to be, and countrified and old-fashioned in her ways, felt also that she, in her simple, pink gingham or her brown delaine, as the case might be, was pleasanter to daubing George's eyes than Adelaide with all her brilliant brunette beauty, enhanced though it was by creamy cashmeres and jewel-tinted silks; and that gave her courage to ask George, with a shy smile, if he would hang his stocking on the morrow.

The hanging of the stockings before the broad kitchen-fireplace was a Christmas Eve ceremony that had never been omitted in the old mansion since the eldest son, now a prosperous man of fifty, had toddled across the hearth for a rattle and cornucopia of candy on the first Christmas of his life, but George and Adelaide and Grace, the oldest of this third generation, were getting a little past that kind of thing now; not but what grandpapa and grandmamma condescended to head the line.

George laughed his sunny laugh and glowed all over with delight. The question meant that Grace had remembered him in making her Christmas purchases.

"I should," he said, throwing back his curly head in a lazy, boyish fashion of his own, and, half-closing his dancing, blue eyes—"I should, if I thought Santa Claus would bring me anything."

"Never fear, George! I think you're a good boy," said Grace, coquettishly. "I guess it won't be a rod."

"Or a mitten," put in Adelaide, and then blushed furiously, for she was young enough to make incoherent speeches, and not old enough to know how to mend them.

"Wouldn't be any cose of one mitten," piped small Frankie from his high-chair, where he sat devouring the scrapings of a jelly-dish.

"Worse than useless," said George, for some occult reason in great glee, and tossing the child high above his head in a flying sweep.

"What would oo do wiz one mitten?" persisted Frankie, with baby pertinacity, as soon as he could get his breath.

"We'll see when I get it."

And off walked George, the child on his shoulder, with an air that said very plainly he was not afraid of receiving such a present.

Adelaide escorted Grace around the city for shopping purposes. Here Adelaide was quite at home, but Grace, with her slender purse and rural notions, was soon quite out of her depths. She had bought the goods for next year's dresses, all the necessary things her mother had cautioned her not to forget, a costly backgammon board for grandpa, a toy velocipede for Frankie, a bonbon-box or two, and several yards of wide blue ribbon to finish her book-marks with, and she had only two dollars left, and no present for Cousin George.

Much to her consternation, "just a bite" at a fashionable restaurant finished this small sum, and Grace left the establishment a sadder and a wiser girl, with exactly ninety-six cents in her pocket-book.

They might have lunched on home-made apple pie and cheese at grandpa's, but Grace, conscious of her own deficiencies in purse and polish, was all the more jealous of her social duties, and so insisted on the "bite," and ordered it at random—things she had heard were good, mere trifles, easily demolished, but dear enough to her.

The upshot was that George must go without his present, and she had actually promised him one. Although she would not have spoken of it openly, she knew that he had understood her.

Not so much as a pincushion or a book-mark could she find for him. Nothing—absolutely nothing—could be had for less than a dollar.

The Christmas Eve was a grand gala-time, and there was fun and frolic and uproarious laughter that would have produced headache and fault-finding any other day of the year, until the hand of the

tall clock pointed warningly to midnight; but through it all Grace was troubled with an uneasy sensation, for her unfulfilled promise haunted her.

Something had come between George and his country cousin. The old folks were sure that Adelaide was George's favorite, and Grace, though she carried herself bravely, was very wretched.

It could not be that George would resent her neglect of him. That would be unlike him, indeed; but certainly the coolness dated from Christmas morning, when he, disemboweling a monstrosity of a white sock, had stopped short in the midst of his hilarious fun, and walked out of the room with a face as red as a pippin.

From that moment grandfather's delight over his backgammon board and Frankie's over his velocipede were alike indifferent to her; so were the milder praises bestowed upon her Maltese crosses in bead-work and carved bristol-board book-marks. So were her own treasures, not excepting the blue-and-gold Tennyson of George's own bestowal.

Not a word did he have for her all that miserable holiday-time, but whispered and danced and walked with Adelaide instead. Only when they were parting he drew himself up stiffly and said:

"I forgot to thank you for your little present, Grace—a quite unnecessary one, however."

"Sarcastic!" thought Grace; but she puzzled over the words all the way home.

Unnecessary! Could it be that George had received something he supposed to be from her? A forged letter, a—

Grace suddenly remembered a little conversation at the breakfast-table the day before Christmas, and how Adelaide had blushed after her suggestion, and then it rushed upon her that Frankie's red mitten had been lost on Christmas Day.

She saw it all. Who had profited by their quarrel? Who had angled for George's attentions? Who had been so cold and distant as soon as she secured her triumph?

Grace thought that she could have forgiven all this treachery better if Adelaide had really liked George; but it was plain she did not. It was mere vanity on her part, and this last meanest, shabbiest trick was beyond forgiveness.

She was angry with George for suspecting her, as he evidently did; yet he was not to blame, dear fellow! If she had only known what was going on sooner! She thought of a hundred things she could have said to make all right, but now the time was past. What a sweet happiness Adelaide had destroyed, all for an idle flirtation!

Grace meditated day and night how to end the quarrel—how to restore the friendship that had been broken. But what was she to do in her country home? George, thinking she had insulted him, would not come near her. And, if she wrote to him, what could she say? There had been no promise between them, and, if he chose to transfer his affections to Adelaide, she had really no right to interfere.

If she betrayed her knowledge of what had happened, he would have double reason to suspect her. If he really had ceased to like her, she was too proud to seem to wish him back. Altogether it was a great dilemma and intolerable.

So the year passed, and Grace grew cynical and morose. She was sure of a hundred disagreeable things—sure that if she were an heiress like Adelaide, George would not have taken her offense for granted so readily—sure that constancy was a thing of past romance—sure that female friendship had no existence.

George and Adelaide were much together, she learned through other cousins, and when December came again, neither of them had been near her, nor written even a line. The poor girl longed to refuse grandpapa's invitation; but pride prevailed, and perhaps a wish to see George again.

It was just as she had anticipated. Those two together, always together, distant to her and friendly

with each other; and nursing her pride and wrath, Grace almost forgot George's real attitude in the affair, and wished herself at home sincerely.

Accident had thrown the two girls together in a room where the children were playing, when a pertinent question arose among the group—a question that made Grace and Adelaide each look up from an unsocial book, which had been used merely to cover the awkwardness of the situation.

"Do you know what Cousin George found in his stocking last Christmas?" asked Frankie.

"What?" cried a chorus of little voices.

"A red mitten," piped Frankie.

Adelaide's face turned crimson, and Grace caught her guilty eyes as she hurried from the room, dragging the little boy by the hand.

Grace hurried out herself, to hide the tears, and once alone in the great easy-chair in the library, all the pent-up trouble of the past year burst forth, and she fell to sobbing bitterly.

It was of no use now, for George was entirely weaned from her; but she felt it her duty to free herself from the vile suspicion which had been fastened upon her.

To have offered George "the mitten," when she wouldn't for the world have had him know that she understood his delicate attentions! It was very, very dreadful! It was tragic, for did not the whole happiness of her life hang on that one misunderstanding?

Under other circumstances the trick might have passed for an idle jest; but Adelaide was deep in their confidence, and had known what weight such a trifle would have with George at that moment. Oh, wicked, wicked girl! She should be denounced before her bridegroom on the very eve of their wedding, for it was sure to come to that between her and George.

"Wicked, wicked girl!"

Grace uttered the words aloud, and then she was aware that some one was stirring in the room close beside her, and raised her eyes, all red with weeping, to see her enemy standing, triumphing in her distress. On second thoughts it did not look much like triumph, for Adelaide was pale and trembling, and her lip quivered.

"Oh, Grace!" she cried out, catching at her cousin's hands. "I am so very, very sorry!"

"It is too late now," said Grace, rising to leave.

"It is of very little consequence."

She tried to pull her dress away from the eager grasp that held her.

"You must hear me, Grace,—dear Grace! It is of consequence. I thought—George thought that you had—Oh dear! How could we! But Frankie put his mitten in George's stocking, and the little mischief wouldn't own that he had done it—and George is so unhappy. Kiss me, Grace, darling! And—and you do love George a little?"

"Better than my life!" cried Grace, with a fresh burst of tears. "I've been the most miserable wretch!"

And George, having heard the confession, stepped forward and put his arms about her waist, while Adelaide, only stopping for one cousinly embrace, left the lovers to each other.

"Shall I hang my stocking for the other mitten this Christmas?" asked George; but Grace gave him instead a promise of lifelong love and confidence, unbroken constancy and faith: things that no stocking on earth—perhaps no pair of stockings—was ever wide enough or deep enough to hold.

He said it as he went down the steps of Long Wharf to get into his boat, and, having said it, he proceeded to double-reef his foresail, take the mainsail down altogether, and loose the painter which held the Lively Sally to the pile beside the steps.

Upon the wharf above stood a little group attentively watching these proceedings and mutely considering the opinion. This group consisted of an elderly woman, brown, hard, quick-eyed, firm-lipped, unlovely, but to be respected, much after the fashion of those who assisted at the famous ride given to Floyd Ireson by the women of Marblehead.

Beside her stood another, equally capable of that exploit, but no more resembling her than the Queen of the Amazons might resemble a Fury.

Young, splendidly molded, with the straight, strong limbs of a panther; with a clear, brown skin, which the stinging northeast wind had just now ripened to its richest bloom; with great, scornful, dark eyes; masses of blue-black hair swept away from a low, wide forehead, and knotted at the back of the imperial head; lips so full and so richly red that they had seemed formed for kisses, but for the warning in the short curve of the upper, and the haughty line of the lower, an expression intensified rather than lessened by the full, round chin, whose width of jaw counteracted the promise of its soft and sensuous curve.

Altogether, Masters' Judith reminded one a little of a honeysuckle, a tigress, or any other strong, fierce beauty, whose love, freely bestowed, would plunge the recipient into such a delirium of bliss as not even Mohammed pictured for the truest believer, but who might as probably turn and rend her wooer limb from limb as to yield to his passion.

Why they called her Masters' Judith instead of Judith Masters, which was her name, I do not know, except that there was a Judith Wilson also living on Bass Point, where Peter Masters had kept the light these forty years back, and where his son Jim was now succeeding him, nominally as assistant, but with the promise of the keepership when the old man should relinquish it.

That was Jim coming down the hill to the wharf now, a funny-looking fellow enough with his low figure, broad shoulders, mahogany-colored face, and shock of curly black hair; but dwarfish though he looked among the young giants reared in the keen salt air and abundant exercise of Bass Point and its neighborhood, those who had once come within the grasp of those sinewy arms or felt the weight of that great, brown fist, were very apt to speak respectfully of Jim Masters ever after, and to intimate in slow, longshore phrase that it was as unsafe to one's ribs to tread on Jim's toes as it was dangerous to one's ears to make too free with his sister Judith.

At a little distance from the family group, for the elder woman was mother of these two, stood a person of quite another stamp: a young man with the air of cities, of cultivation, and of fashion upon his dress, his equipments and whole appearance. Handsome, too, as the verdict of his world gave it, with a tall figure too narrow in the shoulders and too long in the neck, with hands too white and too tapering, and feet too arched and small for his height, with silky, light-brown hair, not over-abundant, thin English whiskers of a yet lighter brown, blue eyes, and a weak chin below a smiling mouth too red and too pretty for a man's wear.

Not smiling just now, however, for the whole weak handsome face was set to an expression of perplexity and annoyance, and the constant side-glances in Judith's direction seemed to imply that she was in some manner connected with this state of feeling.

She, for her part, never looked toward the gentleman since the first quick and startled glance by which she recognised him as he came down the wharf until now that Jim, approaching, called out:

"Hallo, Mr. Clare, you got down before me,

Masters' Judith.

OLD Pete Coffin said it would be a nasty night, and surely he ought to know, for he had sailed these waters boy and man for a matter of seventy years, and still was the safest boatman, as well as the most experienced, in all Duke's County.

didn't you? I thought I'd be here as soon as you, but I didn't fetch. Mother and Jude, this man wants to stop down at the Point to shoot and fish a while, and I told him I guessed we could give him a bunk and a platter. He's going to have the Scud, and I've been round to get her; Nat wanted to bring her round, and there he comes."

He nodded, as he spoke, toward the further portion of the harbor, where appeared a single white sail bearing proportion to the hull beneath it as the plume of thistle-down does to the tiny seed it carries.

"Guess you'd better reef, mister, before you undertake such a breeze as we're like to have between here and the Point," continued Jim, watching the approach of the Scud. "Nat hasn't, I see, but there never was such a fellow to carry sail as that fellow, and you're considerable green in a boat, I reckon. Guess you'd better go down with us, and come up to-morrow or next day for the Scud."

The honest pity and good-natured contempt so plainly expressed in Jim's tone rather than words stung his thin-skinned hearer like a wasp, and he hastily, even haughtily, replied:

"Thanks, my good fellow, but I fancy I am quite competent to sail your boat; and, since I have hired it, I think I will take possession at once."

He moved, as he spoke, across to the other side of the wharf, toward which the Scud seemed directed, and both women followed Jim, who was about to cast off the painter of his own boat, made fast a little further up, and assailed him in vehement but undertoned remonstrance.

"What upon arth, Jim Masters, do you expect I'm going to do with a stranger to board, and nothing ready aforehand?" began the mother; but Judith broke in in tones of real, although suppressed, anger:

"What could you be thinking of to bring home this fine city gentleman without even asking mother or me? He needs more cooeting to make him comfortable than a sick girl, and I for one shan't wait upon him, I can tell you."

"How do you know what he wants, Jude? I did ever you see or hear of him afore? D'y' know his name, even?" asked Jim, pausing with the rope in his hand, and looking wonderingly up into his sister's face.

"His name is Arthur Clare, and he was down at Nantucket last Summer when I was visiting Susy Stillman. He boarded with them."

"Sho! I wonder you never mentioned him, or that he didn't know I was your brother. Well, he don't expect no cooeting down to the Point, for I told him it was all rough-and-ready there—fisherman's luck, and nothing more—and he said all right, he asked no better; and as for getting ready, old woman, I ran round and got a piece of meat and some sugar and tea after he spoke to me out at the depot. I went out to see if Williams had sold my ducks, and this chap came up and asked me if I was the lighthouse-keeper, and said he was bound to go down to the Point, and wished I could 'commodate him and let him a boat. So I thought the Scud might as well be earning her keep, and that you'd like well enough to turn a penny by taking a boarder 'fore Winter sets in, and you and Jude want new gowns and fixings. As for waiting on him, Jude, I fancy if he'd waited on you more down at Nantucket, you'd take to him more kindly, eh?"

And, chuckling at his own brotherly wit, Jim leaped heavily down into his own boat, the Good Luck, and proceeded to bring her along to the steps, that the women might descend more decorously.

Nathan had meantime arrived at the other side of the wharf with the Scud, and Arthur Clare was already pitching in his luggage, including two gun-oeses, a patent fishing apparatus, and a dog, with petulant haste.

"Queen you'd better reef, mister," drawled Nat, a half-grown, lanky lad, cousin of the Masters

family, and intelligent and sententious as any of his tribe.

"Don't trouble yourself any more about the boat, my boy. Here's a quarter, and you can go," replied Clare, tendering the piece of money mentioned, at which Nat stared calmly, without removing his hands from his pockets. "Take it, can't you, and jump out of the boat!" exclaimed the young gentleman.

"Oh, I'll jump out of the boat fast enough if you're going to skipper her down to the Point; it's kind o' rough for swimming," replied the boy, suiting the action to the word. "But I don't know as I want a quarter from you or any man 'fore I ask for it. I sailed the Scud round 'cause I like to handle a cat this sort of a breeze, and I thought, if I liked the cut of your jib, I'd maybe offer to go along and bear a hand in case of a squall; but I b'lieve I've got engagements to home this afternoon. Say, you'd better leave that dog up here 'long o' me. He knows it ain't a healthy trip for him, and I'd hate to have him drowned. He ain't a fool."

The boy's teasing completed Clare's exasperation, and with an oath, doubly shocking from that effeminate mouth, he dragged his reluctant dog to the edge of the wharf, and savagely kicked him into the boat.

"Golly! wish't I was in that dog's place for about five minutes," ejaculated Nathan.

"I wish you were, my fine fellow—I just wish you were," replied Clare, his face white with rage.

"You wouldn't wish it long, 'cause you'd be afraid as soon as I showed my teeth," drawled the boy. "A feller that'll treat a beast that way is a feller that's pretty easy scared."

"Look a' here, mister," broke in a deeper voice, as Jim Masters strode across the wharf. "Be you set to sail the Scud down to night?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then you'd better get Nat here to go along, for though she's easy to handle, you might get bothered first time so, and he knows her like a book. These cat-rigged craft are sort o' jumpy, you know, and you've got to look lively with 'em."

"I don't want help or advice. I can see the light-house from here, and there are no reefs or shoals inside the harbor, I suppose."

"Ain't there? Well I'm proper glad you came down to tell us about it," muttered Nathan; but without regarding him, Jim proceeded to describe the course best for a boat to pursue at this time of the tide, pointing out certain landmarks and giving directions about "guzzles," "flats," "sticks," and channels, enough to have bewildered a far cooler and more experienced head than that of his angry listener, who finally cut all short by exclaiming:

"That's enough! I'll find the way," while, in feverish haste, he cast loose from the wharf and turned the bows of the Scud toward the open water, already black with the approaching storm and night, except for the ominous streaks of foam glistening here and there as the waves churned themselves into white-lipped fury on the leaping crests of those that met and dashed against each other at the confluence of the two tides from the opposite sides of the harbor, an area called, from the struggling motion of the waters as well as from the white waves that at certain hours floated upon the surface, "the horse-market," and a spot to be dreaded by unskillful boatman and nervous passengers on account of the cross action of the currents as well as the pitching and uncomfortable motion of a boat buffeted this way and that, and too perplexed to readily mind the helm, unless strongly and judiciously handled.

Jim stood for a few moments looking after the Scud, as she rapidly made an offing, her great sail careening the little hull until the water ran high upon the wash-board. Then he hurriedly crossed the wharf, and jumping into his own boat, took the tiller from Judith's hand, saying:

"That chap'll capsize, most likely, and we'd

better be getting along to pick him up. I hope he's good for a couple of hundred dollars in case he loses the Scud."

"You can't take the Good Luck across White Flat the way he's heading," remarked Judith, in a low voice, as she turned her face, all its rich color vanished, to watch the flying Scud.

"Can't? That's so, ain't it!" said Jim, casting an anxious look around him. "We've fooled away the time till our chance of slipping over everything, as I meant to, is gone, and we've got no choice but to beat out, channel way. I told that fellow to head straight for the pier, and not to mind the flats, and I guess the Scud'll do it, fast enough."

"Oh, yes, the Scud will float over the flats for an hour yet; but we can't get near her if she is in trouble in shoal water," replied his sister, in a low voice.

"That's so," said Jim, doubtfully. "And he's just going off a-bumming, with everything set and not a reef point tied. Well—all is—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in Jim's black beard, as he handled the tiller after the fashion of a skillful driver, who feels his horse's mouth by delicate touches of the rein, and leaned forward, with shaggy brows low-drawn, peering through mist and rack for the landmarks which were to guide him in the devious turns of the channel, winding among the sandy flats of the harbor like a river, and only to be followed at this time of the tide by a quick-handed and experienced boatman.

Judith, sitting close beside him, said nothing; but, paler than her wont, trimmed the sheets at her brother's muttered word of command, and kept her eyes earnestly fixed upon the phantom-like sail of the Scud, fast disappearing in the gloom.

A small, piercing rain came driving in from sea, borne on the northeast wind, and added to the darkness and discomfort of the scene, besides threatening to drench the unprotected inmates of the little boats.

"Oil-clothes in the forecuddy, Jude," growled Jim. "Better get 'em out and put 'em on. It's coming down worse and worse, and more of it. Wonder if that fool's gone to the bottom yet? Hard-a-lee!"

Judith trimmed the sheets as the Good Luck flew round on her keel, and tacked across the narrow channel, and then she dragged out the oil-jacket and persuaded her mother to put it on, and threw the trowsers toward Jim, advising him to use them himself.

"But you, Jude," exclaimed her mother, "what are you going to put on? Isn't there a shawl along?"

"I'm all right, mother," replied the girl, in a tone of feverish impatience, as she steadied herself upon her mother's shoulder and peered through the driving clouds of rain which fell into the black waters with a hissing and angry sound, while through it reverberated the thunder of the surf dashing upon the outside of the breakwater, inside whose line the channel here ran, and the short, uneasy chop of the seas meeting and struggling for the mastery in the horse-market.

"A nasty night, sure enough, as Uncle Pete said," muttered Jim. "So dark already I can't see the boat's length ahead, and right here on the edge of the Big Flat where—Hard-a-lee! Let go and haul, Jude!"

Again the little boat span round, and now ran out from the shelter of the breakwater, and made for the open part of the harbor, where both wind and rain made themselves felt with redoubled power.

Jim seized his tiller with a firmer grip, and peered yet more anxiously ahead, watching for the first glimpse of the little inner lighthouse marking the most dangerous reef inside Bass Point.

The chopping motion of the cross-rides, and the uneasy straining of the boat in consequence, now made itself felt, and Mrs. Masters, a less habitual

sailor than her children, groaned aloud and moved a little nearer to her white-faced daughter.

"Don't go changing the trim of the boat just here, for God's sake, old woman!" cried Jim, angrily, and then, with what was meant for tenderness and encouragement, he added: "Colts kick pretty lively to-day, don't they, mam? But there's nothing to be scared of—Hullo—what's—"

An oath from the very depths of Jim's hairy throat finished the sentence, and he suddenly wrenched the tiller round with all his force, throwing the boat's head into the wind and thus arresting her onward course, although the rocking and tossing motion was rather aggravated than lessened.

"What upon 'arth!" screamed Mrs. Masters, and a strange sound, half-shriek, half-sob, broke from Judith's white lips, but whether at the danger they had barely escaped or the danger in which another still lay, who shall say?

"It's the Scud—laying to—no, anchored!" exclaimed Jim, as his own boat surged past the vague object she had been within a foot of running down, in which case both boats would probably have sunk.

"The Scud—and Arthur!" whispered Judith, hoarsely.

"Bout ship! We'll fetch her this tack, and see if that landlubber's scared to death or gone overboard!" growled Jim, not heeding his sister, who on her part heeded nothing but the heaving black hull and wildly floating sail dimly seen through the blinding rain.

"Hullo, the Scud!" hailed Jim, bearing down and rounding up close beside the other boat in a manner to have charmed the heart of a seaman. But no answering hail came from the tossing Scud, and laying hold of her gunwale with both his iron paws, Jim held her fast and peered into her stern-sheets.

"Sathin's happened to the feller! He's there, but—Hullo, you, sir, can't you speak, nor yet look up?"

And Jim, his voice and manner neatly balanced between sympathy and contempt, reached over and grasped at the folds of a camping-blanket beneath which a human body seemed to be cowering in the bottom of the boat.

At the touch it stirred, and fell away from a head and face hard to recognize as the *debonair* and imperious lineaments of the fine gentleman who had so decidedly assumed the mastership of the Scud, declining all counsel or assistance, for now the wet and disheveled hair clung meanly to the narrow forehead; the eyes, staring and frightened, looked only like those of a terrified animal; the complexion was livid, and the white and shrunken lips failed to cover the chattering teeth.

The fact was patent: the man was abjectly frightened and beyond even the care to conceal his fright.

Judith looked at him steadily and silently, and a terrible scorn gathered in her eyes and upon her lips. A year before she had proved him a villain, and still could not tear the fierce love of him from her heart, and now she saw him as a coward, and already that great heart thrilled with the agony it must feel ere those roots, deep set in its innermost fibres, should be rent away.

But Jim's impatient questioning was now slowly eliciting the shameful truth.

"Not hurt, anyway, nor the boat ain't hurt?"

"No—I believe not."

"Then what in thunder are you doing here?"

"It blew so hard, and—and the boat acted so strangely."

"What, wobbled round in the horse-market?"

"I—don't—know."

"Well, I do, then. You didn't know how to manage her, and she danced round, and you got scared. But what in thunder did you anchor for, with the harbor all afore you, and a boat only drawing two foot of water under you?"

"I—I thought I'd wait for you."

"Well, why didn't you put her up into the wind and lay to, then? What under heavens did you want to anchor for out here in deep water, and making all this bother for other people? 'Cause you didn't know no better, I suppose. Well, can you get up your anchor, and toiler along in our wake now that we are here? Something's got to be done pretty lively."

"I—I don't care about sailing any more just now. I don't feel very well. Hadn't I better come into your boat, and leave this one here till to-morrow?"

"Leave the Scud out here in the channel all night to be run down or knocked to pieces on the flats 'fore morning!" shouted Jim, with a tremendous oath. "Not if I know it! I'd rather leave you out without any boat under you, a darned sight rather. Well, I never expected to see a man of your size so out-and-out scared that he dar'n't sit up straight. Come, Jude, you're a to'able one to plan: what's to be done here? This feller can't sail either boat and I can't sail both at once. How'll we fix it?"

"Put Mr. Clare into the Good Luck, and I'll sail the Scud down alone," replied Judith, calmly.

"There's a plucky gal for you, and she'd do it as soon as say it," replied her brother, admiringly. "But no, Jude, I ain't going to risk it. These cats are mighty oneasy craft in a breeze like this, and blowing harder every minute, and smart as you be, you've only got a gal's muscle, and, 'sides—fact is, Jude, I'd rather leave the Scud here all night than to risk you in her alone. So that won't do."

A bright glance of recognition flashed from the girl's eyes toward her brother's, for she understood these few rough words as an expression of unwanted fondness and admiration, and she answered, cheerily:

"Well, then, put Mr. Clare in here, and you sail the Scud down alone. I can manage the Good Luck well enough, if mother will help in trimming down the sheets."

"Yes, you'd better trust her than the man," returned Jim, contemplating his passenger with a sort of pitying disgust, as he slowly sat upright, found and put on his hat, and feebly tried to assume an air of dignity and assurance.

"You hear the plan, mister, do you? You've to go with that boat, and the women will sail it down to the Pint while I come along in the Scud, after reefing, that is, for it blows too hard for me to carry whole sail, though you wasn't afraid to undertake it."

"Yes, I will go into the other boat. We can manage it among us, no doubt."

And the unfortunate man, clinging tight to Jim's hard hand and to the gunwale of the boat, managed to clamber across from one craft to the other, and would have seated himself in the stern-sheets, perhaps, with some idea of assuming the helm, but for Judith's stern and cold admonition:

"Sit amidships, if you please, Mr. Clare. You will interfere less with the management of the boat there. Mother, will you come astern and help me?"

Clare obeyed in sullen silence, and a hoarse chuckle from Jim marked his enjoyment of the repulse.

The next moment the Good Luck was again upon her course, and under Judith's skillful management, now riding triumphantly over the waves, now evading their force, and sliding along upon the edge, as it were, of the wind, whose full force might have driven her under and swamped her at once.

But steering a boat in a heavy sea and a high wind is not merely a matter of science but also one of unyielding muscle and a firm grip of the tiller, liable at certain moments to be torn from the grasp as fiercely as if some of those monsters of the sea, whom modern science decides to be mythical, some kraken, or some devil-fish, had seized it, and were about to drag boat and crew down to his lair beneath the sea.

Judith was very strong as well as very skillful, but

strength is a matter of sex, whether skill may be or not, and no girl's muscles are strong like those of a virile man, so that Bass Point was not yet reached, when Judith's mother exclaimed:

"Lord ha' massy, child, your face is as white as that sail, and your hands are purple with clinching the tiller! You'll go off in a swoon next, and then where'll we be? Here, mister, if you're a man any-way, come and take a holt of this 'ere tiller. She'll tell you which way to turn it."

"No, no; sit still, Mr. Clare. Mother, please don't say any more! If there's any water in the breaker, I'd like some to drink."

"Here is a flask of sherry, if you will accept it, Miss Masters," suggested Clare, sullenly; but the girl only shook her head and drank feverishly of the brackish water which her mother drew from the little keg with a tin cup and held to her lips.

The draught or the emotion, however, had acted as sufficient stimulus to call back the girl's flagging powers, and a few moments later the Good Luck rounded gracefully up to her moorings, the tender-boat or dory was unhitched from the buoy, its painter confided to Mrs. Masters for safekeeping, the larger boat made fast in its place, and then Judith, for the first time, turned to Arthur Clare, who, since his last repulse, had sat in silence on the forward thwart, making no further offers of the assistance so visibly scorned.

"Now, sir, shall I help you into the dory?"

"You have no right to insult me in this way, and, unless you take more care, you will find that I know how to revenge myself better than you think."

"If I insult you now, you insulted me far more deeply last Summer, and I have not even cared to revenge myself. I don't consider you worthy of the effort!"

This brief conversation had passed while Mrs. Masters, upon her knees, was painfully rummaging from the forward cuddy the various stores and merchandise for which she had made her unwonted trip to the mainland; and she now appeared with her arms full of parcels, which she carefully deposited in the stern of the dory, clambering in herself afterward.

Judith stepped in also and took the oars, and no choice remained for Clare but to seat himself upon the anchor in the bows and submit to be paddled ashore by the beautiful Amazon, who, arriving at the rock she had selected as her landing-place, sent the little skiff up beside it with a vigorous shove, and setting her oar firmly in the sand, remarked:

"There, sir—you can step out dryshod here!"

The young man growled an inaudible reply, sprang ashore, and walked up the steep path to the top of the cliff, where stood the lighthouse, the keeper's house, some ruinous barracks belonging to a dismantled fort, and a few houses, or rather huts, occupied in the Summer-time by fishermen and their families, who, at the approach of Winter, usually sought the protection and cheer of the mainland, where most of them worked as ship-carpenters, sail-makers, or manufacturers of the various articles demanded by the interests of a seaside community.

Judith helped her mother from the boat and handed her the packages with a grim smile.

"I don't believe you'll need to lay in any great stores for your boarder, mother," said she; "I don't believe he'll find game plenty: enough down here to keep him more than over night."

"I heard there was considerable many birds over to the cove—there now, Jude, I vow and declare my new caliker gownd has got wet, and who knows but it'll run?"

"Salt water sets the color, you know, and I guess it's only the paper that's wet," replied Judith, still laughing, as she followed her mother up the path, stopping at one of the huts to bid a kinsman had kept watch for Jim in the Scud, and take the dory off to meet him.

Arrived at the house, the two women found their late passenger standing before the door, talking

cheerily with old Masters, who in coming down from lighting his beloved Fresnel had spied the Good Luck coming in, and was waiting for her passengers.

"Says he's going to stop with us, mother," remarked the old man, turning to his wife, with the refreshing candor of the unsophisticated mind. "Did you say he could?"

"Well, Jim did, I believe," replied the wife in some embarrassment, "But maybe he won't care about it, now that he sees what a lonesome sort of place the P'int is, and all."

"On the contrary, Mrs. Masters," interposed the guest, cheerily, "I am more than ever resolved upon staying some time with you, and was just saying to Mr. Masters how much I like the situation, and the prospect. Decidedly I shall stay."

"All right then; come into the house, and the women will get us some supper before a great while," said the old man, heartily. "Jude, did you fetch the pipes and 'bacoo as I told you?"

"Yes, father, all right. I don't forget things."

"Nor I, either," hissed a voice in the girl's ear, as she passed their guest in the narrow passageway, and, tired, chilled, and overwrought, Judith shivered with, perhaps, the first sensation of fear she had ever felt.

The days went quietly on after this. Each member of the keeper's family had his own avocations, and steadily pursued them, without much regard to the stranger within their gates, whom the elder couple regarded merely as a royal road to a certain sum of board-money; Jim set him down as a good-natured fool and coward, and Judith thought of him as seldom as she could manage, never forgetting in her proud heart that she had once thought of him far too much for her own comfort, and had been at length rewarded by a deadly insult.

Arthur Clare, on his part, seemed to have forgotten everything disagreeable in his own or another's history; he rose betimes, and was out with his gun upon the beach, or away with the lobsterers to draw their pots, almost before the sun showed symptoms of beginning his day's work; returning to a late and solitary breakfast, he had always some appointment or some project of sport to carry him directly out again, and his dinner often consisted of some substantial addition to the six o'clock tea.

In the evening he generally went up to the light with old Masters, who had taken greatly to conversation with his guest, or down to some of the fishermen's shanties, where there was always plenty of rough fun going on. Toward Judith his manner was cold, formal and indifferent, and so unvarying, either in their rare *tête-à-têtes* or before other people, that the girl at last concluded that the mortification and annoyance of the passage down had effectually slain all other feelings with regard to her in the mind of the young man, and in proportion as this conviction of his indifference grew in her mind there grew with it a certain interest in his movements and looks, a certain wonder as to what had become of all the passion and impetuosity of his feelings in their earlier acquaintance; in short, being a most feminine woman at heart, in spite of masculine nerve, muscle, pride and courage, Judith Masters, having succeeded, as she fancied, in trampling out the fire of her lover's passion, began furtively to search among the ashes for some little spark that might be rekindled.

Don't say it is disgusting, and unnatural, and that you never, never, never could have done such a thing, my pretty dear, because you would, and have, or will, done just such things, given the same opportunity, or you are no true woman.

Do not understand, however, that our haughty young Queen of the Amazons made direct overtures to her recalcitrant lover, or in any way showed, to a casual observer, that she was aware of his existence, except as household claims demanded that she should address or serve him; but Arthur Clare,

mean and narrow as were most of his moral capacities, was a keen observer where his own interests were concerned, and there was now and then a glint of Judith's dark eye, and here and there a phrase or even a word, or an inflection of the rich voice as it addressed him, that told a flattering tale to his vanity, and suggested more than one dark scheme to his revenge, and still he waited, biding his time, while September glows chilled into October frosts, and the morning shooting was an affair of overcoats and preparatory hot coffee.

The colder weather brought to poor old Masters renewed assaults from his enemy the rheumatism, until finally, giving up the battle, he retreated to his bed and lay there groaning and helpless, claiming all the time and strength of his poor wife as nurse, and hardly satisfied at that, while upon Judith devolved nearly all the household cares, and Jim became no longer assistant, but solitary, light-keeper.

Under these circumstances, it became doubly inconvenient to accommodate an addition to the regular family, and Jim was deputed by his mother to inform Arthur Clare that the week then beginning must be the last of his stay with them, although if he chose to remain at Bass Point he might perhaps find some other family to receive him. But to this suggestion Clare shook his head.

"No, I am about tired of shooting for this year, and have been for some days thinking of getting back to town; another five days will satisfy me; but aren't you and I to have one more gunning excursion before I go? Can't you leave the light-house at all while your father is ill? Tell you what, Jim, I know all about the lights as well as you, and if you want to go down to Wapsett with those fellows to-morrow and don't get home in time to light up, I'll take your place and act deputy till you return."

"Not if I know it," replied Jim, bluntly. "What do you suppose my place would be worth to me if it came to the inspector's ears that I went off on a fishing party and left the light in charge of the first fellow that came along?"

"Dear me, are they so particular as all that?" exclaimed Clare, innocently. "What would happen to you, then, if you neglected to light up at all?"

"Ne-glec-ted—to-light-up—at—all!" echoed Jim, in a tone of horror, largely tintured with contempt. "Well, young man, you hain't been brought up to the care of a light, that's sure. Why, it would take no longer than for the news to travel up to the city, and word to get back here, before the whole kit and boodle of the Mastereses would be set adrift with a character tacked to their name that would settle them wherever they might go—that is, any where 'longshore, and serve 'em right, too, for a man that has charge of a light and neglects it, is younger brother to the fellow that amuses himself boring auger-holes in the hull of a ship at sea. Lord—Lord, what slap-sided notions these land folks do get up!"

But before the set of that day's sun, Jim Masters had proved in his own person how easily the firmest resolutions may be upset, for he received a summons to attend as witness in a case of disputed insurance at the shire town of his county, the matter involving an absence of at least one night and part of two days.

"Well, father is on hand, and he's light-keeper, after all," argued Jim. "And as for trimming or lighting the lamps, I'd trust Jude afore any man on the P'int; so, as I can't say no to the law, I'll e'en make the best of the matter and get my witness-fee and traveling expenses, besides having a chance to get some new clothes."

A portion of the next morning was devoted to going over the minutest details of the light-keeper's duties with Judith, who listened patiently, but knew the whole matter thoroughly to begin with, and then, with a careless word of farewell to his family and guest, Jim took his departure in the Good Luck,

intending to leave her in his young cousin Nathan's charge during his absence, and declining, with a meaning laugh, Clare's offer to transport him in the Scud, which he had at last learned to manage with tolerable skill.

"Knowing how isn't all that's wanted, you know," suggested Jim, as Clare stood watching his preparations. "It's nerve and pluck, my boy, and there's no learning that. Well, I'll find you here when I get back, I s'pose?"

"I don't know, Jim. I'm going away to-day in the Scud for a regular coasting trip, and I may be gone two or three days. I shall sleep at Waterford to-night, I expect."

"Sho! Well, you'd better tell Jude that, for it'll make some difference to the living, you and me being both of us away."

"Won't she need some help, though, about lighting the lamps to-night? Has she engaged any one?" asked Clare, carelessly.

"Lord no! And what's more, I've told her over and over not to let man, woman nor child cross the threshold of that 'ere lighthouse till I get back. She don't need no help of no sort whatsoever, and I ain't going to have nobody tampering round there. No, sir, my sister Jude is the one I leave in charge of my light, and I'll just thank nobody to interfere with her."

"All right, Jim," replied the other, good-naturedly. "I'm just starting off myself, so I certainly shall not be the one to interfere, and I dare say nobody else will. Good-by to you, and good luck."

Jim growled a response, shook out his main-sail and trimmed it down, and put his tiller hard-down. Clare stood and watched him until he was out of sight behind the headland, then slowly nodded his head twice or thrice.

"One more item to add to the score, my friend," muttered he, as he turned away. "One more on the list of coarse insults and studied slights you and your sister have heaped upon me, and I think, my fine fellow, it's about time to settle the account. You sha'n't complain of niggardly payment; you, nor she either."

Hastily remounting the hill to the lighthouse, Mr. Clare announced to Mrs. Masters, the first person whom he encountered, that he should be away from Bass Point during that day and part of the next, if not longer; he then ostentatiously prepared and carried down to the Scud a traveling-bag, some provisions and sundry wraps, and then, with cheerful good-byes in every direction, with announcements of his purpose to coast at least as far as Waterford, he set sail, and was presently out of sight in the designated direction.

The day passed slowly and a little heavily to Judith, whose household cares were too much diminished by the absence of the two men to engross all her time as usual, and whose active mind missed the subdued excitement she had lately found in watching Clare's looks and movements for symptoms of hidden love.

Her father, also, was a little worse, so as to require her mother's constant presence, and so irritable as not to endure that of any one else, so that the girl was not displeased to see the hour come round at which she should attend to the light, and thus find some less monotonous occupation than the needlework she detested.

The wind had risen with the tide, and now, at sunset, was blowing shrill and chill about the twin turrets of the lighthouse, driving the surf noisily up the beach and clattering the loose stones at the foot of the cliff whereon the Pharos stood.

Judith remained for a moment at the door of the tower, the key in her hand, looking out to seaward, while the wild wind swept her garments statuesquely round her noble form, plucked some tendrils of her dark hair from their coils, and kindled to a splendid glow the color of her cheeks and lips.

"A wild night, and dangerous enough upon this coast, if it were not for our dear old light," said

she, aloud, as she glanced affectionately up at the unlighted beacons, and then thrust the key into the lock; but, even as she turned it, a strong shudder passed through her frame, the color faded from her face as if it had been stricken out by the hand of death, and a feeling of terror, vague, nameless, and therefore, the more resistless, seized her stout heart and so shook it that she sprang backward, and turned to fly down the hill, whither or why she knew not.

It was but for an instant, however, and then she slowly returned, and opened the door, saying: "I wonder if that is what they call nervous? I—I—to be scared at going into our own lighthouse where I've played and run in and out ever since I could walk! Judith Masters, I'm ashamed of you!"

The door lay open, and the beginning of the dark staircase was before her. Again her heart quailed, but, sternly subduing the emotion, she took the key from the outside of the door, placed it in her pocket, and entered, securing the door upon the inside by a stout bolt. Then she groped her way up-stairs to a small room, hardly more than a closet, upon the first landing, where her brother kept his oil-can, cloths, a lantern and some candles, and various other articles necessary to his work, and where also stood a couple of chairs and a little table, by whose aid the light-keeper, with whatever comrade he could obtain, passed many of the chill hours of his wintry watch.

It was here that of late Arthur Clare had passed many hours instructing his host in various games of chance, and picking his brains in return of many details of the lighthouse-service and discipline as administered in these United States.

The place looked lonely enough now in the dim light struggling through the one square of thick green glass serving as window, and Judith hastened, first of all, to find the matches and candle neatly arranged upon a shelf at the furthest end of the room; but, as the blue glare of the sulphur shed its ghastly light through the place, a slight noise attracted her attention; glancing over her shoulder, she saw the door, which she had left wide open, slowing closing as if of its own accord.

Motionless with terror, she stood gazing while it swung a few inches further and the click, first of the latch and then of the key, told that some one without had closed and locked it. The match flamed up and burned her fingers, and dropped upon the floor; but Judith, too terrified to think, did not attempt to light another, and stood in the feeble twilight staring stonily at the closed door and listening for some sound.

A cautious footstep, apparently retreating, was audible, and the sound of human life, however menacing, restored at one bound the girl's natural courage and quickness. Springing to the door, she seized the handle and shook it strongly, crying:

"Who is there? Speak, whoever you are!" The sound of footsteps ceased, and again she wildly cried out, adding, by an unaccountable impulse:

"It's you, Arthur Clare! I know all about it, and unless you let me out this moment, you shall suffer for it! Arthur Clare, I say! Arthur Clare!"

Her voice rose to a shriek, and although the shrillest, the maddest cry could hardly have made itself audible through those solid walls, and amid the gusts of the rising tempest, Conscience, who makes cowards of even those who do not confess her sway, terrified the dastard villain creeping down the stairs with the vision of discovery and exposure. Stealing swiftly up again, he put his mouth close to the door and muttered:

"Hold your tongue, or I will kill you!" "Let me out this instant, or I will put you in State's Prison!" retorted Judith.

"You don't know who I am." "Don't I? I could swear to Arthur Clare before any court in this world or the next!"



JUNE.—"I THOUGHT YOU WOULD COME TO-NIGHT, ALLAN," SHE SAID, "BECAUSE IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE. I AM SO HAPPY, FOR I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WOULD LIKE TO DIE NEAR YOU."—SEE PAGE 267.

"Curse you! Did you see me as you came in?"
 "No matter how far where I saw you, I can swear to you, and I will, if you delay another minute. If you don't care for anything else, you might remember the light. It is past sunset already!"

A low laugh crept through the door, with a snake-like hiss.

"Don't I know that, my beauty?—and don't I know how strict the orders are about the lamps being lighted just at the minute?—and don't I know that Jim had no business to go away when his father was unable to serve?—and don't I know that, when the light is not kindled all night long—as it won't be, my dear—that there'll be an inquiry and the deuce to pay generally; and all the Masters family sent out disgraced, beggars, upon the world, and perhaps with the charge of a shipwreck or two upon their record, into the bargain?"

"Shipwreck! What do you mean, villain?"

"There are two or three craft of various descriptions in the offing, and it's coming on to blow heavily from the northeast. You, the daughter of the lighthouse, know what is like enough to happen if the lantern remains dark."

"Monster! would you destroy it may be hundreds of innocent lives to gratify your petty spite?"

"It isn't I, but you, who will destroy them, my pretty Judith, if you don't light the lantern. Why don't you go up and do it, my dear? It is growing quite late!"

"You horrible villain! Is it possible?—is it really possible?" And the girl's voice choked with rage and scorn and rising despair.

Again the hissing laugh crept through the door, and then the voice of malignant triumph.

"You haven't heard the best of the joke yet, my imprisoned princess. Mr. Clare, for whom you take me, who am quite another man, is away in his boat, the Scud. You remember the first time he sailed the Scud, perhaps. Well, he is away, and will try to run into this harbor to-night. He will find the beacon dark, and will wreck that little boat upon the reef outside, taking care, however, to have a dory near enough at hand to swim to without much trouble; but the Scud will be a total loss to its owner, who cannot of course claim damages, since the wreck is owing to his not being at his post. Then Mr. Clare will feel it his duty to warn by letter the department of the carelessness and incompetence of their official, and will also feel obliged to report his habits of intemperance and neglect of duty, as observed by Mr. Clare during his six weeks' sojourn in the lighthouse, which sojourn, by-the-way, was in itself contrary to law, although Mr. Clare did not know it at the time of taking up his residence there. Having made this report, Mr. Clare will be called upon to substantiate it before the court of inquiry who will sit upon the case, and it will come out in the course of his evidence that the light-keeper, being sick in bed, his deputy absented himself over

night, leaving the light in charge of a young woman, who dropped to sleep instead of attending to her duties, and so the light failed to be kindled all night. In connection with this point it will also appear, quite by accident on Mr. Clare's part, and much to his mortification when he perceives what he has revealed, that he himself is on very excellent terms with this young woman, and quite competent to report upon her habits and demeanor at all seasons. I am afraid, my dear Judith—I really am afraid that a smile will go round the circle of listeners at some of the artless revelations this poor, innocent Mr. Clare will unwittingly make, and I am afraid the reports of the investigation in certain daily papers will be more amusing than creditable to Miss Judith Masters. You understand, do you not, my love?"

"I understand that you have laid a deep plot to destroy a family who have never harmed you, and—"

"Stop there a moment. Never harmed me, do you say? or, rather, never harmed Arthur Clare?—and to make matters more simple, I will, during the rest of this interview, speak in Arthur Clare's name, although, as I said before, I am not he, and he is at present sailing toward Bass Point in the *Scud*, having relinquished his visit to Waterford on account of the rising wind. Well, then, in Clare's name I indignantly echo your words, 'Never harmed him!' Why, what has all your conduct toward that young man been but one course of insult and slight and misunderstanding? Last Summer, when he ventured upon some little familiarity, perfectly pardonable from a man of his rank to a girl of yours, and followed it by a proposition for you to come to town and make him a visit—a proposition of course made purely in jest—do but remember, if you can, how you flared out at him, what abuse you used, and how your hints to the persons with whom you visited induced them to forbid him their house, and drive him finally from the place. Then, when he, willing to overlook all that nonsense, came down here and met you on the wharf, what airs of virtuous scorn and indignation you treated him to; and then the trip down to this cursed hole—ugh! do you think a fellow of any spirit can ever forget, or even forgive, the scorn, the insults, the insolent assistance, you heaped upon him? No, Judith Masters, in that hour of shame and rage, while I sat silent there and watched you doing man's work, and scolding even my assistance, I took a black, bitter oath of vengeance, and all these days and nights beneath the odious shelter of your roof have been spent solely in waiting for the hour that at last has come. And now, my fair one, I will let you into the closing secret of this little scheme of mine. You are very fond of cocoa as a beverage, I have discovered, and keep a pot of it stewing all day upon the stove. Just before I went away this forenoon I am sorry to say that I accidentally spilt some opium I was handling into that pot of cocoa, and although the quantity was so slight that you would not notice the taste in any single draught, there was enough in the accumulation of the many draughts you have taken through the day to put you into a dead slumber, especially shut up in that close little room. You will soon sleep, my dear—sleep like a log—and then I shall unfasten this door, go softly down, and leave the lighthouse, get away as I came—and how you do wish I would tell you how that was!—and in a few hours I, Arthur Clare that is, will be wrecked just outside the Point here. On coming ashore, he will discover you asleep, summon assistance, and then tell his story in your presence, thus forestalling any accusations you may make against him. All nicely arranged, you see, and highly creditable to so young a lawyer as myself, I must say. And now good-by."

He paused, in cruel anticipation of some outcry, or pleading, or proof of terror, from his victim. Could his vision have pierced the iron door upon which it was expectantly bent, he would have

lingered no longer, but rather have fled with all the haste of craven fear, for Judith was at that moment an object to strike terror to even a stouter heart, if it found itself guilty of offense toward her.

The miserable revelations of Arthur Clare had explained to her the mystery under which she had chafed during the last few hours, of her own disordered condition of nerve. A little before sunset she had been overtaken with a resistless drowsiness, combined with thirst, and after taking a large cup of her favorite cocoa, had lain down for a little nap. But, as it proved, this last draught of the drugged beverage was just so much in excess of what was needed to induce sleep, and instead of the rest she had expected, Judith found herself growing momentarily more wakeful and more excited, while thrills of stinging life shot to and fro from the great nervous centres of her system to its remotest confines, rousing her to a wild energy and power such as she never felt before.

Standing close behind the door, her burning eyes fixed upon the spot where she judged the head of her enemy to be, her hands clinched and slightly raised, her head a little bent, her quivering lips apart, and her nostrils dilated, she looked a human tigress gathering for her spring, a beautiful Fury, an incarnate Vengeance.

"Good-by, my dear; aren't you going to say good-by?" asked the mocking voice once more.

The glowing eyes turned and gazed impatiently about the cell. Was there no weapon, no means of exit, no power of action, no relief for the burning strength tingling through her muscles?

With his foot upon the stairs, Arthur heard a voice, soft, flute-like, caressing, such a voice as Judith had used toward him a year ago, before the insult that had parted them, but which he had not expected to hear again.

"Arthur!—Arthur!" called the voice.

A smile of devilish triumph distorted the mouth of the evil man as he sprang once more to the door.

"Did you call me, Judith?"

"Yes. Oh, Arthur, don't—don't leave me here alone! It is so dark, and I—I am afraid!"

That wail of terror, those faltering accents, the womanly appeal of those tones! How could any man dream that they were simulated, that the lips that breathed them were trembling with rage, and that the form he imagined crouching to the door in abject terror was strung to a fierce activity and strength, making it a match for that of a giant! Arthur Clare, at any rate, was not the man to penetrate that flattering delusion, and, pressing close to the door, he murmured:

"Are you sorry for alighting me so, Judith? Are you ready to receive and return my love? Will you go with me now, this very night, as I asked you a year ago?"

There was a brief pause, and then came the reply, in a tone trembling and broken by emotion; but what emotion?

"Do you really—really love me, Arthur Clare, and shall I be your honored wife if I go with you?"

"You shall be anything, everything that you desire, my darling, if only you will trust yourself to my love," replied the man, while the smile of derisive triumph upon his lips answered well to the infernal light burning in his greedy eyes. Again came the trembling response:

"Then, Arthur—I dare not stay here—and I am so frightened! Oh, do—do open the door and let me see somebody alive—I am fainting—oh!"

His last, lingering hesitation gone, Clare hastily unfastened and threw open the door; something behind it resisted the pressure—Judith's inanimate body, no doubt—and, without waiting to bring in the dark-lantern he had left upon the landing, but whose feeble light hardly penetrated in any degree the murky cell, Clare groped around for the body of the fainting girl, at the same time appealing to her by various tender epithets and promises of succor. But of a sudden, as he thus groped into the obscu-

urity, a rustling, rushing sound seemed to environ him on every side; a clattering fall of something light, yet resistless, enveloped his limbs and was twisted close and closer around his head and neck; and before he could fairly begin to struggle against these strange bonds, a rope was deftly passed around and around his body, tied firmly, and then made fast to a stout hook in the wall.

"What is this?—Judith!—She-devil!"

"Wait until we have a light—we can talk better so," replied a panting and contemptuous voice; and, Judith, bringing in the lantern, placed it upon the table, lighted several candles, and then slowly returning to her captive, stood looking at him in silent abhorrence, while he writhed and struggled helplessly, uttering the while such horrible and insulting oaths and curses, that even Judith's excited blood was chilled with horror.

"Stop, you blasphemers!" cried she, at length, "or I will gag as well as bind you. It is hopeless to struggle—that is the great mackerel-net Jim has been making; it is new and very strong; you could not break one mesh of it with all your strength, and the rope is more than strong enough to hang a man. You are safe, and in another minute you will be alone; for I shall not stay to triumph over you as you did over me—I am too brave for that! Only, Arthur Clare, one word of advice from me before we part: If ever you wish to win another woman as you wished to win me, do not let her see beforehand that you are a villain, and do not let her see at any time that you are a coward; for, although in her despair she might still cling to you knowing the first, she will surely spurn you when she discovers the last. And now, before I go, I will make sure that the letter of which you spoke is safe, for it will be important evidence against you."

She loathingly approached, and, in spite of his all but frantic efforts at resistance, put her hand into first one, then the other, of his breast-pockets, drawing out various letters, a pocketbook, and some other matters, which she replaced at once. Then calmly seating herself at the table, she looked over the papers, one by one, until she came to that she sought, and, with an exclamation of satisfaction, read it slowly through, in a voice of withering sarcasm and contempt.

"And so that is a man's work!" exclaimed she, in finishing. "Then, thank God that I am a woman!"

"A woman! A devil, a fiend, a Fury!" panted Arthur Clare, foaming and raging, as he struggled in the clinging net so deftly wrapped around him.

Judith watched him a moment, then came and replaced the letters in his pocket, silently assured herself that the rope around his arms was tight and immovable, and, extinguishing the candles, she took up the lantern, and went hastily up the stairs, exclaiming:

"That I should have done anything at all before lighting the lamps! But I had to know whether he really had written that letter—if I had not found it, I might have let him go!"

And so the Bass Point light was that night a full hour late; but, through the mercy of God, no one suffered thereby, although two hours later a home-ward-bound Chinaman sighted those twin lights and thereby steered her darkling course in safety.

When Jim Masters reached home the next day, Judith met him at the shore, her face blanched and pinched as by a week's severe illness. In answer to his wondering exclamations, she only said:

"Come with me. Leave the boat for a while as she is."

Jim wonderingly obeyed, and followed his sister to the light-house and up to the storeroom, where, lying upon the floor, for she had not wished to torture her helpless prisoner, lay Arthur Clare, still enveloped in the great net, still bound with the new rope. Standing beside him, Judith told her story in brief, clear phrase, and he, the dastard and betrayer, found never a word to contradict her.

When all was told, she said: "And now, Jim, you can do as you think best. I have no more to say to him or about him as long as I live."

"Then, Jude, if you don't care, I think PE just set a mark on him, and let him run. We don't want to meddle with the law, and, if he tries to take it on me by-and-by, I'll just out with this story in the *Boston*."

June.

WHEN first she opened her eyes upon this green world in the greenest of Summer months, her mother said:

"Let us call the baby, June;" and though her father thought it foolish and romantic, yet the name clung to her always, and before he died, he had grown to think it the most proper name in the world for her, who had been his sunshine and his Summer for nineteen years.

It happened to be Christmas Eve when June came back to the empty house, after her father's funeral, with her mother and little sister, whom she had cheered a little by saying, "That she should take care of them as long as she lived."

"But you can't have a white silk to be married in now, June," croaked little Helen.

"Perhaps I can, if I can afford it," said June. "Mr. Oakley will wait for me till next Christmas, and I can wear it then."

I do not know wherein June's power lay; I think the old psychologists and mesmerists would have called it magnetism that attracted every one toward her, even Allan Oakley, who was a queer mixture of pride, reserve, pomposity and aristocracy. He was a sober, methodical man, who had not gained much in all his thirty-five years, beyond wealth and a tight grip on the belief that all women were humbugs.

He made June's acquaintance out of curiosity, and, perhaps, a worse motive; but the devil would never have tempted Eve had she looked up at him with eyes as tender and honest as June's gray ones, smiling from under their long lashes; and seeing the innocence and simplicity of this girl's life, as it unfolded to him day by day, he began to love her carelessly, and before he hardly knew it, found himself engaged to her.

The first six months after her father's death, June got along better than one would think. Life is never very hard for such a woman as she, when she feels there is some one she can love and trust, and to whom she is all in all, and the thought of him lightened her struggle for daily bread and the load she had taken upon her young shoulders.

She had sometimes been her father's amanuensis, in his law-office, while he was living, and she filled the place henceforth for stranger hands, growing so accustomed to the formula of, "Dear Sir," and "Yours, respectfully, Keene, Smart, Grabbitt & Co.," that she would be apt to subscribe her letters thus to the end of her days.

During this year, Mr. Oakley reasoned with himself profoundly.

"I shall have to marry all three of them," he said to himself. "June is so persistent about taking care of that mother and young sister of hers! All the men in my set throw it in my face about marrying a shopgirl. June is well enough—one of the most affectionate and conscientious girls I know, but she is not suitable for me, and I am glad I found it out before it was too late. She is young, and will soon forget me."

So when Christmas Eve came, he did not come with it, and if he had, June would not have cared to see him, as he had been some weeks married to a woman who, his friends and connections agreed, was quite a proper match.

June did just what any sensible girl could or would have done in her place—did and said nothing about it; put away her pretty white wedding-dress,

retrenched her expenses, worked steadier and harder; and if she smiled less and spoke more seldom, she was none the less cheerful when she did speak; and if her cheeks were a shade less red, it was scarcely perceptible.

"Yes, we will take the house, mother," said June. "See what a lovely curve about the edge of that bluff—how green and still it is here!"

"But it will be too far for you to walk clear beyond the edge of the town, and in Winter there will be no paths, and it is such a gloomy road."

"Yes, but I shall take my dinner, and the walk night and morning will do me good; when the snow comes I can come down the car-track. That was why I got it so cheap—for almost nothing, you may say—a nice, cozy house. The man that owned it had eight children, and one of them was run over by the cars, and he was glad to sell it at any price. There is no ill-wind but what blows some one some good, and luckily Helen is getting old enough now to take care of herself. Oh, what a lovely bedroom, with this low window facing the east! See this old, dead tree—I will have it sawed off and covered with moss; this bench will do for your plants; and the hedge, with the rustic gates, and the view of the river through the trees, are so pretty! I think we will be very happy here, mother."

And so they were, though June's round face saddened and thinned a little during the Summer, and the bleak ensuing Fall days. When the little house was settled to her mind, it looked like June's own self, summer-like and sunshiny, and she was infinitely glad to put her tired head here after all the turmoils and publicity of the day.

Gentlemen all liked June, and she, perhaps, had more admiration, of an off-hand, careless way, than any girl in town—was more stared at, talked at, flirted with, till she grew sick at heart with their flattery. Truly the admiration of the masses, the love of no one, is a husk diet to any true woman.

It was not so pleasant in the Winter, when the snows came and cradled her in, like a baby, in that far-away little house, muffling the murmur of the Mississippi, creeping lazily past, and drifting over the leafy walks to the office.

It was a long and bitter walk to and fro, but June's only idea of Paradise, now, was that little walled-in house, her mother's smile and her little sister's clinging arms.

Sometimes she met and nodded to Allan Oakley, who turned his fleet horses out of the trodden way for her to pass; she wondered sometimes why he took so many drives up and down this lonely country road, and why she should meet him so often.

He had expected, when he married the woman of his choice, to be perfectly happy; but when anything becomes our very own, how the good qualities of these do decline; and his wife, to say the least of her, had ways of her own, and, after some months of domestic nagging, and of bending his iron will to her still more impregnable one, his thoughts went back unwittingly to little June, with her clinging, yielding ways; June at her day's work in the musty office; June mending her clothes in the twilight, making out her accounts in the lamplight; June reading Sunday afternoons in her white muslin, with the pink roses in her brown hair. He got a notion of driving past her house evenings, and feeling a sort of pleasure when he caught a glimpse, through the shutters, of her head bent over her law-papers.

Now he knew she would never come out to meet him again, he longed to have her do so—longed for one of her girlish caresses. He would never have such pure kisses again.

He remembered her favorite quotation—

"I could not love you, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more,"

and knew very well June had no weak notions about *affinities* in her well-balanced head.

June did miss him, and did need him, but she knew the hardest thing in this world is to do wrong (though it looks the easiest); so she fought the old battle of Armageddon, that all have to fight sooner or later; and, to such as come out conquerors—self-conquerors I mean—I think none will be sorry that they put their trust in God and fought on to the end.

It was Christmas Eve again, a low-browed, sullen day, with the twilight beginning to deepen. Allan Oakley stepped out of his bank, shrugging his shoulders at the damp, biting air. A knot of newsboys and blue-nosed little girls were wrangling and shouting about Christmas on the corner.

He watched them a moment, curiously thinking of one who had waited for the Christmas to come, a year ago, as joyfully as they, then, buttoning his muffler tighter, and muttering something about "not having exercise enough," he walked off down the street.

June had climbed down from her high office-stool, to-day, "asking out" an hour earlier than usual, had purchased a few things for her mother and sister, and was on her way home down the snowy stretch of road.

She walked slowly, looking at the angry west and the fast-dimming horizon, watching it fade and darken with the coming storm. By the time she was in sight of home, the snow had filled the walks, and she took, perforce, her old resort, the car-track, noticing one other figure approaching, a long way ahead of her—a mere speck in the driving storm.

Was it strange June sometimes wondered that, should she get across this track some dark and stormy night, and the train should crush her, would her mother be very lonely? But, blessed with quick ears and quicker feet, there seemed little danger for her.

She plodded on in the great, white, whirling storm, glad at last to reach the cheerful sitting-room at home, with its bright fire, where her mother was laying the table for supper, and little Helen was playing with her doll.

The wind had cried itself to sleep among the hills, the night had settled down, sombre and black. June took off her cloak and hat, fluttering uneasily from the window to the fire.

"Come, June, tea is ready," said her mother. But June, with a sudden impulse, had run out to the gate, watching the train, which, a mile away, was rushing toward her, like a great red eye, through the dense, whirling flakes. The figure she had seen like a speck on her way home was quite near now, going toward town and directly toward the cars, which were just out of sight now around a curve in the hills, their sound deadened by the man's muffler and the driving sleet.

June strained her eyes at the fiery eye which every moment, like a red Cyclops, was nearing the slowly moving, unconscious figure.

"Are not you coming, June?"

But June had rushed out wildly toward the man going so unwittingly to destruction; a moment more, and she had run between him and the engine, and, taking him by the shoulders, had pushed him by main force off the track—but just one instant too late, for the terrible engine had hit her on the forehead and precipitated her down the bank.

There was a commotion and a running to and fro of the passengers; the engineer whistled "down-brakes"; a doctor who was on the train got off and looked at June's limp, unmoving figure, and shook his head.

"Not much hope for her," he said; "but she saved your life, at all events"—looking curiously at Allan Oakley's white, set face. "I don't think she will wake up again in this world."

But when Mr. Oakley had carried her into the house and laid her on the lounge, upon the pillows, she opened her eyes with her old bright smile.

"I thought you would come to-night, Allan," she said, "because it was Christmas Eve. I am so happy, for I always thought I would like to die near you. Lean down, and let me take your head in my hands. No, do not kiss me—I have no right to your kisses now. A little closer, for it grows so dark, and I want to carry the memory of your face with me when I get to heaven. Allan—Allan—I used to love you so!" And June's voice dropped away, her head, with all its pretty crimps and waves, fell back upon the pillow, and she had gone to "where, beyond earth's voices, there is peace."

Mr. Pepper's Christmas Day.

"I suppose, sir," said Mrs. Skinner, my landlady, entering my room with a bustling air, and jingling a basket of keys on her arms—"I suppose you'll not be wanting to dine at home to-morrow?"

The remark, half-question, half-assertion, caused me to wince.

For a whole week I had been anticipating this moment of humiliation in the eyes of Mrs. Skinner and her "help."

Nobody had asked me to dine out on Christmas Day!

However, putting the best face I could on the matter, I answered, without raising my eyes from the newspaper.

"Yes; I shall prefer to dine at home to-morrow."

"Lor', sir! Why, it's *Christmas Day*!"

"I am aware of that fact, Mrs. Skinner," I returned, with dignity.

"Oh, of course, sir; only I thought as how you'd naturally dine with your friends Christmas, like other gentlemen. All the lodgers as ever I had made a p'int of eating their Christmas dinners with their friends—except one," she added, pensively, "as was a dreadful mysterious and suspicious party and had no friends to invite him."

"Hem!" said I, carefully turning my paper; "isn't there a draft from that door, Mrs. Skinner?"

She took the hint, and moved to the door, where she paused to thoughtfully polish the knob with her apron.

"Well, sir," said she, in a plaintive tone, as of one injured but meekly resigned, "I'll do the best I can under the circumstances, and, *maybe*, with a little crowding, if you've no objections, we can manage to make my dining-table accommodate thirteen instead of twelve. Or perhaps"—making as though a bright idea had suggested itself—"perhaps we can put my old uncle Jabez at a side-table by himself, and I'm sure I'll overlook the trouble of continually getting up to help him."

"I am willing to spare you that trouble," I said, grimly. "If I were inclined for dinner-company this Christmas Day, I could accept—hem—could dine out with my friends, instead of with yours."

"Oh, to be sure, sir; I'd quite overlooked that p'int. You'd like to have your dinner to yourself here in your own room?—which would be such a cosy and comfortable arrangement—quite delightful indeed."

"Yes, that will do," I replied. And Mrs. Skinner retired with a light step, and a countenance expressive of considerable relief.

I heard her speaking to the help, "Katie," in the passage, in a subdued tone, and caught that hand-maiden's concluding exclamation, "Well, that *is* a blessing, and only hope he'll stay there," evidently with some reference to myself and the proposed solitary repast in my bedroom.

As the reader may have perceived, I was not in the most amiable of moods. For this I had a sufficient reason. I felt myself neglected by my friends, and at the same time was conscious that I was not altogether undeserving of it. Had I not of late somewhat slighted my old friends in the unconscious fascination of a few new ones of a rather more ele-

vated social standing than they? Had I not gotten out of patience with Wilkins's children the last time I dined at his house? Had I not rather given myself airs at Robinson's dinner-party? and described, to Mr. Robinson's mortification, the elegancies of the table appointments at Mrs. Fitz Marrow's entertainment? And had I not utterly ceased to visit at Badger's since the memorable day when I had overheard his newly-turned-out niece, a pert miss of sixteen, audibly exclaim, to another pert miss of her own age, "Lor', just look at that old bean dancing!" and turning, had beheld their eyes fixed upon me, as they giggled behind their fans.

"Old bean!"

It was an insult which I could not forgive, for, though my *hair* was beginning to be somewhat thinner on my forehead, and my figure to develop into the full maturity of manhood's prime, I considered myself far, very far from deserving that epithet, "old." But, however this may be, the fact was undeniable that, for the first time in my life, no one had invited me to a Christmas dinner.

Of Mrs. Skinner's other three boarders, two had already gone to the country, and the third, Hipkins, was, as he had to-day exultantly and maliciously informed me, engaged to a family party twenty-five in number, of whom half a dozen were "the prettiest girls in town."

And here was Mrs. Skinner herself having a family gathering of twelve, while I was doomed to a solitary Christmas repast in the retirement of my bedroom.

Of course I felt humiliated. Of course I resented the position, and regarded with disgust and indignation the whole circle of my false friends and selfish acquaintances. And I determined some day, if by any means possible, to have my revenge.

Next morning I was awakened earlier than usual by a sort of cheerful bustle throughout the house, ushering in Christmas Day.

"Who is that?" I sharply inquired, at the sound of footsteps and a suppressed scuffle and giggle outside my door.

Somebody (I knew it was that girl Katie) ran away; and Hipkins's voice answered, jovially:

"Why, it's me, of course, putting a sprig of mistletoe over my door."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I replied, with virtuous austerity.

Hipkins laughed, and retired into his room, where I heard him whistling, "Love among the roses."

I wouldn't go to breakfast. I knew I would be pitted and consoled with about dining at home, so I kept my bed, and had tea and toast brought up in place of my usual rolls, coffee and eggs.

Now if there is anything that I particularly dislike, it is tea and toast, but it occurred to me that to appear a little indisposed would be a good excuse for not going out at all during the day.

I had no desire to go strolling forlornly around, meeting acquaintances, who would discover at a glance that I had no invitation to a Christmas dinner.

Katie came in with her apron full of something, and a foolish stumper on her face.

"Please, sir, I thought you'd nat'rally like a little bit of Christmas evergreens in your room. 'Twouldn't seem Christian-like not to have 'em."

And she began to stick holly-sprigs about the mantelpiece and chandelier.

I said nothing, and, when the work was completed, she stood and surveyed the effect with her head on one side.

"It do look uncommon pretty, don't it, sir? So summery and bowery-like. Why, you can jest set and eat your dinner under the chandelier and make believe you are a picnic in a woods. And missus's parlor is lovely! Wouldn't you like jest to step down and see it, after a while, sir?"

"No!" returned I, so savagely that the poor girl started. "If I were well enough to go down-stairs, I should be able to walk round to my friend's to

dinner," I added, as boldly as I could, under certain twinges of conscience.

Katie said no more, but silently vanished, closing the door softly after her.

I knew that she thought me a brute, and I will not say but that I felt a little ashamed of myself.

By-and-by there came a smart rap at the door, and in answer to my "come in," Hipkins entered, elaborately gotten up, and looking disgustingly jovial and dandified.

"Hillo, old fellow! Thought I'd say good-by. Wish you were going. Such a jolly party, and such a lot of pretty girls as there'll be."

"Don't make a fool of yourself," I answered, sharply. "What do I care for a set of brainless, giggling, simpering, affected—" I stopped, remembering that the young ladies were his cousins, and not sure but that he would resent the epithets so freely showered upon them. But he only laughed.

"You didn't think this way when you were my age," he remarked, with a sly wink.

"What do you mean by that insinuation?" demanded I, fiercely.

"What insinuation?"

"Why, that I am old!"

"Why, bless you, I hadn't an idea of it," said he, screwing up his mouth and pretending not to be amused. "I only thought that you are probably the senior—I being a little boy of five-and-twenty, you know. But why should we repine? We must all grow old. Time waits for no man, neither does my Aunt Bigelow, even on Christmas Day; so I must tear myself away from your delightful society. Sorry that you're compelled to dine alone Christmas Day! But I will secretly drink your health in a glass of sherry, and think of you as I whirl in the intoxicating waltz, with my arm around the graceful form of—"

He whisked through the doorway as I reached for my boot; I heard him laughing with great hilarity in the hall below, and only a sense of the undignified character of such a proceeding restrained me from following to the top of the stairs, and then and there hurling the boot at his head.

Katie came up, rather timidly this time. Would I be good enough to let missus have my round table? They would want it to put the punch-bowl on after dinner. I at first thought of refusing, but finally gave a gruff consent. Then she came to beg for a chair. "There were two more guests a-coming," she said, in great glee; "one of 'em such a nice young lady as missus's rich Aunt Harris was a-bringing along with her—and missus was short of chairs—and her name was Agnes Brown—and—"

"Take the chairs and go!" said I, impatiently; and she clattered out of the room with them, their legs performing a sort of running tattoo on the banisters all the way down-stairs, to the extreme irritation of my already excited nerves. This, however, was as nothing in comparison with the noise which by-and-by ensued, when the company began to arrive.

Knocks rolled to the door; noisy greetings were exchanged; three or four children romped up and down and in and out; Katie flew with a wonderful light step to and fro between kitchen and dining-room; and the sound of laughter and vulgarly joyous voices reached up to my tortured ears until I was almost tempted to adopt Miss Betsey Trotwood's plan, and stuff them with jeweler's cotton—only there was none at hand.

I walked up and down my room, at a loss in what manner to employ myself, for I had neglected to provide reading for the occasion. I asked Katie for a book from the parlor, and she brought me Mrs. Skinner's entire library, consisting of a volume of "Village Sermons," "Saints' Rest," "Miss Leslie's Cook Book," and "McKenzie's 5,000 Receipts."

I went to the window and looked out. There were but few people on the street, and these were

evidently all hurrying, brisk and happy, to dinner somewhere. Everybody was in company with somebody else; everybody well-dressed and smiling, down to the very butcher's boy, whose ruddy face I was accustomed to see on his daily rounds.

As I stood darkly surveying this scene, somebody across the way lifted his hat with a beaming smile, and I recognized Badger—Badger, in company with two gentlemen, whom he was evidently conveying home to dine with him.

I returned his salutation with a mien of severe dignity, but it added to the bitterness of my situation that he should have perceived it—as of course he did.

I became hungry. It was past my usual dinner-hour, which was three, and an appetizing savor ascended from the kitchen.

Presently Katie made her appearance with a tray containing stale bread-and-butter, two sardines, a few dry chips of ham, and some crumbs of cheese.

"Please, sir, missus says will you take a lunch to-day, as dinner won't be ready till five o'clock?"

"By no means," I returned, sternly. "Mrs. Skinner knows that I never take lunch, as my habit is to dine at three punctually."

"Yes, sir; but it's Christmas Day, and Mrs. Harris, missus's rich old aunt, and Miss Agnes Brown, the young lady as she's brought along, has always been used to dining at five; and missus wanted everything genteel, so she put back the turkey and puddin', and—"

"Enough! You may go, Catharine," said I, briefly; and she obeyed with alacrity.

An hour passed—two hours—during which time the sound of voices and laughter continued below. I became very hungry, and at length rang the bell—rang it three times before the girl came running up, hot and flushed.

She assured me that dinner was about to be put on the table, and, in fact, presently, peeping over the banisters, I heard the announcement of that repast, and beheld the company filing through the passage below, Mrs. Skinner, in an imposing new cap, majestically leading the way.

She glanced up, and, to my indignation, beheld me in this humiliating situation. My resolve was immediately taken. I would give warning next day. I knew that I was a lodger whom she desired to keep, respectable, quiet, and a prompt payer, and this would be a good revenge for me.

I never knew a dinner to last so long as that dinner did. I had expected to be attended to at once, at the same time with the company below; but, walking restlessly about the upper hall, I perceived course after course dismissed, until, at last, the pudding and mince-pies, decorated with holly, were pompously carried in by Katie and a boy hired for the occasion, and still no preparation made for me. I became at last furious, and rang the bell.

"Am I to have any dinner to-day?" I savagely demanded of the excited Katie, who in answer to the bell rushed up with a table-cloth, plate, knife and fork.

"Oh, Lor', yes, sir—to be sure, sir. Missus begs you'll excuse her, but she was so flustered a-helping of so many, and a-listening to that Mr. Turner—such a funny man, sir—telling a story that most made 'em die of laughing—that she forgot to send up your dinner in time, sir."

She whisked out before I could pour forth my indignation, and presently reappeared with oyster-soup (three forlorn oysters floating in it), ham and turkey—that is, part of the backbone of that fowl, with a mess of shreds which were plainly the scrapings of its skeleton. No stuffing and no gravy. After that came a small lump of pudding, with an impromptu sauce—evidently made, for my special benefit, of sugar and butter—followed by a mince-pie. Now, I had specially looked forward to the mince-pie, knowing that this was an article in which Mrs. Skinner excelled, and a glance sufficed to show me that this special pie was not of her handiwork.

"This is a pastry-cook's pie," I said, in a tone in which I might have announced that I had discovered strychnine in it.

"Is it, sir?" said Katie, looking innocent.

"You know it is, and you know, as Mrs. Skinner does, that I never eat such greasy trash. Take it away! How dare you bring me such a Christmas-dinner? and how dare Mrs. Skinner send me the scraps and leavings of her own table? Am I a servant, to wait until her guests have finished, and then be served with the remnants, the refuse, of their repast? Take away these things immediately. I leave this house to-morrow."

Katie vanished, pale and scared-looking. Her report brought up Mrs. Skinner, with tears in her eyes, and a glass and bottle of wine in her hand, followed by Katie and the hired boy bearing cake, nuts, apples and oranges enough for three.

"I am sure, Mr. Pepper," said she (my name, I forgot to inform the reader, is Pepper), "I am sure I am extremely sorry—really excessively so, indeed—and must beg that you will have the goodness to overlook it. But with so large a party to help, and Katie and the boy to look after and direct, I most unfortunately forgot to attend to you in time; and so the turkey and the mince-pies were all eaten before I knew—"

"I beg that you will say no more, madame," I answered, with stern dignity. "This is the first Christmas that I have gone without a decent dinner, and the last day, please heaven, that I shall eat in this house."

"Oh, I beg, Mr. Pepper, that you won't regard it so seriously. Nobody knows the trials that a poor lone widow has to put up with, and on this day, which is the only one of the whole year round in which I can take a little pleasure—'twould be too bad to—have a falling out—with a lodger that—"

Here Mrs. Skinner applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and choked.

I stalked once or twice across the room, trying to keep up my dignity. I hate to see a woman in tears, and I remembered that this woman was a widow and obdiless, and, as I knew, had a hard struggle to support herself.

"As to the pie," resumed my landlady, in a faltering voice, "there's plenty of my mince-meat left, and I intend to have 'em every day till New Year's; and there'll be a fine turkey to-morrow; and—and, in short, Mr. Pepper, if you'll only take a sip of wine and eat a few apples and nuts—"

"Thank you, ma'am; I'm not a squirrel, if I know it," replied I, trying in vain to keep up my air of lofty severity. I felt that she perceived my weakness, for she immediately added, in a more cheerful tone:

"I came up partly to ask if you'd have the goodness to step down-stairs presently and join us in a glass of Christmas punch and a snap-dragon? Leastways, it may amuse you to look on. We've a very entertaining gentleman, who sings comic songs and tells Christmas ghost-stories; and a charming young lady, whom you'll be sure to like. She's Miss Agnes Brown, a niece of my aunt Harris's deceased husband, who was a clergyman of good family, and, as she happened to arrive last evening on a visit to Aunt Harris—"

"I am obliged to you, Mrs. Skinner, but must decline the pleasure of joining your friends," interrupted I, coldly, but no longer savagely. And, after one or two further attempts to soothe my ruffled mood, she retired, looking rather crestfallen.

With my hands clasped under the skirts of my dressing-gown, I took a turn across the room.

"At this very moment," thought I, "Wilkins, Badger, Robinson, and the rest of 'em, are enjoying themselves with their company, in utter forgetfulness of my existence, or remembering it only to laugh at me. I'll be revenged!"

Then I began to think in what manner the revenge was to be accomplished.

"I have it!" I exclaimed aloud, as a brilliant inspiration occurred to me; "I'll get married!"

The idea had never before so seriously presented itself. I had looked upon marriage as a remote possibility—a contingency to be accepted in the future, when I should begin to weary of bachelor life and feel the need of home comforts, quiet and nursing. But, had not that time come? Hadn't time, all unawares, stolen a march upon me and surprised me, here, on this very Christmas Day, with the knowledge of the fact that I was no longer so young as formerly? Nay—hadn't I heard myself called *old* by two chits of girls? and been this very day exposed to the ridicule of an impudent jack-anapes of a boy (I had always called him boy), who was himself actually five-and-twenty years of age? Good heavens! it was really time that I should think of getting married! And once married, I'd have a dinner, a big Christmas dinner, and show my false friends, and Mrs. Skinner, too, that I could be independent of them all!

The thought was soothing. I sank into my arm-chair and gloated over it, until gradually I fell into a sort of drowsy reverie. Then I unconsciously slept and dreamed.

I dreamed that I was Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, and that my parrot and monkey were dead, and my cat and dog had run away. From this awful vision I was aroused by a savage "Whoop!" and started to my feet in the full belief that the cannibals were upon me.

A moment sufficed to inform me that the cry had proceeded from the hall below, where the more juvenile portion of Mrs. Skinner's guests were regaling themselves in the innocent recreation of hide-and-seek.

Thereupon my emotions became paternal—decidedly paternal. I was conscious of a strong desire that these children were my own; in which case, I felt that I could conscientiously fulfill a parent's duty by—and my gaze rested wistfully upon a little rattan which hung on a nail in the wall.

I was very thirsty. Katie had forgotten to bring water; and I remembered that when she removed the desert she had said something about running around to her mother's to carry a Christmas-gift and some of the Christmas dinner.

I wouldn't ring for Mrs. Skinner, so, taking my piteher, watched till the hall was for a moment clear; then, clad in dressing-gown and slippers, hastily started down-stairs to the kitchen.

I had just reached the kitchen-door, when it was suddenly opened, and a young lady quickly and impulsively threw herself into my arms! Not only this, but the impetus of the motion was such that our foreheads were brought into rather forcible contact, while the pitcher in my hand and the glass of water in hers were shivered against each other like the lances of two knights in a tournament.

This, and the shriek which she uttered, brought the company at once upon the scene.

"Mr. Pepper!" exclaimed Mrs. Skinner, in horrified amazement, as her eye fell upon me, looking guilty and confused, and the young lady with her face buried in her hands, blushing and embarrassed.

"Miss Brown," said a fierce-looking little man in a red mustache and something like a militia uniform—"Miss Brown, has this fellow" (here I turned my eyes full upon him)—"this—ah—person"—(I frowned—"this gentleman, presumed—")

"Oh, no—no," said the young lady, hastily removing her hands and looking up, blushing and half-laughing—"no—no; it was my fault. I ran against him in the doorway—that's all."

"And nearly broke your two heads together, I see," remarked Mrs. Skinner, slyly. "Dear me, and here right under the mistletoe."

In fact I never perceived that there was a bit of this shrub hung above the kitchen-door, doubtless placed there by Katie for her own benefit.

A sort of titter pervaded the company, and the

comic gentleman, whom I identified at a glance, chuckled with great enjoyment, and pronounced it "first-rate." My indignant glance had not the least effect in awing him.

"Dear me, how careless of Katie not to have filled your pitcher before she went out!" said Mrs. Skinner, as the company returned to the parlor. "But just step into the parlor, do, now, Mr. Pepper, and I'll—oh, I forgot your dressing-gown—but pray do join us and have a little sociable amusement, do now!"

I looked at her, and was about to decline the invitation. I glanced at the young lady, and decided to accept.

There was something so attractive in her bright, laughing face, and the good-nature with which she had treated the accident, and also in a certain feminine sympathy, which she had manifested for me under the trying circumstance of the suspicion to which I had been so undeservedly subject.

So I went up-stairs, performed an elaborate toilet, being particularly careful to brush my hair forward over the slightly bare place above my forehead, and made my appearance in Mrs. Skinner's parlor, to her visible gratification.

An hour thereafter I was conversing quite confidently with Miss Agnes Brown, and the day, which had begun so unpleasantly for me, ended in such a manner as that I have ever since regarded it as the white day of my life.

For (the reader has already anticipated it) on the following Christmas I had that big dinner which I had resolved on with my wife—Mrs. Agnes Pepper at the head of my table, and Wilkins, Badger, Robinson, and the rest of them, seated on either side, cordially enjoying themselves. I felt myself doubly bound to them, considering the fact that but for their not having invited me to dine on that memorable Christmas Day I should, in all likelihood, never have found my wife.

Things Worth Knowing.

~~Knee~~ tea in a close chest or canister.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles.

Keep bread and cake in a tin box or stone jar.

Cranberries will keep all Winter in a firkin of water in a cellar.

September and October butter is the best for Winter use.

Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped in soft paper, and if possible laid in a drawer.

The standard adopted by the United States is the Winchester bushel, $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter inside, 8 inches deep, and contains 2,160 42-100 cubic inches. It is the legal bushel of each State having no special statute bushel of its own. A half bushel measure should contain 1,075 21-100 cubic inches.

To find the contents of a cylindrical measure multiply the square of the diameter by .785,398 and then by the depth: Example: $18\frac{1}{2} \times 18\frac{1}{2} = 342.25$; $342.25 \times .785,398 = 268,803$; $268,803 \times 8 = 2,150.42-100$.

The United States standard gallon measures 231 cubic inches.

A barrel contains 40 gallons, or 9,240 cubic inches.

Five yards wide by 668 long contains one acre.

Ten yards wide by 484 long contains one acre.

Twenty yards wide by 242 long contains one acre.

Forty yards wide by 121 long contains one acre.

Sixty feet wide by 726 long contains one acre.

One hundred and ten feet wide by 396 long contains one acre.

Two hundred and twenty feet wide by 198 long contains one acre.

No. 1 mackerel should be not less than 13 inches in length from the extremity of the head to the fork of the tail, fat, free from rust, taint or damage.

No. 2 mackerel should be not less than 11 inches in length, fat, and free from etc., etc.

No. 3 mackerel, should be not less than 10 inches in length.

No. 3 large should not be less than 13 inches in length, and in quality are those that remain after the selections of No. 1.

No. 4 mackerel comprise all not in the above, and should be free from taint or damage.

The above is the standard established by law in Massachusetts, and is generally accepted by the trade elsewhere.

Mackerel should be kept covered with brine and not exposed to the air, as it becomes rancid or rusty in a few days.

Mess mackerel—the finest fish, with head and tail removed.

Extra number ones are selected fish.

Large number twos—fish over thirteen inches in length, and not good enough in quality for number ones.

Lost Books.

NUMEROUS as they are, what are the books preserved in comparison with those we have lost? The dead races of mankind scarcely outnumber the existing generation more prodigiously than do the books that have perished exceed those that remain to us. Men are naturally scribblers, and there has probably prevailed, in all ages since the invention of letters, a much more extensive literature than is dreamt of in our philosophy. Ozymandias, the ancient King of Egypt, if Herodotus may be credited, built a library in his palace, over the door of which was the well-known inscription: "Physete for the soul." Job wishes that his adversary had written a book, probably for the consolation of cutting it up in some Quarterly or Jerusalem Review; the expression, at all events, indicates a greater activity "in the trade" than we are apt to ascribe to these primitive times.

Allusion is also made in the Scriptures to the library of the Kings of Persia, as well as to one built by Nehemiah. Ptolemy Philadelphus had a collection of 700,000 volumes destroyed by Caesar's soldiers; and the Alexandrian library, burnt by the Caliph Omar, contained 400,000 manuscripts. What a combustion of congregated brains—the quintessence of age—the wisdom of the world—all simultaneously converted into smoke and ashes! This, as Crowley would have said, is to put out the fire of genius by that of the torch; to extinguish the light of reason in that of its own funeral pyre; to make matter once more triumph over mind.

Too Much Imagination.—Well-known cases are on record where imagination produced sickness, and even death, without any real disease. In epidemics, imagination, exciting fears, often multiplies the number of fatal cases. Sir Walter Scott was fond of telling a story, where the facts came within his personal knowledge. A timid man was persuaded that the ground over which he was walking was full of adders. He was greatly alarmed, and soon thought he felt one in his boots. He struck violently at the boot with a stick in his hand, to kill the reptile. As he struck hard, he was certain he heard the adder hiss; and, excited almost to terror, he kept hitting away at the boot till the ankle was sore from the pounding. Stopping at last from sheer exhaustion, and listening, he said: "Ah, now he is silent! I think I have done for him!" and pulled off his boot. What was his surprise and chagrin at finding that the adder was his watch, which had slipped down into the boot, and the breaking of the spring was the only hiss he heard. It may be hoped that he learnt a good lesson, and did not yield again to idle fears without inquiring if there was any real occasion for alarm.



TINY'S WARD.—" 'ELEANOR,' HE MURMURS, 'SWEET LOVE OF MY YOUTH, FORGIVE ME THAT YOUR CHILD IS YOUR RIVAL. I CAN DISGUISE THE TRUTH TO MY HEART NO LONGER. ALAS! IT IS HER FATE AS WELL AS YOURS, DEAR ONE, TO BRING ME ONLY PAIN.' "

Tiny's Ward.

THE Cunard steamer is in. Carriages, hacks and express-wagons crowd the wharf, and all is noise, bustle and confusion. But it is a pleasant turmoil, and there are so many expectant, happy faces in the throng, it is worth all the buffets of the crowd to have a look at them. Every one is in good-humor. Even the orange-venders, chronically miserable old women as they generally are, seem infected with the prevailing atmosphere, and smilingly press upon you their golden wares.

There is the rapid roll of carriage-wheels at the

upper end of the pier, a liveried coachman reins in a pair of mettlesome horses, the door is hastily opened, and a tall, military-looking figure steps out and dashes forward. He is a man to be deterred in his purpose by no difficulties, and the crowd, recognizing that fact, give way before him on either side, as he hastens to meet a group already setting foot upon the dock.

There is a matronly, elegant woman, a portly *paterfamilias*, a lad of sixteen, and two bright, lovely girls, both in the first flush of youth, both strikingly beautiful, but as strikingly different in person and manner.

One is tall, stately, fair; the other *petite*, arch,

brilliant, with dark, melting orbs she might have brought with her from Italy's far shore, and clear, transparent skin, whose rich and dusky color, as surely ripened in the misty olive woods of that sunny southern land. One looks about her with listless, *ennuyé*, almost *blasé* air; the other with merry, dancing eyes, takes in apparently with keen enjoyment each detail of the bustling scene. Suddenly she starts forward, and, on tip-toe, with a necessary feature in the case, throws her arms about the neck of the tall military man, who, with an astonished, mystified air, receives rather than returns her demonstrative caresses.

"He does not know me!" she cries, half laughing, half crying. "Why, Tiny, Tiny, have you forgotten your own little 'Baby Nell'?"

At the absurd title, the six feet of elegant manhood catches the young girl to his heart.

"Can it be?" he cries. "Is it indeed my Baby Nell? Why, child, you take my breath away!"

She laughs merrily, and brushes off a tear from her long, curling lashes, while he puts her from him at arm's length, and surveys her with wondering, admiring eyes.

"My good friends," he says, at last, clasping the outstretched hands beside him, "pardon my abstraction. A thousand, thousand welcomes home;" and a rapid, earnest interchange of congratulations on a pleasant intelligence follows.

"I trust you find that Eleanor's four years abroad have not been without good results?" says stately Mrs. Van Rensselaer, as the tall man's eyes wander again to the girl, as the tall man's eyes wander again to Baby Nell. "I assure you that she has had every advantage."

"I cannot doubt it," is the answer. "But I am so taken by surprise. I gave a child into your keeping, and you bring me back a woman."

"Not a woman to you!" cries the young girl, that obstinate tear still trembling on her lashes; "but always, always your little girl, your own Baby Nell."

He makes no answer, except to draw her hand within his arm, and look down into her radiant, earnest face with a look and movement of admiring, protecting tenderness.

The Van Rensselaers, after arranging a speedy meeting with the others, take their own carriage awaiting them, Colonel Allston Abbott hands his ward, Miss Eleanor Battelle, to the elegant equipage that brought him thither, and the party are whirled away to their respective destinations.

Twenty years before, Allston Abbott, then a young law-student and a mere lad, had fallen deeply and desperately in love, as lads do, with the only daughter of Judge Raymond, in whose office he was reading, and who, for the father's sake, an old friend, had undertaken to give the boy a start in the world.

The judge, rich in heart as in purse, willingly gave his child's happiness into the hands of the man she loved, poverty being with him a matter of small account where there was integrity, quick brain, kind heart, and strong and steady hand. His only proviso was a delay of a year or two, to strengthen their purpose and give a little added dignity to both their lives.

Alas! for the fickleness of youth and beauty! Before the first year of probation expired, Eleanor Raymond had discovered that she loved young Abbott only as a brother, and pledged heart and hand to a popular young pleader who, coming on business to the little town for a brief space, and the judge's guest meanwhile, had carried it by storm, and completed his conquest by winning the young beauty and heiress, daughter of his host, and betrothed of the young law-student. He had appeared upon the horizon of this little world like a dazzling comet, absorbing at once all lesser lights within his brilliancy, and whirling off in his train the bright particular star of the orbit in which she moved.

Judge Raymond, as before considering only his child's happiness, gave his consent, deeply grieved,

and severely reproving the "mistake" which had brought another such bitter pain, and offering to young Abbott all the counsel, aid and comfort a father could bestow.

"Only let me go," said the boy, "where I will never see her face again—where no one will know or pity me."

And so he had gone with his misery and despair to the Far West, to which El Dorado of youth are carried so many bright hopes and proud anticipations.

This young life's stormy grief brought forth a better harvest than all the sunshine of hope and promise often yield. In five years' time his name was honored and beloved in the land of his adoption, and not unknown in legal circles throughout the States. To him was also given the quick perception, ready wit and fluent tongue that had in another robbed him of all he held dear in life.

It was while his blushing honors were new upon his brow, and he was pondering how sweet would have been the realization of this dream of his boyhood had not the sweeter, dearer one so failed his hope, that he was summoned by telegram to his early home.

"Come to me at once," so it read; "I need you." And it bore Judge Raymond's name.

Within three days he crossed once more the portal where he had five years before left hope behind.

His friend and almost father staggered forward to meet him, broken, old and gray before his time.

"I have sent for you to find my child," he said. "Oh, bring me back my little girl—the blessed child my dying wife long years ago intrusted to my keeping! Put her in my arms once more, and I will bless you through eternity!"

And then, with many sobs and groans, he went on to tell his wonder-stricken listener of the faithless hands into which had been put the treasure of that young life's trust and love—of that terrible demon, intemperance, who, sparing neither strength nor youth nor genius, had blighted the heart and home and life of his only child, transforming her husband, the young, the strong, the talented, to a groveling drunkard—a slave to that worst of tyrants, whose hold, once firmly secured, is seldom loosed.

For long he had pleaded with her to return with her child to her father's house; but, woman-like, she but clung the closer, in his degradation and shame, to the man she loved, and her father, repelled and broken-hearted, at last, with more semblance than reality of anger, had bidden her make her choice between the two, and abide thereby.

When next he went in search of her, to minister to her wants and soothe the misery he could not relieve, he found that the miserable man had deserted the faithful heart that would not leave him, and that a week before she and her child had also disappeared, none knew whither.

At once he had called for help on the man who would and who ought to have been the comfort and joy of his life and of hers.

"Think of her!" he cried, with streaming eyes; "out in the world beyond my reach, alone and unprotected, or, if with that man, worse than unprotected—penniless, with a child in her arms, herself as helpless as a child!"

Allston Abbott needed no incentive to the duty and the privilege that all his soul sprang forward to embrace.

"I will find her," he said, "if she is in the land of the living."

And, armed with ample means—the father's only consolation being his ability to spend money like water in the search—with the strength of youth and hope, aided by a wise, cool head and an earnest, loving heart, he felt sure of winning success, and he did.

It was not, however, the work of a day, but of long, long, weary months; and the "little girl" he brought back at last to her father's arms was a

pale, broken-hearted woman, whose white, wan face told of the heart-lose she had suffered, and the black garments of widowhood of that external bereavement which could only be considered a blessing.

Tenderly they sought to nurse her back to life and strength. Fondly they believed to revive in her breast other hopes bringing sweeter fruition. But there are such things as broken hearts, for all the world's cold skepticism on the subject, and Eleanor Raymond Battelle died of that disease—a rapid decline, the physicians called it—leaving her little daughter to her father's love and care.

But Judge Raymond speedily followed his child, to clear himself before the wife of his youth for the wreck of that young and seemingly wasted life given years before into his hands.

On his dying bed, Allston Abbott begged him for the child, the poor little orphaned "Baby Nell." On his knees he pledged himself to care for her as tenderly as he would have done for the mother—to place her welfare and happiness always before his own—to shield her with his life, if need be, from every form of ill that could befall her. And the dying man, glad and grateful, had left the child and all his earthly affairs in the strong and trusted hands.

The young man went back with his little ward to his home and his profession, with a new ache in his heart and a new sense of responsibility and trust to help him bear the pain.

To his sweet maiden sister, who had gone with him to his exile years before and made him there a home, he confided his little charge.

The child grew in mind and body, and became the life and light of that unmarried home. Inheriting all her mother's levelness of nature and of feature, she bound herself to the heart of the young man by ties second only in tenderness and strength to those which held him to the memory of her mother.

Her prattle was sweeter to him than the plaudits of the court-room; the grotesque name of "Tay" she bestowed upon him in honor of his stature—a prouder title than those his admiring compeers sought to give him.

But envious, cruel death came to the happy little home, and robbed Baby Nell of her second mother—the gentle, true-hearted woman who, having missed in early youth the hope and love of her life, made that life still a blessing and a help to others, was the guardian angel of her brother's heart and home, and a truer mother than many real mothers are to the motherless child he had brought to her to guard and care for. Oh, noble army of sweet and gentle souls, of true, womanly hearts and beautiful lives, who, having missed their woman's lot to love and live and suffer for the one beloved, take the cross without the crown, and, suffering still, yield their lives a sweet and beautiful sacrifice to others!

There was but one thing to be done with the child—she must be put to school.

Poor baby! she was used to changes. Life had been a school to her from the first.

This was the time of our terrible fratricidal war; on which we look back now with mingled shame and wonder that such things could be.

Allston Abbott had been impelled from the first to arm for the fight in defense of his country's priceless liberties. Now that he had no home to shield by his presence, and another gap had come into his life, he hastened to throw himself body and soul into the fray.

Honor and renown, ever ready to perch upon his banner, whether in the tented field or the peaceful walks of life, followed him here, and covered him with glory.

The war over, and Baby Nell then fourteen years of age, he was induced by a friend of her mother's to send the child abroad for her further education, and to receive, with this friend's own daughter, those finishing foreign touches considered so

necessary to our fashionable daughters' temporal welfare.

This was four years before the opening chapter of our story, when Allston Abbott, elegant and stately man of forty, meets, upon the wharf, the child of his early love, a child no longer, but a woman young, beautiful, and a startling likeness of the image he still carried in his heart.

He takes her to the luxurious home he had prepared for her reception and the matronly care of the elderly female relative he had found to matronize his establishment; for he knew, although he had not realized the fact, that Baby Nell was not now a child, but a woman grown, and entitled to all the forms of honor and respect due to womanhood.

It seems to be the prerogative of her happy nature to vivify with her presence every roof that shelters her, and, from the day that she steps across its threshold, she is the light and joy of the stately mansion as she was of the foreign pension and the Western cottage home. She wins the widowed, childless heart of the poor relative who presides over Allston Abbott's household, dispels with the sunshine of her happy, loving youth the clouds and thick darkness that had enshrouded the years of the elder, weary woman, and fulfills for her the favorite text of her stormy life, "At even tide it shall be light." And to her guardian she is at once a revelation and fulfillment of all life can give, of all life once promised him.

"My own daughter could not be dearer to my heart," he murmurs, as he watches her sitting about his house, or as she flies down the stairway to meet him, at the click of his latchkey in the lock: "while the fact that she is not actually my child only gives a sweeter tenderness to the bond."

But others find her fair as well as the two whose daily life she blesses, and, as her mother had been before her, she is the idol of a brilliant social circle, the sought of many suitors.

The colonel notes all this with a jealous pang at his heart. "They will rob me of my child!" he says. But the young girl in her new life is like a bee in a pasture of flowers, which finds sweetness in all, but settles upon none. She smiles on all "right childly," but can look "right queenly," too, if any man among them, deluded by an "idiot hope," dares to lay any special claim to her special favor.

"I like you better than any one of them, or all combined," she says, laying her velvet cheek upon the bearded one of her guardian; "and I shall never leave you—never—not at the wooing of a prince royal!"

"Ah, my darling, when the prince really comes you will tell him a different story."

At this answer Baby Nell retires in poignancy, and the elderly man turns with a weariness to his books and papers.

At last the royal suitor comes; almost young, in blood, and entirely so in purse and person; con-rich, fascinating, he is by far the most by girl, and quest the young girl has made, and bet young, she is flattered, dazzled, proud, unfulfilled.

The poet's prophecy is in this, "as Summer and the course of true love runs smoothly devoted, sees. The princely suitor is enthralled, a restless gay, and radiantly happy, the young man ever.

Colonel Abbott, battles with "selfishness" in private, and in public smiles approvingly at party and child's sake" he escorts her to the early, leav-ball, but although he generously in the care of the ing his young charge, yet tacitly in part of the man she will un-hostess, yet tacitly in part of the man she will un-doubtedly marry, he says, bitterly—is affecting else—advancing yet health. He grows pale and the sturdy colonel, declares he is dyspeptic and needs a low-spirited, declares he is dyspeptic and needs a change—he will go abroad. This fact he announces at the breakfast-table one bright Spring morning.

"Oh, that will be delightful!" cries Nell, a flush upon her cheek, which now, in the mornings at

least, is paler than was its wont. "How soon—how soon shall we go?"

"We!" he echoes, a look of blank wonder on his face, while Aunt Esther looks up with startled, inquiring glance. "I hadn't thought," he continues; "that is, I expected to go alone."

"Why, certainly," says the elderly lady. "Nothing else would be practicable at present. You know, dear, we could not think of going just now."

"We!" echoes the girl in turn, and then she bends over her chocolate, while the flush upon her cheek has mounted to her brow.

The colonel takes up his morning paper, and while he is lost in its contents (it is upside-down) his ward slips from the room.

The next morning a card is brought to the master of the house as he sits at his desk in the library. It is that of the princely suitor, and requests a private interview. The elder man turns pale as the younger enters, but is paler still when, a half-hour later, with buoyant, happy step, the accepted lover of his ward walks proudly from the room, and, with a sigh that is almost a groan, the generous awardee of her hand slinks back upon his chair.

"She will be in presently," he murmurs, "to receive my fatherly blessing and congratulations. I must not let her see how strongly this matter pains me."

But she does not come, and though he had dreaded the interview, he is hurt at her remissness.

"Surely," he says, "the sweet shyness of a happy love need not keep her from my presence. I had thought she would be in haste to share her happiness with me;" and half resentfully he goes down to his office.

Miss Nell has a headache, and does not come down to dinner that night, not even to see her princely and accepted suitor, who, jealous of his new rights and honors, is hurt beyond expression. She appears at breakfast next morning, pale and distracted, and by no means bearing in face or manner the look of a happy fiancée. "Such a distracting headache" she had never had in all her life before.

Aunt Esther introduces, as topic of conversation, the colonel's projected trip.

"The date of my departure is uncertain," he says, in answer to her questions. "My plans depend upon yours, my child," he continues, half playfully, half sadly. "You must see me after breakfast and make them known. Indeed," he continues, with a sort of sad reproach in his tone, "I had thought you would have had something to say to me before."

A devouring flame sweeps over the girl's face, at which his own grows pale, as he adds:

"I can forgive you, my child. Join me in the library when you are ready to speak with me;" and laying his hand gently on her hair as he passes her, he leaves the room.

With a face as white as his own, she joins him a half-hour later. At the first tender, anxious words he addresses her, she throws her arms about his neck, and sobbing as though her heart were breaking, she speaks as to the cause of her distress. But to all his answers she has no answer.

"Do you repent your choice?" he asks. "If so, trust in me; it is not yet too late. Hard as it undoubtedly will be for this man to give you up"—and his voice trembles strangely at the words—"your happiness is the first thing to be considered. To further that I am sacredly pledged."

But she makes no answer. Lying on the lounge, with face buried in the pillow, she made no effort to detain him—she sobs as passionately as before.

"He came to me," continued the speaker, and his voice is now cold and constrained. "Armed with your consent, he said, to ask for my hand. I, as your guardian, with your best welfare and happiness in view, gave that consent, as I was in honor and affection bound to do. Is it your wish that I withdraw it now?"

"No," she answers, sitting upright at last, and

with fierce determination in tone and manner. "I have no wish to withdraw my pledge or yours as heartily bestowed. You must forgive this weakness. I am not feeling very well; and it is not strange, is it, that I should be a little nervous also?"

And with the feeblest little smile quivering about her mouth, she quietly holds up her cheek to be kissed, as she passes him on her way to the door. Impulsively he takes her in his arms, and, with murmured words of blessing and of love, rains down warm, passionate kisses on hands and face and hair; then, suddenly, as if it must be done while he had the strength to do it, he leads her gently to the door and closes it behind her. It is scarcely shut when it reopens, and she stands, with pale, appealing face, upon the threshold. But the man within sees and hears her not. Before the beautiful, grislsh painted face above the mantel he stands, lost to all other surroundings.

"Eleanor," he murmurs, "sweet love of my youth, forgive me that your child is your rival. I can disguise the truth to my heart no longer. Alas! it is her fate as well as yours, dear one, to bring me only pain."

The stately head is bowed upon the marble, while a foot, light as air, crosses the room and steps upon the chair beside him. A graceful head is bent beside his own, a soft arm encircles his neck, and a sweet voice whispers low:

"Let me pay my mother's debt."

He starts back, and looks up with eager, incredulous gaze into the radiant, blushing face, while his is paler still.

"It cannot be," he says. "You surely do not—" "But I do!" she cries. "Oh, you dear, blind, stupid Tia, that's what has been the matter all the time."

"What!" he cries, still "stupid" and still "blind." "You do not—"

"Love you? Yes, with all my heart!" and the young arms are again about his neck, and the sweet face hidden in his hair.

He needs to be repeatedly and emphatically reassured upon this point, and then, there at her feet, pours out vows and protestations to which, so sanely says Nell, the princely suitor's were no circumstance.

He, poor fellow, is the one cloud upon their sky. Nell is justly ashamed and grieved for the pain she has brought his noble heart; but it was innocently done, she having discovered the real state of affairs as suddenly and unexpectedly as had her guardian lover. But in most love affairs some one has to suffer, and the princely suitor must bear his fate like a man.

The engagement, when announced, makes quite a sensation in their little *beau monde*, and many are the remarks upon the "disparity of years," the "mistake" of the "poor, deluded child," and numerous quotations of the old adage: "There's no fool like an old fool." But the two most interested are happy in the disparity, the delusion and the folly. Love is not bound by any such chains as these, and true hearts sometimes find each other, time and tide and circumstances thwarting them in vain.

The Dual Life.

A LEGEND OF EASTERN MAGIC.

CHAPTER I.—THE SPELL THAT WAS CAST IN THE TEMPLE OF KHODA-AB.

Who,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Call sends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work."

—JANE SHORE—ROWE.

RELEASED at last from the fell enchantment, and drawing near the evening of my days, I feel im-

pelled to record the story of my sufferings as a warning to all who would seek forbidden knowledge.

Rationalism as opposed to Revelation is the besetting sin of the present age. It has usurped the place of the faith, antecedent to Revelation, which believed too much and rendered homage to too many gods. Yet the Religion of Reason, as it is profanely called, is a delusion and a snare, and, compared to that former faith, has nothing to sustain it. The Magi of Ancient Days and the Wise Men of all times, until the coming of the Lord, had one incontrovertible fact to establish their belief: and this was that the Creator undoubtedly permitted men to commune with the inhabitants of the invisible world, until such a proof of the supernatural was no longer necessary to convince mortals that there was another life beyond the grave.

It has been my lot to prove, by an experience most horrible, that the lore of the Ancient Magi did enable them to summon spirits from the other world and force them to obey their will; and it is equally sure, judging from the events I am about to relate, that mortals could at this day exercise the same power, were it only possible to rescue from oblivion the occult knowledge which has been lost for ages. If my story does no other good, it will afford another proof of the existence of the Supernatural, and confute the arguments of Materialism, which professes to believe in annihilation as the only sequence to this life.

Descended from an ancient and wealthy family of Northumberland, my early life was passed among the varied and romantic scenery of that beautiful country, every rock and glen of which is ennobled by a legend or a tradition.

Perhaps no part of England is so rich in local stories weird and horrible, of enchantment and mysticism. Each gossip, from the old crone tottering to the grave to the young maiden blushing at the first knowledge of her own beauty, has a new store of tales and fables to unfold, and it is the common custom in the long Winter evenings for friends and neighbors to gather about the great log-fire in the house-place, and relate to each other the lives and adventures of powerful enchanters, ruthless demons, their conquerors and their victims.

In such society my infancy and childhood were passed, and it is not surprising that the bent of my mind subsequently encouraged me to the investigation of occult knowledge whenever I could gain access to either books or men relating it.

My youth was passed at Eton, and my education finished, according to the received theory, at Oxford. On attaining my majority, I came into possession of my ancestral estate, both my parents having been dead some years, and this being ample to support me in elegant leisure, I followed my inclination by continuing my studies in the various universities of Germany.

Several years were passed in this manner, and when I had gathered all the general knowledge I cared to acquire, a whim—growing out of my early instruction in, and consequent predilection for, the marvelous—induced me to commence a systematic search through all the libraries of Europe to which I could gain admission for works which treated of the occult lore of the Eastern Magi and the sages of the ancient world.

My investigation was only partially successful in Europe itself, though I gathered many strange and startling facts and reascitated much of the wonderful that, though true, had long been ignored by men. Not satisfied with the result of my labors in Christian countries, I finally resolved to proceed to the very birthplace of the arts and knowledge now forbidden, and prosecute my investigation among the almost effaced footprints of their ancient professors.

Accordingly, at the age of twenty-eight, I bade farewell to civilization and plunged into the deserts

and the mountain-valleys of the East, the cradle of Mystery and the home of Superstition.

For three years I traveled to and fro, penetrating to almost inaccessible regions, and daring every danger, in pursuit of any clue I had fortunately found to a new source of knowledge. At last I had nearly exhausted every available mine containing the material of my peculiar research, and was seriously thinking of returning home.

Much to my disgust, my labors, as yet, had resulted in nothing save a mass of disconnected theories, much useless testimony as to what had been but no longer was, and not one single, palpable fact which would prove that the power of the wise men of old was not a chimerical fable. But, nevertheless, I was destined to receive such proof, though I had so long been unsuccessful in obtaining it, and the manner in which it was vouchsafed to me I have now to relate.

The spot on which I obtained the first intimation that I was approaching the goal of my hopes was the centre of a desert in Southern Arabia, a silent wilderness, a sea of barren sand. I was journeying northward, on my way to Basorah, attended by a score of lithe, serpent-like Arabs, commanded by a sheik, whom I had succeeded in making as much my friend as any of these homeless wanderers ever become to one not of their lineage, and at high noon of a sultry day in August we found ourselves in the situation I have alluded to.

The burning desert stretched further than the human eye could penetrate on every side of our solitary company. Above us a copper-hued sun, that seemed endowed with sentient malignity, glared downward with fiery fierceness on the desolate waste, and stole slowly up through the ghostly azure vault as if slyly creeping to some deadlier coigne of vantage from whence it might with more ardent fury form its seething beams on the head of the wayfarer.

The sultry atmosphere had neither life nor motion, but hung heavily over the plain as if weary of even its natural uses. Through the pale blue arch of heaven it shimmered upward to meet the glaring globe of fire which attracted it, seemingly in motion though it stirred not, and within the circle of its wide expanse it possessed no element of vitality save the natural commingling of its deadly component gases.

Slowly, stealthily, silently, the shadowy, phantasmagoric rings of rarified vapor rose steadily toward the zenith, each following and blending with its predecessor in a hideous, never-ending, progression that became, in time, a horror and a burden, from its terrible mockery of a breeze which never stirred them.

Like to the fume from a fiercely-boiling caldron, yet faint, shadowy, and unsubstantial, they blent, and twined, and wreathed themselves together, shivering and shimmering in the leaden sky like doomed spirits that frantically sought a rest they could never find, a contact with some pitying redeemer whom their impalpable forms could never touch!

No trees, no grass, no shrubs, not a blade of verdure of any kind as far as the eye could see! Nothing but sand, sand, sand; a dreary, arid waste of fiery, glittering sand—every little shining particle seeming to be a distinct eye, to wink and leer, and flash mocking glances at the bewildered traveler, as though to find a human being in that awful solitude were a ghastly joke, so humorous that the very stones must laugh at it!

And ever and anon, far off on the trembling, palpitating horizon, the deadly mirage floated up, and rested on the bosom of the smoky desert in the semblance of a lake of cool, fresh water; the direful phantasm, by its mocking contrast, making the scorching plain a very fiery furnace, seven times heated with the flaming billows of Gehenna!

Through this horrent, glistening waste of arid sand we plodded slowly onward, never halting—for

to halt was death—and praying devoutly, after the manner of our several creeds, that the long-wished-for oasis would appear in sight.

All things human, however wearisome, have an end, and, at last, the coveted spot of verdure was seen, and we rested from our journey beneath the partial shade of a score of tall palms bordering a desert well.

When the camp had been arranged, and some food prepared and eaten, I had stretched myself upon my burnoose endeavoring to court the slumber I so much needed. But I was not destined to sleep that evening, for my friend, the sheik, planted himself at my side, and began a lengthy discourse anent his own merits and those of his tribe.

For some time, I paid little attention to his garrulous harangue, merely answering in monosyllables when absolutely compelled, but suddenly he uttered a sentence which riveted my regard and roused me effectually.

"Yes, the great Temple of Khoda-Aar—the Lord of the Air—is only distant half a day's journey!" said the sheik, musingly.

"Is the way difficult or dangerous, oh, sheik?" I asked, as soon as I was certain I had heard aright.

"*Bismillah*," replied the sheik, humorously. "Not as difficult as to climb a straight wall, oh, Effendi, nor as dangerous as to stand erect in a simoom!"

"We will go there to-morrow, oh, sheik!" said I, emphatically; "and now let thy servant sleep, for he is very weary."

The garrulous Arab accordingly left me, but it was many hours before slumber visited me, owing to the emotions which his intelligence had awakened in my breast. The truth was, that I had long sought this very Temple of the Lord of the Winds, but never previously had I found any one who professed to know its exact locality.

The reticence of those I had questioned most probably rose from fear, for the ruins bore a very evil reputation, and the god in whose honor the fane was erected was said to be very malignant toward the human race since the temple was suffered to fall into decay.

The principal object I had in wishing to visit it lay in the fact that, during my studies in Germany, I had found an old Chaldaic manuscript treating of the power and attributes of this very demon, and containing what purported to be a spell potent to summon him, and force him to obey the mortal who uttered it.

The manuscript, from its history, was undoubtedly authentic, and, besides, I had found, in a monastery in Syria, several similar manuscripts corroborating the main points of the narrative, except the spell.

In order to prove this efficacious, as well as to satisfy myself, practically, that there was some truth in the vast amount of occult lore that I had gathered together with so much labor, I had been very desirous of finding this temple, the more especially as the spell to coerce the Lord of the Air was the only complete one I had ever been able to obtain.

It had never occurred to me to ask my present guide if he knew its position, and I had given up inquiry about it, when, suddenly, in the midst of a desert—about the very last place in the world one would think to look for information of any kind—the knowledge came to me without solicitation, and I could not help regarding the circumstance as an omen of success.

At the break of day on the following morning my little troop was on the march, and, inclining more to the northward than our previous line of travel, we beheld, just at noonday, a dark mass of lofty rocks rising out of the sandy plain before us. These rugged peaks marked the limit of the desert in that direction; but their appearance was scarcely less sterile than the plain itself.

At the foot of this range we formed our camp, and leaving it in charge of half our force, scaled

the rocks with incredible labor, and just as evening closed in we reached the valley on the other side.

The bright sun of the next morning disclosed a scene of extraordinary beauty, which was much enhanced by the surprise of finding such a Paradise in the midst of the inhospitable desert. Imagine a vast natural amphitheatre walled about with immense masses of porphyritic rock, piled in bewildering confusion one upon another until they attained an altitude that mocked the heavens.

In the midst, and forming the floor of the arena, as it were, rested a green plain of an oval shape, and perhaps half a mile in extent in its longest diameter. Its brilliant verdure was relieved and intensified by the bright sparkling of a foaming brook, which, emerging from the base of the most northern of the mountains, crossed the emerald plain in many a fantastic curve, and lost itself again beneath the southern range.

Palm and date-tree towered loftily above the flashing waters, waving their plumed heads in graceful salute to the cool and refreshing breeze, which swept in sighing music from the heights. The variegated columns and masses of porphyry which formed the barriers of this sylvan Paradise imparted a surprising grandeur to the scene. Their immense altitude and vast proportions, and the splendor of the various tints of color which ornamented their surfaces, impressed the mind with awe while it gratified the heart with its magnificence. At the foot of the range a dense belt of tropical trees encircled the central plain, and above these the sides of the mountains receded, leaving a broad plateau irregular in width, but forming a complete gallery of stupendous proportions on every side of the inclosure.

Fronting upon this plateau, and nearly opposite to the point where we had entered the valley, we beheld the enormous façade of the magnificent temple we had come to visit, mainly sculptured out of the body of the solid rock. Its architecture was that of Ancient Egypt, and a single glance at its vast extent caused a shudder at the doubt whether the structure was really the work of man.

Seven huge pillars, with their ponderous entablatures, and the lofty pediment that surmounted them, were carved directly from the substance of the mountain, constituting the façade of the temple, the apex of the mountain itself forming its colossal roof.

At a distance the whole front appeared perfect, but a closer approach revealed the fact that the action of the relentless elements during centuries of time had much defaced their symmetry, and it was plain that the inevitable doom of all earthly things was slowly creeping over even this mighty work of Art and Nature combined.

The vestibule of this magnificent porch was also cut through the solid rock for more than a score of feet, when it communicated with an immense cavern, which formed the body of the temple. The original extent of this awful chamber could not be discerned, as many ponderous masses had fallen inward from its roof and sides; but sufficient space was preserved to strike the beholder with astonishment, and impress upon his mind the feeling that man unaided could never have erected so glorious a fane for the worship of Deity.

Ruin and decay were palpable everywhere; but, in the midst of its desolation, it stood a magnificent monument of God's majesty and man's devotion.

Leaving most of our men to arrange our bivouac and bring over the mountain a supply of food from our camp in the desert, the sheik and myself passed the day in exploring the ruins, and preparing for the incantation which I was determined to attempt that very night. Nothing was required in the way of material but fire and water, a certain arrangement of these elements being necessary on the spot where the ceremony was to be performed.

I felt no trepidation at undertaking such a task—unholy as it has been so universally deemed—be-

cause, to confess the truth, I had not the shadow of a belief that it would result in anything save labor thrown away.

Much as I had studied the magic lore of the ancients, and apparently impressed as I was at the time of discovering any new element of knowledge in their moldering archives, I now found that I had never really believed in the truth of their power, and had not the slightest confidence that my utterance of the spell I was about to cast would effect anything beyond what was perfectly natural. In this frame of mind, therefore, I made my preparations, and calmly awaited the fatal hour as cheerful as though I were about to attempt a simple experiment in science, caring little whether it succeeded or not.

An hour before midnight all was ready, and my attendants withdrew, leaving me alone to complete my sacrilegious work. I stood in the centre of the vast and gloomy cavern forming the interior of the temple, and when the hollow echo of their footsteps died away in the distance, I felt, for the first time, the chill of awe and horror which inevitably attends close contact with the unknown and mystical. Shaking this depression off as quickly as possible, I looked about me to see that everything was in order, and then waited with patience for the signal from the sheik, which would announce that certain stars had reached the zenith, marking the elect hour when the incantation must commence.

Surrounding me, and cut deeply into the hardened earth of the floor of the temple, was drawn a large circle, inclosed in and touching the lines of an exact triangle.

At each point of this figure was placed a stack of dry fuel, prepared so as to ignite readily, in the midst of each of which piles stood a vessel of pure water. A supply of extra fuel, to be added to these heaps when they required it, was laid within the circle, and at my feet, exactly in its centre, already burned a large fire from which I was to ignite the others. Several hieroglyphs, expressive of the signs of power, were also drawn on the earth within the angles of the great triangle but outside the circle, and this comprised all the material preparations for the conjuration.

As the hour drew near, I lost entirely the feeling of dread which had at first assailed me, and my spirits rose almost to exultation, mingled with a sense of the ludicrous so strong that I nearly laughed outright as I thought of the folly I appeared to be about to commit. Heaven is my witness that neither laughter nor triumph have subsequently mingled with my thoughts in regard to this strange transaction, which I know, now, to have been *not* folly, but the deadliest sin!

At last the report of a matchlock, fired by the sheik, announced that the ruling stars of the night had reached the meridian and that the fatal hour had arrived.

Instantly, withdrawing a brand from the fire at my feet, I ignited, in succession, the fires at the points of the triangle, beginning with that opposite the east. As I did so, I repeated at each a sentence in Chaldaic, of which the following is a rude translation:

"Master of Life! oh, let these fires flame
With power to compel the Lord of Air
To bow before me!"

After their ignition, the fires burned steadily, and I had naught to do, except to replenish them, until the water in the vessels began to boil. As soon as I saw the first slight vapor arising from their surfaces, I began the following incantation—still in the Chaldaic—and repeated it over and over until the horrible catastrophe occurred:

"By the Name to Sallim given,
On the Sacred Signet graven;
By the mystic number Seven,
That unlocks the gate of Heaven;
By the special Sign of Power,
That hath potency in this hour;

By the elemental token
Earth and Flood and Fire have spoken;
By the Word ineffable
Mortal lips may never tell;
I call thee from the nether hell
To bow beneath my awful spell."

At the first repetition of this accursed chant the water in the caldrons began to boil violently, and from this fact I received the first shock I had experienced from a fear of the supernatural—for it was impossible that the heat of the fires alone, in so short a time, could have made them boil!

A dense vapor now rose rapidly from each vase and gradually collected, like a wall, around the circle, inside the circumference of which it did not, at first, advance.

At the second repetition, I began to hear faint murmurs in the air, above and around me, as of voices whispering together; during the third and fourth iterations of the charm, these grew gradually louder and more furious, until the whole interior of the temple seemed filled with devils menacing my instant destruction.

While, for the fifth time, I was chanting the dreadful words, the wall of vapor was violently agitated, and began to sway to and fro, and the air was resonant with howls of rage, shrieks of despair, and awful curses!

I was now trembling violently, my whole frame was bathed with a chilly sweat, and I could no longer doubt that the spell really possessed a power I had not believed possible. I would gladly have discontinued the fearful incantation, and I have never been able to understand why I did not, save that heaven had decreed that I must bear the full punishment of my impious folly. A frenzy that was born of nothing but despair forced me onward toward the goal, and for the sixth time I repeated the sinful spell!

In an instant the howls and groans and fearful menaces ceased utterly; a silence so profound that the beating of my horrified heart was plainly audible succeeded, and the towering walls of vapor swayed slowly forward until they met in a dome above my head, looking so massive and solid that I was in the last agony of fear lest they should fall and crush me. With livid cheek and straining eyeballs I gazed upward at the impending arch of ghastly blue vapor, while my knees quivered beneath me and my whole frame was racked to its centre with the agony of insensate fear! notwithstanding which, and impelled by a mysterious power over which I had no control, my quivering and parched lips repeated, for the seventh and last time, the hellish charm.

An awful burst of sound, a crash louder than the most terrible thunder, rent the air above and around me; the solid mountain shook to its very base; but the horror of the supernatural, which I now felt, left me no room to fear the minor danger that the rocks would fall and bury me. The cloud of vapor rushed downward and in upon me from every side, enveloping me in a close and stifling shroud; a thousand slimy serpents seemed to sweep about me and brush me with their clammy folds, and I felt, with a terror unutterable, that my final hour had come.

Almost instantly a vivid flash of intense light illuminated the vapory veil in which I was embraced, and, as if torn from me by a whirlwind, it collected at once in a tall and waving column at my left side, and simultaneously the three fires of the triangle and the one at my feet were extinguished at a breath, leaving me in a palpable darkness so intense and solid that it seemed that I could clutch and rend it.

While I stood quivering and fainting where my feet were rooted, a blue and ghastly light slowly stole upward through the cloudy column at my side, and by its faint luminosity I saw the vapor as slowly contract and condense, until it formed itself into the perfect semblance of a man clad in a flowing robe. The ghastly light still radiated from the spectre's breast, and I saw it fix its melancholy eyes on mine

with an expression of mingled rage and triumph so intense and earnest that it seemed to read my very soul.

For one brief moment—that lengthened to a very age of torturing horror in my mind—the Shadow and myself stood staring at each other. Then—my frenzied brain reeled wildly; a thousand spectral eyes seemed looking into mine—the noise of a thunderous cataract sounded in my aching ears, a black pall dashed swiftly down upon me, and I sank unconscious at the Shadow's feet.

CHAPTER II.—THE HARVEST OF THE SIN.

"The shape,

If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb;

Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seem'd either; * * Fierce as ten furies,
Terrible as hell!" —*Paradise Lost*—MILTON.

"Foul deeds will rise,
Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."
—*Hamlet*—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN I recovered my senses, the sun was shining brightly through the vast portal of the Temple; all nature was radiant of joy and pleasure, and no trace of the horrors I had passed through remained save the figures drawn on the ground, the empty vases, and the cold ashes of the fires that had assisted at my unhallowed rite.

At first I was bewildered and confused, and stared up at the gloomy dome and the lofty walls of the vast cavern, unconscious of where I was; but suddenly a flood of recollection swept across my soul.



THE GUIDE'S WIFE.—"BESS KNEW THAT SHE WAS PURSUED, BUT SHE BOUNDED ON UNTIL AT LAST HER STRENGTH GAVE OUT, AND SHE SANK TO THE GROUND HELPLESS."—SEE PAGE 300.



WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF A DOG.—SEE PAGE 86.

and, with a shudder that shook my whole body, I turned my eyes on the spot where I had seen the luminous shadow.

It was no longer visible, and, gathering courage from its absence, I rose to my feet, and, staggering from exhaustion, managed to pass out of the solemn temple into the sunlight and refreshing breeze. Restored after a time to perfect composure by their genial influences, I wended my way to the bivouac

on the other side of the valley, and, evading the questions of the sheik as much as possible, gave orders to recross the eastern mountain to our camp.

Bright and beautiful as was that charming paradise in the midst of the desert, I was only too glad to exchange its smiling landscape for the sterile plain. The impressions produced upon me by the occurrences of that awful night in the Temple of

Khoda-Aar were too vivid and terrible not to make me desire ardently that as great a distance as possible should under us, and accordingly I expedited the movements of my guides with such effect, that we reached the camp, broke it up, and were several miles on our way across the desert before night fell.

No incident of extraordinary interest occurred during that day, and, despite a fearful apprehension that had haunted me from the time of my recovery in the cavern, I began to hope that my unhallowed rashness would have no other consequence than the fright I had then experienced.

But heaven had decreed that my impious folly should meet its due reward, and these hopes of mine proved fallacious. Although heaven must be perfect joy, the angels that serve around the throne must have wept bitter tears of pity as they contemplated the dread punishment I was destined to undergo.

That night, after having slept for several hours, I was rudely awakened, exactly at midnight, by a mental shock, such as is experienced when one dreams of falling down a frightful precipice, and on turning my eyes toward the ground at my left side I beheld a faint light of a bluish tinge, and instantly became aware that the shadowy phantom I had seen in the temple was reclining close beside me!

Its melancholy eyes were fixed on mine with a watchful regard that seemed to indicate that it was waiting my commands, and by a mysterious prescience I was at once impressed with the conviction that the ghastly spectre would, thereafter, never leave me, and was, thenceforward, my slave and servant!

I cannot express the terror and loathing with which I was forced to accept this conviction, notwithstanding that my whole soul cried out against it. But I could not force it from me in spite of the utmost effort of my will, and in the future I had most ample and fearful proof that this intuitive conclusion was in reality the awful truth.

From that day I was never without the consciousness of the vicinity of my tormentor, and though it was not always visible—sometimes not appearing for weeks and even months—it would become so, without warning, at any moment, and when least expected.

It came, at my bidding, to be my slave; but, from the very first, I was its bondman, the abject serf of a power I could not define and knew not the meaning of! My punishment was, indeed, greater than I could bear!

I returned to Europe with all the haste I could command, and plunged into the wildest dissipation in order to stifle recollection and banish the ever-present remembrance of the incubus which haunted me.

After a time, however, I became convinced that this course was of no avail. In my most desperate excesses it was even more palpably present than before, and when it became visible I noticed with terror that its luminosity was most vivid when I had committed a folly, or a sin, of more than ordinary turpitude.

It became plain, at last, that its influence upon me was entirely for evil, and that that influence was growing gradually stronger as time progressed.

As hastily and peremptorily as I had begun them, I abandoned my evil courses, forsook the vicious company in which they had entangled me, and, retiring to my country seat, I resumed my studies in science, arts and general knowledge—in everything *save magic and demonology*! Of these I had had more than enough.

For some months this close application—for I became completely absorbed in my work—aided me to banish the fiend—but then!—he came back again! Thence for many weeks I had no peace day or night. Invisible to all besides myself, it followed me everywhere and was always present.

In the day, like a tall white shadow, it stood or sat at my elbow, moving when I moved, resting when I rested, fixing me always with its stony regard that grew to be a horror no words can express the meaning of. At night its outline was defined by a faint blue light just sufficiently distinct to render it visible to me alone, and to show me its stony eyes with their mournful stare always beseeching me to command it to do evil!

When I sat at my study-table it was beside me poring over the same book on which my gaze rested; when I walked it glided on with me seemingly as observant of surrounding objects as myself. When I ate, it watched every mouthful that I swallowed as if it expected to see me choked with each, and was interested in the pathological effects of strangulation. When I met my friends it greeted them with me, though they saw it not; and when I lay down on my couch in the darkness, it lay down with me, cold, silent and luminous, with a terrible pertinacity of companionship that was a burden greater than that of Atlas!

And the worst of all its terrors was that it never spoke! Its silence was so complete and unbroken that I never heard the faintest sigh from its pallid lips, or the slightest rustle of its flowing robe. Had it uttered sounds, I could have borne its presence better; now, in my solitude, it maddened me, and I prayed to it, in my frenzy, that it would tell me what it was and why it troubled me.

But it never spoke a word; only, out of its sad and stony eyes, in which there always gleamed the fire of demoniac triumph, there flowed continually a language more persuasive and more potent than all the rhetoric mankind has ever uttered. Tempting me to sin, as devils only can tempt; continually and without cessation tempting me to deeds at which my soul shuddered, and to thoughts which were more horrible than Satan's own, the influence of which I was altogether powerless to resist. And it never spoke a word!

With the same impulsiveness and haste I abandoned my studies as I had taken them up, and plunging again into the busy world, I embarked in traffic and employed myself in a hundred speculations. Now, indeed, my enemy was in its element. From the very first it tempted me, and when my commerce so increased that I began to control and manage the wealth of others, its insidious influence aroused my avarice and made me long to possess myself of the hoards I was responsible for. For a time I resisted bravely, but at last it pervaded my whole being, and I acted to the utmost its villainous behests. As a merchant I prepared a false balance-sheet and accomplished a fraudulent bankruptcy; as the president of a bank, I overruled notes and prepared false assets of straw, and failed. I built tenement-houses, the walls of which were mere shells, insured them for twice their value, and burned them down while crowded with human beings. I sent ships to sea, full of passengers, that never should have left the docks, so utterly unseaworthy were they. But it boots not to tell all the guilt the awful phantom piled upon my soul. I robbed the widow and the orphan, defrauded those who trusted me, cheated those who dealt with me, and massed up wealth through a thousand crimes—outwardly, and to the world, a saint; inwardly, to the spectre and myself, a wretch unfit to be named in the same hour even with the prince of devils!

And what was stranger still, everything that I did at the prompting of the fiend prospered and succeeded! No matter how great the crime, or how terrible the consequences to others, it all redounded to my advantage, and the duped and injured world praised me as an honest man and worshipped me as a successful one. But every single thing I did in opposition to the influence of the phantom failed most signally.

At times, as if to show me by the contrast how much I was in its power and the magnitude of the evil I had done, it would leave me perfectly free,

vanish utterly, and exert no influence upon me. These intervals would sometimes last for months, and, tortured by my never-ceasing remorse (for I was always conscious that I was sinning, even when committing my most horrid crimes), I would seize the opportunity with feverish joy, and endeavor to do good and act honorably. Not one of these efforts ever succeeded in the least degree! My charities would injure the recipients cruelly, my favors would become the bane of those I lavished them upon, my honest speculations would result in fearful loss to myself and all who engaged in them; and whatever I did of my own will in my intervals of freedom, though guided by the most perfect rectitude and prompted solely by the desire of good, would result in miserable failure and utter ruin.

Thus I lived a dual life at regularly recurring intervals. One, under the influence and guidance of the incarnate evil, which prospered exceedingly; the other, dictated by the inherent virtue which still remained in my nature, and which failed miserably. In my evil life, though my conscience never became entirely dead, I was comparatively happy, for, as long as I obeyed the phantom's behests, I saw its stony eyes no more, and only knew of its presence from its influence.

In my virtuous life I was more miserable than I can tell. Remorse preyed upon me continually, and I saw, instead of the phantom's light, the flames of hell to which I was surely hastening.

Finally, in one of these intervals of freedom from the spectre's control, prompted by the qualms of my conscience, I suddenly resolved to place myself under the guidance of a minister of religion, and endeavor through his teachings to strengthen myself for resistance when next assailed by the infernal messenger.

The interval of liberty lasted longer than usual, and I was gradually beginning to entertain a faint hope that I might in time find a way to obtain peace and rid myself of the tormentor, when, to my extreme terror, I found the Shadow once more at my side, and more potent than ever.

I cannot dwell upon the horrid episode which succeeded. Even now, when I am free for ever from the enchantment, and time has brought sincere repentance and comparative peace, I reel with fear when I think of this dismal hour, and am faint with anguish as I recall my crime.

Let me briefly say, then, that, notwithstanding all he had done for me, the love that he felt for me, the pity with which he cherished me, *I murdered the man of God* who was trying to save my soul from the clutches of the fiend!

CHAPTER III.—"GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN!"

"So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,"
Unfit for earth, unadorn'd for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death." —BYRON.

"In the name of Christ divine
I dissolve this spell of thine!" —FRAZER.

NO MORTAL ever suspected my complicity in the awful deed save those few to whom I afterward confessed it. But, nevertheless, remorse racked me with a thousand stings, for the demon withdrew his support for a time, and left my soul unaided to encounter it.

I closed up all my business and fled from my country, unable to bear the remembrances of guilt which every sight and sound at home recalled.

In an obscure village in the centre of Germany, I hid myself from the din and observance of the world, and, keeping aloof even from the humble peasants around, strove by penance and mortification to expiate my crime. Without avail. I knew not the only path to forgiveness; I had no knowledge of the Saviour, and I relied on my own efforts alone to accomplish a work, possible only to Him who removed the sins of the world! And, in the

midst of my agony and helplessness, when I was most abased and tortured, the culmination of my misery occurred; and, at the vision of a joy which would have made me the most blessed among men, I was thrust down into a gulf of hopeless despair, and groveled in the abyss agast and awestruck!

I fell in love!

It may seem most strange, nay, impossible, that a man in my condition should be capable of love; that a heart racked and tortured as mine was should be susceptible of the tender passion. But it must be recollected that this love was a portion—and not the least considerable—of my torment; and that, at first, it was not passion and desire that I felt, but adoration and worship.

I loved her as the poet loves the moon and stars, as the devotee regards the saint he bows to, with no hope or wish for possession, but an humble, longing reverence which was the idolatry of despair!

Hilda Czerni was the only daughter of a Hungarian baron, whose family traced its descent from a prince of the Saracens who conquered that portion of Europe in the tenth century. A political reverse had driven the baron from his native land, and, with the wreck of his fortune, he had retired to a castle near the village in which I was hiding. Pride of birth and sensitiveness, on the score of the comparative poverty he was now condemned to, had prevented him from becoming intimate with the few families in the neighborhood whose rank entitled them to associate with him at all, and, therefore, the lives of both father and child had become monotonous and weary, but more so to him than to Hilda. It was owing to this fact, probably, that, when he heard that a stranger of wealth and respectability had come to reside in the village, he called upon me, and, after a time, invited me to the castle.

During my third visit I first saw Hilda, and from that moment hopeless love was added to the burden my soul already groaned under.

This goddess of my new-born and strange idolatry, when first I saw her, was a perfect paragon of womanly loveliness. Golden hair, that rippled, when unconfined, in flowing waves to her very feet, crowned a brow of Parian hue, on which intellect sat enthroned, beneath which two soft, blue eyes, of supernatural tenderness, seemed miniature windows, through which a soul of perfect purity looked out upon a smiling world. The other features of her face were just sufficiently wanting in positive regularity to be absolutely charming, and the soft outlines of her dimpled chin, together with the tempting plot of her rosy lips, might have lured a seraph to forsake his golden throne, and elect to dwell on this miserable earth for ever only to caress them. Add to these charms a form of statuesque symmetry, in which every grace seemed developed, and an air of queenly dignity, without vaunt or pretension, and your wonder, that even such an abject wretch as I should love her, will quickly vanish.

From the very first, I was content to regard her as a treasure that was utterly beyond my power to possess; as a star whose radiance I could gaze at from afar with no possibility of reaching it for ever.

One earnest conviction pervaded my whole being, that it was most unfitting such angelic purity should ever be allied, in the slightest degree, to sin and misery such as mine. The very thought seemed profanation to me, then—but, in the midst of my adoring humility, the accursed Shadow was at my side again!

It is needless to relate the gradual perversion of all my thoughts in regard to her, until my humble worship was changed to foul lust by the persistent influence of the demon.

I am sick at heart when I recall my madness at this period, and must hasten to record the conclusion of my dire history. With the quick eye of love—if my passion could be called love now—I had noticed that, ever since the return of the evil spirit, Hilda had in some degree avoided me, though we had

been like brother and sister previously, and that she appeared to watch me with a compassionate curiosity whenever she deemed herself unobserved. It was difficult, therefore, to obtain an opportunity to forward my devilish design, but at last I found her alone, and, frenzied by the insidious counsels of my tormentor, I dared to propose shame to her!

To my utter astonishment—for I had only supposed one of these two things possible—she neither consented nor became angry; but, rising to her feet with sorrowful dignity, she stood before me, pale as the shadow of a moonlit marble column, and, with a mournful pity in her glorious blue eyes, looked down upon me as the avenging angel must have looked had the hour for my judgment arrived.

"Paul Armstrong," said she, in a sweetly tender voice that thrilled through every fibre of my heart, "your secret is not hidden from me; I know, as well as you do, that you are possessed by a demon who hath perverted every true feeling of your nature and obtained a power over you which you cannot escape unaided. It is this evil spirit who speaks to me through your lips, for I know, also, that you have loved me truly, and therefore I must punish it instead of you. Do you desire to free yourself from its power for ever?"

Instantly I received a terrible proof of the reality of the possession. As the question was uttered the phantom vanished from my side as if fleeing from her voice, and I felt the full horror of my guilt and treachery.

The next moment it appeared again, and fixed its stony regard upon me with an expression of such fiendish malignity and menace that my blood ceased to flow.

Again it was gone, and I was conscious that an opposing power was exerting an influence against it. Turning my eyes on the saintly Hilda, I saw that she had taken from her bosom a small gold cross which she was holding toward me with a look of benignant compassion.

"This cross," said she, "contains a talisman given by heaven to the wise Solomon, centuries ago, and the two combined form a protection most powerful against evil spirits. In the cross you behold the emblem of the salvation of the world, the only sign in which man can conquer; the talisman represents God's mercy, which hath been ever the same since the Creation. These have been a treasure in my family ever since they were powerful in the East. Through their virtue I am enabled to see the demon who tortures you, and to rescue you from his power. Should you really desire this, fix your eyes upon the cross and pray earnestly to Him who died thereon!"

With eager hope I obeyed the divine direction. I no longer saw her in the body, but as a guardian angel sent from heaven to save me, and her voice sounded as though it emanated directly from on high—a message straight from the Saviour of mankind himself.

As my supplications grew more earnest and gathered strength from increasing faith, I felt that the demon was writhing at my side in agony and terror. Joy unspeakable began to flood my heart, and I realized that, one by one, the bonds of hell were being loosened from my soul. Terror and despair gave place to the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and when the saintly Hilda, detaching the sacred talisman from her own breast, placed it upon mine, the maleficent fiend, who had so long enslaved and tortured me, with a shriek of supernatural anguish—the first sound I had ever heard it uttered from my side for ever, and released my life from a thralldom worse than the chains of the nether pit hereafter.

The cross has never left my breast, nor the angelic messenger who bore it me, my side, since the hour when the fiend was banished. Virtue and purity and heavenly love, embodied in my saintly Hilda, have taken the place of that minister of evil,

the demon of Khoda-Aar, and I begin to entertain a hope that my humble and sincere repentance, strengthened by her bright example and tender care, will at last entitle me to the pity of my Redeemer. And in every fibre of my innermost heart, to the depths of my immortal soul, I now truly believe that "there is no name, given among men, whereby we may be saved"—but His.

Wonderful Sagacity of a Dog.

A CHILD, playing near a wharf with a Newfoundland dog belonging to his father, accidentally fell into the water. The dog immediately sprang after the child, who was only six years old, and seizing the waist of his little frock, brought him into the dock, where there was a stage, by which the child held on, but was unable to get on the top. The dog, seeing it was unable to pull the little fellow out of the water, ran up to the yard adjoining, where a girl of nine years of age was hanging out clothes. He seized the girl by the frock, and, notwithstanding her exertions to get away, he succeeded in dragging her to the spot where the child was still hanging by the hands to the stage. On the girl taking hold of the child, the dog assisted her in rescuing the little fellow from his perilous position.

The Guide's Wife.

A MOUNTAIN STORY.

"Sit down here, Bess, and tell me all about it! You have had too much to do, that's what's the matter," and Jack Knowles took his young wife's hand in his a moment, and tenderly examined it. "It's a shame, Bess! Next Summer we'll just have somebody cook for us. You have burned your hands and stained all your fingers! Say, little girl, I'll turn them fellers over to the other house this very day, if you'll only say the word."

"I don't think that would be right. Mr. Markham has become used to us, and I don't believe he could walk a rod."

"Well, I could take him on my back. He don't begin to be so heavy as the sick calf I shouldered t'other day, and, to my mind, his brains wouldn't weigh so much."

"You know very little about Mr. Markham, Jack," replied Bess, drawing her hand away. "I must go in now to work."

"And I am off for Crown Point. I shall take down a load and bring back a load. Say, Bess," as the slight figure had almost disappeared, "haven't you got a kiss for a feller, to cheer him on his way? By jiminy, a husband never ought to let his wife get so tired that he has to beg for a kiss!" as the girl returned and put up her lips.

For fully five minutes the young man stood where his wife had left him. His frank, intelligent face was clouded, and he seemed debating with himself as to the wisdom of some course he had evidently just evolved from the depths of his troubled mind. He whistled softly a moment more, and then turned and walked straight into the log hut.

Bess sat by the white pine table, picking over blackberries. At her left, and beside the open window, on Jack's rude lounge, reclined a gentleman. He had been reading, but now the book was closed, and he was apparently quite occupied with the view of the distant mountains.

Jack walked to the side of the couch, and said, simply:

"Mr. Markham, I find my wife is about tired out. She looks to me sick enough to be in bed. I think the best thing for all concerned would be for you and the other gentleman to go over to t'other house. They make their living looking out for folks, and

there ain't any doubt but you would be a good deal better accommodated there than here."

Jack's face was flushed, and his manner a little irritated, but neither of these did the gentleman appear to notice.

"Certainly, Mr. Knowles," he answered, "I think you are quite right. I have no doubt I can bear the ride by this time;" but, even as he attempted to rise, Jack saw that the handkerchief he held to his mouth was stained with blood, and sympathy for the sufferer immediately overcame all other feelings.

"There, now," he said, "lay right down again, and keep as still as you can. It would never do in the world. I'll see if I can't get a girl to come up and give Bess a lift."

"I do not need any help, Jack," said Bess, looking up for the first time from her task. "And I am very sorry you should think it necessary on my account to make Mr. Markham uncomfortable." One glance at the invalid's pallid face brought Bess to his side. "And just see what you have done!" she continued, in wounded tones; "and he was so much better this morning."

"I never could bear the sight of that man," said Jack to himself, five minutes after, as he hitobed up his team. "He's square enough as to money, but he looks like a beat and acts like a beat. Three Summers he has been poking round here! I wish to the Lord he'd take his weak lungs somewhere else. It ain't jealousy, nor nothing of that kind, but I do hate to see my Bess so put about."

A few moments with the hemlocks and maples, a quick trot through the bracing morning air, and Jack forgot all his annoyance, save his intention to stop at the nearest settlement and engage a girl to help Bess.

"I shall have a chance to see her down to The Branch," he told himself, "and that'll cheer her up a bit." And then he picked up his load of jolly city boys, and, with song and merry conversation, the mile-stones seemed to run over each other, and the place of destination was reached.

Jack put up his horses, ate his dinner, looked out a little for his passengers, and then strayed off to a little red farmhouse, and there remained until it was time to start back with his load.

A pale-faced, sad-eyed young woman met him on the threshold, and for a moment seemed overjoyed to see him. Then the old weariness came back, and Jack observed with real anxiety that the pale face was paler and the frail form frailer than when he had last seen them.

They walked out into the orchard, and here his compassion gave full vent to his sorrow.

"It's a blasted shame, Fan," he was heard to say a good many times during the interview; "but you mustn't give way so. It's too late to mend some matters, I know, but just think what you have got to live for. By-and-by, when the baby is a little older, and you are a little stronger, you and she can go down to New York, and nobody will know anything about it. I have got money enough to attend to that, and it's my business, as well as my pleasure, to look out for you both."

A surly old woman sat in the kitchen, and a baby a few months old lay asleep in a cradle, as Jack passed through on his way out. He stopped a moment by the little sleeper, and remarked, in his cheerful, off-hand way:

"Nice baby, Mrs. Hanly."

"So you and Fan seem to think," she answered, without looking up from her knitting. "For my part, I don't see any beauty in such young ones; and, Mr. Knowles, another thing I'm tired on, and that is being obliged to hold my tongue about this peaky business, and having all sorts of questions asked me, too. You don't seem to remember that Fan is a relation of mine, and that 'tain't easy work lying and beating round the bush all the time as I have to. As for Fan, she don't do nothing but teller and kiss the young one from morning till

night. I think it's your business to see that she gets away from round here, where everybody knows her so well."

"I shall attend to that as soon as Fan is able," said Jack, for the girl's sake stifling the impulse to give the old woman as good as she sent; and then, in a preoccupied, puzzled manner, he made his way out of the house, and up to the hotel where he was to take up his load.

Jack Knowles had been born and bred among the mountains. His father had left him a good deal of Adirondack property, and Jack, who knew every lake, pond and trail in the whole region, was never so happy as when his services as guide were in demand. He was intelligent, fairly educated, and of a frank and generous nature.

His wife was a Ticonderoga girl, and had been "waited upon" by Jack ever since she was a child. They had been married only six months when our story opens.

Three of the preceding Summers Bess had spent with some friends near Jack's homestead, and had here been thrown into the society of the handsome and accomplished man of the world, Frederick Markham, who yearly sought the mountains for the benefit of his health.

Markham had never made direct love to Bess, but he had flattered her and sought her society, and his gratitude for favors which his chronic invalidism made necessary was always so sweetly bestowed as to make the sympathetic child for ever on the alert to anticipate his wants.

The Winter before, Jack, who had at last grown tired of having the marriage-day indefinitely postponed, determined upon a wedding then or never. Bess gave up, and the nuptial knot was tied. At first the knot was a fetter to Bess, but Jack's love and wonderful *bonhomie*, his great patience and fidelity, had their effect at last, and the opening of Spring found the young wife as blithe and contented as the most exacting husband could wish.

The first of June Mr. Markham, this time more of an invalid than ever, with a party of friends, were driven up to Jack's door, and here they had been ever since. The rest of the party were constantly in the woods, hunting or fishing, and so it happened that more than ever before were Mr. Markham and Bess thrown into each other's society.

After Jack's departure, Bess had lingered by the side of the invalid, and her anxious, eager countenance told more plainly than words her exceeding sorrow for the event of the morning.

"This won't amount to much, Bess," he said, at last; "so please don't feel so badly about it."

The girl's eyes were full, and the little berry-stained fingers couldn't keep from trembling, though five closed over five with all the strength they had.

"Don't you talk—please don't," she said; "and don't mind me. I have been thinking all night about what you told me yesterday. I can't believe it, Mr. Markham—indeed I can't."

"Remember that I never should have told you if you hadn't insisted upon knowing what the boys were talking about."

Her companion whispered:

"Notwithstanding my love for you, and the knowledge I possess that with you I should live and without you I should die, I have no wish to give you a bad opinion of your husband."

"Don't talk that way, Mr. Markham, don't! You cannot think how wretched it makes me, or what dreadful thoughts come into my head, as you say such things. Oh, if I only knew that this was the truth about Jack!"

"And what then?" inquired Markham, turning the full light of his handsome eyes upon her.

"What then?" she repeated. "I don't see how you can ask such a question. What then? Why, I would never speak to him or see him again as long as I lived. What then, indeed?"

This was the first exhibition of real spirit that Markham had ever noticed, and for a moment his

admiration made him forget his rôle of sympathizing lover. She stepped away proudly, and busied herself for a moment at the table—then returned to the couch as a slight cough from the invalid made her forget everything else.

"And if these things are so, you will be mine, Bess, say that you will be mine?" and Markham caught both her hands and pressed them to his lips. "I love you, Bess. He never did," he went on, passionately. "With you to nurse and care for me, I shall be a well man once more; without you, I shall soon die. I know it—I feel it, Bess. Why do you not answer me?"

"Because I am now an honest wife," she answered, with strange dignity. "And it is not right for me to listen to your talk or allow you to kiss me. I do not know that I ought to ask you now, because you are so sick, but you need not speak loud—I want to know why, if you loved me like this, you did not ask me to be your wife then?"

"Because, my dear, I was too thoughtful for you. It seemed to me wicked to ask you to be a wife when you might so soon be a widow; but I know now that you alone can cure me. Yes, Bess, my darling, I know it now when it is too late."

Forgive her if she did stoop and press her lips to the blue-veined forehead; forgive her if, for a moment, her soft cheek rested against the invalid's temple; and remember that the sweetest, purest, ay, holiest part of a woman's nature is always reached through her sympathies.

Markham was well satisfied with the caress, and his eyes followed her lovingly as she went about her household duties. Even with this war raging in her soul, and every faculty partially paralyzed by the dreadful circumstances by which she was surrounded, dinner must be prepared, and the thousand and one housekeeping details attended to.

Markham partook with an excellent appetite of the boiled birds, toast and chocolate, prepared by his careful nurse, and a little of the old color came back to her face as she watched the edibles disappear.

"It is just because you did it," he told her. "What will become of me if I ever have to leave you?"

This was enough to set the tired heart palpitating again, and Bess went without her dinner, as she had gone without her breakfast, and her supper the night before.

That night Jack returned late, and only for a moment, to say that the party he had brought from the Point were to stay in camp, a place about two miles from the house, and he was to remain with them.

In the meantime Markham's companions had returned and gone to their rooms for the night. Markham slept in a little room out of the kitchen, and a friend with him to look out for him through the night. He had found time to press Bessie's hands at parting, and to tell her how much better he felt for her care, and the poor child sought her solitary chamber in a whirl of emotions which effectually banished sleep. She did not undress, but sat by the window and looked out into the night. Markham's sharp cough made her start every time she heard it; it seemed to her as the night wore on she had never known it to be so troublesome.

Between twelve and one she opened her door, and, after listening for a moment, passed quietly down the stairs in search of a book, to make, if possible, the hours to come a little more endurable. She took no light, for fear of arousing the sleepers.

She crossed the room, and had just found the book, when Markham's voice, repeating her name, arrested her steps.

A light laugh from his companion followed, and then she heard Markham say:

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Jack's game makes mine all the easier. I'll steal off with her in a few days—go to Canada first, and then down to New York for the Winter. I shall

doubtless be tired of her by that time; these feminine toys wear out so soon."

Every word of this Bess heard—heard with reeling brain and a heart so cold and still that for a moment she thought she was dying. Then she staggered to the kitchen-door, unlocked and unbarred it without regard to noise, and passed out into the night. The cool air revived her a little, and then, as swift as a deer, she bounded into the woods.

Jack false—Markham false—what was there left in the world? Where she should go never entered her mind. She only knew that she was flying for her life, for her honor, and to be alone with her shame. On, on, on, hardly stopping to breathe! There was no peace but in motion, no hope but in flight!"

"What was that?" inquired Jack of himself, as his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps and his practiced eye the flash of white among the trees. "If that ain't a woman, then I'm blowed!" as he threw another log on the camp-fire and started in pursuit. "Some of these rascals, I suppose, been playing fast and loose with one of our mountain-girls. I begin to believe that women are deucedly easy imposed upon! I hope to the Lord all my children will be boys!"

Jack knew how to run, and once started, the wind could hardly catch him. Bess knew that she was pursued, but she bounded on until at last her strength gave out and she sank to the ground helpless. Jack was beside her in a moment.

"Why!" he exclaimed, in agony, "it's my Bess! What has happened, girl? tell me, what has happened!" And Jack was frightened at the sound of his own voice.

"Tell me, Jack," said Bess, pulling herself away from his strong grasp, "who it is you have at the Point; and then go away and leave me. I shall feel better if I know her name, and—and I shall never tell, Jack—you needn't be afraid of that."

"Somebody has been well set to work, I swear!" growled Jack.

"Never mind about that!" said Bess. "Take your arm away from me and tell me."

"Who have I got at the Point, Bess? A poor, defenseless, unfortunate girl, who was really married to my brother. He left her and went to sea. He died on the voyage—you have heard me speak of him a thousand times! He never wronged the girl, I could take my oath to that! But she cannot prove her marriage. Yes, Bess, there is a child there, and I am that child's uncle, and I mean to take care of it and its mother! I didn't tell you, Bess, because she was so sore about it and made me promise not to; but some infernal sneak has been trying to separate us! It's that ghost of a grayhound, Markham! Tell me the truth, Bess; tell me the truth!"

"Nobody can separate us, Jack; nobody can!" she sobbed; and for the first time she fully realized the loyalty of the noble heart she had come so near breaking.

The next morning, when Jack returned, there wasn't a person to be seen on the premises; Markham had flown, and the invalid had taken his cough somewhere else.

A Legend of the Bulstrodes.

THE legend connected with this very ancient Saxon family is interesting, inasmuch as it records one of the very few instances in which William the Norman was led, by anything except pecuniary considerations, to treat the Saxon gentry with courtesy or justice. There is no doubt that many Saxons did indeed, after the distribution of the fairest portions of England among the conquering Normans, continue to hold lands which some of their descendants possess, even to the present day; but then it was almost invariably by the payment of heavy sums of money to the needy adventurers to whom

they had been granted, and who, lacking both the taste and skill required for peaceful pursuits, were willing, in return for gold, which they might spend upon their pleasures, to make over their grants to the rightful owners.

The tenure of the Bulstrodes is very different from this. Their estate in Berkshire had been granted by William, according to his custom, to one of his followers, to whom he lent a thousand men in order to take possession of his new estate. However, the Saxon owner of the lands (his name is now lost) was a man of spirit, who determined not to give up his inheritance without striking a blow for it; accordingly, having collected together his retainers, and gained the aid of some of the neighboring landholders, he intrenched himself within an earthwork, the remains of which are still shown to attest the truth of the story, and prepared to resist the intruder. Neither did he content himself with defensive measures, but, on the contrary, when the Normans appeared before the fortress, he mounted the best of his men on bulls and oxen, of which he possessed large herds, and, putting himself at their head, astride of the fiercest of the bulls, charged forth to meet the enemy. He may have placed his followers on these novel chargers simply from lack of horses; but it is more probable that, knowing the superior skill of the Normans with horse and lance, he selected an animal whose horns would greatly annoy the foot-soldiers, while its unwonted appearance in a field of battle would render the Norman horses unmanageable, and prevent their riders from leveling their lances truly. Nor did the event disappoint his hopes, for the intruders, confounded by the unexpected onset of a troop of half-mad bulls, were defeated with considerable slaughter.

It might have been expected that the Conqueror would have been greatly exasperated by this contumacious resistance to his authority; but this was not the case; for, either amused at the whimsical character of the resistance offered, or filled with that admiration for true valor which the fiercest natures will sometimes feel, he sent a message to the valiant Saxon to the effect that he desired to see him, and that he would grant him a safe passage to and from his court.

The Saxon obeyed the summons without hesitation, and appeared accordingly riding upon a bull, and attended by his seven sons, similarly mounted. After rendering homage to one who, if not his sovereign "de jure," was certainly so "de facto," he urged his rights so well and wisely, that, aided doubtless by the recollection of his performances as "knight of the bulls," he obtained full pardon for his resistance to the royal warrant, and a grant of his estate to himself and his heirs for ever. In remembrance of these events, he assumed the above crest, together with the appropriate name of Bulstrode.

Servants in India.

INDIAN housekeeping is at once very simple and paradoxically complex. The fact that all servants are on board wages, from the moonshah, who takes a temporary engagement as secretary or tutor, down to the humblest punkah, wellah, or grass-cutter, renders it comparatively easy for a master to know his expenses. But then there is something bewildering in the subdivision of labor, in having to harbor tailors and cobblers, washermen and watchmen, and florists and sweepers. It is perplexing to find that every servant so well knows his or her place, that a palki-bearer would scorn to fetch a pitcher of water; that hereditary poultry-keepers attend the hens, hereditary grooms the horses, and that not a meal can be cooked or a carpet spread except by the agency of somebody whose caste points him out as the appropriate person to perform the duty.

An English resident, also, is apt to be puzzled

by the habit of the native domestics, strange to our notions, of collecting around them a clan of relatives, old and young, more or less dependent for sustenance on the monthly wages of the breadwinner. These "followers," like others of their plastic race, are by no means obtrusive, and are content to be tucked away in sheds or huts, or to lie about the passages of some rambling villa, while a pipkin of grain and a spoonful of ghee comprises, with a little cloth, their few wants. Servants in India have two merits to counterbalance such faults as are inherent in a race remarkable for the subtle ingenuity with which, on occasion, it can cheat and lie. They are grateful, not merely for exceptional kindness, but for the bread and salt that they have eaten; and breach of trust is abhorrent to even the elastic conscience of a Hindoo, so that the very man who takes the lead in plundering the Sahib's store-room, when pitting his wits against the duller fancy of his European employer, may be rendered honest by being appointed dragoon or ordinary over the treasures it contains.

Snake Fight.

A SANTA ROSA (California) newspaper relates as follows: "The other day, as Mr. Wooldridge, who lives just above Cloverdale, was going to his work in the early morning, he saw a strange sight, something which he could not at first define—whirling, writhing, and turning on the ground. On a nearer approach, what was his astonishment to discover two immense rattlesnakes engaged in a deadly strife. They were wrapped around each other from the tail to within six or eight inches of the head, and never for a moment did they take their eyes off each other. Now and then they would slowly unwind to within one or two coils of the tail, when, with an instantaneous movement, they would again become involved to the neck, and with jaws distended and fangs exposed, one would strike at the other, his antagonist invariably dodging the blow, when in turn he would be foiled. After repeating their manoeuvres for a time, they would lie panting in each other's coils, and then slowly and cautiously unwind, only to repeat the involvement and striking again. So fiercely did they embrace each other, that one would think surely the life would be crushed out. Strike after strike was made on both sides, but never once was an adversary so far caught off his guard as to receive a blow.

"They had been fighting over a space of fifteen or twenty feet, as evinced by their tracks in the dust. After looking at them for some time, Mr. Wooldridge cut a pole some eight or ten feet long, and just then a Mr. Murphy came up. He took the pole, and, approaching the snakes, they simultaneously discovered him, when, loosening their hold of each other with marvelous rapidity, the larger one rushed at him, perfectly furious. It required the second blow to stop him. In a moment after, the other started for Mr. Murphy, as his now dead antagonist had done, when he, too, was slain by a well-directed blow. One had sixteen and the other fifteen rattles."

The Song of Birds.

THE song of a bird is uttered solely for the pleasure of listening or being listened to on the part of the songster, and bears no relation whatever to any preceding or subsequent movement of the bird; and we therefore claim that the song of the bird is an expression of melody that gives pleasure to itself and to other birds, which fact is known to the singer, so that he derives an additional pleasure from this consciousness; or, in a few words, the reason that birds sing is precisely the same as that

which induces mankind to cultivate music, which, with man, originally was exclusively vocal.

A bird, when singing, does not usually busy itself with something else at the same time. If busy feeding, it quits work, and taking up a position that better suits it, the bird commences its song, and repeats the same until wearied with its repetition, or called by its mate, "or a sudden thought" to something or some other place.

When, however, it is busy feeding, the low chirps and an occasional twitter indicate, if alone, that it is talking to itself, or if with company, that it is talking to them; for a bird, surrounded by others or in company with its mate, will chirp more loudly and with a greater variation of notes than when alone. If disturbed, how different a note is given! Who can doubt the meaning of a frightened bird's alarm-cry?

Again, let us closely observe two birds imme-

diately after mating. Many of their actions, and their low, ceaseless twittering, are a most laughable caricature of a newly married couple—say on their wedding-journey.

Like poor mankind, birdkind, too, have their petty vexations, and the little quarrels of a newly mated pair of birds are also wondrously human-like. What may all this have to do with language? Just this, that presently, in accordance with the manner that things go on, whether smoothly or not, are the "chirps and twitters," as they seem to us simply to be, low, musical and deliberately uttered, or if from any cause the birds are excited, then these same utterances are shrill, cacophonous, and so rapidly repeated that the birds, if unseen, cannot be recognized by their voices.

Sheet Music—Children crying in bed.



"OFF TO THE PLAINS!"



MISS McALLISTER.—“HUGH GILBRAITH, WITH COOL SELF-POSSESSION, AROSE AND COURTEOUSLY OFFERED HER A CHAIR.”

Miss McAllister.

“I SHOULD not believe such a story were it told me by Cato,” was a proverbial saying in Rome. Hugh Galbraith took his cigar from between his lips just long enough to quote it, while Webb Barnes ran his nervous fingers through his hair until it partook of their superabundant electricity and stood on end, then retorted, excitedly:

“You were born a skeptic. You never believe anything but what you see.”

“Nor all that,” replied Galbraith, coolly.

But of this story. Webb Barnes was in love. Excitable and susceptible, it was a necessity of his being. He had been in that ecstatic state which borders on madness in some natures over a dozen times, and yet was thirty years old and unmarried. There are some men who must always have a human god and a human Satan on whom to expend their worship and hatred. They prove the truth of the axiom, “extremes meet,” for, when the former falls shattered from its pedestal, it becomes to them the latter, and, though quivering with the shock, they take no rest until they have elevated to the place of the broken idol yet another.

Goethe, in one of his letters to his early love, Käthechen, said, “The most lovable heart is that which loves the most readily; but that which easily loves also easily forgets.”

Webb Barnes was not to blame that nature had endowed him with a lovable heart and a short memory.

The woman with whom he was in love was cold, elegant, even haughty, in her manner. She was a teacher of mathematics in a college, where young men and women shared instruction. At twenty she had been thrown upon her own resources, and in the seven years which had followed had made her efforts a success.

Miss McAllister was conceded to be a woman of unusual ability. Professors delighted in her society; ministers showed her deference; popular lecturers visited her—in short, having succeeded, she was a success.

Webb Barnes had met her for the first time at this quiet little Summer resort on the seashore, where he and Hugh Galbraith had gone for a few weeks of sea-bathing. His younger brother had graduated at the college where she taught mathematics, and had raved about her the last two years of his college course.

Webb, thoroughly impregnated with what was once the prevailing prejudice against independent women, had sneered at him; and when he found that the handsome woman who sat opposite to him at the hotel-table was Miss McAllister, he was astounded, and his susceptible heart was instantly enlaved.

Several weeks had passed, when the morning of

which we are telling he joined Hugh Galbraith, where he sat alone enjoying the sea-breeze on the balcony, and tailed the bit of gossip that had called forth that incredulous proverb.

A pretty girl of eighteen, who was jealous of this superb woman, had told it. When it came to be reasoned out, it was more of an innuendo than a direct slander, consequently carried greater weight, since it left free scope to the listener's imagination. It was to this effect—that Miss McAllister had been heard to say "that money made the man; that marriage was simply a matter of convenience, and should be entered into with as cool deliberation as any other business partnership;" and she had added, with an insinuating toss of her yellow curls, that there were several other things which she would not be the one to repeat; but one thing she would tell, and that was that Miss Reynolds, who boarded in the same house with her in the city, said that she (Miss McAllister) was in the habit of infatigating, with her bewitching wiles, gentlemen of moderate means, and then coolly rejecting their suit.

Webb Barnes had inherited vast estates, and had a morbid dread of being married for his money, hence this information cut him deeply.

After the first few remarks above recorded, there was a short silence. Hugh Galbraith was looking now at the sea, and now, with mingled curiosity and amusement, at his nervous companion.

At length Webb broke the quiet with the impetuous question:

"What is your reason for disbelieving the report? You do not know Miss McAllister; you have scarcely spoken a dozen words to her—have barely treated her with civility."

"I presume a man may know a woman well enough to have an opinion of her without making love to her," replied the other, with the cool, provoking sarcasm characteristic of him.

"Your pardon! I was not aware that I was addressing one of Miss McAllister's many admirers;" and Webb Barnes fairly paled with sudden jealousy.

Hugh Galbraith took his cigar out of his mouth to laugh a low, musical, and wistful tantalizing laugh.

"Webb, some time or other, when you are jumping at conclusions, you'll produce some moral or mental dislocation that will be past remedy."

Webb ran his fingers through his hair again and flushed.

"What do you mean, then, by defending her?" he asked, in a subdued way.

Hugh Galbraith had an odd manner, by-the-way, of subduing fiery people.

"I simply mean that, to all appearances, Miss McAllister is too sensible a woman to express such opinions, even should she hold them;" and he put his cigar in his mouth again.

As Fate would have it, Miss McAllister stepped out of the door directly at which they were sitting just in time to hear this last remark.

Webb Barnes looked guilty, and blushed like a girl. Hugh Galbraith, with cool self-possession, arose, and courteously offered her a chair; then was about tossing away his cigar, when she deterred him with a slight gesture of her white shapely hand.

"I beg of you, do not let me disturb your *tête-à-tête*. The far end of the balcony is equally cool, and I came out to read."

She had a book in her hand, and, before a reply could be made, had left them, with a graceful inclination of the head. She took a chair at the extreme end of the balcony—a distance which would render any private conversation which they might wish to hold inviolate.

"The deuce! What could be more unfortunate?" ejaculated Webb, under his breath.

Hugh Galbraith had repeated himself, and was puffing rings of smoke into the still air, apparently quite unconscious of anything unpleasant having occurred.

"If she was like any other woman that I have ever seen, I'd go and say something pretty to her, and make it all straight," continued the other, running his fingers desperately through his hair, then leaving off to twist both ends of his mustache at once in a most awkward style, and all the while fidgeting in his chair uncomfortably.

At length, seeing no prospect of word or comment from his indifferent companion, he arose and went into the hotel.

Hugh Galbraith, when alone, deliberately changed his position, so as to command a full view of the lady in question. She was seated so as to give a profile effect; it was pure and perfectly cut, there was a slight color in the dark, oval cheek, probably called up by the embarrassment of a moment before; her handsome head was a trifle bent forward, since her book lay in her lap. There was grace and dignity in her entire bearing.

Hugh Galbraith watched her a few moments, then tossing his cigar into the narrow strip of green that stretched between the road and the bluff, arose and for the very reason that had deterred his nervous friend—because she was not like any other woman that he had ever seen—he joined her. She had heard his quick, ringing step, and glanced up with a flash of surprise in her fine eyes.

She had heard of this man constantly in these past Summer weeks. Webb Barnes had never wearied of recounting his talents and eccentricities, and had repeatedly apologized to her for his indifference to ladies' society, urging in his defense the fact of his having been orphaned in his childhood, and thrown out upon the world to fight his battles for himself, hence knowing nothing whatever of woman's companionship. The yellow-haired belle, of whom we have already spoken, also once brought him to her notice by saying, maliciously:

"Mr. Galbraith seems to be impervious even to your charms, Miss McAllister. Surely we may consider his case hopeless!" and added, with an insinuation in her tone that Miss McAllister failed to understand, "To be sure he has no wealth, but he is considered to have a brilliant mind, and is a rising man in his profession."

Now, she invited him to be seated, with wonderment in her voice as well as her eyes. He placed his chair so as to sit directly in front of her, and, resting his chin in his hand—a position peculiar to him, and which, by stooping his tall figure a trifle, brought it somewhat more to a level with the person whom he addressed—he said:

"I find I must preface one apology by another. My first for thrusting myself in upon your author. My second for having been overheard commenting upon your ladyship."

This dignified woman was for the moment mastered by embarrassment in the presence of his self-possession. The rich crimson swept up her dark cheeks, whilst with evident effort she accepted the apology, and attempted to waive the subject with that graceful and wistful commanding little gesture of her hand.

Any other than Hugh Galbraith would have yielded the point. He looked at the hand with an odd bit of a smile, then into the strong, handsome face of its owner, and said:

"Miss McAllister, has a man a right to form an opinion of a woman simply from observation?"

She bowed assent.

"I have formed an opinion of you," he said.

The negative expression of which I inadvertently overheard," she remarked, sarcastically.

"Shall I give you the positive?" he asked, not the slightest shade of annoyance on his immobile face.

"As you choose."

She was at length herself, and could meet him on his own ground. He regarded her a few moments with silent intendment, then, before he spoke, folded his arms and sat erect, thus giving full effect to his great height, for he was an immense fellow—six feet three, and finely proportioned.

"I believe you to be a woman brilliantly endowed. Your mind is logical, well trained and richly stored. You found your belief always on reason. You are self-sustaining, self-dependent. What your inner life is, I know not. There are few natures perfectly balanced, hence I deduce the probable conclusion that your head has been more fully developed than your heart."

Her composure now was fully equal to his.

"In other words, you think me 'probably selfish, unfeeling, incapable of deep, enduring affection?'"

He smiled oddly at her frankness.

"Miss McAllister, you have a very pertinent way of presenting a position."

She was both annoyed and interested by his blunt honesty, then he suddenly startled her by unfolding his arms, and extending one of his large, characteristic hands to her, saying:

"Miss McAllister, are we to be friends?"

She looked at him with fearless earnestness a moment, then, with a slight flush and a little smile at the eccentricity of the position, placed her hand in the one waiting for it. It was held an instant in a strong, gentle clasp, and then released. He arose instantly. She had never so fully appreciated his great height as now, when he stood beside her and looked down into her handsome, upturned face.

"You are the first woman I ever asked to be my friend," he said, and there was just a shade of wistfulness in his quiet voice.

There was a flash of pleasure in her eyes as she retorted:

"You wish me fully to comprehend my flattering position? It seems strange that one of your astute discernment, and superb equipoise should ask a woman to be your friend, in whom you have been able to discover but one organ."

He laughed his low, half-musical, half-tantalizing laugh, and left her. She watched him the full length of the balcony, this modern Saul.

He had left his hat at the door; he stooped and picked it up, then entered the hotel without ever glancing back.

Half an hour later, the yellow-haired belle tripped out upon the balcony in a cloud of white, fleecy gossamer, and surprised Miss McAllister sitting with hands clasped on her open book, and her splendid eyes, misty and wistful, gazing seaward.

"Dear Miss McAllister, you look like a poet!" she exclaimed, with very pretty rapture. There was an incredulous smile in the eyes that came from the sea to the fair, deceitful face in its yellow setting.

"Your compliment is very pretty; but, Miss Alice, mathematics and poetry are conceded to be as far apart as the antipodes."

"If Webb Barnes had said that sweet thing to you, you would have answered him differently."

The girl had barely said the words before she repented them bitterly, and bit her lips in confusion when Miss McAllister bent on her a quiet, questioning look, and coldly ignored the remark.

A week went by, and each day in that week Webb Barnes tried in every way to devote himself to Miss McAllister. She met him always with distant politeness. He was in a frenzy of jealous anger. Several times he had sought Hugh Galbraith's room, and had raved and ranted in his desperate way, and had each time flown off at a tangent when the great, cool fellow met his mingled love and rage with his provoking laughter.

At length, one day when the unreasonable lover was in the midst of a tirade, Hugh Galbraith surprised him with asking why he did not present the situation to Miss McAllister. Instead of to him, adding, "that women naturally enjoyed love passages more than men, and that his taste in that direction had not been developed, though it was not any of his—Webb's—fault, since he had failed in none of his duty in trying to mend any such deficiency in his education."

Webb Barnes gnawed his nether lip in silence a moment, then, paying no attention to the sarcasm, broke out, excitedly:

"Haven't I tried to declare myself every day since that unfortunate episode? She will not give me the opportunity, hence take it all!"

"Write to her," said the other, with the air of a man determined to rid himself of a bore.

The suggestion was instantly accepted, and he left the room to act upon it.

In that week this bit of gossip about herself, increased to double its bulk by the additions each one had contributed in its repetition, was delivered in detail to Miss McAllister by a crabbed old maid, who quoted for her authority the yellow-haired belle. She said afterward to one of the sisterhood that she was disappointed in the way it was received. She did not even seem annoyed; did not attempt to deny it; in fact, only showed that she heard by the act of listening; but, then, she had added, who could expect to set fire to an iceberg? It was as impossible as to freeze a crater.

That same day, on the morning of which Hugh Galbraith had given that bit of advice to Webb Barnes, was destined to be the marked day of the season. After his nervous companion had left him, he ordered a horse and went for a ride. He did not return until several hours later.

When he reached the hotel, he found the boarders gathered in little groups on the piazza, talking excitedly. Several ladies, each anxious to be the first to tell the news, quite lost sight of the fact that hitherto they had never had the courage to do more than bid this cold, eccentric gentleman a civil hour of the day, now made a rush to him, and quite surrounded him.

They all talked at once, but he gathered from their excited recitals the fact that there had been an accident; that the bather had not gone in with them for their morning bath; that the yellow-haired Alice had recklessly ventured out too far, and had found herself in deep water. There were none but ladies in, and not one of them knew how to swim. She had gone down once, twice, and all of them were ready to faint with terror, when Miss McAllister had nobly plunged after her.

No one knew how it had been accomplished. Some said it was Miss McAllister's strong, brave will had saved them, since she had never swum a stroke in her life; others, more religiously inclined, gave the praise to Providence. But, however it was done, Miss McAllister was a heroine. Every one was eloquent in her praise, and at length the crabbed old maid of whom we have spoken said, in her acid way:

"The act was all the nobler as Miss McAllister knew just how that jealous yellow-haired girl had slandered her, for I told her myself last night."

He had listened to them all without comment or question, only at this last remark there sprang a strange light into his eyes. After a bit, when an instant's silence admitted of a word, he asked where the two ladies were. A full dozen replied to the effect that Alice had gone from one faint into another, and that the doctor was with her; but that Miss McAllister had gone to her room as calm and composed as if nothing had happened.

"He isn't so terrible after all; he really seemed interested," was the comment, as he bowed and entered the hotel.

Miss McAllister did not leave her room until the six o'clock dinner. A certain gentleness gave a new tone to her quiet dignity; her face was a shade paler than usual. She was greeted on every side with overwhelming compliments, and affectionate queries for her health. She made light of the act, but was very grateful for their kindness. It was a notable fact that those who were the most ready to believe anything against her now were loudest in her praise.

Hugh Galbraith and Webb Barnes were already seated when she took her place opposite them at

table. The latter was very pale, and so nervous, that his hands trembled when he used his knife and fork. He had sent her a note that afternoon, asking for an interview immediately after dinner. She had bowed to them both, then seemed to purposely avoid glancing their way; but Hugh Galbraith's quick eyes, with a sort of magnetism, constantly baffled her effort.

Since this man had asked her to be his friend, her life seemed to have changed. He had sought her society a portion of each day, and his brilliant mind, his strong, true character, his honesty, and even his withering sarcasm, had gained a power over her never felt before. She had realized this fully, to-day. When for a moment the waters closed over her head, there had been a longing to but hear his voice again; and when they were saved, she had been glad because of him. That afternoon she had tried to analyze this power, and find its secret; in vain. Ruskin has said: "The feelings are but feebly touched, if they permit us to reason on the methods of their excitement." That held the cause of her failure.

"As they left the table, Webb Barnes gave her his arm, and led her out upon the balcony.

"Two hours later, Hugh Galbraith, smoking his cigar leisurely upon the bluff, came upon this desperate lover of a Summer—the bright moonlight showed plainly his pale, haggard face and wild eyes.

"Well?" queried Hugh Galbraith, and tossed his cigar out into the ocean.

"Oh! it's nothing, only I'm tempted to follow your Havana," said the other, in a tone of despair.

There was a moment's silence, then Hugh Galbraith remarked, coolly.

"What would be the use? You know how to swim, and the instinct of life-preservation is so strong in every man, that you would make for the shore instantly."

The other chafed and fretted, but said nothing.

"See here, man; I'm sorry for you!" and Hugh Galbraith's voice had a new kindness in it, and the hand which he placed on Webb Barnes's shoulder was as gentle in its touch as a woman's. The other broke down under it, and, covering his face with his hands, sobbed.

The great fellow strode away to give him time to recover himself. When he joined him again, he would have changed the subject, but Webb Barnes, true to his nature, always setting up some one to hate against some one to love, said, excitedly: "I detest that yellow-haired girl; she maligns willfully the noblest woman who lives. I am rich, but Miss McAllister never gave me the slightest cause to hope."

A little while after, Hugh Galbraith returned to the hotel, and strode out upon the balcony, where he found Miss McAllister alone, quite on the spot where Webb Barnes had left her.

"Well," he said, "and how am I to express myself to your ladyship? The whole vocabulary of praise has been exhausted."

She made that little commanding gesture, and looked troubled. He stood silently regarding her. She held a richly-carved and costly fan in her hand, and was slowly waving it to-and-fro, for all the sea-breeze. She was looking past him to the white beach in the moonlight. The silence oppressed her. She broke it by saying: "I expect to return to the city to-morrow."

"What; tired of being a heroine already?" His tone was full of teasing. She bowed assent. "Well, I came to bid you good-by. I am going with Webb Barnes in about an hour."

She grew a shade paler, and the tense lines about her mouth, which excitement had drawn during the day, deepened. They would, probably, never see each other again. He had never mentioned such a possibility, although they resided in the same city. His voice was quiet—to her it sounded indifferent, whilst at his words, in this woman's

heart, quickly sprang a great pain, which startled her by its bold assertion, "I love him." Her eyes again sought the beach, and a new coldness came into her manner. The next moment the rich color surged to her brow—both hand and fan were arrested, and held in a close, firm clasp.

"Miss McAllister, I want to beg your pardon for the false estimate I made of you."

"You must not let a trifling act bias your opinion," she replied.

"To risk one's life to save an enemy in the noblest act of which humanity is capable," he said, gravely.

Her proud lips quivered a trifle. He released her hand, but kept the fan.

"I am going to a warm climate for a few weeks. I shall need this more than you. Will you lend it to me?" he said, whimsically.

She bowed, with a little effort for a smile. He shook hands with her, and went into the hotel.

Two months had passed, and the Summer had left no more visible trace on Miss McAllister's life than a bird leaves on the air through which it flies. She had never even met one of her seaside friends. Miss Reynolds, on her return to the city, had sought another boarding-house, and the yellow-haired Alice had been taken South to recover the tone of her nervous system.

College duties had been resumed, and no one would have suspected that the dignified teacher of mathematics had a problem to solve which utterly baffled her, namely: How much strength of will and courage must be set up as a ratio against that unknown quantity, length of life?

One day, at the end of these two months, Hugh Galbraith strode up the stone steps of the college, opened the massive door without assistance from the usher, who stood just within to obey any summons from the bell, and, utterly ignoring the expression of surprise on that dignitary's face, asked the way to the mathematical apartment. When he found it, he stood for a moment in the doorway, looking in.

Miss McAllister sat by a table, her face supported on her hand. She was quite alone.

She saw him instantly and arose to meet him, a sudden pallor sweeping over her cheeks. He came toward her and took both her hands with almost boyish eagerness, then drew a chair directly in front of hers, and sat down. She, too, took her old place and supported her face on her hand, quite in the position in which he had found her.

There was a few minutes' silence—a silence in which this proud, elegant woman was quickly losing her self-possession. She made a great struggle for it, and put the old conventional question that any one asks of a friend who has been absent: "When did you return to the city?"

He took out his watch, consulted it, replaced it, and, looking into her eyes with odd, whimsical lights in his own, replied:

"Just forty-five minutes since!"

The color surged up to her brow; she looked quickly away.

"You see, I wanted to know how your ladyship looked in the professor's chair," he said, with a sort of wistful humor.

She was silent; the white hand on her lap was playing nervously with a book which she had taken from the table. Suddenly beside the book was laid her fan. It was attached by a slight gold chain to an elegant solitaire. She looked up into his face, the color fading out of hers through the intensity of the moment.

"Miss McAllister, if you ever take back your loan, it must be with this for interest." She was perfectly motionless, her splendid eyes held by his. "Miss McAllister, since the day I asked you to be my friend I have loved you. I went away on a business trip, and determined to conquer what I deemed hopeless before I returned. One week ago, suddenly, the conviction came to me that you loved

me. I started instantly for home. If my conviction is true, you will show it by putting on my ring."

He looked at her intently; her face was pale and spent, and seemed to need the hand that supported it.

"Shall I put it on for you?" he said, and his voice was very gentle. She held the white hand toward him; he placed the ring upon it, then raised it to his lips, and the next moment took her hand—some face in his hands, and kissed that, too.

A little later, she detached the chain from the ring and put the fan in her pocket, just as a class of young ladies and gentlemen entered the room. Hugh Galbraith's tall presence had a savor of kingship in it as he arose to acknowledge the introduction; and the teacher of mathematics, with the solution of the baffling problem sparkling victoriously upon her finger, conducted the demonstration of those lesser yet more tangible problems with her usual clearness and ease.

When the Summer vacation came, Hugh Galbraith and his newly made wife, traveling abroad, found recorded on the register of a hotel, "Webb Barnes and wife." Afterward the two gentlemen met in the hotel-parlor. Webb Barnes was wildly in love with his bride, and, in referring to his past attachment for Miss McAllister, said: "I still consider her the noblest and handsomest woman that I ever met, but she is as cold as I am hot." Then added, with a bit of sententious rallery: "I might have known, Hugh Galbraith, that the Frigid and Temperate Zones could not come together, since the Temperate separates them!"

An Evening Out.

YEARS ago, before the quiet Connecticut Valley was torn by railroads, a lady, who had been sitting for an hour on the deck of the river steamboat, laid down her book and began to look about her with a listless air. There was nothing attractive in the low, sandy shore under the hot August sun; she examined her fellow-passengers. There was a gentleman whose attitude and distinguished figure arrested her attention, and brought her eyes back to him repeatedly. He was absorbed in letters and papers, which he made notes upon with apparently unsatisfactory additions and subtractions.

"I wonder if he has been speculating," thought she; "if so, he has lost."

Just then he turned, raised his head, and looked back at the brown steeples of Hartford. The lady let her book drop, her cheeks paled, her eyes grew intent; but after a moment or two, during which the gentleman pocketed his papers, and drifted into a meditation deeper and less pleasing than the other, she became composed. As one part of her past flashed before her and then another, she sensibly concluded that emotion in these days was a useless expenditure of force.

It was not worth while to avoid him even, so she picked up her book. Here the observed rose impatiently, as if to throw off the coil of the reverie, walked forward, saw the lady, and stopped short before her; then hesitated, while his dark cheeks changed their tint.

"Yes, Margaret Bailey!" said she, extending her hand.

"Is it possible! I certainly did not expect to see you here. Are you going to New York?"

"No; to visit an old schoolmate in the country." She pulled away her dress to make room, and he sat down. "Where have you been this long time? Nobody could tell us."

"Nobody knew. I went to South America, and then to Havre, intent on making money. A year ago I joined my brother in Boston. Do you remember John?"

"Indeed I do. I hope he is well and prosperous?"

"Not precisely prosperous. The street burnt

down yesterday. I left him like Caesar, counting how much we owe to be worth nothing."

"Yon, too! That was why you looked so gloomy as you sat over there with your documents."

"You were watching me? I must have been conscious of it, for I suddenly began thinking about you, and when I saw you here I thought my troubles had made me feverish, and I was looking at a vision."

What sort of thoughts, she wondered as she recalled his angry scowl; but she said:

"Tell me about the fire."

"The papers will do that better," he began, but recounted the catastrophe step by step, drawn on by her skillful questioning. "And all we have scraped together has gone now."

"It is too bad," returned his listener, looking at him with regretful dark eyes. "But you are a young man, Mr. Alexander; you will soon retrieve yourself."

"Yes, I suppose so, if I can find somebody to lend me some money. That may not be easy." He had been regarding the shores as he spoke. "We are not moving. Do you notice? The boat is still opposite those low, sandy banks, as an hour ago. We must be aground."

"I suppose so. That is the way of the treacherous Connecticut. There's a mud-bank here that can't be crossed safely at certain seasons."

"There's hardly water enough here to float a dory. You are without an escort, I believe you said?"

"Quite alone."

"I will go and see what the prospect is of our getting off, and rejoin you, with your permission."

She sat where he left her, and wondered if she were as changed as he. Devotion to business will take the sentimental expression out of any man's face. The contemplative look had gone. He was handsomer for the keener, clearer lines of the features.

"I have ventured to bring you a cup of tea," said a voice at her elbow. "We may not get off the bar before nine o'clock. Fortify yourself with a roll—it will help pass time away."

"You are very kind," accepting the refreshment. "How provoking it all is! You are going to have something, too?"

He seated himself by her side. They made a tablecloth of the newspapers, chatting till the rolls were finished, then carrying away the cup, he staid to smoke, leaning over the guards and watching the lovely moonlight pictures succeeding one another; mosaics in jet and smoked pearl.

"I wonder if she married her cousin?" thought he. "And is she mistress or maid? A strange freak of fortune, to bring her before me to-night, of all others, and unhinge me further for what is before me."

"We are coming to Middletown," said he, as he came again to her side. "Are you near your journey's end?"

"It is the next landing, I think."

"You expect friends to meet you, for it is twelve o'clock?"

"Oh, certainly! I am a perfect stranger here. How much further do you go, Mr. Alexander?"

"To Middle Haddam, wherever that may be. There are half a dozen towns of the name, they tell me."

"Why, I am going to Middle Haddam!"

"You are? My mind is, I confess, considerably relieved. I did not like to think I was leaving a lady to possible annoyances. We are in sight of it now. See the little houses scattered over the hills in the moonlight. What weird effect on a prosaic little village!"

The boat touched, for a moment, a rocky point, the natural pier of this river village; then speeding away in the shadows, a darker shadow. Only the heaving of the great engine, the heavy wash of the river on the shore; it was else silent as a dream.

"We seem to be in a field," remarked Alexander. "The conveyances are, no doubt, in the road to which this path leads. Primitive, is it not?"

"There is some mistake," said his companion. "There is no one here to meet me. They have never received my letter, for nobody would suppose I could find my way about a strange place in the night."

"You're all right," returned Alexander, cheerfully. "If we do not find a boy out here asleep, with a team tied out waiting for you, there will be some vehicle by which you can reach your friends. Is that your trunk? It had better be put further from the water."

He dragged it as he spoke to a clump of elder-bushes, where it remained, half embowered, like a suburban cottage. He bore his own on by the handle. It was a small Russia one. When his companion regretted the trouble he was taking, he responded: "I am to be married to-morrow."

Floods of light came into the lady's brain.

"In that case," said she, with a laugh, "I shall be delighted to offer the service of Bridget to Pat, and bear a hand."

"Cold-hearted creature!" thought he. Did he wish she would faint at the announcement? For aught she knew, he might have been married more than once.

They followed a well-beaten path across the meadow to a lane, shady and dark with trees. It was deserted.

Walking on, and, looking cautiously around, they perceived a large house, with barns and outbuildings. The moonlight made bars and patches of splendid light about it, and the river shone through black masses of foliage like a silver shield.

"This looks like a country tavern!" exclaimed Alexander, abandoning the trunk. "They will furnish a vehicle or give you shelter till morning."

There were broken stone steps leading from the road to a terrace. He scrambled up these, and a shorter flight to the door; found the knocker, roused all the neighboring dogs with his raps, but no inmate. A moment's investigation convinced him that the place was uninhabited.

"We must be on the outskirts of the village," he remarked, rather crestfallen. "The settlement will be found near the church and the store. Do you see the steeple?"

"This is a comfortable place under this wide-spreading elm," ventured his companion. "Let us ask them where the hotel is."

"I don't believe there is anything as grand as a hotel; a rough hostelry, perhaps, where the farmers put up their horses. What is your destination? Your friends may not live very far away."

"I am going to Captain Lyman's."

"You are?—so am I!"

"To be Milly Lyman's bridesmaid."

"And I the groom!"

They stood still a moment and laughed.

"You knew all about it, of course," said Alexander, "and where I was going, all the time."

"No, I did not. I began to have a premonition when you landed here. I have been abroad, and have had but few letters from Milly. You know her pretty, illegible hand? I guess at half she writes. The proper names may be anything. I read the name of the gentleman she intended to marry in two or three different ways, but it is within the last half-hour I have guessed it to be Alexander."

This was not what the gentleman had anticipated. He had little to say, but knocked sharply at the door. People do not waken easily at one o'clock in the morning. Repeated efforts roused some creature at last, whose wild head was thrust from an upper window.

"What do you want?"

"Can you tell me where Captain Lyman lives?"

"Straight up the hill," returned the voice, savagely, and banged down the window.

The hill was a long one; some time passed before they reached the top, and, looking around, selected a house befitting the captain's dignity.

"You have never been here before!" exclaimed the breathless lady; "that seems so strange!"

"Does it? I met your friend in New Orleans last Winter. The papa consented by letter. I promised to be here as long before the wedding-day as I could. Here I am, on time, if we ever find the home."

"This looks like it. It has a piazza, I know," said she, as Alexander attacked the front-door. There came an immediate response.

"Who in thunder are you, waking up the neighborhood this time o' night?"

"I am trying to find Captain Lyman's."

"Well, 'tain't here. Where did you come from?"

"Hartford."

"How did you come?"

"By boat; an hour ago."

"Expect me to believe that story? Boat went down at six o'clock. None of your fooling. Be off!"

"Is there a tavern here?"

"No, there ain't."

This person closed his window, and for a moment Alexander hesitated by the gate. He had not asked his most important question.

The sound of the opening window was heard again.

"Clear out, I tell you. You can't sprawl round on my door-steps. Step quick, or I'll put a charge into you."

"Where does Capt——?"

"Good gracious, Frank, he's got a gun!" cried his frightened companion, clutched his arm and pulling him away.

He held her hand, drew it through his arm, but was speechless with vexation.

"Were there ever such people in the world? Don't ask again. Let us find a place and sit down till daylight."

"Here is another piazza. I won't try but once more. Do you see the river shining down below? What a riotous honeysuckle! This street is perfumed with honeysuckle; the inhabitants are fond of it. I believe we shall fare better here."

He knocked once—thrice. By-and-by a night-capped head was put forth, then came another, still a third.

"What is wanted?" demanded a quavering soprano.

"Which of these roads leads to Captain Lyman's, if you please?"

There was hesitation, withdrawal of heads. Re-appearance of one which, with shrill voice, indicated his road.

"Three miles up—further on."

"Could you give this lady a place to rest till morning? We have come by the boat——"

"Goodness gracious, no, we can't," began one voice.

"We're as full as we can be," chimed a second.

"You had better go right along; you'll get to the captain's by daylight," added the third.

"May I leave my trunk on your piazza?" for he was heartily tired of his burden.

"Law sakes alive, Harriet, tell him no."

"Might have smallpox," whispered a sepulchral voice in the background.

They withdrew from the window, but were evidently watching the wayfarers, who, seated on the steps, debated.

"Come," said the lady, "I see a tower among the trees over yonder. It must be the church by which our road goes. Let us go there and wait for morning."

They crossed a knoll covered with thick green-sward, reaching broad old granite steps, on which Alexander deposited his impediment with a sigh of relief.

"I could laugh at the absurdity of the situation,"

continued she, seating herself, "but just now I am tired. How chilly it is!"

"I am too angry to laugh, or shiver, either," said he, unlocking his trunk and pulling out a light overcoat, which he threw over her shoulders.

"At what?"

"At the depravity of the natives. I feel as if I were the vagabond they take me for."

"Colors seen by candlelight do not look the same by day."

"Are you comfortable?"

"Very."

She was leaning back against the church-door. The moon had gone down; they could hardly see one another.

"May I smoke a cigar?"

"I wish you would."

"Were you long abroad?" asked he, after a few silent puffs.

"Four years. Aunt Lucy has taken up her residence in Heidelberg."

"Tell me something of your life since I saw you last. I know nothing, not even your title. I fear to inquire for former friends, lest I wound you ignorantly."

"Aunt Lucy has never forgotten you, and grandmother talks about you yet. She never was reconciled to your neglect of her."

"She never knew the reason. I will take the first opportunity to make my peace with her."

"There have been a few changes since you knew us. Louis"—here her voice altered, with a curious tremor in it—"ended his short, painful life a little while before I went to Germany."

"You married him?"

"No, I did not. He died three weeks before the marriage-day. We tried to make him happy, and guard him from shocks and annoyances. I doubt if we succeeded. He was glad to die. He said so."

"One would never associate grief or loss with your serene looks. How do you women keep their innocent sweetness in this rough world? Is it because you do not feel long or deeply?"

"That is hardly what I would expect a man to say who would not ask for my relations lest he hurt my feelings."

"I beg your pardon. I have never been able to forget. I am a fool—I am miserable."

"Let me say frankly"—and she almost interrupted him—"that I have regretted the loss of your regard in the past. Give it to me again—a kind cordiality we all value from you. I am fond of Milly. I would like to be friendly with her husband."

He threw his cigar away. It fell in the grass, from whence it kept looking at him with the red, exulting eyes of Mephistopheles.

"How shall I be received?" he exclaimed, at length. "Is Milly crying her pretty eyes red?"

"Not according to your theory."

"I have no data to judge her graver moods by. She taught me to dance the German. She chats amiably. She is bewitchingly pretty; but I don't know what her grief or resentment may be like."

"She is not indising either. She is a sensible girl. She is annoyed, but she knows there is a detestation, and that the next train will bring everything right."

He sighed impatiently, and buried his forehead in his hands.

"Do they call you Bunnie yet?" he began; "an odd, attractive name, that suited you."

"Hark!" said she. "There is the first bird. Is it a robin?"

He lifted his head. It was his wedding-day.

"There is surely the rumble of wheels," she continued. "Some farmer's wagon. Do see, Mr. Alexander."

Alexander went forward to accost the driver. It was the mail-wagon, which would take them on their way.

The morning-glory tints of the sunrise were ex-

panding in the sky when this battered vehicle stopped at Captain Lyman's gate. Nothing was stirring but a blustering old turkey-cock, who disputed the passage to the front door.

Mrs. Bailey sat down on a piazza-chair, while Alexander pulled the bell, and pulled again. By-and-by an old gentleman appeared, wrapt in a gorgeous dressing-gown of blue, with figures of Chinamen and butterflies all over it.

He stared at the young man from under long wisps of white eyebrows.

"My name is Alexander," volunteered that disheveled personage, who bore unmistakable marks of having been out all night.

"Humph!" responded the old gentleman. "How did you get here?"

"In the boat," replied Alexander, meekly, expecting this statement would meet with the usual disfavor.

"In the boat!" repeated he of the dressing-gown, eying his man sharply.

Could he be drunk?

The lady came forward.

"Captain Lyman, it is too bad to come upon you at this hour of the morning. That dreadful boat was aground hours at Wetherfield. We were landed here in the middle of the night, and have been wandering about your inhospitable village ever since. I may go to Amelia? I am Bunnie Bailey. You remember me?"

The captain melted in apologies. He shook hands vigorously, and could scarcely be kept from rousing the household to give them welcome.

Bunnie tapped at Amelia's door. A blonde, with her hair in curl-papers, was startled from sleep. There were tiny shrieks. The two flew at one another like furry kittens. There were kisses, reproaches, explanations, in shreds.

"Why didn't you send for me?"

"We did. New boy. Said the boat had gone down. Out all night! Oh, Bunnie! I believe I shall die! Who do you think is here?"

"Frank Alexander?"

"No. Isn't it queer he hasn't come? He can't come before noon, and, Bunnie, I'm horrid—I hope he is delayed in some way; it will be an excuse."

"Milly, you are wild; Mr. Alexander came with me!"

"Good gracious, Bunnie, what am I to do?"

"I don't understand, dear. You must speak more definitely. Have you heard about the fire?"

Milly threw herself back on her pillows.

"What fire?" asked she, languidly. "Do you remember George Sears?"

"The poor fellow you refused so many times, who finally gave it up and went to Canton? Our lovers don't go to war any more, but into trade, and make money to ease their breaking hearts."

"He is here."

"How operative! What are you going to do with him?"

"I supposed I should not care long," pursued Milly, wiping away a mist of tears. "Nobody seems to. Now his uncle is dead, he's rich, he's come back."

"Do you love him?"

"I don't know. I don't want to be married to-day. I wish I was out of the whole of it. You've had experience, Bunnie—tell me what to do."

"Take the straightest way, Milly; go to Mr. Alexander; he is generous."

"You don't think he'll do anything desperate? You needn't laugh, Bunnie Bailey; he's just wild about me. Oh, dear, what a time there will be about it!"

If George Sears had only come a month before, how easily Milly would have slipped from her engagement—like a knotless string from a pearl.

Meanwhile, the old captain showed Alexander to his room.

"You'll have time to turn in for a nap. You won't be married till three o'clock. Take it easy."

There's an old bean of Milly's here. Came all the way from Canton after my little girl. It's hard on him, and I'm afraid Milly was to blame, somehow; but you're all right."

"I'm not so sure of that, sir." And he told, briefly, of his losses. "Will you tell your daughter? She may wish to alter her plans. Of course I cannot go abroad, as was planned, even had I the money. I must stay and look after the business."

The captain stammered, but could find nothing pleasant to say. They would talk about it after breakfast.

"There are the papers, which will give you full information. But you do not need vouchers for a man's disasters. It is his honor and his income we want substantiated."

Alexander smoked, made a lingering toilet, and went down-stairs. A short, dark young man was playing with the dogs on the back piazza. He nodded good-morning.

"You had a rough night of it," remarked the stranger, whom Alexander imagined, from a sea-flavor, might be Sears.

"Decidedly. It surprises me, for late boats and travelers astray must be frequent here."

"Well, no. The people who come here are either old acquaintances or are piloted by a native."

"You are an old resident?"

"I was born here, and Milly and I went to school in the brick school-house you passed on your road."

"The captain told me you were old friends."

"Did he tell you nothing more?"—nervously pulling the spaniel's ears through his brown fingers. "I came here from China, expecting, of course, to marry her. It seems I made a confounded mistake. I can't make it out."

"Come," said Alexander, "make a friend of me. Talk to me as if I had no interest in the case. I had rather know the truth, the exact truth, no matter how damaging to me. You may trust me."

"Well, I can tell you in few words. I would like your opinion;" and he condensed his life's romance into twenty minutes.

You may be sure Alexander listened with the deepest attention, which began to flag slightly when the clash of dishes and a certain agreeable confusion became apparent in the dining-room.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sears; I have eaten nothing since yesterday. I am incapable of advice till the unreasoning part of me is satisfied. I smell beef-steak, and all my savage instincts are aroused."

Sears followed him to the breakfast-table, but felt no more appetite than a man on the brink of a precipice holding on by a bush. Amelia at length bloomed upon the company, in white frills and blue bows and glossy halo of golden hair. She looked doubtful and grieved, like a scolded child, and Alexander thought she knew the worst he had to say, until, on seeing him, she smiled, giving him a pearly, reluctant hand.

"Bunnie would not come down," Milly said; "she was tired and wanted to sleep."

She would have disappeared as soon as breakfast was over, but her father called her back, saying: "I could not do it, Alexander."

"Sit down, Milly," said her promised husband. "You engaged to marry a rich man, who was to take you to Paris and offer you *fêtes* without end. That man is a bankrupt!"

Milly looked wild—her father explained. When the girl understood, she was angry, and then began to cry. She wouldn't be married!—she did not wish to be married!—she wished she had never seen him!

"Your having seen me need not embarrass you," said Alexander, coolly; "I receive your dismissal. This way, Sears; I have finished my communication."

The white-duck covered leg, visible from Alexander's position, twitched and disappeared.

"Captain, I believe I'll go and smoke a cigar!"

The old gentleman came after to express his sorrow; he faintly hinted at a postponement of the marriage.

"No," said Alexander, decidedly; "Miss Lyman must take me to-day or never. It is very well as it is, captain; she loves the other fellow, and never cared a button for me."

But, now, the wedding hurry began to thicken; flowers came in bushel-baskets, cakes, fruit, zealous assistants, little cousins in white who wanted to be on the ground early. The sums—three dear, fat, capable ladies, with immense, pleasant mouths, and a power of managing any sort of entertainment, from festival to funeral—had laid the tables, when the captain came in like a belated bombshell.

"What's to be done?" asked he of Alexander, with great simplicity. "This thing has got to be stopped."

"What is the use? Why not substitute Sears?" said the other. "Nine-tenths of the people will never know the change of programme."

"You're precious cool," the captain began, half vexed.

"There is plenty of time to realize my position. I confess the world is upside down just at present; so, sir, be charitable."

He walked off.

"Poor fellow!" said the aunts.

Amelia was not difficult to persuade. The oddity and suddenness of the thing pleased her. Yet, as she buttoned her gloves, she half regretted the change of bridegrooms. Sears was too short—she liked tall men.

By-and-by Bunnie came floating in a cloud of tulle. Alexander stood before the long clock in the hall, regulating his watch.

"What are you going to do with all these flowers? Bestow one on me. No, not panicles—you might as well give me willow. Rosebud and forget-me-not will suit me. Will you pin it in for me?"

As soon as the marriage was concluded, the principal figures went to New York, and many of the guests left by the same boat, making a joyful party, who danced and talked away the lovely moonlight night.

A great dullness settled on those left behind. Some of the young people staid to tea; but early in the evening the hall was deserted, and the weary family bade each other good-night.

Alexander staid down-stairs to write a letter. He had reached his third page, when Bunnie Bailey came in.

"May I talk to you a few minutes?" said she, flushing carmine as he rose from his chair. "You are going off early in the morning. I thought it would be better to speak than to write. I know money would be a convenience to you just now. I have some thousands waiting for an investment. Won't you borrow them? It will save me some trouble."

"And if I should fail again?"

"Oh, you won't fail."

"I was writing you a letter;" he stepped backward, drawing the closely written pages from the table, which she took mechanically. "It is a case of special pleading, Bunnie. You know I love you."

"I have believed so."

"I love you now."

She was silent.

"If you will not speak," said he, bending over her, "look at me."

"You will see too much."

Verbal Vices.—Indulgence in verbal vice soon encourages corresponding vices in conduct. Let any one of you come to talk about any mean or vile practice with a familiar tone, and do you suppose, when the opportunity occurs for committing the mean or vile act, you will be as strong against it as before?



CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

FOND MOTHER.—“*Lizzy, do keep that brat quiet—Fido is taking a nap, and must not be disturbed.*”
(Where is Bergh?)

A Young Man who was declined with scorn by a girl some three years since, thought the whirling of time had brought his revenge when he recently drove by a house on Park Avenue in his cutter, and saw her, with an old shawl tied about her head engaged in a futile effort to clean the sidewalk with a dilapidated broom, while her husband sat by the window reading a newspaper.

An Up-town Man and wife agreed recently to learn a verse of Scripture every evening and repeat it to each other for mutual improvement. The first night, however, her quotation happened to be, “Am I not thy ruler?” and his was to the effect that he’d be hanged if she was; and the only result of the plan so far has been that he has taken to drink, and exhibits a willingness to sleep in the woodshed nights.

“**It is Such a Funny Thing,**” said an old lady of experience, “to see a doctor try to look solemn when he is told there is a great deal of illness about. The only thing that beats it is to hear a lawyer talk about people going to law.”

Defiance.—The latest style of young ladies’ hat is called the “Kiss-me-if-you-dare.” When worn by a cross-eyed woman with a wart on her nose the defiance is terrible and unanswerable.

Timely Advice.—Timon, the misanthrope, one day ascended the rostrum, and then addressed the people. “Athenians,” said he, “I have a small piece of ground on which I mean to build. There is a fig-tree in it which I must cut down. Several citizens have hanged themselves on this tree, and if any one of you has a desire to do the same, I now give you fair notice that you have not a moment to lose.”

At The Battle of Spiers a regiment had orders not to grant any quarter, and an unhappy enemy, wounded and disarmed, begged hard for his life from one of its officers. Touched with his situation, the other replied, “I pity your misfortune, and—ask anything else but that, and upon my honor I will grant your request.”

“**Mister, I say, I don’t suppose you don’t know** of nobody what don’t want to hire nobody to do nothing, don’t you?” The answer was, “Yes, I don’t.”

A Servant-maid, who was occupied in picking her mistress’s cabbages, took the opportunity of cabbaging her mistress’s pickles, saying it made no difference.

Why Are Troubles like babies? Because they get bigger by nursing.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Finals are coming
When primals are going.

This man evidence will give;
A vicious fairy as you live;
This afar you seek in vain,
A Barbary State is next writ plain.
A happy garden of early day,
Part of a ladder, I may say.

2.—ENIGMA.

Beneath the noisy street I'm found.
Our guldman broke me on the ground.
Where the music grand is pealing,
Bringing to the soul of feeling
Elysian dreams of brightness rare,
Light and grandeur—all things fair—
Love and happiness undying—
Search, for there you'll find me sighing.

3.—CHARADE.

My first is to act, my second perform;
You'll say that they both are the same, when you
see 'em.
My whole is a bird—none living e'er saw 'em,
And they have not got one at the British Museum.

4.—CHARADE.

My first, when you know, you'll agree,
Frequently grows to a very high tree;
Second, I've no doubt, is a thing you all bear,
Some badly, some ill—I cannot declare;
My third, now, as you may be wishing to know,
I'll tell you; if correctly put down, a snare it will
show;
My whole is a line of old English kings—
Not emperors, or any such nonsensical things.

5.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals two articles name,
Both of them well known to you;
In size they differ, though for purpose the same,
Their names you will soon bring to view.

1. A useful quadruped this will name;
You'll very quickly guess the same.
2. A female Christian name now see,
Consonants two and vowels three.
3. A person called, with some pretext,
To borrow cash, but I was next.
4. My fourth cannot be clearer defined,
Than to say he is one who fault does find,
5. A kind of vessel. To bring it to your view,
I may say that of masts it has only two.

6.—DOUBLE CHARADE.

1. At midnight riding up to my first at full speed,
I dismounted and asked for a bed and some
feed.
The landlord, quite sleepy, my demand at once
heard,
And surely asked why I came first, second,
third.
2. My first and my next name a part of a shoe,
When together both have been placed,
Though I wish to explain quite distinctly to you
That 'tis not the part that is laced.
My second and third at breakfast with very
much relish,
And now a last point my charade to embellish;
When the answer to both my charades you
disclose,
'Tis found to the rays of the sun to expose.

7.—CHARADE.

My first is either false or true;
That it may be the last I pray,
To all that may this riddle view—
The young, the old, the grave, the gay.

My next spreads out its wings so white,
And scuds before the pleasant gale;
When in distress, it is a sight
To make the bravest cheek grow pale.

The whole is sought by every one
Who cares if first is false is true;
You'll have it true from many a one,
By doing as you'd wish they'd do.

8.—SQUARE WORDS.

1. This is a kind of resting-place.
2. An animal in this you trace.
3. A kind of plant the third will name.
4. And this a statesman of much fame.
5. Another plant you must indite,
To bring the final one to sight.

9.—SQUARE WORDS.

Wearied; doting; a coin and a consonant; to
choose; impressions.

10.—CENTRAL DELETIONS.

1. I'm a beautiful, bright, blazing star, it is true;
Take me away, and a pretty little dwelling is on
view.
2. I undulate, I vacillate, my movements are uncer-
tain;
Take but two letters from my name, and Death
draws down the curtain.
3. Of the frailest, and fairest, and sweetest I tell;
My 'at removed, a skeleton grim and ugly I shall
spell

11.—PUZZLE.

Young Brown threw it right through old Brown's
window. It did not break the glass, but it caught
old Brown, who was sitting down to his dinner, right
in the eyes, and he could not see for some time. It
was not found afterward.

12.—CHARADE.

My first is to annul and to make void.
My second is in force and undestroyed.
My third is cautious, scrupulous and nice.
My whole's a bird whose food consists of mice
Occasionally—also various fruits,
And much delights in tender, juicy roots.
It has a bony helmet cased with horn,
Which helmet it had not when first 'twas born.

13.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Forth from my first the warrior went,
Into the fierce and raging element.
2. Boldly he rode, and undismayed,
In my second well arrayed.
3. On and on the charger sped
Into my next by his master led.
4. Foremost in my fourth the warrior rode,
As the dead and the dying were around him
strewed.
5. Then, amidst the triumphant blast,
The valiant chieftain was borne to his well-
earned last.

If you my initials and finals read aright,
Two English rivers it will bring to light.

14.—SQUARE WORDS.

A heavenly body; a musical composition; a re-
ward; to rub out; steriles.

15.—SQUARE WORDS.

1. A kind of turret here we view,
2. For this next to rehearse is due.
3. Not this nor that 'twill show.
4. Possessive of a boy's name here,
5. What's this (transposed) strikes not the ear?
6. Next, changeless by Time's flow,
7. And this means neatly, as we all know.

16.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Part of this; a title; a useful material; a fortification; an Irish town; censure; a fold; a vessel; part of you.

The centrals and finals, read downward and across, name a town in Ireland.

17.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Land and sea,
Fight for the free.

1. When for our country's weal we pray,
This is what I always say.
2. Empire great beyond the foam,
It fain would conquer the second Rome.
3. If you'd count me, 'twere better you should look
alive;
So start off at once with one thousand and five.
4. To-day is come, and I am just behind,
I never come, but always there you'll find.

18.—CHARADE

My first—terse speaking—the past of to be is,
And my last—well, you'll trace it on each sailing-ship;
My whole may be termed a jolly good spree, yes,
Or it will name concisely a nice pleasant drink.

19.—HIDDEN REBUS.

It must be that he dies. Without his death
Our chances are but light, and would not weigh
Against yon fleecy clouds. Nay, more than this,
The queen desires his death; her holy state
Has been attacked by his unruly tongue
With virulence extreme. Then let your ears
Be sealed; let not this embryo duke
Successful plead. We meet again at noon.

20.—ENIGMA.

I'm in the little brooklet
As well as in the sea,
And close beside the ringlet
That Nancy gave to me.
The Winter always has me,
But not the gentle Spring,
And like the sprigs of royalty,
I hover near the king.
Now, when you see me in a tear,
You'll know I'm in distress,
But what I am, and what I'm here,
I leave for you to guess.

21.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Beautiful plants, rich and rare,
Are grown in this with every care.

1. Saddle my favorite horse to-night,
And let this part be drawn quite tight.
2. Sit down and play again, my dear;
This kind of music I love to hear.
3. A Christian name often read
in Scripture history, 'tis said.
4. A courier, or a message sent
To declare, denote and represent.
5. 'Twas a thrilling story once told,
Of a brigand chief, daring and bold.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN
APRIL NUMBER.

1. Tulip; harebell; London-pride; buttercup;
pink; jasmine; carnation; marigold; pansy; crocus
(crock); primrose; snowdrop.

2. A miser sitting in his room
Was counting o'er his treasure;
Said he, "I shall have quite enough very soon,
Then I happy shall be beyond measure."
A beggar just then came and tapped at his door,
Both starving and cold is she;
"Go away!" said he; "you've no right to be poor,
You should saving and provident be."
But on the next morning, the cold gray dawn
Was lighting his dreary home;
But his spirit had fled, grim death had come,
And claimed him for his own.
And what was the use of his coveted gold
To him now that he'd gone to his rest?
Had he used it, he might have gained blessings
untold;

But, instead, he was dead and unblest

3. Sea-son (season). 4. Alexander Pope, thus—
Aloe, bLue, reEd, cruX, frAY, aNna, Dawn, dEr,
poEt, leaP, glOw, sPin, Eyes. 5. Jean Ingelow.
6. Merim, Evora, rover, Irene, mares; Tamar,
acute; mutes, a-test, rests; Slave, Laval, avail,
valle, Ellen.

7.—

G
P O D
P A V E D
G O V E R N O R
D E N S E
D O E
R

8. Among famous warriors I Tamerlane name;
While Honey, you know, ne'er from idleness
came.

Next, Eric the Ninth, of Sweden, stands here;
And Chilo, a wise man of Greece, will appear.
Among the great poets, Homer stands high.
Th' Ionian sea lies beneath a warm sky.
Melpomene, to Grecians dear;
And logarithms owns Napier.
Who has not heard of little Jack Horner,
Eating his pie in THE CHIMNEY CORNER?

thus—TamerlanE, HoneY, EdC, Chilo, HomeR,
IoianN, MelpomeneE, NapierR.

9. "The miserables have no other medicine but
only hope"—Measure for Measure. (Commence
at the top left-hand corner, read down and round.)
"Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than
war."—Milton's "Sonnets." (Commence at the
right lowest corner, read up and round.) 10. Bred,
red; brim, rim; glass, lass, ass; bark, ark; beagle,
eagle; prank, rank. 11. Horse, hose; Pound, pond.
12. Idler, drive, lines, eject, resta. 13. Marmont,
Mascena, thus—Montcalm, Atilla, RamliuS, MariuS,
OudenardE, NapoleonN, TalaveraE. 14. Archæology.
15. Oars. 16. Broad, road; speak, peak; heel, sel.
17. Galileo.

18.— A
O R E
P R I N T
O R E S T E S
A R I S T I D E S
E N T I T L E
T E D L A
S E E
S

19.— M A S T O D O N
A S P I R E S
S P O K E N
T I K E S
O R E S
D E N
O S
X

20. Shylock. 21. Often (of-ten). 22. Rent within
town; thus—T-rent-on.

Sad Case.—It was at the funeral of the head of a family. A neighbor in the churchyard, while the service was going on inside, was speaking of the deceased, and took advantage of [the opportunity to observe, in a tone of subdued sympathy: "An' he had just got in his coal and potatoes for the Winter. It is a sad case."

The Young Women of a New York congregation are invited to bring to a church-fair cakes of their own baking, and we have the most positive assurance that the object is not to kill the patrons of the institution. But it is a curious proposition.

All Languages Spoken.—A French hotel-keeper posts this notice in his office: "English, German, Italian and Spanish spoken here." An Englishman arrives, and in fantastic French asks for an interpreter, only to be told there is none. "What! no interpreter? And yet you say on your sign that all the languages are spoken here?" "Yes, sir, by the travelers."

Taking Snuff.—A person observed to his friend, who was learning to take snuff, that it was wrong to teach one's nose a bad habit, as a man generally follows his nose.



LOGICAL.

LADY (to shopman, after making him turn over all he stock)—"There—that's exactly the quality I want, but it's green, and I want plum-color."

INSINUATING SHOPMAN—"You can't do better than take this. Besides, ma'am it is plum-color."

LADY—"What! Plum-color?"

SHOPMAN—"Certainly. Only the plums are not ripe!"



CAUSE OR EFFECT.

"Good-morning, Donnelly. I hear your daughter has a baby; is it a boy or a girl?"

"Sure, miss, it's meeself as doesn't yet know for the life of me if I'm a grandfather or a grandmother, dedad."

Particular.—A "woman's rightist" says that girls are not particular enough about the men they marry; but there is a woman over in Chelsea who is so particular about the man she married that she takes her sewing to his office, and sits there all day till he is ready to go home.

"Do You Think I'll get justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel. "I don't think you will," replied the other, "for I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

Why is the Gout like reciprocated love? Because it is a joint affection.

"Ma, Can't I Have some more cake?"—"Why, Susie, I thought you said your head ached very badly, a few minutes ago!"—"So it did, ma; and I s'pose it aches now, only I don't feel it."

A Traveler in a steamboat, not particularly celebrated for its celerity, inquired of a gentleman who stood next him what the boat was called, upon which the latter replied, "I think, sir, it is called the Regulator, for I observe all the other boats go by it."

The Longest Periods in a boy's life—Those between meals.

There are Some Science, a little mystery, and a good deal of uncertainty about the game of croquet. The other day, when a clergyman made an evening-call on one of his congregation, and was invited to play a game, he said that he was only too glad, remarking that such social games served sometimes to place pastor and parishioner on a more friendly footing. Before the first game was over, a young lady hit him in the back with her mallet, he fell over a hoop, and two of the players decided never to darken his church again, on account of his cheating.

A Very Popular but blind count lives in the Champs Elysées. Being witty and musical, his society is much sought after. He left Paris three months ago, and on his return called upon a fashionable marchioness, who was preparing to go to a fancy ball. She begged to be excused, but, as he had an important message to deliver, he was shown in, and, being blind, was asked to take a chair in her boudoir. Gossip ensued, and during all the time the marchioness, assisted by her maid, executed the mysteries of her toilet. Being ready to descend to her carriage, the count stated that he had been absent in London, had undergone a successful operation for cataract, and could now see as well as the marchioness. The latter shrieked, and jumped into her carriage without even an *au revoir* to her unwelcome visitor.

"Henry," she said, "you don't know what a soothing influence you have on me." "My darling," he whispered, softly, while a glad light came into his eyes, "can it be so?" "Yes," she said; "when you are here, I always feel inclined to sleep."

Mr. Justice Page was renowned for his ferocity upon the bench. While going the circuit, a facetious barrister named Crowe was asked if "the judge was not just behind?" "I don't know," said Crowe; "but if he is, I am sure he was never just before."

A Female Writer, speaking of affinities, observes that a woman now and then meets a man to whom she can truthfully say: "On the barren shores of time, oh, my soul's kinsman! I have found in thee my 'pearl of great price,' and there is nothing more precious out of heaven." I have no doubt that this is the case, and while I would not rudely mar the sweet poetic beauty of the picture thus summed up, my experience teaches me that the women who begin by talking in this sugary manner are usually prone to throw skillet and flat-irons at "their soul's kinsman"; after marriage, and to growl at the "pearl of great price" because he comes to bed with his feet cold.

An Odd Experience is mentioned of a clergyman at his first baptism of infants. He was a very young man, and had never before held a baby, much less a baby and a book, in the presence of a church full of people. The first infant given into his arms was a big, squirming boy of thirteen months, who immediately began to "corkscrew" his way through clothes and wrappings. The minister held on bravely, but in a few moments the child's face disappeared in the wraps, and his dangling legs beneath were worming their way to the floor. Seized with the horrible impression that the child was tunneling his way through his clothes, and would soon be on the floor in a state of nature, he clutched the clothes violently by the sash-band, and, straddling the child upon the chancel-rail, said to the mother: "If you don't hold that baby, he will certainly be through his clothes, and I shall have nothing left but the dress to baptize."

A Writer in St. Nicholas says: "What do you say to a flower bigger than a dining-plate, and weighing three or four pounds?" It is very rarely that we say anything, although sometimes we are intimate with a vegetable, and occasionally we are drawn into a controversy with a cucumber.

A Preference.—"If you prefer the keg of lager or the bottle of wine to me," said Mary, "just take them to the magistrate and get married to them." "What do you mean?" said John. "Just what I say. I don't want a young man to come here evenings chewing cloves to hide his breath, and to hide his habits of drinking. If you like lager more than you love me, just marry it at once, and don't divide your affections between woman and wine, or a woman and lager; love and liquor have no affinity." "Why, Mary, how you talk!" exclaimed John. "Yes, I mean what I say; unless you sign the pledge and keep it, you had better not come here again." John did sign the pledge, and he kept it, and he married Mary.

A Lady, Annoyed at Some Scandal she had heard about herself, determined to sift it to the bottom. Accordingly she inquired of various friends till she came to one lady who apparently had originated it. The aggrieved one, thereupon, made her complaint, and inquired where the supposed originator of the scandal had heard it. "Certainly," said the originator, in her sweetest tones; "I heard it from your own husband." Exit the aggrieved one, to take measures accordingly.

Importance of Architects.—There is a story on record of an architect repudiating any connection with the building fraternity, in the case of the late eminent Mr. Alexander, architect of Rochester Bridge and other fine buildings in England. He was under cross-examination in a special jury case at Maidstone, by Sergeant—afterwards Baron—Garver, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony, and after asking him what was his name, proceeded: "You are a builder, I believe?" "No, sir; I am not a builder. I am an architect." "They are much the same, I suppose?" "I beg your pardon, sir, I cannot admit that. I consider them to be totally different." "Oh, indeed? Perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists." "An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the design, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind; the builder is merely the brick-layer or the carpenter. The builder, in fact, is the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together, and sets it going." "Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do." And now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the Court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel." The reply, for promptness and wit, is not rivaled in the whole history of rejoinder: "There was no architect—and hence the confusion."

One Day Doctor McKenzie, well known in the region of Clydesdale, England, was dining with a party, among whom were the honorable Henry Erskine, and other legal magnates. Toward the close of the meal a large dish of cream was placed upon the table, and Doctor McKenzie, who was exceedingly fond of the esculent grass, helped himself largely; and not only so, but he ate with a keen relish, if not voraciously, carrying the food to his mouth with his fingers. Mr. Erskine watched for a time, and, being struck with the oddity and grossness of the proceeding, he resolved to give the clergyman a hint for the better regulation of his conduct. Said the wit: "Doctor McKenzie, are you aware that you put me in mind of King Nebuchadnezzar while in his state of condemnation?" The company smiled, and looked to see the cream-eater abashed; but not a bit of it. Replied McKenzie, with a twinkle of humor: "Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I'm eating among the brutes."

"Board by the Day or Week," muttered young Tinkerson, as he glanced at a placard in a window. "Well, you can get bored by the hour where I live. The landlord's daughter plays the piano and recites poetry in the parlor every evening, sure."

"My Dear Murphy," said an Irishman to a friend, "why did you betray that secret I told you?" "Is it betray that you call it? Shure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to some one that could keep it?"

Doctor Johnson was once running down Scotchmen in his usual way, saying that none of them ever wrote anything worth reading. A bystander took him up. "I will name to you a Scotchman whose words you thought well worth reading." "Who was that?" "Lord Bute, when he signed the order for your pension." For once the doctor was effectually set down.

A Northern Iowa Farmer offered a tramp his daughter and half his farm for three days' work in the harvest-field. The tramp wavered a little at first, but then the color of the girl's eyes didn't suit, and he thought the farm laid a little too low, so he declined the proposition, stole a lame-strap, and went on his worthless way.

"Bridget," said O'Mulligan to his wife, "it's a cowl ye have. A drop of the crathur 'ud do you no harmum." "Och, hone," said Biddy, "I've taken the pledge; but ye can mix me a drink, Jemmy, and force me to swally it."

A Blekering Pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the husband exclaiming: "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!" "But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in that sort of reiteration which married ladies so provokingly indulge in. "I will keep thee a week after thou art dead," was the Quaker's rejoinder.

An Amusing Anecdote is told of the present Empress of Germany. She is said to have been complaining, on one occasion, to a distinguished diplomatist, of the comparatively small influence of women in politics, and expressed her own regret at not being able to direct the political movements of her country exactly as she desired to do. "Something could be done by me," she is said to have remarked, "if I wore that," and she touched the coat of the diplomatist. "Your purpose is far better answered by wearing this," is reported to have been the answer of the statesman, pointing to the feminine robes of the empress.

Reverend Gent.—"But you really can have no serious reason to wish to be parted from your wife." Rusto—"Well, no, sir. I like my wife well enough; but, you see, the fact is, that she don't please my mother."

A Drunken Man, who fell down in the parlor, remarked to his wife that he considered that a pretty place for her to peel peaches, and throw the skins.

"Papa, me has been baptized, ain't me?" asked a little three-year-old. "Yes, dear." "Then me won't have to be baptized again?" "No; but can you remember anything about being baptized?" "I dees I can." "Well, what did the minister do to you?" "He shoved up my sleeve, and put a knife in my arm."

Mother—"Lilly, you don't seem to take so much interest in your French lately. What's the matter?" Lilly—"Well, mother, French doesn't seem so interesting, now Madame Felicite is teaching us, as it appeared when Professor Dupont taught us." Mother—"Was the professor a young man?" Lilly—"Yes, mother, about twenty-four, and such commanding eyes." Mother—"Um! yes, oh, yes! I understand."

The Whirligig of Fashion may bring round the most sudden and dazzling changes, and the duties of the toilet may multiply like leaves in Vallambrosa, but there is nothing that will make a woman stand before her looking-glass so long as a sunburnt nose.

The Best Portrait of the late John Wilson Croker extant is that by Lawrence, and it is said that it was Lord Strangford's remark on its verisimilitude—"You can see the very quiver of his lips"—which elicited from Peel the rejoinder, "Yes, and the arrow coming out of it." A few days afterward Croker, who had heard the story, repeated it to one of his countrymen, who observed, "He meant *ahur*, 'coming out of it.'"

Apropos of "Tannhauser," does any one recall the story of Rossini? The day after it failed in Paris, Meyerbeer called on Rossini. The great Neapolitan was seated at the piano with the score before him. "My dear fellow," said Meyerbeer, "you have got the music upside down." "Oh, yes, I know," replied Rossini; "I tried it the usual way, but it wouldn't go a bit. It's better now."

Traveling Agent (to melancholy-looking old gentleman): "Don't you want to get a domestic magazine?" Old gentleman: "No, no! My wife is all the domestic magazine I need. She blows the whole house up every day."

A Crowd of People in North Carolina who turned out in a rain-storm to see the first train of cars pass in that region, put down their umbrellas and kept very still so as not to scare the iron horse from the track.

Summer is the Season when everybody has "warm friends"—if they have any at all.

A Gentleman, on visiting Wordsworth's home at Rydal Mount, asked the servant to show him "Mr. Wordsworth's study," and received this answer as she conducted him into a room in which were many books—"This is master's library; his study is out-of-doors."

Penance.—An Alsatian woman recently went to confession. "Father," she said, "I have committed a great sin." "Well," cried the priest, perceiving that she paused. "I dare not say it—it is too grievous." "Come, come, courage!" "I have married a Prussian." "Keep him, my daughter; that's your penance," decided the holy man.

An Alleghany Woman was struck in the side by a bullet fired from a pistol, and she jumped up and down, and cried out: "I never get a new corset that something don't happen to it right away!"

Miss Anna Dickinson's lecture is entitled "Sowing and Reaping," and an old bachelor very cruelly says that "Sewing and Ripping" would be a more appropriate subject for a woman.

A Traveler Notices that Rome has several new museums, but everything in them is old and out of style.

The Most Bashful Girl we ever knew was one who blushed when asked if she had not been court-lying asleep.

The Intelligent Farmer never waits for something to turn up. He takes a good plow to the ground, and turns it up.

Much Smoking kills live men and cures dead swine.

When a Man is on the right track he can go ahead without fear of a collision.

A Feeling Tribute to Woman.

ALL honor to woman; the sweetheart, the wife,
The delight of our fireside by night and by day;
Who never does anything wrong in her life,
Except when permitted to have her own way.

A Conscientious Glazier will always take pains to do his work.

There are Men so constructed and constituted that the easiest thing they can do is to make fools of themselves.



A GAY DECEIVER.

"Now I know why Oswald has been so cold and distant with me of late."

"I Declare, Mr. Goldthumb, you have read everything. "Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunk-maker, it would be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country!"

Let Cynics say what they will, man is not vindictive. Here, for years, we have been subjected to the daily torture of wearing the stovepipe hat, and we haven't even preserved to eternal infamy the name of the wretch who invented it.

Sharp Damsel.—"Is it possible, miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied. "I don't even know what my own may be a year hence."

There was some philosophy in the henpecked husband who, being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered: "To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own."

An Old Woman, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town. The old lady said, "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling there, what is?"

"The Little Darling, he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a-purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, dear?" "Yes, ma, to be sure it was; and if he don't behave himself, I'll crack him again!"

Quite Disinterestedly, You Know.—Said a prominent opera-bouffe actress to a distinguished author, complaining of her little troubles—"Dear Mr. So-and-So, I am in such a dilemma! The poor dear marquis is plaguing me to marry him, on the one hand, and a partner in Rothschild's bank wants to make me his wife, on the other—what am I to do?" Replied the distinguished author to the prominent opera-bouffe actress—"Marry the banker, my dear Miss So-and-So—get him to take a theatre for you, and I'll write the piece."

"Julius, was you ever in business?" "Of course I was." "What business?" "A sugar planter!" "When was that, my colored friend?" "De day I buried dat old sweetheart of mine."

When a Good Man comes out of church and accompanies his neighbor to his barnyard to look at a mule for sale, the least injudicious familiarity with the animal is liable to work a total revolution in that Christian's views of special providence.

The Turks.—Lord Palmerston once said, speaking of the Turks, "What energy can be expected of a people with no heels to their shoes?"

Certain Cure.—A quack doctor advertises to this effect: "Cough while you can, for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't."

What is Worse than raising cats and dogs? Hailing omnibuses.

Why is a Miser's Charity never to be interfered with? Because it is nothing to nobody.



A WOMAN'S PICTURE.—“SHE OPENED AN ALBUM AND DISPLAYED TO CAPTAIN DELAN'S DILATING EYES A COUNTERPART OF THE SAME PICTURE HE HAD SO BITTERLY LAIN UPON THE DEAD SOLDIER'S BREAST.”

A Woman's Picture.

It was during the war.

“A picket's shot.”

Basil Delan looked up from the letter he was writing. His English blue eyes clouded.

“Who is it?” he asked.

After a moment, some one responded that it was ranton.

“Avenel Granton!”

Delan rose to his feet. His English blue eyes had grown dark with surprise and pain.

“Shot dead?” he asked.

“No; but Doctor Gantz says he's fatally wounded. They've taken him into hospital.”

Delan had crushed his letter into his pocket.

“I must see him.”

Only a recent friendship; but the evening before Avenel Granton had sat with him on a grassy slope and repeated poetry while the sunset faded and the moon rose. And he had revealed his heart—the essence of a fresh and fine nature—to his new friend.

“If there is anything I can do for him,” murmured Captain Delan, hurriedly preparing to seek the hospital.

In a few moments he was standing by Granton's cot.

A fine brow, curls of bronze-brown hair, close-shut eyes, with thick dark lashes shading the pallid cheek—the wounded man was beautiful as a dying god.

"Granton!" the captain said, softly. The fast-falling man opened two dark, unconscious eyes.

"Let her stay with me a little time," he murmured. "I am going away soon—going to the war, and perhaps I shall never come back again."

"Granton, don't you know me?"

The dying man made an effort to arouse himself from his weakness.

"Captain Delan—yes, I know you. I am fatally wounded."

"I am afraid so, Granton."

The other sighed, catching his breath again with a groan of pain.

"I have friends—they must know."

He spoke with extreme difficulty.

"Would you like me to telegraph to any one, Granton?"

"No—too late."

The morning sunlight was creeping close to the bronze-brown curls growing damp with death.

"What can I do for you?" said Captain Delan.

"Not much."

He smiled sadly.

"Captain, in my knapsack you will find some letters. When they bury me—you can do it quietly—place them in my breast."

Delan nodded.

A look of keen regret came into the dying man's young eyes.

"Poor darling!" he murmured.

He seemed to forget Delan; grew restless, and moaned with mental suffering.

"Oh, it is hard!" he groaned.

"Granton, what else can I do for you?"

"Write to my father when I am dead. You will find his address in my wallet."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. Only I would like you to stay by me, if you can. It will not be for long."

Not long. In three hours the restlessness and pain was at an end.

Then, anxious to attend promptly to the young soldier's last requests, Captain Delan ordered Avenel Granton's knapsack to be brought to his tent.

It was evening when he searched and found the letters. As he had suspected, they were addressed in a woman's handwriting. In his breast was his own letter to the woman he loved: so he held the little white packet of love-letters cherished by Avenel Granton with a tender grasp. There were fifteen of them. Granton had been a year in the army.

"Poor fellow! he was not married, but would have been."

As he turned the packet to admire the clear seal, "M," a photograph dropped to the floor.

Delan picked it up.

It was a woman's picture. He stood gazing at it. The color dropped out of his cheek. His hand shook so, that after a moment the photograph fell to the ground.

"Elsie Marie! False as hell!"

His beautiful eyes glittered with a lurid light. For a moment his clear-cut face was distorted so that he looked like a demon.

He tore the half-written letter from his breast, and, glancing once at the tender words and loving phrases, tore the sheet to atoms and dashed it under his feet.

Then, with a cry of anguish, he flung himself, face downward, upon his couch, and lay like a statue of despair.

* * * * *

"Captain Delan is in the parlor, Miss Elsie." Elsie Marie sprang to her feet. The corals swinging in her little ears were not pinker than her suddenly blushing cheeks.

"I knew he would come," she murmured to her fair reflection in the mirror, as she arranged her fluffy gold hair and set straight her rose-hued ribbon.

"Three months since I had a letter! I have been so worried!"

In the room below, Captain Delan walked the floor.

"I must see her once more—once more," he was saying to himself, with a pale cheek and a tumultuously-beating heart. "I will accuse her to her own fair face. Can she have any excuse?"

The rosewood door swung open.

"Long looked for—come at last, Basil!"

Was ever a voice cheerier—sweeter? Was ever a woman fairer?

She clasped his cold hands in her warm, tiny ones—reached up to his face to kiss him. And then she drew him to a sofa.

"Oh, Basil, I have been so anxious! not a word from you for months! naughty boy!"

"I could not write to you, Elsie—at least, not as I had done."

"Your regiment disbanded, I know, and you have been busy, I suppose. Well, I have been busy, too, and so full of trouble."

"Trouble, Elsie!"

"We have had sickness in the house."

"Who has been sick—your father?"

"No, Basil; I have never told you of my sister Vida?"

"Your sister? Have you a sister, Elsie?"

"Yes, a twin sister. She was named for papa, Vida being feminine of David."

Delan's mind was wandering. He was looking at that fair brow, and wondering how it could seem so guileless.

"Vida has been at a convent-school for a year and a half," Elsie went on. "The Sisters wrote us, three months ago, that she was in a fever, and papa went and brought her home; and though everything has been done for her, she does not recover her mind. She suffers so!—poor Vida—and no one knows but me what caused it all. She was engaged to a young man in the army, and he has died."

"Then you have been thinking chiefly of your sister, Elsie?"

"It has occupied my time to tend and soothe her, Basil, for I am the only one of the family whom she seems to know. Dear Vida! she is only a shadow of what she used to be. Once so beautiful!—darker than I, and with a lovely color such as I never had. See, I will show you."

She opened an album and displayed to Captain Delan's dilating eyes a counterpart of the same picture he had so bitterly lain upon the dead soldier's breast. The two were unmistakably from the same negative.

He grasped the book from Elsie's little hands. She hears his quick breathing.

"Basil, what is the matter?"

"Elsie, tell me the name of Vida's lover."

"Avenel Granton. He was shot on picket duty."

The album dropped with a crash to the floor. He snatched the girl to his breast.

"Darling!" he cried.

Little Footsteps in the Snow.

MINE! mine! mine!"

The speaker was a young and handsome woman—though, stop a minute—handsome? Well, Waldron said she was, but perhaps you mightn't. Let us see. Tall, and so slender that every movement, every gust of wind, swayed her lissom figure like a young birch-tree; a small head, habitually bent and wound round and round with braids of pale dead-brown hair growing very low upon the brows; slender, straight brows of a darker shade, as were the drooping lashes which almost concealed the great transparent eyes, more green than gray; a skin utterly colorless and fine as satin; a narrow jaw and pointed chin; thin lips, whose half-formed, mysterious smile had something sphinx-like about it; long, slender neck, hands and feet; and a motion

as graceful as a snake's. There—that is Veronica Vassall; and, yet, it don't in the least describe her as she stood, on that fair Summer morning, at the head of the steps leading, terrace after terrace, from the old house at her back down to the riverside; and it was of stately house, and widespread, fruitful fields, and the rich, quaint old garden, bourgeoning to its Summer bloom, that she spoke in that low, sibilant whisper, as the glances of her strange green eyes shot hither and yon, gathering in all the wealth and beauty of the scene, and claiming it as her very, very own.

Did she include in this possessive pronoun the figure of the man lounging up the garden-paths from his early plunge in the river?—a man whose dark and sensuous comeliness might well touch the fancy of such a woman as this; for, does not Psyche ever seek Eros? does not intellect love strength? and the fragile crystal best suit the fiery liquor? Tall and broad-shouldered, and rich of coloring, with clustering chestnut curls and virile beard, glowing dark eyes and a rich, deep voice—yes, of course, Max Waldron was a handsome man; but I have known very ugly men whom I liked much better.

He sprang up the steps now, and seized Veronica's hand with a movement so suggestive of a kiss, that the girl drew suddenly back, murmuring:

"Imprudent always! Papa is at the window."

"Ah!" And, carelessly raising his eyes, Waldron glanced toward the house, started with well-feigned surprise, and at once went forward to the open casement upon the lower floor, where, warmly muffled in invalid wraps, sat a stately old man attentively regarding the pair.

"Why, good-morning, my dear sir!" exclaimed Waldron; "I am delighted to see you up again. Three days since you sat at this window."

"Yes, and the worst of it was that you all seemed to think I was never going to sit here again," replied the other, in a slightly offended tone. "If I had waited for Veronica's morning visit she would have persuaded me that I was far too ill to rise, even to-day, so I just had Julius Cesar get me up and put me here before any of you were astir, and I feel the better for it, sir—very much the better."

"That is right, very right, Mr. Vassall, but if Veronica errs on the side of prudence, you must attribute it to filial anxiety and tenderness."

A gleam of annoyance shot from the still fiery dark eyes of the old man, and he answered, very haughtily:

"Miss Vassall is infinitely obliged to Mr. Waldron for his defense, but possibly it was not required. Remember, young man, remember what I told you three months ago! I like you very much; I find you an excellent and trustworthy overseer of my estates and my business; I trust you, and like you, and have almost the feeling of a father for you, but I will not, I swear I will not"—and the old man clinched his hand and struck it violently upon the table beside him—"I will not give you my daughter, nor any share of her, while I live! She is all that I have, all that is left to my old age, and I will not give up one thought, one affection, one ear, to any man alive. When I am gone it will be different; she is my heiress, and will be her own mistress; after the days of mourning are over—for I will not be stinted of them any more than of her affection while I live—but when two years are past, if she likes to marry, why, I will not haunt you; that's all I can promise. But, mind me, Waldron, one act of disobedience, a kiss, a pledge, a promise, even, if it once comes to my knowledge, will be enough to banish you from my house, and strike her name out of my will; and don't delude yourself with the idea that these are but words, and idle threats. I had a child whom I loved indeed, a child far nearer, far dearer, to me than ever Veronica can be, and for an act of disobedience I—Well, well, all that is nothing to you. Go and get your breakfast, and then come to see me; I want to tell you about beginning the

harvesting, and to hear about the crop in the riverside lot, and some other matters. Go, now, my dear boy."

Veronica, lingering outside the window, and so close to the house that her father could not see her from where he sat, had listened attentively to this conversation. Her head averted forward upon its slender stem; her hands tightly closed in each other; the lashes drooped over her eyes until only one thin line of greenest light betrayed their watchfulness.

As the young man turned from the window, she turned also, and the light sound of her footsteps was lost in his resounding tread.

Inside the little breakfast-room, where stood a table laid for two, she turned, and, winding her arm around his neck, met more than half-way the forbidden caress, murmuring the while:

"Two whole years after he is dead, and he may live a very long while yet!"

Selfish and remorseless and calculating as he was, the cynicism of a daughter thus bewailing her father's life, and grudging the mourning that should follow his death, revolted all that was left of good in Max Waldron's nature, and he withdrew from the circling arm about his neck almost in terror, saying:

"You're a cool one, Veronica. I wonder if you'd stop at anything to gain your end."

"If the end was your love, Max, I do not believe I would," replied the girl, fondly; and with almost a shudder Waldron moved away from her side, and went to seat himself at the table.

The bright Summer day went on, through dewy morning and glorious noon, until the golden sunset. The invalid old man had given audience to his manager—as with unconscious sarcasm he called Max Waldron—had eaten his simple midday dinner, taken his afternoon repose, and was once more seated in the great armchair at the window, looking down upon the garden and the glittering river beyond. The negro valet, nearly as old as the master whom he had served from their mutual childhood, first as bondman, now as freedman, and always as lover, stood respectfully leaning upon his master's chair.

"Julius Cesar, you may cover my feet and legs with something light. The evening draws in cooler."

"Yes, Mas' Peyton, I just thinkin' that way;" and Julius Cesar, with the air of a man in a crisis whose danger he knows, but is determined to face, went to a cedar chest in the great closet of the bedroom, and taking from it a bright, soft afghan, fantastically wrought in crimson and gold, shook it out, and laid it carefully about his master's limbs.

The latter looked at it, carelessly at first, then with a start of displeased remembrance, and laid a hand upon its edge, as if to tear it off; but even in the act the trembling white old fingers sank nervelessly into the soft fabric, and the angry mouth quivered a little and was still.

Julius, watching the signs of the times out of one corner of his amber eyes, was content, and, adjusting the wrap more carefully, said:

"Hope it won't rain 'fore Miss 'Ronica and Mas' Waldron git home."

"Oh! Mr. Waldron went with Veronica, then?" asked the master, trying to speak carelessly.

"Yes, Mas' Peyton. She rode de Barberrry mare, an' he had Black Sultan."

"My own horse! Who gave him leave—ah, well, ah, well, I shall never mount Black Sultan again, and he must be exercised! As well Waldron as one of the grooms; but they might have consulted me; Veronica might have said that he was going with her. Well, well, a little while and they will have it all their own way. I had a child—Oh, Alix, Alix! Ah, well, ah, well, a little while—"

Julius Cesar, who had learned many years before that Mas' Peyton was as much alone in his society as in the service of the chairs and tables, except when his services were required, stepped back, and

listened to this soliloquy, nodding assent to all, while through his mind ran the unworded thought:

"It was the afghan that did it; too bright a thought for me, but just what I should expect of Miss Alix."

A light, a very light and timid step upon the gravel outside, and then the sound of slow feet ascending the steps at the end of the terrace, and then the head of a long shadow thrown upon the flags by the setting sun.

Julius Cæsar started, turned light yellow, caught his breath, and glanced at his master, who, all unconscious of the present, was playing with the fringe of the afghan, and smiling placidly as he looked down upon its bright arabesques and thought of the day when it was new and had been flung playfully over his shoulders with a merry jest and gay caress. Then—and now!

The shadow crept on, the footfalls sounded closer at hand; the negro shifted his weight to the other foot, and moistened his quivering lips. It was coming; substance followed shadow; the footfalls ceased, and there, just within the edge of the window-frame, she stood, a wan, piteous woman, no trace of beauty remaining except the great dark eyes and mass of golden hair, no trace in form or bearing of the bright, audacious creature who had flung the afghan about her father's shoulders and gayly mocked at his attempted dignity but five brief years before.

The old man started, fixed his eyes angrily upon the intruder, grasped the arms of his chair, and made as though he would have risen to repel her; but, before he could speak, she cried:

"Do not curse me, father! Do not drive me away! I am no more worthy to be called thy child. But is there not some humble corner in my father's house where I may hide until I die? Father, father, I have crawled to your feet with my last strength! Oh, do not spurn me from them!"

She had fallen upon her knees as she spoke, and crouched now upon the low stone step of the window, her bright hair tumbling about her shoulders, her face hidden in her wan fingers.

The old man sat as if turned to stone, his face ashen white, his hands still clinched upon the arms of his chair, his eyes fixed upon that prostrate figure.

A long silence, and the sun went down, and the damp night-wind blew up from the river, and the faithful servant leaned forward and looked uneasily at his master's face, fearing lest the shock might have been too much for him.

The motion broke the spell, and, like the rising of the sun over a cold, gray country, a light of love and longing spread over that stern face.

"Alix! My child!" said he, softly; and with a cry of exceeding great joy she sprang to her father's side, and knelt at his knee, and bowed her head in happy, happy tears upon his hand.

"Sense me, Miss Alix, but don't you think Maa' Peyton better lie down and rest a while 'fore he talk much more?" insinuated Julius Cæsar, whose eyes never wandered from his master's face.

"Not until I know one thing," replied the old man, peremptorily. "Alix, you were married, so you wrote me. Are you free?"

"I was married, father, and I now am free."

"With no tie, no encumbrance, nothing to come between us in the future, Alix?"

"Nothing, father. For the rest of my life, and I do not think it will be long, I am wholly, only yours, if you will take me as nurse, servant, lowliest and most grateful of penitents."

"That is enough. You have broken all other ties, or death has broken them for you; you have come back to me, and the past is forgiven—and forgotten. Kiss me, girl; I have been hungry for that kiss."

The embrace was not quite finished when horses' feet clattered up the avenue at the front of the house, and this sound was followed by that of Veronica's voice in its gayest tones.

Julius Cæsar again turned yellow, and fixed his eyes imploringly upon Alix, who returned a look of intelligence, and said:

"And now, my own dear papa, I will leave you for a little while, and after you are in bed, if you will let me, I shall come and read you to sleep, as I used in the dear, dear old times."

"Yes, child," replied the father, delightedly. "And I have missed it so. Veronica used to read at first, but after a while we both tired of it. She is not like you, Alix—she never was."

"She is coming home now, and I will go and speak to her, if you please, papa," replied Alix, hastily, for she understood and partook of the faithful valet's anxiety that no further agitation should come near the invalid, and both of them well knew that Veronica's greeting to the sister whom she had never loved was likely to be the reverse of friendly.

If the father entertained the same thought, he said nothing, except as he drew down his daughter's face for one more caress, and murmured:

"Bless you, my child; do not be long away."

"Send for me as soon as you are ready, papa," returned Alix, almost gayly, and then she went out, carefully closing the double doors behind her, and passing swiftly through the well-remembered passages, she came upon her sister just at the foot of the stairs leading up to her own room.

No one seeing her now would have denied Veronica's beauty, for the air and exercise had given her color and animation, and some words that Waldron had whispered as he lifted her from her horse had set all her blood to dancing with delight; her eyes, for once frankly open, were brilliant as the sunlit sea; a happy smile softened her thin lips; and, lifting the refrain of a merry song, she had just raised her habit and set one slender foot upon the stair, when out from the dark arch of the passage leading to her father's room glided a sombre figure, its black draperies rendering yet more ghastly the white face and falling golden hair, its pale lips whispering her name.

Veronica thought she had seen a spirit, and, with a faint exclamation, staggered back against the wall, but swiftly gliding to her side, the figure paused, and raising its sad eyes to her own, said:

"Veronica, my sister. It is poor Alix come back to see if there is a little love left for her in this world."

"Actually!" And all the beauty faded very swiftly from the younger sister's face, to be replaced by scorn and coldness. "I could not have believed in such audacity, Mrs.—Mrs.—really I forget what you now call yourself."

"Call me Alix, will you not, sister?"

"I suppose, then, you cannot lawfully claim any married name, and are ashamed to speak that which you disgraced five years ago. But do not look for my good offices in getting your father's pardon, for I assure you he is implacable, and very justly so, I must say. He has forbidden you to be admitted to the house, or for any letters from you to be received, or even your name to be mentioned. No, really, Mrs.—Mrs. Alix, it is quite useless for you to make the attempt, and you had better not risk a disgraceful expulsion from the premises; you had better go at once, and, as I see both by your face and dress how reduced you are, I will give you something out of my own pocket to get a lodging and food, and some decent clothes."

"How hard you are, Veronica! My father was not so."

"Your father!" almost screamed Veronica; "you have seen your father, and he did not turn you out of the house?"

"I have seen him, Veronica, and he forgave me."

"We will see about that!"—and, gathering her long dress in her hands, the younger sister, her face livid with rage, hurried down the passage toward Mr. Vassall's apartments.

Alix looked after her for a moment, then turned, and laying her arm upon the baluster-rail, hid her face upon it and moaned wearily. Must it always be bitterness and strife and struggle for her, even here where she had hoped for rest?

A ringing footfall, a man's rich voice humming the same refrain that Veronica had sung in leaving him, and Max Waldron came in at the door and across the hall.

At sight of that bowed figure and hidden face he stopped, and gazed inquiringly.

Subduing her agitation as quickly as she might, Alix turned, and, half bowing, was passing him without raising her eyes, when she was startled by an exclamation, coupled with an oath, as Waldron sprang to her side and grasped her arm.

"Alix! It cannot be!"

"You—you here, Harry March!" gasped the woman, staggering back and catching at the baluster.

"Hush! That is not my name; I am Max Waldron, and I came here—I swear it to you, Alix—I came here to try to reconcile your father to you, that I might bring you home, and so undo the harm I did."

"The child and pupil of 'him who was a liar from the beginning,' and always ready to serve him," retorted Alix, scornfully. "And what has become of the wretched woman for whom, and with whom, you left me? Is she here, too?"

"Hush—hush, for God's sake! You will ruin me!" gasped Waldron, already hearing Veronica's angry tread. "Meet me in the drawing-room at midnight, and I will explain everything, settle everything! Do not betray our connection to your sister, or you precipitate matters to their destruction. She is coming!"

"Very well, craven. I will be in the drawing-room at midnight, and until then hold my peace."

She had hardly time to turn her back upon him, in unfeigned and superb indifference, when Veronica came hurrying out of the passage, her face demoniac in its impotent rage and disappointment, and without glancing at her sister or seeing her lover, rushed past and up the stairs to her own room, while Julius Cæsar, following her, cheerfully announced:

"Mas'r's love to Miss Alix, and all ready for to see her now, and hope she 'scuse him for keepin' her so long waitin'."

Alix followed without reply, and with a face full of perplexity. As his heart was full of fear, Max Waldron left the house, resolved not to face Veronica until his mind and his plans should be somewhat determined.

Midnight, as told in twelve solemn shocks by the great clock in the turret, whose face and whose voice were the criterions of time for all that region, and Alix, rising from her knees, and wiping her almost blinded eyes, prepared for the coming interview.

Softly opening her chamber-door, she looked timidly up and down the corridor, listened for a moment, and then stole out, leaving the door ajar. The old housekeeper had given her the key of her own room, closed, at her father's command, on the day when her flight from school was made known at home, and in the wardrobe she had found and put on a long white wrapper, and some soft slippers, so that now, gliding noiselessly along the corridor and down the wide, dark stairs, her white draperies flowing softly about her, and the dark eyes shining like stars in her pale face, she might well have passed for the spirit of some dead-and-gone daughter of her proud race come back to visit the scenes of her sufferings, her wrongs, or her sins.

Hark! half-way down the stairs she pauses and turns frightened eyes over her shoulder, straining her gaze into the profound darkness of the space beyond. Nothing—of course, nothing; and she creeps on, half pausing again at the foot, and then, with one wild rush crossing the hall and springing in

at the door of the drawing-room, she stopped, and, throwing it wide open, gazed back at the space she had just traversed, as if she expected and dreaded to see there some fearful sight.

Waldron, who was seated moodily beside the hearth, where a light fire had been kindled to dispel the evening chill, rose hastily and came to her side with unfeigned anxiety and tenderness.

"What is it, Alix?—What has frightened you?"

"Did you not hear?—Can you see?—It is nothing, Mr.—Waldron—since that is your present name." And forgetting, or laying aside, her unexplained terror, Alix closed the door and drew her arm from the grasp that Waldron had laid upon it.

"Why so bitter?—why so hard upon me?" exclaimed he, unconsciously echoing the very cry she had uttered to her sister a few hours previously. "I have treated you ill, but it is womanly to forgive. At least, listen."

"I am here to listen first, and then to speak."

"You shall do both, if you will. When I took you from school and married you, I did it under a feigned name, partly from foolish boyish romance, partly because I feared my own father and yours, partly—I confess it frankly, Alix—because I thought, if matters did not turn out well, the marriage need not be binding."

"I believe those last words, Mr. Waldron."

"You may believe them all, Alix, for they are all true. We were not happy very long, you know, and I never succeeded in winning my father's forgiveness any more than you did yours. At last, when I found that poor girl was ready to add me to the list of her lovers, and you found her letter saying as much, and we had so desperate a quarrel, I told you that our marriage was not valid, contracted as it was under a feigned name; but I only said it to humble and conquer you, for I had already taken legal advice, and found that it was valid, at all events in this State. But you fired at the insult, and taunted and lashed me so with your scorn and rage, that I left you that very night; and when I came back—as I did in one short week, Alix—to sue for pardon and reconciliation, you were gone, none knew whither, you and the child. And tell me now, where is she, dear little Lilly? where have you left her?"

A heavy shudder passed through the woman's frame, and she cast one wild look toward the door, then said, hurriedly:

"No matter now; go on, and tell how you came here!"

"When I could find no trace of you, and the fear that I had lost you for ever came to quicken and strengthen all the old love, I resolved to come and live in some way near your father's house—that, if you ever came back here, I should be at hand; and also that I might possibly find means to gain his forgiveness for you, even if by the promise of my never again intruding upon either of you."

"And how have you succeeded?" asked Alix, coldly.

"I see by your sneer that you know how weak I have once more proved myself, and I make no excuse. I found it easy, through introductions and references, to recommend myself to your father as a suitable person to take the superintendence of his business and estates, and after a little while I succeeded in domesticating myself with him. Veronica and I soon became intimate, and I sounded her on the subject of your restoration; but she drew so dark a picture of your father's relentless displeasure and resolution never to hear your name or see your face again, that I almost gave up my project. Once, however, I did venture to allude to his elder daughter, and was so peremptorily silenced, that I never attempted it again."

"But made love to Veronica instead," suggested Alix, in the same tone of icy scorn.

"Made love?" repeated Waldron, slowly. "A man may not say, as you women can, that he is the recipient rather than the giver of love."



"A man may not; a coward may, and does."

"There! Why is it, Alix, that you never can let me love you without thrusting my feelings back upon me, wrapped in words of hate and scorn?"

"Because— But it does not matter. And do you think I am going to let you live here under the very roof with me, cheating my father and making love to my sister, and I stand silently by?"

"A little while, Alix—just a little while. Do but think. If you proclaim my identity, I must claim you as my wife, and that will lose you your father's favor again. We shall both be banished, together or separate. Veronica will triumph, and the poor old father will be left desolate. It's he who will suffer most, after all."

"But I am not your wife."

"You are indeed, Alix. You may obtain a divorce, if you choose, but without that you are bound to me. I have authority for the statement."

"I will divorce you, and you may marry Veronica."

"I love Veronica's sister."

"How weak you must think me!"

"I think you very hard and unforgiving."

"Well, I will yield this much: you shall remain here as I found you, provided you forget that you and I have ever met before to-day. Not a word, a tone, a look, must claim any secret intelligence between us. Do you promise this?"

"Yes, if you exact it. And what are to be my relations with Veronica?"

"What is that to me? After my father's death, if my own does not come first, I will set you free. Meantime we are strangers."

She opened the door and went out with a slight gesture of farewell. Waldron slowly followed, and stood watching her as she swept across the hall and began to ascend the stairs.

Was it the echo of her almost noiseless steps, was it imagination or a trick of his disordered nerves, or did he actually hear light, quick footfalls as of a little child pattering after her across the marble and upon the polished stair?

He bent his head to listen, and she, too, paused and turned and cast one affrighted look behind her, and then sprang down the stairs and fled to him, and caught his arm, sobbing:

"It is dreadful—it is dreadful! It will drive me wild!"

"What is it? What do you mean, Alix?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you; but come with me through these dark halls and passages—come to the door of my room."

"Was it that sound of little feet? Hark! I hear it again as we two move on. Alix, what is it?"

"How can I tell! The old house is haunted," moaned Alix, clinging to his arm and hastening up the stairs, while close behind them followed the patter, patter of little feet, climbing the low steps with short, uneven tread, and always just behind Alix.

At the door of the room that had been hers from a child the woman turned and cast another of those wild and fearful looks behind her, and darted through the door. Waldron put out his hand that it should not be closed, while he solemnly asked:

"Alix, where is my child—where is Alicia?"

"My God, can you ask? Do not you hear her?"

And with a sudden movement she shut and locked the door, and Waldron slowly returned to the drawing-room, no longer pursued by the little footfalls, but shuddering, as he thought:

"Are they closed with her in that locked room?"

And now the days and the weeks and the months went on in the stately old house, and brought little outward change. The father, happy in recovering his favorite child, seemed to take a new lease of life, and in the balmy autumnal weather walked up and down his favorite terrace, leaning upon her arm and upon his stick, and talking for ever of the past, the far past before she was born, and of the young wife who had died while Veronica was a

baby, and of his brothers and sisters, all dead years ago, but living to his memory.

And still, as Alix listened and murmured brief reply, her ear was strained to catch the sound, too faint for the dulled hearing of the old man, but how fearfully distinct to hers—the light, irregular pattering of those little feet following, for ever following her every motion, loud upon the flagstones, soft upon the grass, echoing in the stately corridors, almost lost upon the carpets, but always there, always audible to her, the source of such terror to her loneliness, such anxiety when she was with others.

That Waldron heard and watched for this sound she was sure, although he had honorably observed their compact, and never claimed so much as a glance of secret understanding from her.

Her father was saved by the dullness of his senses from alarm or perplexity: the negro might or might not perceive the sound—he was, at any rate, sure to be faithful body and soul to her interests; and so, of those with whom she constantly associated, only Veronica was left to be afraid of.

Did she know, or did she not? It was seldom possible to judge what Veronica knew or did not know, if she chose to conceal the knowledge; and she had this great advantage over her elder sister: her temper and her tongue were perfectly under control, and never betrayed her, while all the sorrows that poor Alix had brought upon herself had been embittered and exaggerated, if not caused, by the unruliness of her own nature.

Once Veronica, who maintained a cool and equable demeanor toward her sister, and a respectful devotion of manner toward her father, came to join them in their promenade upon the terrace. The old man talked as usual, making long pauses for recollection between his sentences, and in every pause Alix listened in agony. Surely they never had been so distinct, so resounding as in this hour; those little footfalls always, always following at every turn, always close to the hem of her own trailing skirts. She watched Veronica's face in agony, and Veronica, with a sidelong glance of her green eyes, saw that she watched, and slightly knitted her brows, as if asking herself, Why? At the next turn she suddenly paused in a remark she was making, and glanced behind her, then glanced again at Alix, who felt the blood surge and ebb in her face, but could not withdraw her eager asking eyes from Veronica's.

Another turn or two, and the younger sister excused herself, and, standing still, allowed the others to pass her, then slowly followed a few paces behind, the whole length of the flagged walk.

How loud they sounded, those little feet, pattering along the space thus left between the sisters, between her the pursued and her the pursuer!

Alix grew sick and faint, and, as they reached the window, sank upon the step, while Julius Caesar, coming out to receive his master, stooped, and murmured:

"Hold up, missy, hold up! She's watchin' you. Miss Alix says she feel little bit tired, mas'r," reported he, offering his arm to his master's grasp; and Veronica saw and comprehended the movements, if she could not hear the words, and, as she left the terrace, she slowly swayed her head back and forward upon its slender neck, saying to herself:

"It was so, and it is a secret, and she is afraid of my finding it out, and Julius knows and helps to hide it from my father as well as me, and, Mistress Alix, that secret is the lever by which I will oust you from this house, and from my inheritance, and—from Max Waldron's fancy."

For, guarded as he had been, Veronica's green eyes had caught more than one glance thrown by Waldron after the retreating figure of her who had been his wife, had found him rapt in listening to her full, rich voice, as she sung to her old father the familiar songs he loved; had noted some tea-

derer inflection in his voice, 'as he spoke to her sometimes; above all, she knew and felt beyond all proof that a barrier had risen between her and the love she had felt so securely her own; he never spoke now of their future marriage, never sought occasion to be alone with her, hardly more than responded to her demonstrations of fondness, and, although denying any change in feeling or purpose, was an absolutely changed man.

All her watching and espial, however, could not detect any private meetings, any secret understanding between the two, even though she made herself sure of her sister's occupation through every hour of the day, and set traps which could not fail to show if the door of her bedroom were opened at night.

They never met except in her presence or in that of her father, and she knew from her own experience how tolerant he would be likely to be of familiarity or side speeches between his daughter and any man.

So Veronica watched, and listened, and consumed her own heart in jealous suspicions, until her Psyche-face grew sharp and thin, and her green eyes shone with phosphorescent light. And Alix, vaguely conscious how her life was dogged, yet powerless to escape either from this pursuer, or from that other whose following feet never ceased and never tired—Alix wasted, day by day, her great eyes taking on the pathetic look of a hunted deer who feels her heart ready to burst, and hears the death-bay of the hounds.

Max Waldron watched them both, the woman whom he loved and the woman who loved him, and his heart sank within him in a sense of its own powerlessness to help or hinder either of them.

And still the old father told his old stories, and laughed and chuckled over them, and ate and drank and slept, and thanked God that his daughter Alix had come home to him, and that all her troubles, whatever they might have been, were past and over.

In the first days of her return he had sent for his man of law, and, destroying the angry will which had left her but a sarcasm for her inheritance, had divided his possessions between the two girls, not equally, but giving the fatted calf to the returned prodigal, after the manner of doting fathers.

Neither the sisters or Waldron knew more of this will than the fact that Mr. Vassall had made a new one, but this fact in itself was sufficient to prove to Veronica that she was no longer her father's heiress, and the knowledge was hardly needed to increase the jealousy and bitterness of her heart toward her sister. And still she watched and listened and waited, hardly allowing herself rest by night, or food by day, while the golden Autumn-time passed on, and in a bleak night of early November the first snow fell, a light sifting shower, lasting only an hour or two, but enough to whiten the earth, and cover it with a tell-tale surface like that which, so ruinously for "Eveleen's fame," showed the path of the false lord to her bower.

Just about midnight the snow ceased, and the moon suddenly scattering the thin clouds, shone out in wonderful brilliancy and power.

Veronica, sleepless, and filled with watchful suspicion, had been for hours lurking about the corridors, listening at doors, and setting her favorite trap by fastening a thread across her sister's doorway in such a manner that any one passing through would unconsciously snap it.

A little weary at length, she had returned to her own room, and stood at the window watching the scattering of the clouds, and darkly musing upon her own bitter suspicions.

Suddenly, the moon clearing, the last cloud-bank burst forth in the unwonted brilliancy already mentioned, and Veronica mechanically noted how crisp and sharp were the shadows so suddenly thrown upon the smooth white surface of the snow.

Something else she noted, too—something that made her pale cheek turn of an ashen gray, that

made her great eyes dilate in feline brilliancy, that caused that painful stir at the roots of the hair that we mean when we say it stands upright; she saw, upon the track of a footpath leading through the grove of trees stretching far back behind the house, almost to the abandoned coal-mine in the wild hills beyond—she saw upon the smooth white sheet of snow covering this footpath the print of a child's footsteps, not left there by one who had passed over the path and disappeared, but formed now, one by one, before her eyes, each following each as if the little wanderer were slowly toiling over the frozen footpath toward the house.

Veronica threw open the window and leaned out. The moon shone undimmed; the frosty air was clear and transparent. The footpath ran not a score of feet from this side of the house, and ended at the foot of the terrace-steps at the further corner, and there, so clearly, so unmistakably, so palpably, she saw them printed off one after another, each following each as the little feet toiled on, just denting the new-fallen snow, and lying now a faint but continuous clue, leading from that wild hill-land through the darksome grove, and up to the corner of the house, where they disappeared.

Disappeared where? Veronica felt that she must know at whatever risk, and, softly running downstairs, she was undoing a side door leading from the passage to her father's apartments, when, from the door of his sleeping-room—that door always so carefully locked at night—she heard the light sound of feet, of little pattering child-feet, coming, as it were, through the door, and so along the passage, close past the spot where she stood, and on toward the stairs in the great hall.

Her blood chilling and her flesh creeping in horror, she followed almost in her own despite across the marble pavement, up the wide, shallow stairs so laboriously climbed one by one by the little feet, and along the upper passage, until at the door of Alix's room they ceased, and a faint stir and move from within seemed to say that the wretched occupant of the room had expected and dreaded and now received her guest.

Veronica stooped, and felt that the fragile thread uniting door to doormat was unbroken, and then she softly returned to her own room—not to sleep, however, but to pace up and down, gazing at every turn from the window, dreading every moment that that mysterious clue should disappear as wonderfully as it had come, consulting her watch fifty times in the course of each lagging hour, and casting imploring glances toward the east, where now at length the chill gray of dawn appeared, while the moonlight faded slowly in the west.

"At last!" murmured Veronica; and, quietly leaving her room, she went along the narrow passages and up the stairs leading to the servants' rooms, and rapped peremptorily upon one of the doors, calling, "Joseph, Joseph! get up; you're wanted!"

"Yes, miss," replied a sleepy voice, and in a few moments a bright, stout young mulatto appeared in the undress garb of a groom; for this was the servant whom of all the household Veronica claimed as her own, since he it was who cared for her horse, and accompanied her in the reckless rides which were her chief diversion.

She now addressed him briefly and quietly:

"Joseph, I have lost something which I wish to recover before any one knows that it is lost, and you must come with me to search before other people are awake. It may be in a certain well where I was yesterday, so you must get a stout rope, a lantern, and a hook to secure the rope to the edge of the well, that you may descend; also a bag or basket. Go down softly and find all these things, being very sure, you understand, that no one knows your errand, or that I have spoken to you this morning. Then come to me at the spot where the footpath to the hills enters the grove. Do you understand all this?"

"Every word, Miss Veronica; and if it's master's dog, I shouldn't wonder a bit if we found her. You know we heard shooting that way after we lost her yesterday."

Veronica nodded and turned away, remembering for the first time that her father's pet grayhound had followed her in her ride the day before and had not returned, and that her father's lamentations and anger had reached the whole household.

The gray dawn had become daybreak as mistress and servant met at the entrance of the wood, and the light, though faint, was sufficient to show Veronica the little footprints, which the first rays of the sun would probably efface, for the air was mild and pleasant. Joseph, not yet quite awake, walked stolidly behind his mistress, whose feet obliterated the clue she followed in silence and haste.

Through the dreary wintry wood they passed, and out upon the barren upland beyond, between whose hillocks and over whose waste snows the little foot-steps still led on and on, until, as a lurid and stormy sun stood upon the eastern horizon, the hardly distinguishable trail ended—as Veronica had in some way foreseen that it would end—at the mouth of one of the long-disused shafts of the old coal-mine.

She stood for a moment peering down into the black depths, undistinguishable even by the noon-day sun, and then turned to the servant, dexterously availing herself of his own stupid suggestion.

"I think Diana has fallen down this shaft, Joseph, and I want you to fix the rope so that you can go down and see. Fasten your hook securely in the cleft of this old stump, light your lantern, and sling the bag at your back to bring her body up, if it is there. Go down all the way to the bottom, and look carefully at the ledges on the sides. Tell me whatever you see—that is remarkable. Make haste, man!"

And, with impatience hardly now to be controlled, she watched the preparations, saw the athletic figure of the negro slowly disappear down the shaft;

and then throwing herself on the ground beside it, clinched her hands upon the edge and waited in palpitating anxiety for his report. It came at last, in muffled and reverberating tones.

"Something or another here, mistress—way down to the bottom—air mighty bad, and can't stay long. It ain't Diana—she ain't there—coming up!"

And the rope shook as the man began to climb it, eager to regain the less deadly air of the upper regions. But Veronica fairly screamed with rage, and thrusting her head over the shaft, hoarsely cried:

"Don't you dare! Bring up whatever it is that you have found—dog, or child, or the foul fiend himself! Bring it up, I say!"

"Yes, mistress," replied the man, faintly: "I'll get it into the sack, and then—if I can—I'll fetch it along—but—"

"There, there, don't talk, but hurry, hurry!"

No answer, and presently the motion of the rope again showed that the man was feebly climbing it; and, with many pauses and efforts, for which only the love of life could have given him strength, he reached the mouth of the shaft, and, with one last convulsive effort, drew himself out and sank, in an almost dying condition, at his mistress's feet. But she, caring little whether it was death or not that had purchased her revenge, only thought of removing the sack from his shoulders and cutting it open, until she could see its horrible contents, at which she gazed with hard, unwomanly eyes, slowly nodding her head, as if in assent to her own unspoken thoughts.

At last, she carefully tied up the sack again, and, turning to Joseph, said, impressively:

"You have done very well so far, Joseph, and you shall be handsomely rewarded either in money or in any other way in my power; I will help you to marry, and open a shop, if you still wish it, or—in short, you shall be amply rewarded, but on this one condition: you are never to relate this morning's work to living soul unless you have my orders to do so, and, if you disobey me in this, I will have your



LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.—"THE OLD MAN STARTED, FIXED HIS EYES ANGERILY UPON THE INTRUDER, GRASPED THE ARMS OF HIS CHAIR, AND MADE AS THOUGH HE WOULD HAVE RISEN TO REPEL HER."



A GAME OF CHESS.—“HE WAS TOUCHED BY THIS SPEECH, AND, AS HE PLUCKED THE NOTE FROM HER FINGERS, HE DETAINED HER HAND AND KISSED IT.”—SEE PAGE 330.

life just as surely as I stand here. I swear it, and you may well believe it, for you know me.”

“Yes, mistress,” replied the man, shuddering, “I remember how Nellie died in the old days.”

Veronica frowned, yet turned pale, as she said:

“Nellie betrayed and disobeyed me, and she was my servant in the old days, as you call them. But, mind you, things may have changed about us, but my will and my power are still stronger than your poor life, and remember from this hour it hangs upon your faithfulness to me in this matter. Now get up, if you can, and bring this sack after me to the house.”

The great hall-doors stood ajar as Veronica again

entered the house, but none of the servants were in sight, and, followed by Joseph with his loathly load, she made her way straight to her father's room. This door also stood open, somewhat to her surprise, and, passing around the screen, she motioned the man to lay down the sack upon the carpet, and then turning toward the bed, she loudly said:

“Father, I have something to tell you!”

Then, for the first time, she perceived that Alix and Waldron and the physician stood about the bed, while close beside his master's pillow knelt Julius Caesar, his shoulders shaken with sobs, and in the midst lay the grand, calm figure of the old man, his eyes for ever closed, his ears shut to the story of

calumny and bitterness she had brought him, his mouth set in the placid yet mysterious smile so often seen upon the lips of the newly dead.

"Veronica! Our father is gone!" said Alix, coming to her side, her face streaming with tears; but the eyes of the younger sister were bright and dry, and her voice hard and distinct, as she replied:

"Then here, in presence of his dead body, I ask you, the woman with no lawful name that I know, who was that child whose body has moldered six months in the old pit-shaft, and whose ghostly footsteps have haunted this house, and followed you wherever you have gone, since the evil hour that saw you come beneath this roof? Whose was that child, wanton, and murderess?"

"Hush, hush, for God's sake, Veronica!" exclaimed Alix, falling upon her knees, while the men left the deathbed, and gathered in horror around the two sisters and the ghastly thing between them, from which Veronica had stripped the covering.

"Yes, I say!" screamed she, stamping her foot, "just here and just now I will have an answer to my charge. My father is gone; I cannot hear him curse you or turn you from his doors; but Waldron remains—this man, my lover, whom you have fooled and witched with your wicked ways until he has almost forgotten that he is mine—he remains, and he shall know you as you are."

"It is you, Veronica, who do not see things as they are," interposed Waldron, in a grave, hushed voice. "This lady, your sister, is my wife, for I am he with whom she eloped from school, and so incurred her father's displeasure. In allowing you to believe me a single man, in offering you love, and deceiving you into an idea that I could become your husband, I have been very, very deeply to blame, and hardly dare hope that you will ever forgive me."

"The child!" gasped Veronica, in a strange, shrill voice, at sound of which the physician quickly turned and passed round to her side.

"The child," moaned Alix, clasping her hands and bowing her head, "was ours, Max—our little Lilly. After I left you, I wandered, I know not where, for months, supporting myself and her by my own labor; then, at last, I drew near home, and one night I found myself there in the hills, exhausted, starving, despairing. I think my brain gave way, Max, for I lay there for hours, long hours, of which I now remember nothing, except that I did not sleep, and that the moaning and sobbing of a little child seemed ever in my ears. I vaguely remember throwing out my arms to push it further from me, and then came a shriek, a fall, a moan, and all was still. When I again opened my eyes in the bright sunlight, I lay by the mouth of the old pit-shaft, and I was alone. All day I lingered there, but there was neither sound nor voice, and, at last, when night fell, I arose and came to my father. The little feet followed me then, and they have followed me ever since; but now that I have told all, and my darling shall be laid in hallowed ground, I hope that the curse may be lifted, and I may die in peace."

"Die! Yes, that you shall!" shrieked Veronica, crouching, tigress-like for a spring, while her eyes shot green flames as they fastened upon Alix; but the two arms of the physician about her waist restrained her, while he hurriedly said to Max:

"Secure her arms. She is raving mad. I have seen it in her eyes ever since she last spoke."

They secured her as tenderly as they might, and carried her from the room; but from that moment to the moment of her death not one lucid interval humanised that demoniac life.

Under the best, kindest and most skillful treatment, but closely confined in the securest apartments of a private asylum, Veronica Vassall lived out her appointed days, and passed from earth to judgment.

Waldron and Alix were not very long in coming

to an understanding, now that all counter influences were removed, and soon exchanged forgiveness and the assurance of renewed love.

Their marriage was formally announced, and as all the Vassall property was now theirs, the world consented very pleasantly to any little irregularities in the nuptials, which were now legally declared to be satisfactory and sufficient.

The baby bones were buried in consecrated ground, and so thoroughly did Joseph believe in his mistress's power even in a mad-house, that no rumor of how they were discovered ever crept abroad.

Little footsteps still patter up and down the terrace-walk and through the wide halls of the Vassall mansion; but there is no mystery about them, and they excite no terror in the heart of the happy mother, who still, as she embraces these, her later darlings, never forgets the little Alicia, or her fearful death.

A Game of Chess.

CHAPTER I.—THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH

The dancing had already commenced, and through the open windows this early Autumn night poured the light and music. There were those outside who paused to note and listen, who, perhaps, would have given something handsome to be among the gay crush within. The silken whirl of the measured "Enchantment Waltzes," the silvery tinkle of the ladies' voices, the perfume, the glare, made up what seemed outside of the magic circle a dream. Were there aching hearts—the memory of past sins—sickening thrills of dread at thought of the future—secretly tormenting any of those intoxicated dancers; or was all this truly unalloyed delight?

From among them comes one, who makes his way to the pretty little *salon* on the right. We see that he is a very handsome young man—tall and slender—rather dark; but is there not something a little singular in the expression of his eyes? Is it the look of a man who has summoned up a melancholy resolution to carry out a scheme he has long meditated and still fears to try—or is it only fatigue and the dismal reaction which follows at odd moments a share in such excitement as he has just quitted? He peeps at his watch—marshes to the mirror and takes a long stare at his own troubled face—and then, with a deep sigh, throws himself on a sofa.

"How the time drags! I am so nervous about this thing that I distort every trifling circumstance. He will come presently—he must! She promised he should—and when did she break her word with me? Poor little girl, do I love her as she believes, or is it only my vanity at her love for me? Suppose we should come to our senses—say, at Florida! Awkward for her. But no—I shall hold to my bargain at any cost."

There was a light step, and the rustle of a dress. A young lady—not handsome; rather plain, indeed; and perhaps something beyond the first flush of youth—now appeared.

"I have found you, Arthur, and I am so glad!" she said, with a sort of eager excitement. "We shall not be disturbed here for ten minutes, at least, and I have something to ask you. Why is it you are not yourself this evening?"

"Am I not?" he smiled. "Would it were only half true! Unfortunately, King Richard is entirely himself; and now, what commands have you for this melancholy monarch, to whom you may apporportion tasks?"

"Nonsense, Arthur!" she said, settling herself on a little ottoman near him. "I am going to be very serious. I have watched you very closely for some time. There is something on your mind. You are in love."

"How wise the young lady is! Tell me, next, with whom?"

"With old General Crosby's ward—Pet Bellingham, as he calls her. I know all about it, Arthur Lennox, and denials will not do."

"I have made none."

"I certainly never thought you would try to lead that poor foolish child astray. You know she is engaged to him—that he loves her dearly—and that it would break his fond old heart to lose her. Just think of everything he has done for her! And now you are trying to induce her to run away from him and marry you. And I don't believe you care a pin for her in reality, if you only knew your own heart. It is a shame, Arthur."

He sat up, his face very much clouded, indeed.

"Do you truly feel that he loves her, Martha?" he asked, earnestly.

"As he loves nothing else in this world. Don't do him this wrong, Arthur," she continued, taking his hand. "I have always been your friend, and I advise you now as your sincerest friend. He is so old and kind-hearted, and the path that stretches for him to the grave must be very short—don't blot out the little sunlight that should fall upon it and guide his footsteps and lighten his heart."

"I do feel that I am a villain, Martha—upon my word I do! But it is too late to retreat—too late now."

"Why is it too late? Are you sure your passion is returned?"

"I am; but if I had any doubt, I shall have proof more than sufficient this night."

She looked at him with dilated eyes.

"I understand. You have made an appointment with her. You are about to elope together!"

"Can I confide in you, Martha? Promise me that you will not breathe a word to General Crosby, and I shall tell you all. I must confess to somebody—I can't be silent any longer!"

"I shall not tell him one word."

"I have asked her to fly with me to-night, it is true. Her guardian, you know, is invited to this ball. She will not come; but remains at home under pretense of illness. It is a scoundrelly plot, you perceive; but don't blame her, for I planned it all. Well, when he comes, he is to bring her an answer whether she will elope with me or not."

"By note! Is it possible you have been so imprudent?"

"No, no. I was too deep a scamp for that. Her answer is to be given by a signal."

"A signal!"

"Yes—the presence or absence of a little nosegay in his buttonhole. This will tell me everything, and I shall abide by it. Now, do not betray me, Martha—remember your promise!"

"I shall not betray you, Arthur. But let me beg of you, as a friend who has no interest in the matter but yours, to think well. This miserable infatuation will surely end, and then! Think of the unhappiness you will have brought about. Oh, Arthur, remorse is a dreadful punishment! All that has been written of it has never approached the horror of the reality."

"I have reflected; but the time for that is past."

At this moment a servant glided into the room, and, with a proper inclination of his person, and in a very soft tone, said:

"General Crosby has arrived."

"Indeed!" said the young lady, rising. "I am so glad. I must see him at once. Stay here, Arthur—I shall return presently."

General Crosby, a tall, rather fierce-looking old soldier, had just then made his appearance in the ball-room. His pink and wrinkled face was shining with enjoyment of the scene already, and he stood near the door, his gloves in one hand, and twisting his long, gray moustache with the other—scanning the dancers with a military eye.

The general had frank, blue eyes beneath those bristling eyebrows, and a kindly aspect, and, as he held himself thus erect, looking about, he was not a homely man.

Miss Martha Linden, whose party this was, approached, and greeted him cordially, and in an instant he was all smiles.

Yes! There it was—the fatal nosegay in his buttonhole; only two or three tiny flowers—a rosebud, something blue and something white.

"Alone, general?" she said, reposedly; "or has your little pet run away from you to speak to some one?"

"Poor little thing!" sighed the general, suddenly grave again. "One of those atrocious headaches, you know. A single glass of wine at dinner, and there's the result! Now, I drank a dozen and—ha, ha, ha!" laughed the kindly old fellow; "and my head's as clear as crystal. Old soldier, you know."

"How sorry I am!"

"I knew you would be, and I tried everything to cure the confounded thing; but it was no use. Poor little pet, she insisted that I should look in at all events, and so you must thank her for my presence, rather than myself. I hated to go away leaving her so ill and miserable, and I must go back to her at twelve."

"So soon!"

"Imperatively soon, I regret to say. I promised her that I would stay till midnight; and see what a pretty nosegay she gave me for my goodness."

"Very sweet!" said Miss Linden, taking it from his buttonhole and inhaling the fragrance. "And now you must give it to me, general, and when you go home, tell her what you did with it, and, if she reproaches you, tell her I took it forcibly."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the poor old general, who was, I fear, a little stupid, like many good-natured people. "She will not scold me when I have given her that account of the matter, rest assured."

"And now, general, the Lancers—your favorite quadrille! The music will begin in a minute, and I must find you a partner. There's pretty Miss Hopper—such a beautiful dancer, and no one has taken her out to-night. I don't want her to go away and say she spent a dull evening."

"Command my services, Miss Martha," responded the general, with alacrity. "A soldier's first duty is to obey, you know."

So the general was duly handed over to the delighted Miss Hopper, and Martha Linden's heart was light. She crushed the nosegay in her hand, and threw it out of the window.

"Thank heaven I saw him first!" she said. "To think what endless mischief one glimpse of those flowers would have wrought! Arthur will suspect nothing, and Pet Bellingham is saved!"

CHAPTER II.—FURTHER MOVES.

SHE returned immediately to the little *salon*; but Arthur Lennox was no longer there. For a second she felt a pang of alarm. But, no—it was impossible; he had not seen the general.

She looked into the other rooms in the neighborhood; but still unsuccessfully, and, disappointed, she was about to return to the dancing apartment, when she met the object of her search face to face in the hall.

"Why, you promised not to run away!"

"No, I did not; but you made the request. It is all the same, though. I should have obeyed, but was called aside for a moment by old Wyndlegate. He wanted me to play whist."

"I did not know he was here."

"You'll find him in the library. He's smoking and fretting there, very much bored, I fear."

"Something must be done to amuse him. What a responsibility, this part of hostess! Well, have you seen General Crosby, Arthur?"

His face darkened, then brightened in the same instant.

"Yes; as I came from the library."

"And the signal you spoke of—does he wear the

nosegay?" she asked, with a sharp and sudden interest.

"No."

"Then all is over for you."

"How so?"

"The absence of the nosegay indicates that the young lady has returned to her senses and will not elope with you to-night."

He laughed rather oddly.

"On the contrary, that would have been the reply indicated by the presence of the nosegay!"

"Good heavens, is it possible!" she exclaimed, startled and confounded for a moment.

"It is quite true. Why are you so surprised?"

"What had she done! Blindly defeated her own purpose! She stood there, not knowing how to answer."

"Yes," he continued, "the absence of the flowers is a signal which reads: 'Come! We will fly together to-night.'"

"But you will not go, Arthur?" she cried, seizing his arm.

"I have told you it is inevitable."

"Oh, let me implore you—I will do anything—go on my knees—"

"What a rhapsody, Martha! How can you be so concerned? These sort of things are very common—common as flies in Summer. There will be some surprise—some scandal—plenty of smiles and shrugs—but Pet and I will not care."

"You did not talk in this strain a little while ago. You seemed to see the reckless folly you were about to engage in."

He laughed carelessly.

"You have very excellent champagne in the library."

"I understand! And you are resolved?"

"I am! 'This rock from its firm basin,' and so forth! I must be in a hurry, too. Is there any one I can send to order my carriage?"

He was flushed, feverish and excited—altogether unlike himself.

"Then if you will persist, do me one favor—take a note from me to that foolish girl."

"I cannot if it is to be in the shape of a remonstrance," he replied, rather doggedly.

"It is to be a simple farewell."

"I will take it, then."

"Stay here. I shall bring it you in ten minutes."

She ran up the staircase quickly—passed along the upper corridor, and descended to the same floor she had just left by a shorter staircase in the rear.

Here she rang for a servant, and wrote a note. Her point now was to gain time. The note was to this effect:

"Take my carriage home. I shall return with Mr. Wyndlegate. ARTHUR LENNOX."

"Give this note without a moment's delay to Mr. Lennox's coachman," said Miss Linden, delivering the missive to the servant, who vanished.

"He must walk there if he go at all," she reflected. "General Crosby will ride. What if they should both come together? Oh, if I could only think of some way to detain both here until I can see Pet Bellingham, and tell her face to face what a fool she is going to be!"

This clever young lady now folded a blank sheet of paper in an envelope, and returned by the same circuitous route she had previously taken to where Arthur Lennox was still standing, very impatient, in the passage.

"Was I long?" she asked.

"Eleven minutes," he replied, consulting his watch.

"What kind of weather is it for traveling?" she asked. "Bad weather would be ominous. Let us go to the window."

She drew him thither—raised it—listened attentively.

"A clear night," she said, in as calm a tone as she could command. "All the stars are out. Orion is

high, and there is Sirius just peeping over the tops of those houses. How magnificent both constellations are to-night! I never saw them more beautiful."

"My dear Martha, time is passing, and I shall have abundant opportunity to study astronomy from the railway-window. Pray give me the note. I am all in a tremor of anxiety again."

"And there is Fomalhaut—"

"I know he is; but do give me the note! I shall take more interest in Fomalhaut an hour or two from now."

Just then a carriage rattled out from the long line stretching up the street—turned round—dashed away at high speed. By the time the gap it had made was filled the vehicle was out of sight and hearing. Martha Linden gave a deep sigh, and closed the window.

"If you do not give me the note, I must go without it," said Arthur Lennox, considerably annoyed. "Perhaps you adopt these dilatory tactics to detain me. They will fail."

"Take the note, then, Arthur. You are doing wrong—but God bless you!"

He was touched by this speech, and, as he plucked the note from her fingers, he detained her hand and kissed it.

He was gone.

She made her way to the library. Old Mr. Wyndlegate was there, still smoking, his back to the fire (for it was a trifle chilly to-night) and ever and anon paying his respects to a stout glass of brandy-and-water.

This old gentleman, I am sorry to say, was in anything but a good humor. He did not dance, neither did he sing, but he played an excellent game of whist, or cribbage, and a still better game of chess. Just now his difficulty was that he had not been able to find any one to assist him at any of these rather sedentary delights, owing to the pleasures of another sort elsewhere; and so for the last hour or so he had been spreading his coat-tails in front of the fire, using up his cigar-case, and fretting, as Prince Hal says of Falstaff, like a gummed velvet. As soon as Miss Linden saw him a thought struck her.

"Oh, Mr. Wyndlegate, I am so glad you came! I have been looking everywhere for you," she said, with that disregard for strict truth which diplomacy sometimes requires. "But why are you playing Robinson Crusoe here? You must find your solitude terribly lonely."

"Only a little so," assented the old gentleman, with a faint inflection of peevishness in his voice.

"Now you must do me a favor. General Crosby is here, and his quadrille will be over soon, and I want you to engage him in a game of chess. He has a wonderful idea of his skill, you know, and I should like nothing better than to see him humbled a little."

Mr. Wyndlegate's face lighted up instantly.

"I should like nothing better than a game with Crosby, if he really can play."

"Play! I have never known him to be beaten. If you can afford me that luxury, you may ask in return anything you please."

"I'll do my best," replied the old gentleman, with a shake, as if bracing himself for a desperate encounter. "But you must give us a room where we shall not be interrupted."

"That is understood, of course."

The last notes of Lancers now died away. Miss Linden ran quickly to capture the unsuspecting general, whom she found in the act of restoring the flushed and pleased Miss Hopper to her seat.

I should not like to describe the artifices by which General Crosby was, much against his will, inveigled into that game of chess with his friend Wyndlegate. But they were successful, and Miss Linden's hopes bent high, as she led these two old fellows to the little apartment where, Greek having met Greek, there was presently to follow the tug of war.

The implements of strife having been duly provided, plenty of cigars, and, by 'r Lady, sufficient brandy and concomitant "water from the crystal brook," it seemed that the situation would not be changed for an hour at least.

The young lady at length began to believe that that other game, in which she herself was so deep, was about to end in victory for the right.

But at the parlor-door, whither she had gone to take one final peep ere her flight in the direction of Pet Bellingham, she abruptly encountered Arthur Lennox.

"You here still, Arthur! I thought you were miles away by this time," she said, with admirable surprise.

"The most ridiculous, unaccountable thing has happened," he replied, angrily. "My idiot has gone off with my carriage."

"But he will come back. He is only walking the horse around the square, I suppose."

"No, indeed; nothing of the kind. The police don't allow them to break the line; and, moreover, it seems the fellow told the other fellows there that I had sent him word dismissing him for the night. I don't understand it—unless some one has played me a stupid practical joke."

"I am sure he will come back. Have patience," she said.

"Patience! And time flying at this rate! I shall give him ten minutes, and then if he does not return, there will be nothing left but to walk it."

"Well, we must not be seen together, or when the explosion comes to-morrow people will imagine I had a share in laying the train. Show yourself in the ballroom once more at all events."

She flitted gayly up the stairs to put on the few necessary wraps for her contemplated ride, leaving him standing there.

He was angry, impatient, miserable—upon the whole, disgusted. Perhaps he was secretly beginning to wonder whether that foolish little girl was worth all this trouble. If he could only get out of the difficulty with unsinged wings, would he, as he valued his private estimate of his common sense, ever put them so near the flame again?

In this frame of mind he sauntered about listlessly, looking now into this room and then into that, in a sort of imbecile search for no one; and at length he reached the little apartment where General Crosby and Mr. Wyndlegate were profoundly immersed in their chess.

It was just at this moment that Martha Linden, having succeeded in stealing out of the house, entered her own private vehicle, and drove swiftly away.

"Time—time!" she said, as she leaned back in the darkness. "I think I can imagine how Wellington felt when he longed for Blucher or night."

As Arthur Lennox entered the little room I have mentioned, both the players, very much annoyed, looked up.

"Oh, Lennox, is it you?" said the general, smiling, for he was very fond of this young man.

"Yes, general," replied Arthur, with an odd thrill at his heart as he glanced at the old soldier's pink face and met his friendly smile. "Having a game of chess?"

"As you perceive—and likely to be a long one, I fear. Why is it that you are not dancing?"

"I'm a little tired."

"How long will you be free?" asked the general, struck with a sudden thought.

"I don't know. In fact, I've thrown my list of engagements away. Very probably I shall not dance any more to-night."

"Then, my dear fellow, you can do me a favor—an immense favor, if you will. I promised Pet that I would return to her at twelve, and, you see, I can't keep my word. Take my carriage, and bear her a message from me, will you? She will be sitting up—she said she would wait for me, poor little darling!"

"Take your carriage, general!" said Arthur, stupefied.

"Yes; why not?" said the general, equally amazed at the young man's tone. "What's the matter with my carriage? Take your own, if you prefer it."

"Mine has gone."

"Then, as I said, use mine. You can bear the message and return in an hour. The air will do you good."

Was it fatality? Arthur Lennox had known something hitherto of what a scoundrel's part he had arranged to play; but now, as he stood looking at that fond and trusting old man whom he intended to betray, had sin any deeper torture in store than the pang he already felt—the sharp stab of self-reproach?

"If you do not care to go, Arthur," said the general, a little reproachfully, "of course I shall not press the matter."

"I am stupid to-night, general," he replied, quickly. "Certainly I shall go—and without a moment's delay."

It was fatality!

At one o'clock old Mr. Wyndlegate cried "Checkmate!" and the game was over. Both gentlemen rose, laughing in high good-humor, and, having duly refreshed themselves after so fierce a struggle, were about to rejoin the company in the ballroom. They were met by Miss Linden, flushed and excited.

"General, some one wishes to speak to you a moment."

Wondering somewhat, he followed her. In the hall he met pretty Pet Bellingham in her ball-dress, very pale, perhaps the least bit hysterical. The next moment she was in his arms.

Not very bright of apprehension was the general, and all this was too much like the phenomenal appearances we see in a fairy pantomime to be at once understood.

He stared speechlessly.

"I knew she must be moping at home," said Miss Linden, in a hurry to explain things, for reasons of her own, no doubt, "and so I stole away to your house, general, and I found her sitting up and the headache all gone! What more easy than to bring her back here with me? And now you must both remain till daylight, for, good taste or not, I am determined my party shall not break up till then."

"But you have been crying, Pet," said the general, puzzled still.

Had she? I do not know. Perhaps Miss Linden, in the interview between them, had said something that brought tears; but, if so, they were tears of hearty penitence, we may well believe. Let us be satisfied with the knowledge that the old general's happiness would never be in danger from Arthur Lennox or any one of his stamp again.

Arthur sent the general's carriage back, but, after learning that Pet had been spirited away a few minutes before his arrival at the Crosby mansion, he was in no mood to return himself. After all the devious moves in this game of chess which he had so secretly played, an unseen opponent had cried "Checkmate!" at last.

The Sick Man.

It was quite late in the Fall of 1852 that I dropped one evening into the Clifton, Niagara Falls, on the Canada side of the river. The house had been closed, technically, for some time, but still any chance traveler that happened to pass that way was sure to meet with a hearty reception and ample accommodation, for, unpromising and chilly as the season was, the proprietors were as kindly and as urbane as ever.

When I entered the barroom, I found one person in it besides the clerk. He was a powerful man of about thirty-six years of age, and was dressed in

heavy gray homespun. He was seated, smoking, by the side of the great furnace that heated the apartment, and was conversing with the clerk on some subject of interest, for, while I was yet in the hall, I heard their voices quite distinctly. My appearance did not interrupt their conversation, for, on turning a quick glance upon me, the stranger continued:

"Well, six thousand pounds is a handsome penny, but my opinion is that this Miss Miles that you say the detective is so sweet on may just know as much about the money as anybody. It would be a nice little sum for herself and her intended to set up housekeeping on, and, although you say this Anderson is an upright and honorable fellow, he may, after all, have had a finger in the pie."

"Well, of course, there is no saying," returned the clerk, "but I don't believe he had. And, besides, on the night of the robbery, this fellow Halford was seen in the vicinity of the house and has not been observed anywhere in the neighborhood since."

"That looks suspicious," rejoined the other. "Have you received any description of him?"

"Yes," answered the clerk. "He is a powerful man, about your age, and with hair and whiskers something like yours."

The stranger laughed, but I thought, at the moment, that his merriment was rather constrained, and I could not avoid eying him narrowly. From a few whispered sentences with the clerk, I found that he had only arrived about an hour previously, and was totally unknown to those who happened to have seen him. The robbery to which they had been alluding was at once both serious and painful, for suspicion had somehow fallen upon a Miss Miles, who was a nurse in the family where it had been committed, and, as she was engaged to Anderson, whose faith in her integrity had not faltered for a moment, both, it seemed, were in a state of terrible anguish.

Anderson, who was said to be a fine, handsome, sandy-haired fellow, set to work at once upon the trail of Halford, in the hope of rescuing the fair fame of the woman he loved from the cloud that had fallen on it. But, unfortunately for him, he had never seen this man, as the rumor went, so that, presuming him to be the robber, he was following him up at great disadvantage.

Before the conversation was resumed, a bell rang, when the clerk summoned a waiter, merely observing to him, "Number So-and-so, the sick gentleman's room."

Before the waiter had time to disappear, however, the stranger arose hastily and stepped out into the hall. When left alone, the clerk and I exchanged glances.

"If that's not Halford," he whispered, from behind his desk, "it is very like the description we have had of him."

"Indeed!" I returned. "Why not secure him, then?"

"I am not sure," he rejoined; "and you know it would be an awkward thing to make a mistake."

"Who is the sick gentleman?" I asked; "and what is the matter with him?"

"He came in this evening," was the reply; "but we know nothing more of him, for he instantly was shown to his room, and seemed very ill."

Scarcely had he uttered the last word, when we heard loud cries and scuffling overheard. In an instant we flew up the stairs, when what was our surprise to find the stranger dressed in the waiter's jacket and apron, and the sick man struggling in a pair of handcuffs before him.

"I have caught him, gentlemen, and just taken six thousand pounds out of his pocket," observed the stranger, as he coolly removed his false black hair and mustache, and disclosed the sandy crop and whiskers of Anderson, the detective. "I knew where he'd make for," he continued, "and had my

doubts of who this sick man was. When he mistook me for the waiter, however, whom I prevailed upon to lend me this jacket and apron, and asked me whether people who wanted to cross were kept long waiting at the ferry, I knew my man, and had him handcuffed in a jiffy."

It was even so. The money was recovered, and the cloud removed from the fair fame of Miss Miles. The next morning Anderson and his prisoner were on their way to the scene of the robbery bright and early, and a week afterward we saw the marriage of Miss Miles and her champion in the papers.

Tim the Fisherman.

I KNEW a tinker once—Tinker Tim: I have called him, though it was not his name; but that was when days began to turn upon the trade, though there was still a living to be had by walking and working for it. Tim was the strangest of fellows—a most enthusiastic fisherman; he knew every bit of open fishing for twenty miles round London, and a good many that were not open, too, to some of which he was not always unwelcome; for Tim knew many rare secrets of the art not chronicled by Dennys, and could impart them judiciously when he chose; and, if a fervent angler had such a thing as a particularly large and wary trout who had resisted all the allurements he was master of, he was not now and then above consulting the tinker, who was to be trusted, and was no poacher.

Sometimes Tim was mighty quiet and self-contained. He had little beyond the time of day and a good word or two for a stranger; but for the old acquaintance and gossip whom he knew and liked he could be blithe as a bird and communicative as you please.

Tim was one of those free and happy souls who haven't a spark of envy or jealousy in their composition; who would tell a disconsolate flyfisher which was the killing fly, and show a fishless banker the killing swim and bait, or perform any other kindly office in his power. He was a first-rate fisherman himself, and with a rod made of old umbrella-sticks, etc., contrived by his own skill, and with a few fine sorrel hairs pulled out of some stallion's tail, he often produced very marvelous results. Everything, even his reel, was home-made, and, rough as it all looked, he had sundry ingenious appliances of his own which were by no means unworthy of notice. Tim was a wonderful hand at baits. He always had baits of one kind or another, or knew where to get them at short notice, which would catch fish, and the old formula of worms, gentles, and gravenes, the usual *répertoire* of the punt fisher, he utterly abjured and scorned as a formula. He just used whatever he could get—grasshoppers, bumble-bees, wasp-grubs, anything he could easiest come by. He once, with a mixture of rotten cheese, fat rusty bacon, and buttercups (to give it a color), all mashed up together, made such a take of chub as I have seldom seen; and once, when no worms could be got, he made a swinging take of barbel by baiting with some chopped-up butcher's scraps. He was never at a loss: if he could not get one thing, he used another. His great point was his knowledge of the state of the water, and how it affected the various swims.

Penny Restaurants in Berlin.

TO REMOVE a part of the miseries to which the poor are subjected in hard times, benevolent people have been prompted to establish gratuitous soup-houses. A great deal of good has been done by these institutions to the penniless and vagrant population. Improving the condition of the working classes is not only an act of brotherly love recommended by the Christian religion—it has in our times become an important duty for all societies

and governments which try to embody the progress, social and political, of modern times.

The colder and more obnoxious climates of northern countries are rendering their populations more needful of good clothing, feeding and housing than the warmer latitudes of the South, and when work that pays cannot be obtained they are plunged more readily into distress and penury. Hunger and hard times will make them often troublesome, riotous and liable to be excited and misguided by demagogues, and although, through their ignorance of their real wants, they will never succeed in bettering their condition by riots, every good administration will hold it to be a prudent policy to provide for their immediate needs. When ignorant and idle individuals can enjoy all pleasures that life affords, simply because they were born rich, it is but just that poor but useful and hard-working members of the community should in times of utter distress be relieved at least of the ever-surg-ing needs of material want and be enabled to partake of a few commodities which the world can offer to them.

The first attempt to help the poor in a systematic way and on a large scale was made by the naturalist, Count de Rumford, toward the end of the eighteenth century. Starting from the correct idea that in compounding any sort of food the quantity of the several ingredients is of much less importance than the careful selection and appropriate mixture of them, as well as the mode of cooking, he devised a prescription for a poor man's soup, composed of the following well-proportioned elements: Meat, fat, potatoes, beans or peas, and a few other vegetables. After his model many other soup-kitchens were started, and, during the earlier months of 1847, which formed an epoch of great suffering to all the poor in Northern Europe, they were introduced on a large scale in all the capitals and populous cities.

During the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, the supporters of many families were compelled to serve in the army and thereby to leave their wives and progeny in indigent circumstances, and when the cholera invaded several cities, much more distress was heaped upon the poorer classes. To afford them as much relief as possible, Mrs. Lina Morgenstern, of Berlin, generously organized a society of many prominent ladies and gentlemen for the purpose of starting restaurants for the poor, or, as she called them, "People's Kitchens," where everybody, not only the needful, could get wholesome food at a nominal price, and where the most indigent were fed gratuitously. Although many gentlemen afterward withdrew from membership, mostly for political reasons, a large sum had been subscribed, the institution was started successfully, and gradually the management was entrusted almost entirely to female hands.

In November of the same year the committee of the society resolved, upon a motion made by Mrs. Morgenstern, to enlarge this benevolent institution by establishing restaurants in connection with the kitchens, and at the same time to continue selling portions to such as wished to take them away with them. This idea was carried out by hiring extensive suites of clean rooms adjoining the kitchens, and by dividing them into departments for males and females. These penny restaurants were organized in the following manner:

One central committee, residing in Berlin, was intrusted with the management and the financial matters of the whole concern. According to the needs of the people, this committee named several local committees for different quarters and suburbs of the capital for the purpose of establishing branch restaurants. The central committee furnished the means, which were estimated at about 1,800 marks for each branch. Twelve of them were erected in the first year, and they were supposed to be or to become self-sustaining.

All receipts and moneys paid in go to the banker

of the concern, who pays the furnishing dealers, and a treasurer is named only to keep in his trust the securities in which the capital of the society is invested. Many of the officers do not receive any pay. Those salaried are only the bookkeeper, the cashier, the manageresses of the kitchens, the cooks and the women selling tickets. For every branch a number of lady surveyors are named, whose business it is to buy the grains and vegetables, and to keep all provisions under their control. They are responsible for their acts only to the central committee. Every day at ten o'clock three of them assist in the cutting of the meat, the division of the food, and the sale of tickets; and they also try the quality of the cooked food, and keep the smaller kitchen-books. Portions are doled out to the public only once a day, from eleven to one o'clock. After one o'clock the surveyors enter into the books the number of the whole and half portions just delivered. When the people are crowding in in very large numbers, gentlemen of the committee are called to maintain order. All employes of the kitchen have to be there regularly at six o'clock A. M. The lady surveyors fix the bill of fare for one week in advance, so that the provisions and vegetables can be bought in time, and nothing in the kitchen, not even refuse matter, can be converted to the personal uses of those employed in them. No tickets are sold except at dinner-time. The ticket for an entire portion sells for about four cents; for half a portion at about two and a half cents. A portion consists of vegetables and a cut of meat, both being of the best quality, and the low price puts these portions within the reach of everybody. To avoid uniformity, they are varied in twenty-five different ways, and the vegetables, as addition to the meat, are always a mixture of different kinds of them. Cooking by steam has not yet been resorted to, the floors hired for restaurants not seeming appropriate for this mode of cookery.

These penny restaurants have, within a short time, become quite popular, not only with mechanics, workmen, and men employed in offices, but even with students, clerks, and many others who cannot well go home at dinner-time. More men visit these places than women and girls; and, to make room for others, every one is expected to leave just after the meal is taken. Labels hanging on the walls have the words, "Hats Off," and "No Smoking."

It has been observed that the management by women has a good influence on the behavior of the men visiting these restaurants. The Empress Augusta has visited several of these kitchens personally, and bestows on them her full protection. Lately she has fixed a premium in money to be given to all salaried employes of the institution who have served it faithfully during three years.

The penny eating-houses of Berlin have been reproduced in Königsberg and Breslau. Many inquiries about their management, by-laws, etc., were made from Russia and all parts of Germany, and proprietors of large manufactories have introduced them to benefit their working-people.

These restaurants plainly show what powerful influence women can exercise in social matters, when they seriously exert themselves to put their fellow-creatures on a higher level of material welfare, and all this without neglecting in the least their household duties; but such institutions also demonstrate how cheaply large masses can be supplied with fresh and wholesome food, if business tact and business experience is united with integrity, energy and benevolent feelings.

Lina Morgenstern, the lady with whom originated these popular eating-houses, was born in Breslau in the year 1830, and is the daughter of parents who have spent large sums for the benefit of the poor, and were renowned for their warm-hearted, practical charity. Having reached her eighteenth year, Lina started, on her birthday, among her friends, a penny contribution society for the assistance of poor school-

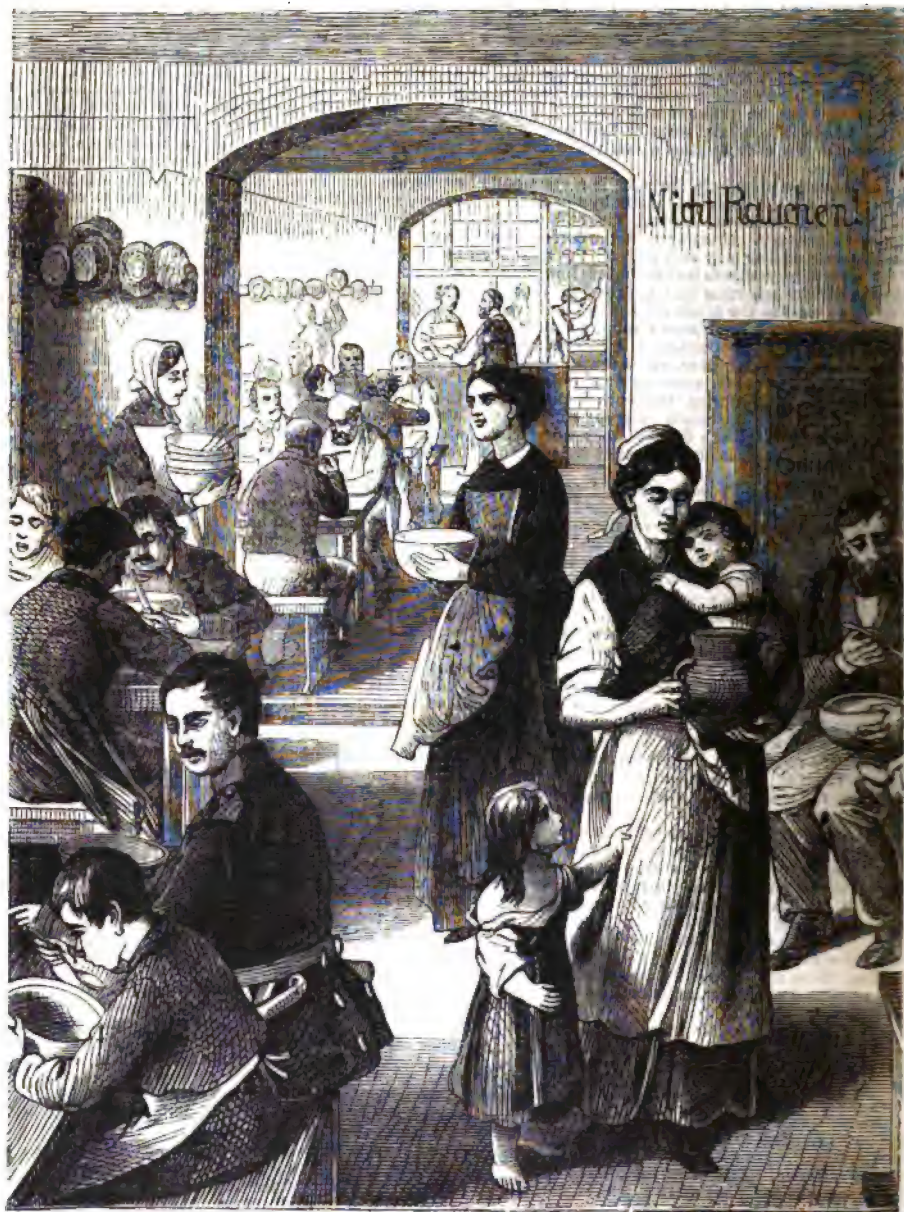
children, and a few years afterward this society had increased so wonderfully, that clothing, shoes, stockings and school stationery could be given on Christmas Day to six hundred poor children.

In Berlin she was married to a drygoods merchant, whose very thrifty business became greatly crippled through the war of 1859. With him and family she retired to a suburb of the Prussian capital, writing novels and romances, and at the same time closely observing the ways and manners of the working classes living in that quarter of the city.

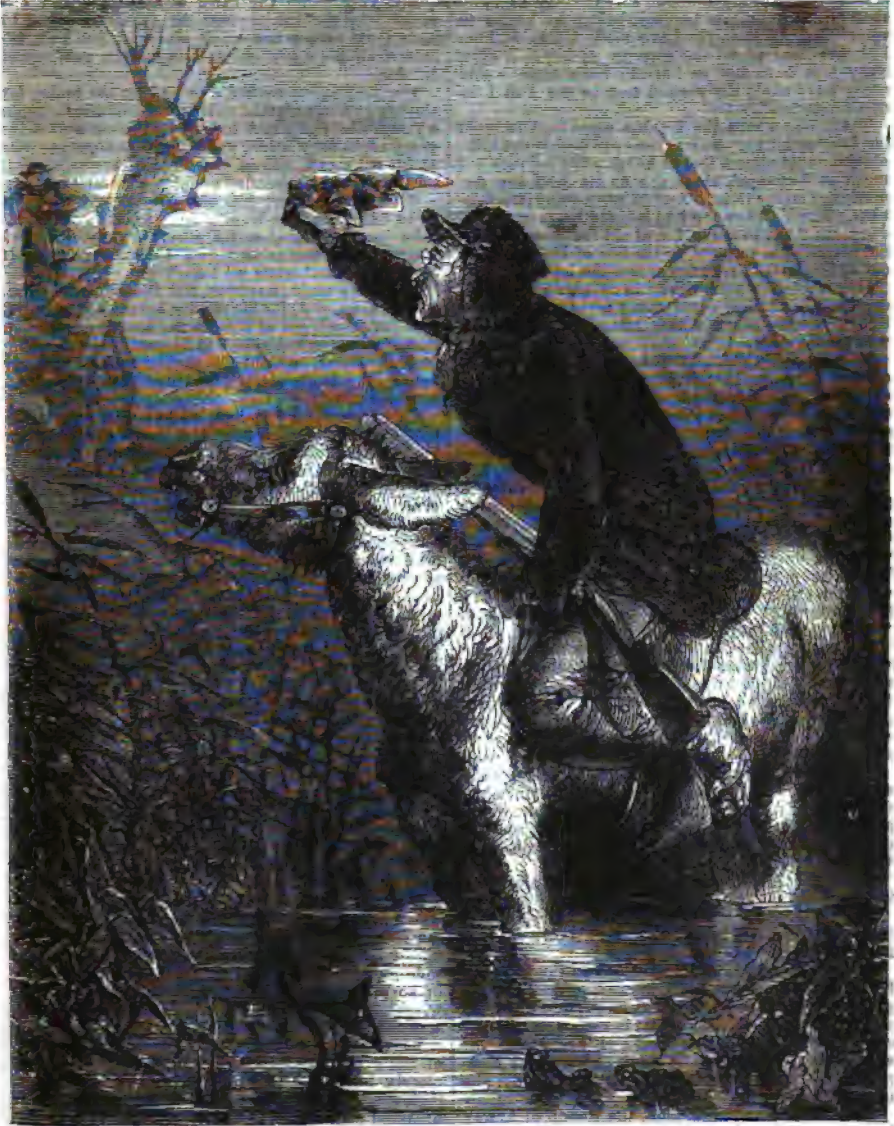
Before starting the penny eating-houses, she was

also very active in introducing the Kindergarten system of Julius Fröbel, which is of great benefit to poor mothers, and has met also with great favor in the United States.

A Good Double-pun has been made by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both Annie-mated and Bennie-fitted," was the reply.



A BERLIN RESTAURANT.



SURROUNDED.—"IN ANOTHER MOMENT SOL POTTER WAS VIGOROUSLY WAVING THE ONE REALLY WHITE PIECE OF LINEN ABOUT HIM, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE AWFUL SHAPES ON THE FOGGY BANK."

Surrounded.

THERE was not in all Western New York a more truly rural district than Arway Township, twenty years ago. It would have taken a good judge to determine which was the more dead-alive, Arway, Arway Centre, Arway Four Corners, or Upper or Lower, or East or West Arway, of all the villages into which the town was cut up, and not among them all could he or any other man have discovered a queerer "queer duck" than old Sol Potter. Nobody knew precisely whether Sol's years were fifty or sixty, for he seemed always to have been "Old Sol," and nobody else. Probably he couldn't

have been anybody else if he had tried, and rich as he was, in what went for riches in those parts, not a soul in Arway would have swapped places with him. Truth to tell, old Sol was as mean as he looked, and the only really devoted friend he had, besides himself, was the serry-looking, rough-coated, rope-tailed, long-eared little old mule that carried him to meeting and the few other errands which took him away from his farm.

Of late, however, Sol's mule had had his errands and other troubles multiplied for him, for his master had seen something, through his horn-rimmed spectacles, of a sort which has brought trouble, to high and low alike, since the world began.

If Sol had only looked as earnestly at some such girl as Sally Van Lennep, before he began to wear "specs," it might have made a man of him. But now, and of all the girls in Arway! Well, if Sally had been left to herself, Sol's mule would never have made the second trip to the Van Lennep homestead.

There was where the trouble came in, however; for, long and dreary as was the road across the hills, old Sol could almost feel at home when he reached the Van Lenneps', inasmuch as he held the one mortgage on the farm. And so, easy-going, trouble-hating Ben Van Lennep had begged his merry-eyed daughter "not to make fun of old Sol," and so old Sol persisted in tormenting the life of his mule half out of him with those trips across the hills.

Ben himself would never have cared if Sally's dry-looking admirer came every night in the week, but there were others whose interest in the matter was more active.

Perhaps Sally did not feel so very bad at first, as old Sol succeeded in "sitting out" one after another of her several beaux, for she felt sure, somehow, that one of them, at least, would "stick," and, if she had chosen, she might have been able to name the one, for Matt Granger was a sort of man not at all likely to give up very easily.

It was a little hard on Matt, though, all through September and October—almost as hard as on the mule himself—and Sol Potter was dreadfully in the way, in spite of every device which male or female wit could devise or suggest. Moreover, even Ben Van Lennep began to get nervous, dreading continually the explosion which was sure to come, if ever Sol Potter got his courage up to the point of "speaking out" to Sally.

There was a line, as Ben knew very well, beyond which his parental authority, were he mean enough to strain it that far, was dead-sure to snap asunder. If his crops turned out well that year, and sold to good advantage, he knew he could snap his fingers at Sol Potter and his mortgage; but, then, what if they didn't?

There was the rub, and so Ben let things slide after his accustomed fashion until November came, with its cold storms and raw, biting night-air, which made matters so much worse for the mule, and the dread of which kept old Sol so very late in Sally Van Lennep's sitting-room.

Alas! for Mr. Matthew Granger; and alas! for Sally's comfort!

Alas! too, for the mule; and now there came a time when old Sol began to have his own reasons for uneasiness.

Dry and cross-grained and selfish as the grim old bachelor had always been, he was, nevertheless, a greedy collector of all the stray news, true or otherwise, that could get itself about in such a community as that of Arway township, and every man or woman he might come in contact with was compelled to "stand and deliver" whatever he or she might have to tell.

Year after year, until then, the gossip of Arway had been dull and stupid enough, even in election times; but, just as Indian Summer was coming on, it began to assume a decidedly different character. Nothing but robbers and robberies—highway robberies at that; none of them near at hand, it was true, but not so far away as to rob them of a species of local interest, and all of them with just that peculiar dash of vagueness and uncertainty of detail which gives so keen a zest to your genuine, up-country tale of unprinted and unverified horror. Why, some days as many as three different men had met old Sol, and each one of them stopped to ask him the particulars of some new exploit of the villains who were disturbing the old-time peace and quiet.

"What! not heard of it?" exclaimed one. "Well, now, I do declare! I reckoned I'd git the perticklers out of you, sartin sure. You allers 'pear to git the news as soon as most anybody I know."

And very much the same was the surprise expressed by the others; nor did it fail to come to pass that, before the week was out, Sol had received all the "perticklers" any living soul could ask for.

The first effect on Sol was bad for the mule, for staying at home seemed so lonely and uncomfortable a thing, that Sally had to "sit up" later and later every night for a week, and poor Matt Granger was at his wit's end. Even Ben himself began to feel that the crisis he dreaded could not be far away.

"If the old sinner gits skeered any wuss," muttered Ben, "he'll be wantin' Sally to come over and take keer on him, sartin sure. I on'y wish't I knowed how things was goin' to go with me. It can't be a great while till I do."

That very night, however, Sol Potter's mule had a hard time of it, for his master actually attempted to "get time" out of him, in the strong persuasion that his homeward ride was dogged by suspicious-looking forms, which flitted hither and thither among the leafless trees and over the fog-hidden fences.

To be sure, he reached his home in safety, the long-eared servant under him only a little worse blown than himself; but his thoughts began to take the very direction Ben Van Lennep had foreseen.

"I'm an old fool, to be takin' all this trouble," he growled in his tallow dip, as he carefully extinguished the wick with his horny fingers. "If I'd on'y fetched her over here, then I wouldn't hev to go for her at all. Gittin' married is drefful expensive business; but I could make Ben pay for most of it. Ben's a good feller about some things. I wonder if Sally'd be so extravagant, arter all? She's a good worker, and I reckon she'd about pay for her keep, anyhow. It might be a good spec, on'y Winter's comin' on, and women is worth more in Spring and Summer. Guess I'd better run the risk on it. I'll jest go over to-morrow night and fix up matters, and we needn't go to any fuss or expense. She'll hev to giv in to my ways a bit, best way she kin fix it."

If Sol Potter had any dreams that night, however, they were nothing at all to the visions which were bothering the curly head of Matt Granger. If Sally Van Lennep had any, no one was the wiser for them; but Matt carried his about him all day, and, strangely enough, they kept him on a broad grin from sunrise till sunset.

That was another bad day for news, and all there was a-going found its way, somehow, to the ears of Sol Potter. "Set in his way" was Sol, or he would hardly have mustered courage that night to put the saddle on his mule. He may even have had a spark or so of genuine courage under his withered and wrinkled skin; but, at all events, the poor old mule was saddled just about dusk.

But saddling the mule was by no means the limit of Sol's preparations. His tough old legs were closely buttoned up in the only pair of genuine "gaiters" in all Arway Township; his narrow-breasted cutaway coat was drawn tightly up to his well-handkerchiefed throat; while the ear-laps of his old fur cap were tied under his chin in a way to baffle the nipping night-air and give a good "tack in" for the long limbs of his spectacles. But that was not all, either; for, when Sol at last put himself astride of his mule, he carried in his left hand a very heavy and threatening specimen of a "double-barreled gun."

"I don't reckon they'll be in so 'big a hurry to follow me to-night," he muttered to himself, "and I kin fetch Sally home in broad daylight, arter we git things fixed."

Brave words; and Sol had a wonderful amount of confidence in the protecting power of his double-barrel—almost as much as in the success of his special errand at Ben Van Lennep's. In either case he had only to come and see and conquer.

That was the way he felt when he started, and for a mile or so he kept it up fairly well. But then, the

November wind, sunny though the day had been, grew chillier and more searching, the very moon had a warning and threatening look in her face, as she peered from behind the clouds, and Sol's eyes began to peer among the shadows around him more and more anxiously for possible signs of the perils which had environed him the previous night.

"And suddenly, from out the silence on his right and a little behind him, there arose a long, shrill, trebly repeated whistle, and this was answered in similar style from out the shadowy uncertainty before.

"I wonder whose dog they're a-whistlin' for at this time o' night?" said Sol, with an involuntary shiver. "'Pears like one fellow was signalin' to another fellow, but I don't reckon it kin hev anything to do with me. Anyhow, I'll just take the long cut by the lower road. The swamp ain't o' much account at this time o' year."

And so, at the next "cross-roads" Sol deserted his accustomed path and dug his heels into his mule, somewhat nervously, as he quickened his pace down an unfenced and little-used byway.

"Nobody'll ever dream of my leavin' the road," he soliloquized, "and they may do all the whistlin' they take a notion to."

But just then, nearer by a good deal than before, and more venomously shrill than ever, the sound which had disturbed him rang out between him and the very cross-roads where he had turned off.

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Sol; "they're after me this time, and no mistake! Ain't I glad I fetched my gun along! Anyhow, there's the swamp ahead, and they can't have been smart enough to have laid for me down there."

A whistle, and then a long-drawn, mournful sort of a halloo, were the ominous comments on the wisdom of Sol's last conclusion, and an uneasy feeling began to creep all around under the old fur-cap.

"It's an awful piece of business," groaned Sol, "but I'm all-fired glad I fetched my gun along."

If the sounds had not been to so great an extent behind him, it is very possible that the old mule's head might have been turned homeward then and there; but retreat seemed likely to be as perilous as going forward, and Sol was very much inclined to get to Sally's, if he could.

Down, down the long slope of the hills, till he found himself among the "flats"; and, then, the next thing he found was that he had somehow wandered out of the wagon-track that answered for a road, and just where he might be, neither he nor the mule could tell.

"There!—there! I seed one on 'em," he hoarsely whispered. "There goes that consumed whistle again. I see another on 'em. Jerusha! Ef I on'y knowed jest where I'd got ter! Look a-berre, now, if this ain't goin' right inter the swamp—and just hear that feller whistle!"

True enough, so far as locality was concerned, for the short legs of the mule were now so deeply planted in mud and water, that Sol was compelled to drag up his own to keep them out of it. And now the hazy air around Sol Potter's lonely halting-place began to teem with forms of danger, viewed through his misty spectacles, and he was just remarking, "Ain't I glad I fetched my gun along," when a voice, that seemed to rise almost from under him, shouted: "Van Lennep—Lennep—Van Lennep—go home—go home!" while still another, at a little distance, responded with: "Choke him—choke him—better drown—better drown!"

And again the shrill whistle assailed the ears of the perplexed and shuddering old bear.

Then, from a rising ground, at no great distance, that looked like a bank of fog half-peopled with armed men, there came the sharp report of a gun, and the job was done for old Sol Potter. Not a waving "cat-tail" that rose among the rushes of the swamp but seemed to be aiming some sort of a shooting-iron at him. Not a frog that lurked among the sedge and swamp-cabbage but had some

direful threat in the croak with which he saluted the mule and his rider, and Sol dolefully exclaimed: "I'm just surrounded! What's one double-barreled gun ag'in sech a crowd as this 'ere? There's nothin' left for me to do but just to surrender. Take's a white flag to do that, I s'pose. Wonder if a handkercher won't do?"

No sooner said than done, and in another moment Sol Potter was vigorously waving the one really white piece of linen about him, in the direction of the awful shapes on the froggy bank.

As he did so, however, the patient and sorely tried brute beneath him came to his master's assistance, with a long-drawn bray whose mournful pathos rendered any verbal declaration of old Sol's intentions utterly unnecessary. It was a clear case of surrender, and again a piercing, threatening whistle rang across the swamp, while Sol was sure he could discover a long arm reached out in a way that seemed to point him homeward. Not another sound, not a word or a token, and Sol settled back on his mule in hopeless despondency, exclaiming, "Surrounded! surrounded!" and again the frogs—only this time he knew it was the frogs—seemed to croak around the submerged legs of the shivering mule.

"Van Lennep—Lennep—Van Lennep—better go home—go home!"

It was a good half-hour, however, before Sol could muster courage to move in any direction, and when he did, it was to follow the advice of the frogs with a dazed, puzzled, doubtful state of mind, as if there yet remained some degree of uncertainty whether he had been really robbed and murdered or not.

And that night there was no one to interfere with Matt Granger at the fireside in Sally Van Lennep's sitting-room, nor the next, nor the next; and when, a round week afterward, old Sol Potter saddled his mule and started in the middle of the afternoon over the hills toward Ben's, the first acquaintance he stopped to exchange gossip with asked him, bluntly:

"Heerd the news 'bout Matt Granger and Sal Van Lennep?"

"Well, I can't say as how I hev," faltered Sol.

"Married yisterday, and gone off to town, and won't be back till Thanksgiving. Ain't that sudden?"

"Powerful sudden!" ejaculated Sol; and then he added, "There, now, if I ain't glad I met ye. I'd 'a forgot 'nuthin' if I hadn't. I've got to go right back home arter it."

And back home he went, but if the mortgage was the thing he was looking for when he got there, the crops and the market, not to speak of Matt Granger, were as much ahead of him there as Matt and the frogs and the shadows had been the night he was "surrounded" in the swamp.

"Women are a bad speculation," moralized Sol that Thanksgiving-day morning. "I never knowed one on 'em to pay, and marryin' 'd be an awful extravagance for a keeful man like me."

The Prophecy.

JUST prior to the opening of the Franco-German war, and while Napoleon III. was standing in all his glory upon the very edge of that sudden precipice, I happened to be in Paris, where I made the acquaintance of a young American artist named Locke, to whom I became greatly attached, and who was one of the most promising painters that then visited the Louvre.

He was a remarkably fine-looking fellow, and was so noted for his accomplishments and generous impulses, that he had access to some of the most distinguished salons, and was the idol of many a private circle of wealth and refinement.

To the love of his art, however, he added one

passion that almost overpowered it—a passion for music. In this he revealed so constantly, that all his leisure hours were filled with it; until, at last, an exquisite and cultivated voice was as sure a passport to his heart as even the most beautiful face and form. When, therefore, upon a certain memorable occasion, he happened to find all these traits and qualities centred in one lovely creation—Alice Meredith—it will not be considered any great stretch of fancy to presume that he at once fell head over ears in love with her.

Miss Meredith was a most charming girl of twenty, while her adorer, Edward, my friend, was in the first flush of early manhood. The parents of both were wealthy; and being American, the young people, naturally enough, felt that the ties of country would but serve to cement the two families in the bonds of kindred; although it may be observed that neither family was yet fully aware of how the case stood between the young people, from the fact, that, save the mother of Alice, they were both on the American side of the Atlantic. But she regarded the intimacy that had sprung up between her daughter and the promising young artist with a favorable eye, and this was sufficient for them, for the time-being, at least.

In this way matters stood when the tocsin of war was sounded, and nearly all foreigners thought it advisable to fly from France. No apprehension being felt by Locke or myself in relation to Paris or the issue of the war, we still remained in the French capital. A peremptory letter from home, however, recalled the Merediths, rending the hearts of the lovers, and leaving both in a state of the deepest despair; for it was impossible for Edward to return to America for at least two years to come; while, to aggravate the case, the mother of Alice had determined to remain for that length of time in Paris, had not the war broken out.

The parting between the lovers was terrible! They had become part and parcel of each other's existence. The mother of Alice asked me to be present; and when I saw the young girl stagger blindly into the room and fall headlong to the floor, before either I or Edward could catch her in our arms, I felt that the separation might prove fatal to her. When she pitched forward, she, somehow, struck the brass claws of a small table with her head; and now, as we raised her hastily from the carpet, the blood streamed from her fair forehead. On perceiving it, her mother sank almost insensible on a sofa; while Edward, supposing her dead, clasped her to his heart with a cry that almost paralyzed me, but which restored her to consciousness.

For a few seconds they stared at each other in a sort of stupor, as though some terrible presentiment had overshadowed them both, when Edward, rallying with an almost superhuman effort, endeavored to console her with the assurance that they should soon meet again, as the two years of his probation would quickly pass over. I watched her narrowly, as did her mother, who had now recovered her presence of mind, but perceived that she found no consolation in the words of her lover, for, to his assurance of their being soon reunited permanently, she replied, in a voice and manner that I shall never forget:

"Not on earth, Edward! Not on this earth! The next time you hear *Caro Nome* from my lips you will be with me in heaven. Now say adieu while I have strength to bear it."

I am unable to depict the scene that followed, or the horrors of the weary days and nights which I spent by the bedside of my poor friend, as he tossed and tumbled through the frightful brain-fever that succeeded the departure of Alice and her mother. Sufficient to say that his sufferings were dreadful, and that before any letter arrived from the Merediths, Paris was environed by the Germans and the memorable siege begun.

The city had been relieved and the war termi-

nated before the poor invalid could leave his room. We had both been brought to death's door through sheer starvation, but now that we began to be supplied with food and fresh air, we determined to quit France, on the earliest opportunity, and return to our native country. We had scarcely settled this point, when a whole host of letters reached us, among which were several from the Merediths and the family of my friend. It was refreshing to understand from these that our correspondents were aware that all postal communications had been interrupted, and that their not hearing from us was not set down to any forgetfulness or apathy on our part. Unfortunately, however, one of the missives contained a few ominous words in relation to the health of Alice, and this precipitated our departure before Edward was ready able to undertake the journey.

Once on the high seas, we soon reached the desired haven, but without anything like benefit to the health or strength of my friend. Nor were my fears for him relieved, in even the slightest degree, when I noticed a hectic glow on his cheek as we caught the first glimpse of New York on a fine Summer afternoon, when the sun was verging toward the western horizon. On landing, we instantly drove to the Merediths', which was quite convenient to Central Park—the hectic tinge still deepening on Edward's cheek.

I well remember it was on a Saturday evening when we reached their residence; and, as we approached the door, we perceived a lady was being helped from an open carriage that stood before it. One glance satisfied me that it was Alice! But, oh! how awful the change in her appearance. Edward had evidently caught a glimpse of her also, for he fell back in his seat with the pallor of death on his countenance. We were soon in the drawing-room, where we found her seated beside her mother, who looked pale and worn. There were two other persons in the apartment, whom Edward recognized as his parents. These, however, he seemed to forget for a moment in endeavoring to reach the place where his beloved was seated, with, now, an angelic smile on her countenance, for she knew him at a glance. In an instant she was clasped in his arms, as he sank beside her. The silence and scene was becoming oppressive, and we sought gently to disengage them. We succeeded, after some little difficulty; but when we managed to get a glimpse of their faces, they were both dead!

Shot in Mid-air.

SOME years ago the famous whirlpool—about halfway between Niagara Falls and Lewiston—was, amongst other things, remarkable for the number of eagles that were frequently to be seen hovering over it, or seated in some of the lofty pines on its verge. These majestic birds were doubtless attracted to this locality by the dead bodies of animals that had come over the Falls, and that were arrested here sometimes for days together; while the summit of the towering trees afforded a fine view of whatever wild fowl chanced to pass through the gorge of the river between the two lakes, Erie and Ontario.

But if this was a noted rendezvous for these monarchs of the air, it was no less so for their enemies, the hunters of the vicinity, who thought it no mean sport or feat to tumble them from their lofty perch with a single bullet, or, more difficult, and exciting still, to suddenly recall them from mid-air with the leaden messenger, while making the first of those sublime spiral sweeps upward that carry them ultimately almost beyond the range of human vision.

I was an eye-witness of a feat of this latter description; but I confess the reminiscence is not a pleasant one. I had climbed the bank of the whirl-

pool, one morning, on the Canadian side, after an hour of the most miserable fishing, when I suddenly came upon an acquaintance who was one of the best hunters in the district. I saw that something was up, for he motioned me to halt and to be silent. He was too late, however, for I made some remark on catching a glimpse of him. The next instant I heard a sound as of the flapping of mighty pinions, and two eagles, that had just quit their perch, were sailing in mid-air above us.

Their first sweep was out over the whirlpool; and, what I had never observed before in such fights, they were almost side by side. In the course of a few seconds they hung above us once more, when the hunter, stepping out into an open space directly beneath them, took deliberate aim and fired. There was a wild and convulsive movement on the part of one of them, while the other seemed to stand perfectly still in the air. The former I supposed to have been wounded, but the marksman assured me that I was mistaken, as it was the other that was hurt mortally, and was coming down gradually. And now commenced a drama in the air, so touching that I shall never forget it. The bird that had not been touched flew about her wounded mate in such seeming agony, and with such a show of affection, that I could have wept for her. Although she could not but perceive us, she seemed to disregard our proximity; and the hunter was now too much moved himself to take advantage of the fact. Soon some heavy drops of blood fell at my feet, and, in a few seconds afterward the vanquished monarch of the air reached the earth softly, within a single yard of me. When he observed us, he sought to gather up his drooping plumage and regain his feet, but was too weak to accomplish either; although in his last throes he eyed us with so fierce and defiant a glare, that I felt relieved when he fell convulsively forward and expired with a feeble scream.

In the meantime the hunter had reloaded his rifle, and I was now scarcely sorry to find that he was bringing it to bear upon the solitary mate of his sad trophy that sat listlessly close by. There was a sharp ringing noise, and she fell dead to the earth with a heavy thud. There was no pleasure or gleam of triumph in the eye of the hunter; for, as he gazed upon both the noble creatures, recently so full of life and vigor, he exclaimed mournfully: "I have shot my last eagle!"

"A Brand from the Burning."

"DEAR me! What a disagreeable odor!" and Mrs. Benedict pausing, half-way up the dirty third-pair back, where she was seeking some poor pensioner on her bounty, drew her silken robes more closely about her.

"It's burning charcoal," said matter-of-fact Peters, the maid. "I know it as far as I can smell it, my lady."

"How can these people endure anything so unpleasant?" muttered Mrs. Benedict, with a shiver of disgust. "Really, Peters, it—it turns me sick."

She clutched at the broken baluster for support. The pretty rose-red flush had gone from her cheeks, the light from her eyes. There was very little affectation about this pampered favorite of fortune, after all; and her sudden illness was not a bit of fine-lady squeamishness, as even a careless observer might have seen.

"I hope nothing's wrong, my lady," gasped Peters. "It's very unusual to find such a smell about the place. We've been here often, and I never noticed it before."

"Never."

"They do say people sometimes take their lives with burning charcoal. I've read of it in novels, and—"

"Take their lives?" echoed Mrs. Benedict, for-

getting her faintness in an instant. "Mercy on me! how horrible! Peters, we must learn the occasion of this odor."

Before the maid could interpose, she had rushed to the landing above, utterly regardless that the rich silk she had on was trailing in the dirt and slime, and then, pausing before a door where the fumes seemed stronger than elsewhere, was knocking loudly for admittance.

No answer. It was not a time for ceremony—she lifted the latch and entered.

What she saw was a wretched attic, as barren and forlorn as any spot within four walls well could be. A pan of half-consumed charcoal was burning in the middle of the floor, and on a miserable straw bed in one corner lay stretched the senseless form of a man.

Though Mrs. Benedict's rose-leaf existence had never known an experience like this, or even dreamed of one, she was equal to the emergency. Flashing a single glance of horror about the apartment with its death-giving atmosphere, she ran to the window, flung up the sash, and had tossed out the charcoal before Peters even gained the door.

By this time she was nearly stifled. Leaning over the sill, she filled her lungs with pure air from without, and then, rushing to the bed, shook with all her might, the poor fellow lying there.

Of course that was of no use, so she screamed to Peters—somewhat hysterically, it must be confessed—and the maid, greatly shocked and startled like her mistress, came hurrying to her assistance. "We must get him to the window, Peters. Quick! It is the only chance to save him."

Between them they somehow managed to accomplish their object, and Mrs. Benedict, who had scarcely lifted a feather's weight all her life before, was not even conscious of having done anything unusual, so completely was her mind wrapped up, and her sympathies enlisted, in the fate of the would-be suicide.

Not until the pure, sweet air from without was blowing on her face did she take a good look at him. Then a suppressed cry broke from her lips, and her face became the whiter of the two.

"Ellery Vane!"

"Do you know him, my lady?" asked Peters, her gray eyes dilating a little.

"I did know him ten years ago."

This was all. Mrs. Benedict sat speechless after the stern brevity of this response, her finger-tips clinched fiercely into her pretty pink palms, her silken bodice rising and falling with the wild throbbing of her heart.

She did not choose to have Peters know the one folly of her life—how she had given her love unsought before she was either a wife or a widow. But the sight of that face, dangerously handsome and winning still, in spite of its ghastly pallor and awful stillness, brought back the old ache and pain she had fondly believed was stifled for ever; for it was Ellery Vane she had loved.

But life is an incomprehensible problem; and though every Jack has his Jill, Mrs. Benedict had married a Wall Street millionaire, and Ellery Vane, turning his back on her, had gone away, found somebody else's Jill, and made her his wife.

All this had happened ten good years before, but it came back with startling freshness to Mrs. Benedict's mind as she stood looking down fixedly at the haggard face, the blue, pinched features of the man who had passed her by—stood there waiting with suspended breath to learn whether he would live or die.

At last the muscles of the mouth twitched a little, there came a quivering about the eyelids, and slowly the great, magnetic orbs uplifted and fastened a wild, wondering gaze upon her face.

Mrs. Benedict met it with a forced smile.

"You have been very ill," she said. "Pray be quiet. You will be better directly."

Whether he recognized the voice, or whether full

consciousness, suddenly returning, had swept the film from his vision, I am unable to say; but all at once he seemed to be aware of who it was standing by his side.

"You!" he said, faintly, and turned his face aside.

A flush mounted to Mrs. Benedict's forehead. It looked as if he regretted to see her there. But he was so weak, so ill, so full of trouble, that she could not cherish resentment against him, whatever he might do.

"You seem to be in need of a friend," she said, in a gentle voice, "and I am anxious to serve you, Mr. Vane."

"So you have not forgotten me?"

"Oh, no."

He turned then and looked at her, a bitter smile on his haggard face.

"That's strange. Prosperous people are not wont to remember the unfortunate."

"Have you been unfortunate?" she asked, when she could command herself to speak, for she was greatly agitated.

One quick, shuddering, shrinking glance round the squalid attic was his only answer.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Vane, very sorry. And if I can do anything to help you—"

An eager, wistful look finished the sentence more emphatically than words could have done. There was a brief silence, and then she added, in a husky whisper:

"At any rate, whatever may befall you, you must promise me never again to trifle with your life."

A flush of shame and misery swept up to the roots of his disheveled hair.

"I'm not sure I should have the courage to try the experiment over again."

"Have you the inclination?"

He was silent.

"Oh, man, man! what has driven you to this madness?"

"Trouble," was the brief, low answer.

"Will you tell me your story? I have heard nothing of you since—since—we met in society ten years ago."

"It isn't a pleasant story, Mrs. Benedict."

"I wish to hear it, all the same; that is, if you feel inclined to make me your confidant."

"Let me make it very brief, then. A few random touches will outline the whole terrible history. The woman I married ruined me. She was a beautiful fiend, false to the heart's core. Like a human vampire, she drew me into her subtle snare only to make me her dupe—her victim."

Mrs. Benedict was trembling.

"Hush!" she said, hoarsely. "Don't say such hard things of her."

"They are not half the truth," he answered, bitterly. "A pure, innocent woman like yourself could never comprehend the infamy of this other. Enough—I will not dwell upon it. When I saw behind the mask, and knew she would certainly disgrace me, I took her abroad. In vain. The blow fell, all the same. She fled with a French nobleman, dragging my name into shameful celebrity; but not until she had squandered my wealth and wrecked my happiness for ever."

Mrs. Benedict was crying. She had never known any woes of her own, except those ten-year-old pangs of unrequited love; but her heart was full of sympathy for another's troubles.

"I followed the guilty pair from one country to another," Ellery Vane resumed, in a harsh, rough voice. "I meant to kill that man. There was murder in my heart. But God took vengeance into his own hands. Only a few days ago I read in one of the daily papers that he had been killed in a notorious gambling-den in this very city."

"Thank God!" murmured Mrs. Benedict, incoherently.

"I seemed to lose all interest in life at once. I

had no money—I could not pay for even such wretched lodgings as these—I had no friends. It seemed so much sweeter to die than to live."

The weary, listless voice ceased at last, and his eyes dwelt fiercely, hungrily upon Mrs. Benedict's face. Involuntarily she held him out her hand.

"I am so thankful I found you, Mr. Vane."

"Then you are still my friend?"

"Always. And I'm sure I can assist you in more ways than you imagine. Will you let me?"

His hand fell on his breast, and he was silent a few moments.

"I don't wish to seem ungrateful," he said, at last, with such a haggard smile that the tears crowded into her eyes again more thickly than ever. "You saved the life that another woman wrecked, and it belongs to you."

"Then I shall take good care to preserve it," Mrs. Benedict answered, blushing rosy red. "There must be no trifling with it on your part in future. I'll not permit it."

She was a woman of tact, and seemed to realize instinctively the immediate wants of this man she had saved from suicide. Calling the aghast Peters out upon the landing, she gave her a list of a number of articles she was to procure for the poor fellow's comfort.

"I'm going to leave you to take care of him until evening, Peters," she said. "It isn't quite safe to desert him utterly. The carriage will come for you at six o'clock."

Peters did not look particularly pleased, but her mistress's word was law.

"Very well, my lady. Perhaps that is the best arrangement that can be made. It wouldn't answer for you to remain."

"Certainly not," biting her lip. "Now do be as cheerful as you can, Peters, and try to make Mr. Vane comfortable."

She returned to the attic, and said good-by to her protégé rather tremulously, promised to return the next day, and finally departed.

As she stepped into her carriage, which was waiting in the sordid alley before the door, a gaunt, haggard-looking woman, with faded yellow hair, and wild eyes of the real Irish blue, rose up from a neighboring doorstep, stared at her a moment fixedly, and then turned away with a jeering laugh.

"What a singular-looking creature!" thought Mrs. Benedict, shivering a little, as she seated herself among the velvet cushions. "She must have been a beauty once. I wonder what she saw about me to attract her attention."

Arrived at home, and finding leisure in the retirement of her boudoir, to reflect upon the incidents of the day, Mrs. Benedict's heart fluttered rather wildly. She doubted the wisdom of promising her protection to a man of Ellery Vane's attractions; the world would certainly judge her harshly. But then she dared not desert him. He was, alas, wretched, and world-weary, and heart-sick to be left friendless and penniless again. The repast would certainly be disastrous.

"One woman has been his ruin," she mused, soft blushes coming and going in her lovely cheeks. "Why should not another prove his salvation? It would be no more than compensation."

Subtle sophistry, but it seemed most convincing to Mrs. Benedict, and she had no father or mother or near relative to dissuade her from her purpose.

So the next day found her in the dingy attic Ellery Vane met her with an eager smile and outstretched hands. A little friendly interest and plenty of nourishing food had done wonders for him already.

"I feel like a new man," he said. "It is your work. God bless you!"

"Has that old temptation left you?" she asked, again, where she looked like a wandering sunbeam, her bright, fresh beauty and costly raiment brightening all the place until it seemed quite like another.

dropping her voice, and scarcely daring to allude to the peril he had been in more plainly.

"For ever."

They had a long, agitated interview, and Mrs. Benedict did all in her power to encourage her protégé. Things did look dark for him. He had learned no business, and had studied for no profession. The son of a rich man, he had considered his wealth boundless, and had taken no thought for the future.

"I think I might make a passable lawyer, with the proper training," he said, making a feeble attempt to be cheerful.

"The very thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Benedict. "You shall have every opportunity. Of course the first requisite is money, and here is my check-book—"

"Do you think I could take money from you?" he asked, with a crimsoned face.

"You must. What I throw away upon knick-knacks every month of my life would more than supply your wants. My friendship is good for nothing if you will not let me help you. Or, if you choose, you can take the money as a loan, and pay it back when you are able."

The poor fellow's lips were quivering.

"You are my good angel, Mrs. Benedict. I wish there were more such women in the world."

She bent her head to conceal her own emotion.

"You must begin your new life to-morrow. There is no use in delaying. And when it is well begun, will you come often to see me? I shall be anxious to learn how you are getting on."

Of course he promised, and kept his word. As drowning men cling to straws, so did this poor fellow feel like clinging to the helping hand that had snatched him as a brand from the burning. It was only her kind encouragement that held him back from the black gulf of despair.

So the weeks went by, and once every month he found his way to the handsome brown-stone front in Madison Square, and spent a happy hour in the society of his patroness.

After a little Mrs. Benedict began all unwittingly to count the days between these visits. Ellery Vane was growing cheerful, young-looking and handsome again, and oftentimes she forgot in his presence the chances and changes of the past ten years, and found herself blushing and trembling like an unsophisticated girl at the sound of his voice, at the glance of his magnetic eyes.

At last, one memorable day, he made his appearance earlier than usual. Mrs. Benedict cast a glance that something was wrong. He looked haggard, and pale, and thin—very much as he had looked when she found him in that miserable attic.

"What is the matter?" she asked, quickly. "I have earned the right to share your troubles."

Dropping into the nearest chair, he covered his face with his shaking hands.

"It seems so hard—so very bitter!" he cried, incoherently.

At the sight of his distress Mrs. Benedict's hardly-maintained composure gave way. She stepped to his side, and, standing there, looked down at him with all her heart in her eyes.

"Ellery, speak to me!" she implored. "In whom can you confide if not in me?"

The eager, passionate voice told its own story. Ellery Vane lifted his head with a stifled cry, and a glad light broke over his face. But it was gone in an instant, leaving it stern and cold.

"Hush!" he said, before she could utter another word. "Listen to what I have to tell. My wife has found me out. She has been to me to claim my protection."

His wife! Mrs. Benedict tottered, and put out her hands weakly. She had forgotten there was such a person in existence.

"And you?" she whispered, when she could command herself to speak at all.

"God help me! I don't know my own duty. I

was trying so earnestly to win an honorable name among men. But she will wreck my life, as she wrecked it before."

Mrs. Benedict turned silently away. Advice, console, she could not. So there was dead silence in the room for several minutes.

"I see I had better go," said Ellery, at last, in a voice you would not have recognized. "Farewell. I shall never forget your kindness to me. In God's own time He will reward you for it."

"So, without even a parting hand-clasp—for he distrusted his own strength, Ellery Vane left her.

For hours after he had gone the miserable woman sat motionless, both hands tightly clasped over her throbbing heart. She felt humiliated. Suddenly and painfully had she awakened to the conviction that a new love had risen, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the old, only infinitely more intense.

She was startled from her reverie by the sound of loud voices in the hall, and presently Peters appeared with a very flushed face, saying in an injured tone:

"Don't blame me, my lady; I tried to keep the wretched creature outside, but she insisted on seeing you and entered in spite of me."

Looking round with a blank stare of astonishment, Mrs. Benedict saw, leaning at her over Peters's shoulders, the wasted, haggard face of the yellow-haired woman she had beheld once before.

"I'll not intrude many moments, madame," said the woman, advancing a few steps, while a wicked smile wreathed her lips. "You can bear with me the short time I shall remain."

"What do you want?" asked Mrs. Benedict, her heart in her mouth.

"I came hither to give you a piece of information for which you ought to be profoundly grateful."

"Well?"

"I am Ellery Vane's wife!"

Impossible to mistake the tone of malicious triumph in which these words were uttered. The speaker seemed to think they would fall like a thunderbolt. Mrs. Benedict did catch her breath.

"Indeed," she said, after a trifling pause, "I've heard of you. It was a mistake if you judged otherwise. Unfortunately, I never heard anything that was good."

For a minute the woman seemed confounded, then a hoarse laugh gurgled over her lips.

"I'm glad my husband had the grace to tell you I was alive; I thought you did not know it."

Mrs. Benedict sat speechless.

"I know you love him," went on the mocking voice. "Don't take the trouble to deny it—I've had my eyes on you both, and intend to balk your little game; so take warning and lavish your blandishments upon some one else. I shall not resign my claim upon Ellery Vane as long as we both live!"

Mrs. Benedict disdained to answer, and the woman turned slowly, with the air of a person who has accomplished her mission, and staggered out of the room.

"She's drunk!" said Peters, in a horrified whisper, when the street-door had been heard to close sharply.

Mrs. Benedict did not seem to catch her maid's meaning at once, but when she did she started to her feet, her face as pale as ashes.

"Is she alone, Peters? She must not be permitted to walk the streets in such a condition; some injury might befall her. My hat and cloak, Peters—make haste!"

The distressed maid attempted a remonstrance, but Mrs. Benedict, refusing to listen, snatched the wraps out of her reluctant hands and hurried into the street.

A yellow-haired woman was staggering toward a distant crossing. Mrs. Benedict caught one glimpse of her, and then her eyes opened wide and white, for she saw a runaway horse dashing right for the spot where the ill-fated creature stood.

She uttered a wild scream, and all was confusion



for a few minutes; somebody shouted and somebody swore, and presently a ghastly burden was lifted by tender, pitiful hands, and laid stark, stiff and horribly bruised upon the sidewalk. The poor, frivolous, guilty creature had gone to meet her God—a fearful retribution had overtaken her.

One year later, there was a grand wedding in Madison Square, and our heroine's life was crowned with happiness and peace.

Of Ellery Vane's career, with such a woman for his wife, it is unnecessary to say anything. She had guided his feet into straight paths, and would not her love and watchful care be all-sufficient to keep them there till the end?

A Balloon Adventure.

On the 18th of June, 1786, took place the balloon ascension of the physicist Tester, which was attended with somewhat comical results. After starting from Paris alone, and in a balloon of small dimensions filled with hydrogen, the learned man came down at the village of Montmorency. He descended, however, in a field of nearly ripe corn,

and the proprietor, indignant at the damage done, came out with a number of his peasants to clamor for compensation. Tester refused obstinately to pay anything, on the not very sane ground that the harm done was accidental; whereupon the laborers, with the view of dragging him before the local magistrate, seized hold of one of the ropes and towed the balloon after them, while a farm-boy, in order to prevent the experimentalist from escaping, climbed into the car and took his seat opposite him. After going half a mile, Tester began to reflect that, being clearly in the wrong, he should in all probability be forced to pay; but this idea being in all ways un congenial to him, he as soon set to planning his flight, and threw out at once a large portion of his ballast; this done, he opened his knife and quietly cut the rope by which he was being hauled before justice, upon which, to the immense stupefaction of the rustics, who understood nothing of the new invention, and to the unspeakable disgust of the farm-boy, the balloon rose swiftly into the air and disappeared in the clouds.

It is said that when the farm-boy descended an hour later, and a few leagues off, in the company of the aeronaut, his hair had turned gray.



A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.— ON A MEREABLE STRAW BED IN ONE CORNER LAY STRETCHED THE SENSELESS FORM OF A MAN."



WHY I?—"A CANARY TRILLED UNTIL HE SHOOK EVERY GOLDEN FEATHER WITH HIS ECSTASY, AND, STANDING LOOKING AND LISTENING TO HIM, A SLENDER, GRACEFUL FIGURE."

Why I?

THE clock was on the stroke of twelve, and the rooms of the Small-hours Club were filled with the usual crowd of exquisites on their pas sage from one reception to another, of ennuyés who preferred this lounge, to any reception at all, of whist or euchre-players, of smokers, and dreamers, and gossipers, and idlers.

Joining first one and then another of these groups, and turning from each with an intensely bored expression, wandered a good-looking young man whom the others addressed as Old Guard, Young Guard, Gardiner, and Mr. Gardiner, as their acquaintance ranged from that familiarity bordering on contempt to ceremonious politeness.

Good-looking and well-dressed, in style betokening a sacrifice to society either made or contemplated, with the air of education, inherited good manners, and wealth, this man carried about with him such an appalling expression of weariness, of apathy and of cynicism, that he seemed to shed a chill over every group in which he mingled, every person whom he addressed, without the faculty of receiving in return the slightest relief to his apathetic gloom.

As the clock began to strike, he stood idly pulling on the white gloves he had carried crushed in his right hand, and staring down at a chess-board where two of his acquaintances were just finishing an exciting game, lost as he looked, through the nervous consciousness of the elder player that those dreamy eyes were fixed upon his play.

"Checkmate!" quietly remarked the younger, placing his queen in position as the last stroke of the bell vibrated through the room and seemed to continue itself, and to mingle, with the silvery strains of a fresh young voice singing the opening words of the ballad of the hour.

"Confound that girl!" angrily exclaimed the losing player. "What business has she here? Where's the janitor? She shall be put out."

He rang the bell as he spoke, and Gardiner turned, not so much to see the cause of disturbance as because his way to the door led in that direction; but having turned, he allowed his eyes to rest upon the intruder with a shade more of interest than he had hitherto bestowed upon anything. And certainly it was a peculiar appearance enough upon which he looked to have demanded a second glance from the most wised eyes.

A childish, supple figure, full of untaught grace and energy, and promising rich development, a well-shaped head covered with a tumbled mass of burnt-gold curls, neither short enough for a boy's or long enough for a girl's wear; a clear, pale skin, slightly shaded with the violet tints of late hours and untimely exertions; a merry mouth for ever expanding into the smile that brought out the loveliest dimples imaginable; a saucy nose, and great eyes shaded with thick dark lashes and eyebrows, the iris of a pale transparent gray, but with pupils so expansive as often to give the effect of black eyes.

The dress of this poor little wandering princess was tawdry and soiled, and yet put on and adjusted with a certain amount of originality and taste, and the string of cheap blue beads twisted among her yellow curls suited them far better than some of the headgear Gardiner had that night seen worn by some very aristocratic ladies.

In her hand she carried a guitar, or, more correctly speaking, a banjo, which she touched with a wild freedom evidently of only nature's teaching, while her voice, young and untrained as it was, suggested promise of wonderful power and sweetness in the future.

As Gardiner stood silently watching and listening to this strange child—for she could not have been more than twelve or fourteen years old—the janitor, having received his instructions from the defeated

chess-player, approached and rudely laid his hand upon her shoulder, giving it an impulse toward the door. The song ceased instantly, and the great eyes, black as midnight in their anger, flashed up into the man's face.

"What you touching me for? what you want?"

"Want you to get out of this, you young street-walker! Who gave you leave to come in here disturbing respectable gentlemen this way? Come, walk!"

"If they can stand you, I reckon they can me, you Paddy-from-Cork!" screamed the child, as the man rudely pushed her from the room, and in the hall was proceeding to yet rougher measures, when his arm was lightly tapped with the head of a cane and a languid voice remarked:

"That will do, Burke; let the child alone, and tell me if Mr. Marsh was inquiring for me to-day."

The obsequious porter at once obeyed, for Mr. Gardiner's dollars slipped through his fingers with wonderful ease, and his voice, although so languid, was always attended to in the house-committee. So Burke released his prisoner and answered the question, and she slunk out of the door, and five minutes later was followed down the steps by Peyton Gardiner, who could not but feel a little startled when his hand was seized in the darkness and a kiss and a tear simultaneously deposited upon it.

"Who is it?" murmured he, his eyes still blinded with the glare of the hall-lamp.

"Only me! It was real good of you to make that fellow leave go of me; and if you hadn't, I should have gone for him, and then I'd've been sent to the lockup—and I do hate the lockup so!"

"Do you, indeed, my dear? Do you often go there?"

"Oh, no—only twice; but, you see, I'm getting bigger now, and so it's worse."

"Why worse?"

"I know more of what they're talking about, and I'd get bad acquaintance."

"You are very select in your acquaintance, that? quite exclusive, I suppose?"

"I hate to have people talk that way, as if they were so pleased that they knew a lot more than I do, and had to show off, even to a little trash like me. You were the right sort to stand up for me just now—and now I'm going."

"Stop a minute—here's a little present for you, because you didn't get anything in the club-house. Do you sing round town every night?"

"No; sometimes I get a chance at one of the theatres to go on as supe in a pantomime or such, because I'm so pretty, you know; and sometimes I sell flowers; and when I can get enough money at once, I buy some fruit and a basket and peddle it round; and sometimes I get a chance to play a stray dog, or maybe a child, and then take 'em home and get rewarded. Oh, there's lot of ways to make a living when a feller's young and lively!"

"Indeed! Have you parents?"

"Not that I ever I heard of."

"Where do you live? who takes care of you?"

"I take care of myself and live where I can. I used to be with old Mother Wilson till she scratched under one day, and since that I've been on my own hook. I most generally hang out at a house down Canal Street way, though; anyway, I have a half a room there, but there's lots of other places where I go when I feel like it."

"What an odd little Bohemian! What's your name?"

"Well, I think they call me Singing Sue oftener than anything else. Mother Wilson sometimes called me Fan, but oftener it was Young Limb. I reckon on the whole that's the name I'm most used to; anyway, it suits me first-rate."

"And didn't Mother Wilson tell you anything about your mother, or where you came from, or give any clue to your history? Don't you really know what name you have a right to?"

"Divil a bit of it, mister; but I don't much be-

lieve I've any right to any name, and haven't got any history. Anyhow, there ain't any strawberry mark on my left arm, so I ain't your long-lost sister."

"You go to the theatre sometimes, I infer?"

"You what? Never mind, though. Yes, I do go to the theatre just as often as I can get the stamps to get a gallery ticket. It's bully to go to the theatre, ain't it?"

"Well, now, look here, Fanny; I'm going to give you some advice, and as I haven't troubled myself to do such a thing in a good many years, I hope you will appreciate the effort, and profit by it accordingly."

"There you go again with your big words! Well, I reckon I know what you mean. Go ahead!"

"The advice is simply to change your mode of life before it is too late, for you are too pretty and too bright to go to the bad, as you're in the sure way to do. Now, I have a whim to try the benevolent dodge, as you would say, as a relief to the general stupidity of life, and, if you say so, I'll try it on you. I'll give you clothes, put you to school, and, as soon as you are old enough, have you taught music; if you turn out to have a voice, as I think you will; and, if not that, I will set you up as a milliner, or something of that sort. What do you think about it?"

"Um! Go to school? Sort of slow, isn't it?"

"You can't learn music or be a first-class milliner, or indeed much of anything, without education."

"Milliner be blowed! I sha'n't never be a milliner."

"Indeed! Feel above it, perhaps?"

"No; but it's so darned slow to sit still and sew. I'd rather do something larkier."

"See here, my dear child, I have a favor to ask of you. Will you grant it?"

"Go ahead!"

"It is that you will never used the word 'darned' again; likewise the word 'blowed'; likewise—But these two will do to begin with. Do you promise?"

"Are you one of them City Mission folks? Because, if you are, here's your stamps back again. I ain't the sort to be converted, and go to night-school, and that."

"I suppose, Fanny, that in all this large city there is no man of respectable standing less like a city missionary, or a convertor, or a preacher, or a light to anybody else, man, woman or child, than I. I simply object to hearing such coarse and low expressions from a very pretty feminine mouth—a matter purely of taste, not in the least of morality. Do you understand?"

"Well—yes, I reckon I do. Some folks give money when they see old Tom's sore arm, and some are mad as fire 'cause they happened to see it."

"Precisely. You are quick as well as original. Now come with me, and I shall tell my man, who is married, to take you home, and give you a bed for to-night, and to-morrow I will ask you not to go out until I have seen you."

"A sort of a rum start, but I reckon I'll see it through," replied the child, after a moment's hesitation, and, as Gardiner walked down the street, she tripped thoughtfully beside him, until, of a sudden, she burst out:

"I see now. You're like the Marchioness in the Daughter of the Regiment, and you wouldn't like I should go with the trainers and rattle the drum and sing with a flag. You want I should be pretty behaved like she was when the old woman was about, and talk right smart, like a book, you know."

"For instance," replied Gardiner, much amused, "your last sentence was, this was a rum start, but you reckoned you'd see it through; now, in talking like a book you would put it—"

"High he vings, what is this wonder that I hear?

Let me consider it," broke out Fanny, striking an attitude, and glaring up with her great eyes at the gaslight they were just passing.

"An actress, a singer, a prima donna!" muttered Gardiner, contemplating her. "She cannot fail to amuse me enough to pay for the trouble."

And, without comment, he led the way to his lodgings, where, in the dressing-room, sat Hugaly, prince of valets, hypocrite, pilferer, panderer, sleekest and most respectful of servants, never absent, never weary, never cross, indispensable to the master, who thoroughly knew his faults, and tolerated them for his own convenience.

"Hugaly, you see this child," began Gardiner with a yawn. "She is the future Lind, Grid, Lucca, what you will. Take her home to your wife, see that she is well treated, and to-morrow let her have a bath, and get her hair untangled without cutting. Get her a dark-blue blouse and petticoats, with new underclothes, and have her here at my breakfast-time."

"Very well, sir," replied Hugaly, as quietly as if all this were the ordinary routine of life. "Will you undress now, sir?"

"Yes, the evening is spoiled, and I may as well go to bed with a book."

"Will the young lady remain here, sir, while you undress?"

"No, Joseph, she will not. Put her in the drawing-room. Fanny, you won't run away?"

"You bet—No, my lord, I will not."

"Overdone, my pet. No is enough."

"This way, if you please, Miss Fanny," said Hugaly, obsequiously, while his sharp, black eyes inventoried the child's face, and made an indelible record in his methodical memory of every feature.

The next morning, about twelve o'clock, as Gardiner lounged into his little sitting-room, his eyes fell upon a pretty sight. A small, round table, glittering in the morning sunlight with crystal, silver and transparent china. A delicate little breakfast, just sent up from the *cory*, a comfortable chair, with a stand beside it, holding a glass of bitters, a case of cigars and the morning paper, a cage in the window, wherein a canary trilled until he shook every golden feather with his ecstasy, and, standing looking and listening to him, a slender, graceful figure, jauntily dressed in the blue sailor-shirt, with linen collars and cuffs, the bright, yellow hair thoroughly neat and yet waving loosely over the shoulders, and a face whose beauty shone out from its new surroundings like the sun emerging from a cloud.

"Good-morning, Fanny," said Gardiner, quietly.

Fanny looked astonished, this being the first time she had been thus addressed in all her life; but, with quick powers of imitation and intuition, she bowed, smiled, said good-morning, and advancing, laid her small, hard, and still grimy hand in the soft white hand of her patron. He looked down at it critically, then glanced over the whole costume.

"Hugaly's wife is a good and well-meaning woman, but she is not a lady," said he, with a gentle sigh, and then he turned to the table. "Will you take some breakfast, Fanny?"

"Cracky! There now, that slipped out, but I'm getting the hang of it, I'll be all right in a few days. I was going to say we had grub—we had breakfast at six o'clock."

"Breakfast, my dear, not breakfast."

"All right, I'll remember. 'Think I'll ever sing like that dicky-bird?'"

"That canary, do you mean? I hope you will be more wonderful in your degree than he in his."

"When will I begin to learn?"

"To-day. I have thought the matter all out while I was dressing, and my plan is laid. First of all, how much do you care for a promise?"

"I never make 'em."

"Very good. That is better than I hoped, for that shows that you feel them binding. Now, I wish you to make me a very solemn, a very bind-

ing, promise before I begin upon my plan with regard to you. It is that you will not run away from me."

"When?"

"Ever. You will find a school stupid and slow after the wild freedom of your life thus far; you will miss the flavor of wickedness and peril; nothing is so monotonous as virtue, especially among unformed minds; but it is necessary that you should be trained in manners, style, and the usual branches of education for young women. This will take some years, and must be a stupid and laborious process, but you shall pass the vacations with me in as much amusement as we can contrive for each other, and so soon as you are old enough we will go abroad, and you shall study for the opera. After that, you will not complain of lack of excitement, or admiration, or power; that is, if you turn out what I expect."

And once more the eyes of the *blasé* man of the world critically traversed and judged of every detail of the face and figure before him.

Fanny listened breathlessly.

"I twig. Oh, I'll bite my tongue out but I'll cure it," and she stamped passionately, while a tinge of loveliest pink rushed over her pale cheeks. "I understand what you mean, and I'll do it. Lord alive, I can work, and I can pretend, and I can wait, with the next one, and if you'll pass your word that there's a good time coming, I'll pass mine that I'll play on the square, and wait for it."

"Very good. I promise as good a time at the end as money and education can give, and as many lesser frolics all along as you have vacations; here's my hand on it."

"And here's mine that I'll hold on and wait for it, and never cheat you any way nor how."

"That's understood; and now, Fanny—No, I don't like the name of Fanny, it is too dubious. I will name you as the naturalists do their discoveries; let me see. Avis, that means a bird; since you wish to emulate my canary there, yes, Avis I. Gardiner; there's a name for you. How do you like it?"

"I don't know. Avis I. Why I?"

"Why I? Well, a fancy of mine, which I will explain when the time comes. It may never come, but I have a presentiment that it will, and if it does, I will certainly tell you why I; but if it should not, you will never know."

That afternoon Miss Avis I. Gardiner was enrolled among the pupils of a certain convent-school celebrated for its firm yet gentle discipline, and the certainty with which all eccentricities, rudeness and insolence of manner disappear in the course of a year or two under the silent and subtle manipulation of the Sisters.

In five months came a vacation, which Avis spent in traveling through Canada with her guardian, as Mr. Gardiner was understood to be, and this programme, varying, of course, the scene of amusement, was carried out for four quiet years, at the end of which period Mr. Gardiner, presenting himself at the convent upon the first day of the Summer vacation, was joined "at parlor" by a tall, fully formed, elegant girl, the startling beauty of whose face still bore an oddly close resemblance to the pretty, dissipated little visage of the child so ignominiously ejected from the Smallhours Clubhouse four years before.

"My dear girl, you are wonderful!" exclaimed the guardian, folding the rounded figure in his arms, and kissing the lips eagerly npraised to him. "Are you glad to see me?"

"Oh, so glad, guardy!" was the heartfelt response. "I am so utterly weary of the rôle of Goody Two-shoes! Do take me out, and give me some champagne, and carry me to the theatre!"

"Upon my word, mademoiselle! And that is convent training, is it?" exclaimed Gardiner, half shocked, half cynically amused.

"The trouble is, you see, that there was a good deal of training before I ever saw the convent," re-

plied the girl, recklessly "I was twelve or thirteen years old when I first saw you, and a child brought up to that age on strong drink can't go back to bread and milk with a relish."

"Twelve or thirteen," repeated Gardiner, musingly. "Then you are about seventeen now, Avis, and a mighty handsome girl. Let me hear you sing and play."

Avis rose, and with a skillful backward sweep of her draperies walked across the room, displaying her elegant and fully developed figure, and her graceful gait, to great advantage. Seating herself at the piano, she played the brilliant prelude of one of Rossini's most intricate cavatinas, and sang it through in a hard, clear voice, brilliant to a degree, but perfectly unsympathetic.

Gardiner, a musical critic, listened eagerly, and was about to speak his applause, with the suggested criticism, when his ward, with a mischievous smile, interrupted him with:

"Wait a minute, guardy; here's something new in your style;" and, rattling her fingers over the keys like lightning, she burst into the sauciest, sprightliest, most audacious air of a certain opera-bouffe, and gave its rollicking strains and droll phrases with such a mixture of skill and fun, that Gardiner sprang to his feet and ran to close the door before he laughingly clapped his hands, crying:

"Splendid! capital! But, in the name of all the holy nuns in Christendom, where did you learn that?"

"Read about it in a smuggled newspaper, and sent for the music through one of the New York girls. Oh, we have a good many little amusements here of which the dear little sisters know nothing!"

"I should think so! Well, I remember the old story of the princess shut up in a tower from her birth to keep her away from men and the wickedness of their ways, and how the birds of the air carried the prince's letter to her, and all that; and I suppose there is no such thing as keeping the rosebud closed until one can watch it open beneath his own eyes, and solely for his own benefit. Avis, tell me the truth; or, don't you do that?"

"What, tell the truth?"

"Exactly. Do you do it?"

"Oh, yes, to you."

"Thanks. Well, have you a lover?"

"Guardy, I have never seen a man to be compared with you in any respect, consequently I have loved no man but you so far."

"Again, thanks. And now, my dear, we will bid good-by to the Mother, and start for our usual holiday. I do not believe you will come back to school."

"Why, what are you going to do next?"

"I think, Avis—yes, I actually think—I shall marry you. I feel like it now, at least."

"Then marriage is a bargain only needing one bargainer, is it?"

"What! won't you marry me?"

"*Cela dépend!* I have not been asked yet."

"Nor won't be to-day, my dear. I want to see a little more of you. We are going yachting, and I shall study you diligently."

So Mr. Gardiner took his ward away, fetching a perfectly proper middle-aged help-lady to the convent to receive her, and to accompany her on her voyaging.

Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Dustan was a little deaf, a little purblind, and not a little harassed and tormented by poverty and the fear of an almshouse in her old age, so that nothing was easier than for Avis to persuade her that night-air was bad for her, that she actually was pining to go to bed, or to remain in the cabin alone, while guardian and ward spent the long moonlighted hours upon deck, or rowing in a little skiff, or wandering on shore.

The two months of the vacation flew like a dream, and at its close Mr. Gardiner received a

letter from the Superior of the convent. One of the Associate Sisters, a woman of experience and judgment in worldly matters, was to take six of the elder pupils abroad to perfect their French and German accent, and to study the antiquities of the elder world in their own sphere, and the object of this letter was to inquire whether Mr. Gardiner would like Avis to join this company as a finishing touch to her education, already, as the stately Superior hoped, of a degree and nature satisfactory to Avis's guardian.

Gardiner read this letter, mused a while, frowned, bit his lips, and finally tossed it over the table to Avis, as she lay luxuriously upon some cushions, skimming the pages of a French novel.

"You shall tell me how to answer it, my darling," said he. "Will you go to Paris, or—will you stay with me and be my little love, my wife, by-and-by?"

Avis read the letter, and sprang up with sparkling eyes and heightened color.

"Oh, guardy! of course I will go to Paris!"

"But, Avis—you know that you are and must be mine alone. We are lovers, and no man can step between us now."

The girl regarded him impatiently, and with an angry black heightening her wonderful beauty.

"Well, what of it?" demanded she, harshly.

"Who speaks of any other man or any other destiny? You bought me body and soul when you picked me out of the gutter five years ago; but the contract of sale is not signed and sealed before the world yet, and I don't want to always feel the shackles!"

"Avis! Avis! what words are these? Do not I love you? Have not I promised to make you my wife as soon as you are a little older? What shackles but those of love have I ever put upon you?"

"Upon my word, guardy, you are quite a tragedian! you should go upon the stage and outshine Booth!" laughed Avis, in her hard, bright fashion; and Gardiner relapsed into his ordinary cynical *bonhomme*.

"So you had rather have a demure outing with this party of wise virgins than to wait until I take you to Paris on our wedding-tour?" asked he.

"Yes. I go with them to improve my mind and learn the accent of the Faubourg St. Germain; with you I shall strengthen my morals and study the dialect of the Mabilles and the Quartier Latin."

"Indeed, no, mademoiselle; I assure you that, as my wife, you will lead a very different life from that you do as my—"

"Ward? I dare say, and for that reason I intend to see as much of the world on my own account beforehand as possible, even in such a poky way as the proposed one."

"Very well, Avis I., you shall have a year abroad, and when you come back we will be married and settle down into respectable people."

"But, once more, what does this I. mean in my name? I should like to know exactly under what flag I am to sail in this, my first independent voyage."

"Why I.! No, my dear child, I will not tell you yet. This journey will decide the question of your right to the initial. If you come home safely and we are married, you shall drop the initial for ever, since it shall no longer be possible of application. If worse happens, and the bad jest becomes a terrible reality, I will explain it to you as my parting gift and endowment. But, pahaw, Avis! what a gloomy and ridiculous strain we are falling into! Of course you will return all right! of course we shall be married and be happy as two lovers in a comedy! What else is possible?"

"Ah, what else is possible!" echoed Avis, with a gloomy glance at her guardian, and then, snatching her guitar, she trilled its strings in a wild, irregular accompaniment of her own improvising, and recklessly trilled a drinking-song from one of the French operas, while Gardiner, leaning upon the table, watched her critically through half-closed eyes.

"Avis I., you are really a magnificent creature," said he, at length. "Let us have some of the generous *vins d'or* that you celebrate."

And, ringing the bell, he ordered wine, cakes, and Mrs. Dustan, who thought she best obeyed the summons by pleading a headache and remaining in her state-room.

The next morning the bows of the *Siren*, named for Avis, as her guardian informed her, were turned homeward, and, a few weeks later, Miss Avis I. Gardiner's name appeared upon the passenger-list of one of the Cunard steamships in company with that of five other young ladies and the devout and astute Associate Sister having them in charge.

For eight months, letters, dated at nearly every usual station of travel in Europe, reached the guardian, who replied with brevity, as he had relapsed into his usual course of busy idleness, and who, moreover, found himself in an attitude of sullen expectancy toward his ward, whom he did not doubt deceived him more or less with regard to her occupations and sentiments. Still, her material beauty dwelt in his memory so glaringly, and the drama of love and life, in which they too had briefly acted their parts, was so fascinating, and as yet so incomplete, that he always resolved to forgive very much, to shut his eyes as closely as possible, and to receive back his wandering bird, if she would come, without too keen inquiry into whether her wayward wings had carried her during her absence, so that they were not too sinned to permit of her return at all.

Ten months had passed in this fashion, when Gardiner received at his Club, among other letters, the following from his ward:

"MY DEAR GUARDY—I propose in this letter to tell you the truth—rather an unusual luxury for me, and an unusual treat for you, as I have not dealt largely in that commodity in our recent correspondence. For instance, I omitted to mention in my descriptions of Alpine scenery that two gentlemen friends of mine helped me to admire it, generally by moon or starlight, or at odd times when dear Sister was otherwise engaged, and supposed me to be."

"These gentlemen followed us into Italy, and very agreeably diversified the monotony of picture-galleries, ruins and temples by dodging our party at every corner and mingling with it occasionally under various disguises. Now we are all in Paris, and as I promised both gentlemen a reply to their petitions on arriving at this point, whence we are to return home, I have seriously devoted myself to the task of making up my mind, and naturally turn to you for advice."

"These two friends of mine differ as widely as possible in every respect, except in both being enormously wealthy and excessively in love with me. The first is a French peer, a vicomte of aristocratic family and position, not very young—but I am accustomed to a very mature lover, you know—and unfortunately married; and the father of grown-up children. He cannot, of course, offer me his title or hand, but he offers a magnificent establishment, horses, diamonds, clothes, everything in the world that need make a woman happy, and my only trouble in the matter is that these arrangements are so temporary, and that one hardly knows how to dispose of the tiresome remainder of one's life. To be sure, I could employ the time in studying for the stage; I know that I could shine in French opera, and possibly in the classic, although that would be a bore, but in the *bouffes* I should be inimitable, and create a perfect *furor*."

"Here is one prospect, now for the other: Mr.—Ahem—is an American, son of one of our 'best families,' richer than the vicomte, young, handsome, and devoted. To be sure, he is rather a goody-goody sort of boy, and amuses me immensely by giving me credit for all sorts of virtues and scruples hardly known to me by name, but, do you

know, guardy, there is really a sort of piquancy in this contact with virtue which attracts me. It's so new to me, you know; for, except the nuns, who are beyond my comprehension and sympathy altogether, and the girls, who are mostly idiots, and Mrs. Dustan, who is a sycophant and hypocrite, Mr. Ahem is the first virtuous person I was ever acquainted with, and I think, as his wife, I should feel a certain professional pride in keeping up the rôle he assigns me, and playing it to the end.

"Of course this dear child never thought of offering me less than his hand, and as I have confided to him that I shall probably be forced by a 'cruel parent' (do excuse me, guardy, for thus depicting you) to be married immediately on my return home, and as I am far too obedient, docile, meek, and timid, to resist this authority, he has persuaded a married sister residing at present in Paris to offer me an asylum with her, and to matronize our wedding at the American Embassy.

"This sounds rather tame when compared with the vicomte's 'glittering generalities,' but somehow it seems to me more attractive. You will certainly laugh at me, but it is nevertheless true that I quite fancy the idea of respectability, virtue, and, b. y. and by, a leadership in society; and, believe me, I shall be a terribly strict censor of female virtue and masculine morality.

"And now, guardy, I do not deny that, after all, my chance of trying this experiment lies very much in your hands. If you choose to telegraph to the American Minister to forbid the marriage of your ward, no doubt suspicion would be roused, and although I think I have influence enough with my dear innocent to carry out a private marriage elsewhere, his family, and the proposed ~~dot~~ of my bridehood in New York, are lost. But I do not think you will serve me so mean a trick, nor do I think you ought, in justice. I acknowledge all that you have done for me from the night we first encountered in the hall of the Smallhours Club until this brilliant morning in Paris, and against the kindness and the money lavished upon me, I put all that I have given you—the first love of my heart, the possibility of a life different from its beginning, and some faith in God and man.

"Our five years' connection has consumed all these as if with fire, and I count them, after all, as a longer contribution to our common stock than your careless kindness, thousands of dollars, and lessons in love-making. Will you cry quits and let me alone if I marry this boy, or will you drive me to accepting the offers of the vicomte, with whom my antecedents will do no particular harm?

"Awaiting your answer, I remain affectionately yours, Avis I.—and once more tell me, why the I."

Gardiner's astonishment and rage on reading this letter were those of a virtuous parent whose carefully trained child suddenly breaks away from all law and rule to pursue a course of independent wickedness. He should have been prepared for just this result, say you? Of course he should, and of course he was not, for when were any of us prepared for the logical result of our own follies and weaknesses?

In his first indignation he rushed to the telegraph office, fully resolved to pursue the course Avis had foreseen, and forward a dispatch to the American Embassy; but, with the pencil in his hand, he reconsidered the impulse. Avis, as the mistress of a French vicomte, was even more wholly lost to him than as the wife of an American, moving in the same circle with himself in his native city; and as the thought of the constant meetings probable between Avis and himself rose in his mind, an evil scheme of revenge sketched itself with it before his mental vision, and it was with a smile upon his lips and a light in his eyes, such as only devils ought

to wear, that he threw down his pencil, and went home to write:

"I ought to have expected precisely what I have received as the reward of my Quixotic attempt to change the leopard's spots or wash the black moor white. But I cannot trouble my digestion with anger, and revenge is gone out of fashion. Marry your dear innocent, as you call him, and I lamb-like, he is probably well provided with wool to pull it well over his eyes.

"Yes, I will tell you now, why I. It is the initi of *infernis*, a word whose meaning you will not find at a loss to understand when joined to *Avís*, and but see how much more brutal our English tongue than any other. *Avís infernis* is quite a pret phrase, while Bird of — is not at all so.

"I believe there is nothing more to say except good-morning, and that I am

"Always obediently yours, GARDINER."

In due course Avis received this letter, read twice through, and turned pale as death while it slowly tore it to atoms.

"He means mischief—terrible mischief," murmured she. "I will go on, but I will be on my guard."

A month later, Gardiner read the announcement of a marriage in the chapel of the American Embassy at Paris between Avis Gardiner and Malcolm Fortescue Blake, Esq., both of New York, and smiled unpleasantly as he laid down the paper, muttering to himself:

"Oh, it's that fellow, is it? And she wants to drop the I, eh? Well, it will be my work to remind her of it. Wonder when they'll be home?"

Not for many months, as it proved, and when he did come, Mrs. Blake received no company on account of her health.

Gardiner waited two months more, and called again. The servant took his card, and returned to usher him up-stairs to a charming boudoir dimly lighted, where in an invalid-chair sat, or rather reclined, Avis, her beauty intensified, yet purified, by illness, and holding a little baby upon her lap.

She held out a thin, white hand and raised her eyes, with such a piteous appeal speaking from their soft depths, that Gardiner turned away as sat down without speaking, and in a sort of agony of bewilderment.

This was not the scene, not the woman, not the circumstances; he had pictured through a year's patient waiting, and he knew not how to take the new rôle so suddenly thrust upon him.

Avis saw her advantage, and seized it desperately.

"You are the first gentleman I have seen, Mr. Gardiner, but I could not refuse one who has stood to me in place of a father for so many years. Besides, I wanted to show you my son, and to do him favor of you with regard to him. Will you be my godfather? I am sure you will be a faithful and honest one."

Her voice trembled upon the last words, and Gardiner looked her steadily in the face.

Never had she looked so beautiful, but the intense suspense, the agony of doubt thrilling her every nerve, was printed in each line so painfully, that once more Gardiner averted his eyes, and for a minute communion with his heart in silence. Then he slowly said:

"You have conquered, Avis. It was an audacious experiment, and by its very audacity succeeded. Yes, I will spare you; I will only remember that I was in place of a father to your helpless childhood, and I will give bonds for your future by accepting the position of godfather to your boy, and I will try to be a faithful and honest one at least, no blight shall come upon his life through word or deed of mine. You are a brave woman, Avis, and I hope you are and will be a happy one. Good-by."

He was gone, and when next she saw him, it

whenever she saw him afterward, he was the genial, courteous, mildly cynical man of the world, whose generosity had protected the childhood of his orphaned "relative," and who now had transferred his interest and affections mainly to the boy; of whose education and prospects he began to talk before he was out of long-clothes.

That is the story so far. The sequel remains in the future; but we may have faith that it will be a fortunate and happy one, for, with an adoring husband, lovely children, health, wealth and position, Avis finds her path so well hedged in, that she could hardly wander from it if she would, and is wise woman enough—at least we will hope so—to would not if she could.

Major Mulvey's Boarders.

It is astonishing with what ease and coolness some Irishmen accept high-sounding military titles among strangers, and even in cases where they had never drawn a sword or anything more dangerous than a "long-bow." This much, however, I can say for Quartermaster Mulvey: when he first arrived in Canada, with his two lovely daughters, Kate and Julia, and settled in Toronto, he never pretended to be anything more than he really was—quartermaster on half-pay; although, he forgot to tell us the half-pay was mortgaged, and that for the timebeing he received only a miserable pittance from it.

How he came to be a major he never could tell. But as the people would have him so, and as he grew tired of endeavoring to set them right, he accepted the title, although it was as empty as air, as might be inferred from his genteel hard-up look and attire. He was a widower, and like most of his countrymen, generous to a fault, and as extravagant as his circumstances would admit of. Nothing whatever was known of him in Toronto, save that a fortnight or so before my acquaintance with him, himself and his daughters were found to be the sole occupants of a dilapidated, old, wooden mansion, near the Toll Gate, that, with a whole lot of faded and rickety furniture, he had rented from a rich brewer close by.

Although our prospects were well assured, Jones and I, a short time previous to our first meeting with him, were reduced to almost our last dollar. We managed to keep up appearances, however, and having soon become friends with him, we occasionally lunched together at McConkey's. We found him to be a very noble and honorable fellow, but with his head as full of impossible projects as it well could be. The most sensible of his designs, however, for recruiting his finances, of the absolutely low condition of which we were not sensible at the period, was that of taking a few respectable boarders, although, as we subsequently became aware, he had no very clear idea of how they were to be housed or provided for.

This project, nevertheless, had gradually taken such a firm hold of him, that he at last prevailed on both of us to make arrangements for taking up our quarters with him, although up to that period we had never entered or even seen "The Garrison," as he called his abode.

A day or two after we had decided to remove with our few traps from our more expensive lodgings that had been actually consuming us, we somehow learned accidentally that he was quite as much embarrassed as ourselves, and we therefore raked all we could together, with a view to paying something in advance.

This, notwithstanding his necessities, he would not hear of, for he had become aware of the very wretched condition of our finances, although he had no idea whatever of either our hopes or our prospects.

This touched us very much, and seemed to move

Jones deeply, who was a handsome fellow of about six feet one, and upward of two hundred weight.

It was just after quarter-day, when the major was a little flush, that we arrived at The Garrison, which we were now to enter for the first time, and where we were to be presented to the two ladies we had heard so much of, and with whom we were henceforth to dine and chat, if not flirt, daily.

Although it was nearly dark, the building looked most uninviting, and old and shaky enough to go off some windy night like a kite. The boards of the veranda were spongy, and I thought I could perceive some moss and weeds clinging to the eaves.

The major received us most cordially at the door, but as there was no light in the hall, I was unable to penetrate the gloom within. However, as it was not yet wholly dark, I supposed that candles were considered scarcely necessary in the hall for a few moments; so, at the instance of our kind host and landlord, we all entered in a knot.

Scarcely, however, had we crossed the threshold, when we were plunged into utter darkness with a sudden crash. The flooring had given way under Jones, and we were now up to our eyes among the slush and musty rubbish that had accumulated in the midst of mouldering puncheons and crates in a vast cellar that was badly drained.

Instantly there was a cry of alarm overhead, and in a few seconds there was a light gleaming down on us. The major was the first to speak, but I could not make out what he said; and Jones was straggling, and, I regret to say, swearing, close by, but to what end I was unable to perceive, as, before I had well recovered from my own shock, we were once more in total gloom.

Soon we heard steps and voices coming down the cellar-stairs, and suddenly a gleam of light broke on the scene once more.

I now glanced round, and the first thing I saw was Jones creeping out of an old puncheon, through both the heads of which he appeared to have gone amuck. He was on all fours, for he had in some way managed to upset the vessel. The major had landed in a huge crate filled with damp and filthy straw, with which, in his alarm, he had almost covered himself.

Fortunately, I had landed on my feet, and was only ankle-deep in the slush. We were, of course, all close together, but so much of the flooring had given way, that we had spread apart in our descent a good deal wider than we could account for. None of us were hurt, however, and as the major and Jones, on regaining their feet, began to laugh, he asserted that I joined them heartily.

But now the light, which had been streaming through an old board partition, was full upon us; revealing two very lovely creatures, who began picking their way through the heaps of old casks and crates that were scattered about through the gloomy waste. It was carried by a tidy servant-girl, who swelled the chorus of the laugh, as did the two ladies, when they heard the major sing out gayly:

"All right, girls! There are two gentlemen with me, but not one of us has received a single scratch; however, we got here."

On perceiving us, the ladies looked at each other with astonishment. They had evidently not been apprised previously of our intended arrival, and were not, as I began to fear, cognizant in any way of the arrangements we had made with their father. This was awkward, but now we were in for it, and all we could do was to make the best of it.

Notwithstanding the plight we were in, we were presented to the ladies, who on a second glimpse of us renewed their merriment, although the awkward condition of the flooring above our heads soon began to command their attention and that of the major.

On arriving in the hall once more, we all began to step along in a manner more gingerly than usual;

Jones, especially, began to feel his way with great caution, until he got into what was by courtesy called the drawing-room. Here, while the major and I set to work to stretch some boards over the chasm we had made, he seated himself close to an open window, and entered into conversation with the ladies, having already been quite struck with the grace and beauty of Kate—although I fancied Julia the more lovely of the two.

On our joining them, the major, with a degree of embarrassment that I thought singular, under the circumstances, began to inform them that he thought he would give them an agreeable surprise by bringing them a pair of lodgers and boarders who were not only gentlemen but his own particular friends.

When the ladies heard this, being now made acquainted with the arrangement for the first time only, they turned absolutely pale.

The major noticed their confusion and dismay, and, hastening to the rescue, of course made matters worse.

Jones and I felt dreadfully embarrassed, and were unable to say a single word. Julia, however, seemed equal to the occasion, for, observing our distress, she, after a little hesitation, said, with some degree of composure:

Gentlemen, this is not the first of my dear father's projects that have placed both myself and my sister in a most awkward, if not painful, position. Of his arrangement with you we have this moment heard for the first time only; and let me say that it is utterly impossible for us to receive you in any other light than that of simple visitors, whom we shall be always happy to see as the friends of our father. I trust that this decision, which is inexorable, will not inconvenience you in any serious degree; but you can see for yourselves that this wretched mansion scarcely affords us adequate shelter; and that nothing but the direct embarrassment has driven us to reside in it. My father's half-pay has been so placed for a long period that he has not had control of it, as this poorly furnished apartment too surely indicates; although his martyrdom, in this relation, will now, I am happy to say, soon come to an end."

We were confounded; and we glanced toward the major in the expectation of seeing him equally so: but what was our surprise to find him gazing with the utmost admiration on his daughter, and seemingly acquiescing in every word she said.

This was the most inexplicable feature of the whole affair; and it passed over our comprehension totally, when, after she had finished the last syllable, he observed, with the most unfeigned sincerity:

"Every word of it is as true as the gospel, my boys! But, you see, I thought to befriend you a little, as I knew your purse was as light as my own. And that's how the thing came; although I ought to have consulted my daughters, as I now see. However, you'll forgive me if I have spoilt the thing, for I meant well. Didn't I, girls?"

We were touched to the very heart at the blind and disinterested generosity of a man who, while he was himself worse than living from hand to mouth, could have so kindly and so thoughtlessly made such an arrangement as he had made with us. Nor could we but admire the noble frankness of the beautiful girl who had now apprised us of the true state of the case, while her poor sister sat by with blushes and scarcely suppressed tears.

On perceiving our position, we rose at once to take our leave, while assuring both the ladies of what was far from the fact—that we had not been incommoded in any way, and that we should make our adieus in the hope that we should be permitted to call and pay our compliments at some more opportune period.

Neither they nor the major, however, would hear of our return to the city without our having first shared their hospitality. If the truth must be told, we were easily persuaded; so, before another hour had elapsed, we were all seated cozily together, en-

joying ourselves in no ordinary degree—Julia and myself having speedily become the best of friends, while Jones seemed captivated beyond all hope by the fascinating Kate.

It was verging toward the small hours when the ladies retired, and, as the major had got into extraordinary good humor and become exceedingly entertaining, we scarcely felt the time slipping away, until it was too late to think of going into town—for that night, at least. In fact, the major had set a trap for us; for, when we began to refer to our bidding him good-night, he very coolly informed us that Bridget got our room "prepared hours ago," and that we would have to put up with the best he could do for us until morning.

After a sound and refreshing sleep, tinted with delightful dreams, Jones and I were up bright and early. Sharp as we were, however, the major was up before us, and breakfast we "must wait for." And breakfast we did wait for, and dinner as well; nor did we note how quickly the day had passed, until we were seated once more at supper beside the ladies, whom we found more charming than ever.

But why dwell longer upon the subject, when the reader already divines the *dénouement*? The major's generous blunder turned out to be all right; for, not only did we become happy and permanent boarders at The Garrison, but in a few months we stood in a nearer relation to him than we had anticipated when we first entered his door, or rather his cellar. The truth is, on the very day that his half-pay came into his hands, and a very short period after Jones and myself had received the joyful intelligence, as well as substantial assurance, that our financial embarrassments were for ever at an end, Julia and Kate exchanged their maiden names at the altar—the latter for that of Jones, and the former for—well, for that of the writer of this brief sketch, who may be permitted to observe, in conclusion, that The Garrison had been deserted by the whole of us some time previously, and more reliable quarters obtained.

Majorca Olive Trees.—In his report on the Balearic Islands, Consul Bidwell gives some interesting particulars touching the olea-tree of Majorca, upon which the olive is grown. It frequently grows wild in the mountain land as a shrub, producing a fruit which bears no oil. When brought under cultivation, grafting is practiced. The ancient historians of Majorca represent that in olden times the olive was unknown in these islands, and that the art of grafting was taught to the islanders by the Carthaginians. The appearance of some of the enormous and ancient-looking olive-trees in Majorca tempts Mr. Bidwell to believe that their existence dates a long way back. He asked an intelligent Majorean farmer how old he thought some of these trees were, and the answer was, "I believe they may well date from the time of the Flood." These magnificent trees resume, in the course of time, most grotesque forms, and, in Majorca, they have in some places attained proportions which remind one of the forest-trees of the tropics. Mr. Bidwell says he has more than once walked round such trees, whose trunks, now rent open, would require the outstretched arms of half a dozen men to encircle them; and the wild growth of the trunk makes one doubt whether the branches proceed from one tree or from two or three congregated together.

The Music of "Hail, Columbia" was composed in 1789, by Professor Phyle, of Philadelphia, and played at Trenton when Washington was en route to New York to be inaugurated. The tune was originally called the "President's March." The words were written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, ten years later, when there was every prospect of a war with France, and patriotic feeling pervaded the country.



MOOSHEEMOONIE AND TWO-TALK.—“JOHN, WITH A LOUD ‘HULLO!’ THREW WIDE OPEN THE CABIN-DOOR, AND THERE STOOD MOOSHEEMOONIE WITH THE ‘DARLING’ IN HIS ARMS.”

Moosheemoonie and Two-Talk.

THIS was a lonely little cabin in which Paul Kenniston and his family lived; so lonely that sometimes the timid wife and mother felt that she must take her children and fly back to dear old New England, where the happiest years of her life had been spent.

Mr. Kenniston, a native of Vermont also, feeling that in the Far West his chances of financial success would be greatly enhanced, had persuaded his wife to move thither, giving him the long-desired opportunity of engaging in the stock-raising business.

Mrs. Kenniston's great horror was of the Indians, and as her husband was compelled to be away from morning till night three or four days of each week, and as Indians were frequently seen in that vicinity, and their cabin five miles from the nearest neighbor, she had cause enough for anxiety.

This home of the Kennistons' was situated near the bank of one of the tributaries of Elk River in the State of Minnesota, on the trail leading from the small village of Princeton, on Rum River, to Sauk Rapids, on the Mississippi; four or five miles from

Elk Lake, one of those tiny bodies of water that sparkle over the bosom of the State, and which have given it its euphonious Indian name, Minnesota—sky-blue water.

On the day which opens our story, Mr. Kenniston had started for a village just below St. Paul to purchase some cows. As the weeks and months had passed without molestation or annoyance of any kind, Mrs. Kenniston's fears subsided, and on this occasion she bade her husband good-by for the few days which he must spend away with less nervousness than she had been accustomed to exhibit.

The children, three in number, John, twelve, Mary, ten, and Dobby three, were bright, fearless children, overflowing with vitality, and the two oldest very much in love with their prairie life. It was hard always to be compelled to keep in sight of their cabin when the flowers and birds tempted them so to roam, but they were good, loving children, and very careful of their mother's feelings.

Mrs. Kenniston thought it very strange that her husband should linger and look back after having hastily started on his journey—this was so unusual with him; but there he stood, a few yards from his home, apparently undecided whether to go on or return.

His wife ran out to him, saying:

"What is the matter, Paul? Have you left something?"

"Yes; four somethings," he answered, forcing a laugh. "I was wondering whether you were going to be very lonely or not during my absence."

"Oh, no, I think not," was the calm reply. "We shall do very well; we always have, Paul."

"That's so," said Mr. Kenniston; "but I have made up my mind not to be gone so long this time. Here, you may take in some of these traps, for I shall be back to-morrow. The long journey I am determined to postpone."

One more kiss all around, for by this time the children had joined them, and Mrs. Kenniston stood alone with her little ones on the great broad prairies. How beautiful it was! The sun shone brightly, lighting up miles and miles of level, flower-laden land, the sky as far as she could see was one vast stretch of blue, and everything in nature seemed so joyously serene that she at once dismissed the fears her husband's strange conduct had conjured up, and started about her work with more than usual contentedness.

Knocks on the door were very rarely heard in this out-of-the-way cabin; but to-day seemed destined to differ essentially from the rest of the days Mrs. Kenniston had spent in Minnesota. She had just finished washing up the breakfast-dishes, and was about to give her two oldest children their usual morning lessons, when a timid rap was heard on the outer door of the cabin.

The door was not closed, and before the astonished inmates had time to answer the summons, they were still more surprised by the entrance of an Indian squaw. She was clothed in the peculiar garb of her tribe, and Mrs. Kenniston's alarm subsided a little when she found that her unexpected visitor possessed an unusually intelligent countenance, appearing, as far as she could judge from externals, to be kindly disposed. She was of diminutive stature, and carried in her hands an unique assortment of baskets. In good English she said:

"Would you like to buy a basket?"

"Let me look at them," was the kind reply, and the squaw stepped in and took the seat offered by her hostess.

"Very warm day," she went on, as the lady examined her wares. "And how bright the oak openings are looking now, and what sights of flowers, and what lovely ones, too!" Turning to Mary, and selecting some from one of her baskets, she passed them with a very graceful obeisance, saying: "Please accept them? I see by your lovely eyes that you are very fond of flowers."

Mrs. Kenniston was filled with astonishment.

"Where did you learn to speak English?" she asked of her tawny visitor.

"Of white people," was the answer. "When I was a little child I was adopted by the good Mr. Munson and his wife, missionaries to our tribe. I was brought up in a house, as white children are, taught to read and write, and to pray and sing. When as old as this little girl—" pointing to Mary—"they took me East, and I went to school in a New England schoolhouse. I was christened Katy Munson, but my people call me 'Little Two-Talk,' because I am so small, and often 'Book-Talk,' as I am sometimes of service as interpreter."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Kenniston, "I am in greater wonder than ever. How can you bear, after such an education, to live the wild life you are living now?"

"Just because I cannot live any other," she answered, pointing her dark finger to the prairie in front of her. "Generations of wild blood course in my veins. The customs of civilization are hateful to me. My untamed nature is a constant joy. Towns and cities are my dread; but the mighty forest and the broad prairie are my life. The Great Spirit has made us to differ, and who shall say that the Great Spirit does not understand His work?"

"You are right," replied the lady. "And you are happy now?"

"Always happy with my people, with the water and the sky, the birds and the flowers."

Mrs. Kenniston bought one of Two-Talk's prettiest baskets, gave her some breakfast, which she ate with relish, and then the little family escorted her to the plateau in front of the cabin. Here the squaw became strangely reticent.

"Good-by," said little Doddy, putting up her pretty lips to be kissed.

One glance from the corner of her small eyes was all the notice Two-Talk took of this invitation.

"Will you come again and see us?" inquired John, anxious to appear hospitable.

"Perhaps," was the laconic answer.

"I wish you would," said Mary, heartily. "We have many books and papers, and I should like so much to read with you. We can take them out into the woods, if mamma is willing."

Two-Talk drew a step nearer, and waited apparently for Mrs. Kenniston's indorsement of this proposition.

"I should not be afraid to trust my daughter to your care," she answered. "If you like to come, we shall always be glad to see you."

"I thank you," replied the squaw; and, without waiting for another word, gathered her baskets together deftly, and started away on a quick run.

"How strange!" said the group all together.

"That's the Indiaa of it," John put in, with a laugh. "I thought it would be funny if she didn't cut up some caper before she left."

Mrs. Kenniston felt very glad as she returned to her work that an Indian had at last visited their cabin. It seemed to her like an assurance of future safety, and she could not help wishing that her husband had pursued his journey as he had at first intended.

That day was destined to be a day of incidents. Some of the cows broke over the fence and ran away, and John was compelled to saddle his pony and gallop after them. Doddy tipped over a kettle of boiling water on to her neck and arms, scalding them dreadfully, and Mary, who had been with her father on several hunting-excursions, ran off in great haste down the creek to get some spider-wort for the poor little sufferer.

Johnny returned, after about an hour's absence, with all the cows, but the sunset and darkness settled down over the broad prairies, and Mary did not come home.

Mrs. Kenniston, wild with apprehension, walked the floor, wringing her hands, and praying for her daughter's return. Johnny begged to be allowed to go in search of his sister, but this of course could not be listened to; so the poor mother was obliged to bar her doors for the safety of the rest, and leave her daughter out in the night alone.

That Two-Talk was an emissary of the tribe to which she belonged Mrs. Kenniston had now no doubt. Mary had been entrapped by the Indians, and this to the agonized mother was infinitely worse than death.

The night passed, and the morning dawned, and the inmates of the cottage still watched, but now with no hope.

Poor little Mary! She knew that the spider-wort grew in a little thicket just down the Indian trail toward Elk Lake. So, with the Indian-basket on her arm, she proceeded hastily toward the spot. As she left the trail, she said to herself, "Now I turn to the right. When I come back to the trail, home will be to the left."

Feeling secure, she went to work, and soon filled her basket with the roots. In her rambling search she had crossed the Indian trail without knowing it, and on looking about discerned it again; but this time she was on the east side instead of the west, and of course went in an opposite direction, and directly away from her cabin.

To complete the child's misery—for very soon she

began to feel that she was on the wrong track—she stepped into a badger's burrow and sprained her ankle. She endeavored to walk, but after a few attempts was compelled to sit down again. The pain was intense, and the fear of being obliged to spend the night alone in this place so overcame her that she cried aloud.

Imagine her surprise and horror to look up into the face of an enormously large Indian. He had made no noise approaching her.

"Oh, do not hurt me!" she cried aloud, clasping her little hands imploringly.

"Umph!" was all the answer she received.

She noticed that he had a fish-spear over his shoulder, and a string of fish, and seemed to her to be a giant, so tall was he, and so ponderous his frame.

He must have noticed that she was in pain with her ankle, for, divesting himself of his traps, he stooped over, and lifted her foot; then noticing the effect produced, very gently removed her shoe and stocking and examined the sprain. Then he took off his blanket and threw it over her, and started into the depths of the woods.

Very soon he returned with something. Mary never knew what, and, taking the stocking for a bandage, applied a soft poultice, and then, without so much as, By your leave, he lifted the child to his shoulder, adjusted his fishing-tackle, and started off on a quick run.

In vain she tried to make him understand that she wanted to go home—that her mother would be frightened to death about her. All the reply she received was a succession of "Umphs" that frightened her almost to death, and an occasional "Me Moosheemoonie," which, of course, she could not understand.

An hour brought them to a wigwam, where she was very unceremoniously deposited upon a skin, and immediately surrounded by a squaw and three or four paposes.

Very soon the chief disappeared, and in a few moments, greatly to Mary's delight, returned with Two-Talk.

"These are peaceable Indians," were Two-Talk's first words to the trembling child, "and they will not hurt a hair of your head."

That night had to be spent in the wigwam, on account of a heavy rain, so common of nights in Minnesota.

Mary slept with Two-Talk, and in the morning would have been as bright and happy as ever but for the knowledge of her mother's anxiety.

Moosheemoonie, the Indian chief, would not allow her to use her foot, and after eating a comfortable breakfast prepared by Two-Talk, she found herself again in Moosheemoonie's arms, this time *en route* for home. The little squaw went along with them to direct the chief.

Mrs. Kenniston had just said, in her great anguish, "If we had only all died before we came to this place! How shall I, how can I, live without my darling child?" when John, with a loud "hullo!" threw wide the cabin-door, and there stood Moosheemoonie with the "darling child" in his arms.

Two-Talk explained it all, and Mrs. Kenniston, after embracing the lost one, and crying over her to her heart's content, rushed into Moosheemoonie's arms, to the great delight of Two-Talk, who clapped her hands and danced all around the room.

"Umph!" said the chief, after this performance; "no cry; good Injun—much," something which Two-Talk interpreted as, "Love papoose; squaw no cry." Then placing his hands with a loud clap on his big stomach, said, with a comical lighting up of his stolid features: "Me buckkety—me buckkety—me buckkety!" which means, "I am hungry."

It is needless to say that they were all treated to the best the cabin afforded, and that ever after Moosheemoonie and Two-Talk were good friends and constant visitors of the Kennistons.

Love's Contradictions.

Love, ne'er of thee can I complain;

Although a thousand times a day

Thou bringest loss, yet bringest gain,

Thou givest and dost take away,

And all thy joy is linked with pain,

I'm now strong minded, now a toy,

For her I love, nor dare deny

Whatever she asks. Since never cloy

The sweet desires wherof I die,

I'm far from hope, yet full of joy.

Yes, far from hope, yet full of joy.

Lit up by that life giving eye,

Love still my torments doth alloy,

And sweetness blend with every sigh.

With one fond hope my heart I buoy

That soon my pain will end with life.

And calmly close th' unequal fray.

Yet madly still I woo the strife

That bears me from the world away:

E'en suffering is with rapture rife

Midnight—and the Taciturn Has His Spurs On.

TOWARD the close of the Duke of Alva's administration of the Netherlands, and while the country now known as Belgium especially writhed beneath the iron despotism of the Spanish viceroy—while Brussels, Ghent, Mechlin and Bruges had ceased to shudder when their tall-gabled houses above redly in the glare of frequent *auto-da-fés*, because the burly Flemings, having passed from the timidity of terror into the courage of desperation, began to grind their teeth in lieu of chattering them whenever the lurid flare of the burning fagots flashed on the steel accoutrements of King Philip's musketeers—about this epoch, as has been said, three men met at the grand entrance to the cathedral of Notre Dame in Bruges. Coming from different directions, they passed through the portals at the same moment; one after the other dipped their hands in the holy water of the *benitier* and crossed themselves, without so much as a look of recognition exchanged.

The foremost of the three, in passing on into the transept where Vespers, or evening service, was celebrating, dropped his thick, buff-leather glove. The second, who was close behind, picked it up, and, twitching the former's cloak to attract his attention, handed it to the owner, who inclined his head in acknowledgment, as he did so muttering, by way of thanks:

"Midnight—and the Taciturn has his spurs on."

When Vespers were concluded, and the congregation was dispersing by the several outlets, the two who had not interchanged words chanced to emerge by the same door, when he who had so courteously lifted the dropped glove was fated to drop his own. This was observed by the last of the three, who did not let it lie, but as soon as the street was gained tendered it to the dropper, saying:

"Your pardon, Myneheer Graf; you dropped your glove."

The other received it with an inclination of the head, during the execution of which he, too, muttered, in a rapid whisper, the extremely lucid observation:

"Midnight—and the Taciturn has his spurs on."

The Count van Groot took no further notice of the individual to whom he had conveyed the above intimation, but walked on slowly across the marketplace that abuts upon the site of the cathedral, until, gaining the Grande Rue, he diverged to the right, and, mingling with the silent stream of pedestrians, pursued his way to the great square, or Place d'Armes, as it was called, where the old Hotel de Ville, with its famous peal of bells, threw

the shadow of its lofty tower across the unevenly paved expanse, part of which, with the surrounding houses, was whitely lit up by the rays of the full moon, while the remainder—and it was there the count chose to pass—looked gloomily dark.

In the basement of the belfry was the guardhouse, and the flame of an oil-lamp, burning over the unclosed door, flickered upon the steel cap and arquebuse of the Spanish sentry who patrolled the space in front of it.

The Fleming cast a glance inside the guardroom as he passed, undergoing, simultaneously, the scrutiny of the sentinel without appearing conscious of it, and then stepped out more briskly, quitting the square by a narrow street leading into an open space planted with trees.

Crossing this, and turning to the right, he arrived at a smaller square, by traversing which diagonally he reached the front of a tall house, with a high, peaked roof, that occupied the exact site of the now celebrated "Chapel of the Holy Blood." That house was in those days the residence of Cornelius van Groot, the proto-martyr of Flemish freedom.

While Count van Groot was pursuing his way homeward as described, the individual to whom he had last spoken had partly followed the same route in his rear; but upon arriving at the Town Hall, he entered it by the door of the guardroom, and, after running the gauntlet of more or less free-and-easy railery from the soldiers, who were dicing on the benches of it, began climbing the steep wooden staircase that led by many a spiral flight to the belfry. He was Hans Speifekampf, the bell-ringer.

In a small apartment, of which the solitary casement afforded a view of the planted space crossed by the Count van Groot after leaving the Place d'Armes, sat a gentleman, whose rich though sombre dress of black velvet, no less than the haughty expression of his saturnine countenance, denoted to be a person in authority. The features were disagreeably handsome, dark, keen, perhaps rather Jewish in type—though he was no Jew, but one of the chief props of the dreaded Inquisition. A small peaked beard gave additional length to his already long face, while the curled mustachios displayed the thin, compressed lips, and they looked hard and cruel. His brow was particularly fine, broad-templed and full of intellect.

The golden collar of the Order of Ferdinand and Isabella was wound twice round his neck, and the short red plume in his velvet bonnet was fixed there by an agraffe in which sparkled an enormous diamond. This was the Duke of Alva, the sword and the torch of the Holy Inquisition in *Partibus Infidelium*, and Governor-general of the Netherlands on behalf of His Most Catholic Majesty Philip of Spain.

The apartment had an almost funereally dismal appearance. The hangings were dark, the furniture black polished oak, and a single silver lamp burned on the velvet-covered table before which the duke sat, the rays from which seemed absorbed and lost in the surrounding blackness.

The viceroy's solitary companion afforded no contrast to the general gloom. He was a tall man, swarthy dark in complexion, with a stern, unsmiling face, enormous mustachios and peaked beard, attired in black Flanders cloth, slashed at the shoulders with black taffety; a small white ruff round the throat presenting the only relief to his dolorous garb. Even the sword-belt and long rapier were black, as were the gloves, with gauntlets reaching nearly to the elbow, tucked into his girdle.

He was writing busily, never lifting his eyes from the skin of parchment, at the head of which figured, in black and gold, the arms of Spain. This was Torq y Gallo, the duke's familiar, scribe, private agent; in fact, it would be hard to say what office he did not fill, except that of honest man, about the viceroy's person.

The Spanish party agreed with the Flemish in nothing else, but in silent and deep detestation of Torq y Gallo they were unanimous. As a set-off to this host of enemies, Torq had two friends, the Duke of Alva, his employer, and the Pope's legate at Madrid: and these two were a host in themselves.

"You are slow—you are slow!" ejaculated the viceroy, tapping his knuckles on the table: "your fingers can move more nimbly, Torq y Gallo; they would, I warrant me, if they were telling gold ducats."

The scribe did not look up, but wrote on as fast as he could.

The occasional crackling of the parchment was the only sound that disturbed the stillness, for the duke relapsed into silence, sitting with half-closed eyes, abstractedly drawing and sheathing the short dagger he wore, when the "carillon" sounded the quarter-chime, and simultaneously the arras before the chamber-entrance was quietly lifted, and disclosed the person of an attendant in the duke's livery, black and crimson with the badge, "a bear sable, proper, and crowned; langued gules," which, translated out of heraldic jargon, signifies "a black bear, standing on its four feet, and crowned; with a red tongue."

"So please your highness, a letter," said the newcomer, in the subdued tone the viceroy exacted from his attendants. "The bearer desired me to tell your grace—" He hesitated for a second or two, whereat the duke turned his head, and looked full at him. "That—that the king's falcon was unhooded."

"Ha!"

That was all the duke said for the moment, but, snatching the letter, he tore it open, and held it to the light of the lamp to peruse it.

Torq y Gallo had remarkably bushy, overhanging eyebrows, and, from under the shelter they afforded, he shot a furtive glance at the letter the duke was reading, without ostensibly intermitting his employment of writing.

"You are too good, Master Torq y Gallo," observed the viceroy, freely. "My own eyes are not yet so dimmed by time but that they can decipher this writing without help."

"Oh, your grace, I did but wait your leisure to tell you this missive is ready for your highness's signature."

Torq y Gallo uttered the disclaimer in a tone of voice that proclaimed nature to have invested him with an organ of speech singularly harsh and discordant.

The duke paid no attention, however, but sank back in his settle, and stared steadily at the flame of the lamp. A slight movement of the attendant aroused him from his reverie.

"Beez! I will see this person." He shook the letter that he held folded in his hand. "I will see her here."

As soon as the servitor had left the apartment the duke continued:

"Behind the arras, Torq y Gallo; and use your ears more alertly than you do your fingers. Let no sound betray your presence; no single word escape your memory. Go!"

Tall as he was, Torq y Gallo's movements and tread would not have disgraced a cat.

The duke watched to see that the arras fell smoothly over the place of concealment, and, satisfied on that score, closed his eyes, with his head thrown back against the cushion of the settle, waiting for his visitor.

He did not wait long, for the servitor's voice once more purred subduedly.

"May it please your highness—the lady."

It was a female undoubtedly, but whether gentle or simple, old or young, fair-favored or the reverse, her closely-veiled face and figure placed it beyond the power of any one to decide.

The duke did not rise, nor even speak, but bent his head, after the Jovian fashion, and made a slow

gesture with his hand toward a cushioned seat at some distance from himself but near the arras.

"Your highness is alone!"

The visitor's voice trembled, and she herself shook visibly with agitation.

"As you see, madame," replied the duke, in his icy voice. "You are decomposed; there is water in that fagon; strong waters in the other."

"I humbly thank your grace. I need nothing. Bear with me for a moment, your highness;" her voice faltered, and she grasped the edge of the table nervously, then she added: "When the king's falcon is unhooded there is terror and disquiet in the heron's nest, my lord viceroy."

"In what tree has the heron perched his nest, madame?" replied the duke, impassibly.

"Oh, the tree is a *high, high tree for me to lay low!*" A sob of passionate emotion accompanied the words.

"Your arm will not wield the ax!" exclaimed the viceroy, in a tone of which the affected soothing did not conceal the cynicism.

"The ax! Ah, yes, the ax, and the torch, and the torture—" She shivered as she wailed this out as if in soliloquy.

"For the king's enemies and the enemies of Holy Church," suggested the duke; "for their *friends*, honor, reward, protection. Speak without fear, madame; where is this heron's nest you talk of?"

"Reward, your highness!" The lady hesitated. "If this night I place in your grace's power the members of a conspiracy which, if unchecked, will confront you with the Netherlands armed and organized in rebellion; led by Spain's bitterest foe; sympathized in, perhaps aided, by England. Ah, yes, I must have my reward! My lord viceroy, I must have my reward."

"You shall!"

The duke sat upright in the settle, and grasped its arms tightly, looking fixedly at the speaker.

"Now, now, your highness?"

The woman's tone was feverishly agitated.

"Now? What reward do you require, madame? Gold? If so, you can have it now."

"Gold! No, no, no!"

"Ha! you do not wish gold?" Sinking back in his seat, the duke gazed with half-closed eyes at his visitor. "A woman cares for but two things—gold and a lover." Bitterly contemptuous was the viceroy's accent as he spoke. "You refuse gold; you have, then, a lover. And what do you need for him, madame?"

The lady appeared to gasp for breath. She thrust back the thick folds of the black veil she wore across her face, and in doing so disclosed a beautiful countenance—darkly, warmly beautiful, with the half-Moorish loveliness of Spain.

"Pledge me your princely word, my lord viceroy, that a safe conduct for two shall be made out for me under your highness's seal in return for a list of the chiefs of the conspiracy, the hour and place of meeting, the password, and"—she looked steadily at the duke, though her lips quivered—"and information that will enable your highness to get possession of the heron!"

"A safe conduct for two, madame, is a dangerous weapon if used against the king's interests," said the duke, cautiously. "A safe conduct for whom, and for where?"

The lady's lips closed tightly, and so did her hands.

"For myself, lord viceroy, and my lover." She looked with a species of defiant expectation at the duke, and continued, "A safe conduct to Madrid."

"To Madrid? That is well. And your lover's name is—"

"Your highness must leave the name blank in the safe conduct. *That* is part of my reward."

The viceroy reflected, looking from his visitor to the lamp, and *vice versa*. Presently the lady spoke again.

"I pray your highness to pardon me, but time presses. Conspiracy, like venom, works unseen, and the remedy must be timely if it would be effectual."

"Ha! is it so near, then?"

"Even at the gates, my lord viceroy."

"Well, speak, madame; I promise you the safe conduct for two—yourself and one companion. And now the conspirators—the leaders—the—There, speak, madame, speak."

The lady stepped up to the table in front of the viceroy, and pointed, with a shaking hand, to the jeweled cross of the Order round the latter's throat.

"With your hand upon that cross, swear to me, your highness, that nothing *human* shall prevent the fulfillment of your word to me."

The duke frowned, but nevertheless touched the cross, and said, briefly:

"I swear."

The lady gave a sigh, whether of relief or regret, she alone knew; then, passing her hand inside her dress-front, produced a paper.

At the sight of it, the viceroy eagerly extended his arm.

"*Ay de mí!*" She wrung her hands piteously, and awayed her body to and fro. "There is the price of a soul on that paper—the price of an eternal soul. Ah, Ludovic!"—the duke half rose from his chair, but the lady went on walling—"Ah, Ludovic, time and *thée*, for eternity and hell." Suddenly she drew herself up rigidly, and impetuously poured out her words: "Bah! I rave. Are they not heretics—foes of the Church and of Spain? *Faugh! La porqueria Flamenca*. Take it, my lord viceroy; it is the list of the chiefs."

With a grim smile the duke took the paper from where she tossed it on the table, and read, in a half-audible whisper, what was written upon it. It contained a list of names, the last written of all being Count Cornelius van Groot.

"Van Groot!" exclaimed the duke, with a start of amazement. "Mother of God, countess, do you inform against your husband?" Relapsing into impassibility the next moment, however, he added, "Husband in one scale, lover in the other—husband kicks the beam." His cruel-looking thin lips curled in a smile. "And the time of meeting, madame?"

"To-night, at midnight."

"To-night! *Caramba!* The rendezvous?"

"St. Sauveur's Church, in the crypt."

"Sacrilège to sedition! Well, well! and the password—nay, first the leader you alluded to?"

"William the Silent. He is now at Sluys. The watchword is, 'The Taciturn has his spurs on.'"

"William the Taciturn at Sluys?"

The duke rose and perambulated the space between the arras and his seat, stopping abruptly before the lady, at whom he gazed sternly, with an expression of face quite at variance with the meaning of his words.

"Madame, you have done excellent good service. The safe conduct shall reach you at your house before the night is an hour older. I pray you retire now, for it gets late. I salute you, countess. May you live a thousand years,"

Every quarter of an hour, for three and a half centuries, the "carillon," or chimes, of Bruges have rung out in throbbing strokes and trills, just as they did that night when the even then gray and hoary bellry shone glitteringly in the white moonlight, and the Spanish soldiery hummed the air of the chimes as it sounded, out of sheer habit. Far away over the town; over the ramparts, where wall-flowers and fox-glove grew rankly in the interstices of the old, old masonry; over the canal of Sluys; over the roads to Blankenberg, Damme and Ath—far away into the villages and hamlets the *carillon* sent its notes pattering, and in many a cot and many a château eyes exchanged a glance of silent meaning when the sound flowed in.

ing, promise before I begin upon my plan with regard to you. It is that you will not run away from me."

"When?"

"Ever. You will find a school stupid and slow after the wild freedom of your life thus far; you will miss the flavor of wickedness and peril; nothing is so monotonous as virtue, especially among unformed minds; but it is necessary that you should be trained in manners, style, and the usual branches of education for young women. This will take some years, and must be a stupid and laborious process, but you shall pass the vacations with me in as much amusement as we can contrive for each other, and so soon as you are old enough we will go abroad, and you shall study for the opera. After that, you will not complain of lack of excitement, or admiration, or power; that is, if you turn out what I expect."

And once more the eyes of the *blasé* man of the world critically traversed and judged of every detail of the face and figure before him.

Fanny listened breathlessly.

"I twig. Oh, I'll bite my tongue out but I'll cure it," and she stamped passionately, while a tinge of loveliest pink rushed over her pale cheeks. "I understand what you mean, and I'll do it. Lord alive, I can work, and I can pretend, and I can wait, with the next one, and if you'll pass your word that there's a good time coming, I'll pass mine that I'll play on the square, and wait for it."

"Very good. I promise as good a time at the end as money and education can give, and as many lesser frolics all along as you have vacations; here's my hand on it."

"And here's mine that I'll hold on and wait for it, and never cheat you any way nor how."

"That's understood; and now, Fanny—No, I don't like the name of Fanny, it is too dubious. I will name you as the naturalists do their discoveries; let me see, Avis, that means a bird; since you wish to emulate my canary there, yes, Avis I. Gardiner; there's a name for you. How do you like it?"

"I don't know. Avis I. Why I?"

"Why I? Well, a fancy of mine, which I will explain when the time comes. It may never come, but I have a presentiment that it will, and if it does, I will certainly tell you why I; but if it should not, you will never know."

That afternoon Miss Avis I. Gardiner was enrolled among the pupils of a certain convent-school celebrated for its firm yet gentle discipline, and the certainty with which all eccentricities, rudeness and insolence of manner disappear in the course of a year or two under the silent and subtle manipulation of the Sisters.

In five months came a vacation, which Avis spent in travelling through Canada with her guardian, as Mr. Gardiner was understood to be, and this programme, varying, of course, the scene of amusement, was carried out for four quiet years, at the end of which period Mr. Gardiner, presenting himself at the convent upon the first day of the Summer vacation, was joined "at parlor" by a tall, fully formed, elegant girl, the startling beauty of whose face still bore an eddily close resemblance to the pretty, dissipated little visage of the child so ignominiously ejected from the Smallhours Clubhouse four years before.

"My dear girl, you are wonderful!" exclaimed the guardian, folding the rounded figure in his arms, and kissing the lips eagerly upraised to his. "Are you glad to see me?"

"Oh, so glad, guardy!" was the heartfelt response. "I am so utterly weary of the rôle of Goody Two-shoes! Do take me out, and give me some champagne, and carry me to the theatre!"

"Upon my word, mademoiselle! And that is convent training, is it?" exclaimed Gardiner, half shocked, half cynically amused.

"The trouble is, you see, that there was a good deal of training before I ever saw the convent," re-

plied the girl, recklessly "I was twelve or thirteen years old when I first saw you, and a child brought up to that age on strong drink can't go back to bread and milk with a relish."

"Twelve or thirteen," repeated Gardiner, musingly. "Then you are about seventeen now, Avis, and a mighty handsome girl. Let me hear you sing and play."

Avis rose, and with a skillful backward sweep of her drooping walked across the room, displaying her elegant and fully developed figure, and her graceful gait, to great advantage. Seating herself at the piano, she played the brilliant prelude of one of Rossini's most intricate cavatinas, and sang it through in a hard, clear voice, brilliant to a degree, but perfectly unsympathetic.

Gardiner, a musical critic, listened eagerly, and was about to speak his applause, with the suggested criticism, when his ward, with a mischievous smile, interrupted him with:

"Wait a minute, guardy; here's something more in your style;" and, rattling her fingers over the keys like lightning, she burst into the sandest, sprightliest, most audacious air of a certain operabouffe, and gave its rollicking strains and dubious phrases with such a mixture of skill and fun, that Gardiner sprang to his feet and ran to close the door before he laughingly clapped his hands, crying:

"Splendid! capital! But, in the name of all the holy nuns in Christendom, where did you learn that?"

"Read about it in a smuggled newspaper, and sent for the music through one of the New York girls. Oh, we have a good many little amusements here of which the dear little sisters know nothing!"

"I should think so! Well, I remember the old story of the princess shut up in a tower from her birth to keep her away from men and the wickedness of their ways, and how the birds of the air carried the prince's letter to her, and all that; and I suppose there is no such thing as keeping the roebuck closed until one can watch it open beneath his own eyes, and solely for his own benefit. Avis, tell me the truth; or, don't you do that?"

"What, tell the truth?"

"Exactly. Do you do it?"

"Oh, yes, to you."

"Thanks. Well, have you a lover?"

"Guardy, I have never seen a man to be compared with you in any respect, consequently I have loved no man but you so far."

"Again, thanks. And now, my dear, we will bid good-by to the Mother, and start for our usual holiday. I do not believe you will come back to school."

"Why, what are you going to do next?"

"I think, Avis—yes, I actually think—I shall marry you. I feel like it now, at least."

"Then marriage is a bargain only needing one bargainer, is it?"

"What! won't you marry me?"

"*Cela dépend!* I have not been asked yet."

"Nor won't be to-day, my dear. I want to see a little more of you. We are going yachting, and I shall study you diligently."

So Mr. Gardiner took his ward away, fetching a perfectly proper middle-aged help-lady to the convent to receive her, and to accompany her on her voyaging.

Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Dustan was a little deaf, a little purblind, and not a little harassed and tormented by poverty and the fear of an almshouse in her old age, so that nothing was easier than for Avis to persuade her that night-air was bad for her, that she actually was pining to go to bed, or to remain in the cabin alone, while guardian and ward spent the long moonlight hours upon deck, or rowing in a little skiff, or wandering on shore.

The two months of the vacation flew like a dream, and at its close Mr. Gardiner received a

letter from the Superior of the convent. One of the Associate Sisters, a woman of experience and judgment in worldly matters, was to take six of the elder pupils abroad to perfect their French and German accent, and to study the antiquities of the elder world in their own sphere, and the object of this letter was to inquire whether Mr. Gardiner would like Avis to join this company as a finishing touch to her education, already, as the stately Superior hoped, of a degree and nature satisfactory to Avis's guardian.

Gardiner read this letter, mused a while, frowned, bit his lips, and finally tossed it over the table to Avis, as she lay luxuriously upon some cushions, skimming the pages of a French novel.

"You shall tell me how to answer it, my darling," said he. "Will you go to Paris, or—will you stay with me and be my little love, my wife, by-and-by?" Avis read the letter, and sprang up with sparkling eyes and heightened color.

"Oh, guardy! of course I will go to Paris!"

"But, Avis—you know that you are and must be mine alone. We are lovers, and no man can step between us now."

The girl regarded him impatiently, and with an angry black heightening her wonderful beauty.

"Well, what of it?" demanded she, harshly. "Who speaks of any other man or any other destiny? You bought me body and soul when you plected me out of the gutter five years ago; but the contract of sale is not signed and sealed before the world yet, and I don't want to always feel the shackles!"

"Avis! Avis! what words are these? Do not I love you? Have not I promised to make you my wife as soon as you are a little older? What shackles but those of love have I ever put upon you?"

"Upon my word, guardy, you are quite a tragedian! you should go upon the stage and outshine Booth!" laughed Avis, in her hard, bright fashion; and Gardiner relapsed into his ordinary cynical *bonhomme*.

"So you had rather have a demure outing with this party of wise virgins than to wait until I take you to Paris on our wedding-tour?" asked he.

"Yes. I go with them to improve my mind and learn the accent of the Faubourg St. Germain; with you I shall strengthen my morals and study the dialect of the Mabilles and the Quartier Latin."

"Indeed, no, mademoiselle; I assure you that, as my wife, you will lead a very different life from that you do as my—"

"Word? I dare say, and for that reason I intend to see as much of the world on my own account beforehand as possible, even in such a poky way as the proposed one."

"Very well, Avis I, you shall have a year abroad, and when you come back we will be married and settle down into respectable people."

"But, once more, what does this I mean in my name? I should like to know exactly under what flag I am to sail in this, my first independent voyage."

"Why I? No, my dear child, I will not tell you yet. This journey will decide the question of your right to the initial. If you come home safely and we are married, you shall drop the initial for ever, since it shall no longer be possible of application. If worse happens, and the bad jest becomes a terrible reality, I will explain it to you as my parting gift and endowment. But, pahaw, Avis! what a gloomy and ridiculous strain we are falling into! Of course you will return all right! of course we shall be married and be happy as two lovers in a comedy! What else is possible?"

"Ah, what else is possible!" echoed Avis, with a gloomy glance at her guardian, and then, snatching her guitar, she trilled its strings in a wild, irregular accompaniment of her own improvising, and recklessly trilled a drinking-song from one of the French operas, while Gardiner, leaning upon the table, watched her critically through half-closed eyes.

"Avis I, you are really a magnificent creature," said he, at length. "Let us have some of the generous *vins d'or* that you celebrate."

And, ringing the bell, he ordered wine, cakes, and Mrs. Dustan, who thought she best obeyed the summons by pleading a headache and remaining in her state-room.

The next morning the bows of the *Stren*, named for Avis, as her guardian informed her, were turned homeward, and, a few weeks later, Miss Avis I. Gardiner's name appeared upon the passenger-list of one of the Cunard steamships in company with that of five other young ladies and the devout and astute Associate Sister having them in charge.

For eight months, letters, dated at nearly every usual station of travel in Europe, reached the guardian, who replied with brevity, as he had relapsed into his usual course of busy idleness, and who, moreover, found himself in an attitude of sullen expectancy toward his ward, whom he did not doubt deceived him more or less with regard to her occupations and sentiments. Still, her material beauty dwelt in his memory so glaringly, and the drama of love and life, in which they too had briefly acted their parts, was so fascinating, and as yet so incomplete, that he always resolved to forgive very much, to shut his eyes as closely as possible, and to receive back his wandering bird, if she would come, without too keen inquiry into whether her wayward wings had carried her during her absence, so that they were not too stung to permit of her return at all.

Ten months had passed in this fashion, when Gardiner received at his Club, among other letters, the following from his ward:

"MY DEAR GUARDY—I propose in this letter to tell you the truth—rather an unusual luxury for me, and an unusual treat for you; as I have not dealt largely in that commodity in our recent correspondence. For instance, I omitted to mention in my descriptions of Alpine scenery that two gentlemen friends of mine helped me to admire it, generally by moon or starlight, or at odd times when dear Sister was otherwise engaged, and supposed me to be.

"These gentlemen followed us into Italy, and very agreeably diversified the monotony of picture-galleries, ruins and temples by dodging our party at every corner and mingling with it occasionally under various disguises. Now we are all in Paris, and as I promised both gentlemen a reply to their petitions on arriving at this point, whence we are to return home, I have seriously devoted myself to the task of making up my mind, and naturally turn to you for advice.

"These two friends of mine differ as widely as possible in every respect, except in both being enormously wealthy and excessively in love with me. The first is a French peer, a vicomte of aristocratic family and position, not very young—but I am accustomed to a very mature lover, you know—and unfortunately married; and the father of grown-up children. He cannot, of course, offer me his title or hand, but he offers a magnificent establishment, horses, diamonds, clothes, everything in the world that need make a woman happy, and my only trouble in the matter is that these arrangements are so temporary, and that one hardly knows how to dispose of the tiresome remainder of one's life. To be sure, I could employ the time in studying for the stage; I know that I could shine in French opera, and possibly in the classic, although that would be a bore, but in the *bouffes* I should be inimitable, and create a perfect *furor*.

"Here is one prospect, now for the other: Mr.—Ahem—is an American, son of one of our 'best families,' richer than the vicomte, young, handsome, and devoted. To be sure, he is rather a goody-goody sort of boy, and amuses me immensely by giving me credit for all sorts of virtues and scruples hardly known to me by name, but, do you

knew, guardy, there is really a sort of piquancy in this contact with virtue which attracts me. It's so new to me, you know; for, except the nuns, who are beyond my comprehension and sympathy altogether, and the girls, who are mostly idiots, and Mrs. Dunstan, who is a sycophant and hypocrite, Mr. Ahem is the first virtuous person I was ever acquainted with, and I think, as his wife, I should feel a certain professional pride in keeping up the rôle he assigns me, and playing it to the end.

"Of course this dear child never thought of offering me less than his hand, and as I have confided to him that I shall probably be forced by a 'cruel parent' (do excuse me, guardy, for thus depicting you) to be married immediately on my return home, and as I am far too obedient, docile, meek, and timid, to resist this authority, he has persuaded a married sister residing at present in Paris to offer me an asylum with her, and to matronize our wedding at the American Embassy.

"This sounds rather tame when compared with the vicomte's 'glittering generalities,' but somehow it seems to me more attractive. You will certainly laugh at me, but it is nevertheless true that I quite fancy the idea of respectability, virtue, and, b-y-and-by, a leadership in society; and, believe me, I shall be a terribly strict censor of female virtue and masculine morality.

And now, guardy, I do not deny that, after all, my chance of trying this experiment lies very much in your hands. If you choose to telegraph to the American Minister to forbid the marriage of your ward, no doubt suspicion would be roused, and although I think I have influence enough with my dear innocent to carry out a private marriage elsewhere, his family, and the proposed désh of my bridehood in New York, are lost. But I do not think you will serve me so mean a trick, nor do I think you ought, in justice. I acknowledge all that you have done for me from the night we first encountered in the hall of the Smalldours Club until this brilliant morning in Paris, and against the kindness and the money lavished upon me, I put all that I have given you—the first love of my heart, the possibility of a life different from its beginning, and some faith in God and man.

"Our five years' connection has consumed all these as if with fire, and I count them, after all, as a longer contribution to our common stock than your careless kindness, thousands of dollars, and lessons in love-making. Will you cry quits and let me alone if I marry this boy, or will you drive me to accepting the offers of the vicomte, with whom my antecedents will do no particular harm?

"Awaiting your answer, I remain affectionately yours, AVIS I.—and once more tell me, why the I."

Gardiner's astonishment and rage on reading this letter were those of a virtuous parent whose carefully trained child suddenly breaks away from all law and rule to pursue a course of independent wickedness. He should have been prepared for just this result, say you? Of course he should, and of course he was not, for when were any of us prepared for the logical result of our own follies and weaknesses?

In his first indignation he rushed to the telegraph office, fully resolved to pursue the course Avis had foreseen, and forward a dispatch to the American Embassy; but, with the pencil in his hand, he reconsidered the impulse. Avis, as the mistress of a French vicomte, was even more wholly lost to him than as the wife of an American, moving in the same circle with himself in his native city; and as the thought of the constant meetings probable between Avis and himself rose in his mind, an evil scheme of revenge sketched itself with it before his mental vision, and it was with a smile upon his lips and a light in his eyes, such as only devils ought

to wear, that he threw down his pencil, and went home to write:

"I ought to have expected precisely what I have received as the reward of my Quixotic attempt to change the leopard's spots or wash the black moor white. But I cannot trouble my digestion with anger, and revenge is gone out of fashion. Marry your dear innocent, as you call him, and as a lamb-like, he is probably well provided with wool to pull it well over his eyes.

"Yes, I will tell you now, why I. It is the initials of *infernis*, a word whose meaning you will not be at a loss to understand when joined to *Avjs*, and do but see how much more brutal our English tongue is than any other. *Avjs infernis* is quite a pretty phrase, while Bird of — is not at all so.

"I believe there is nothing more to say except good-morning, and that I am

"Always obediently yours, GARDINER."

In due course Avis received this letter, read it twice through, and turned pale as death while she slowly tore it to atoms.

"He means mischief—terrible mischief," murmured she. "I will go on, but I will be on my guard."

A month later, Gardiner read the announcement of a marriage in the chapel of the American Embassy at Paris between Avis Gardiner and Malcolm Fortescue Blake, Esq., both of New York, and smiled unpleasantly as he laid down the paper, muttering to himself:

"Oh, it's that fellow, is it? And she wants to drop the I, eh? Well, it will be my work to remind her of it. Wonder when they'll be home?"

Not for many months, as it proved, and when they did come, Mrs. Blake received no company on account of her health.

Gardiner waited two months more, and called again. The servant took his card, and returned to usher him up-stairs to a charming boudoir dimly lighted, where in an invalid-chair sat, or rather reclined, Avis, her beauty intensified, yet purified, by illness, and holding a little baby upon her lap.

She held out a thin, white hand and raised her eyes, with such a piteous appeal speaking from their soft depths, that Gardiner turned away and sat down without speaking, and in a sort of angry bewilderment.

This was not the scene, not the woman, not the circumstances; he had pictured through a year of patient waiting, and he knew not how to take up the new rôle so suddenly thrust upon him.

Avis saw her advantage, and seized it desperately.

"You are the first gentleman I have seen, Mr. Gardiner, but I could not refuse one who has stood to me in place of a father for so many years. Besides, I wanted to show you my son, and to ask favor of you with regard to him. Will you be his godfather? I am sure you will be a faithful and honest one."

Her voice trembled upon the last words, and Gardiner looked her steadily in the face.

Never had she looked so beautiful, but the intense suspense, the agony of doubt thrilling her every nerve, was printed in each line so painfully, that once more Gardiner averted his eyes, and for a long minute communed with his heart in silence. Then he slowly said:

"You have conquered, Avis. It was an audacious experiment, and by its very audacity it succeeded. Yes, I will spare you; I will only remember that I was in place of a father to your helpless childhood, and I will give bonds for your future by accepting the position of godfather to your boy, and I will try to be a faithful and honest one at least, no blight shall come upon his life through word or deed of mine. You are a brave woman, Avis, and I hope you are and will be a happy one God-by."

He was gone, and when next she saw him, she

whenever she saw him afterward, he was the genial, courteous, mildly cynical man of the world, whose generosity had protected the childhood of his orphaned "relative," and who now had transferred his interest and affections mainly to the boy; of whose education and prospects he began to talk before he was out of long-clothes.

That is the story so far. The sequel remains in the future; but we may have faith that it will be a fortunate and happy one, for, with an adoring husband, lovely children, health, wealth and position, Avis finds her path so well hedged in, that she could hardly wander from it if she would, and is wife woman enough—at least we will hope so—to would not if she could.

Major Mulvey's Boarders.

It is astonishing with what ease and coolness some Irishmen accept high-sounding military titles among strangers, and even in cases where they had never drawn a sword or anything more dangerous than a "long-bow." This much, however, I can say for Quartermaster Mulvey: when he first arrived in Canada, with his two lovely daughters, Kate and Julia, and settled in Toronto, he never pretended to be anything more than he really was—quartermaster on half-pay; although, he forgot to tell us the half-pay was mortgaged, and that for the timebeing he received only a miserable pittance from it.

How he came to be a major he never could tell. But as the people would have him so, and as he grew tired of endeavoring to set them right, he accepted the title, although it was as empty as air, as might be inferred from his genteel hard-up look and attire. He was a widower, and like most of his countrymen, generous to a fault, and as extravagant as his circumstances would admit of. Nothing whatever was known of him in Toronto, save that a fortnight or so before my acquaintance with him, himself and his daughters were found to be the sole occupants of a dilapidated, old, wooden mansion, near the Toll Gate; that, with a whole lot of faded and rickety furniture, he had rented from a rich brewer close by.

Although our prospects were well assured, Jones and I, a short time previous to our first meeting with him, were reduced to almost our last dollar. We managed to keep up appearances, however, and having soon become friends with him, we occasionally lunched together at McConkey's. We found him to be a very noble and honorable fellow, but with his head as full of impossible projects as it well could be. The most feasible of his designs, however, for recruiting his finances, of the absolutely low condition of which we were not sensible at the period, was that of taking a few respectable boarders, although, as we subsequently became aware, he had no very clear idea of how they were to be housed or provided for.

This project, nevertheless, had gradually taken such a firm hold of him, that he at last prevailed on both of us to make arrangements for taking up our quarters with him, although up to that period we had never entered or even seen "The Garrison," as he called his abode.

A day or two after we had decided to remove with our few traps from our more expensive lodgings that had been actually consuming us, we somehow learned accidentally that he was quite as much embarrassed as ourselves, and we therefore raked all we could together, with a view to paying something in advance.

This, notwithstanding his necessities, he would not hear of, for he had become aware of the very wretched condition of our finances, although he had no idea whatever of either our hopes or our prospects.

This touched us very much, and seemed to move

Jones deeply, who was a handsome fellow of about six feet one, and upward of two hundred weight.

It was just after quarter-day, when the major was a little flush, that we arrived at The Garrison, which we were now to enter for the first time, and where we were to be presented to the two ladies we had heard so much of, and with whom we were henceforth to dine and chat, if not flirt, daily.

Although it was nearly dark, the building looked most uninviting, and old and shaky enough to go off some windy night like a kite. The boards of the veranda were spongy, and I thought I could perceive some moss and weeds clinging to the eaves.

The major received us most cordially at the door, but as there was no light in the hall, I was unable to penetrate the gloom within. However, as it was not yet wholly dark, I supposed that candles were considered scarcely necessary in the hall for a few moments; so, at the instance of our kind host and landlord, we all entered in a knot.

Scarcely, however, had we crossed the threshold, when we were plunged into utter darkness with a sudden crash. The flooring had given way under Jones, and we were now up to our eyes among the slush and musty rubbish that had accumulated in the midst of mouldering puncheons and crates in a vast cellar that was badly drained.

Instantly there was a cry of alarm overhead, and in a few seconds there was a light gleaming down on us. The major was the first to speak, but I could not make out what he said; and Jones was straggling, and, I regret to say, swearing, close by, but to what end I was unable to perceive, as, before I had well recovered from my own shock, we were once more in total gloom.

Soon we heard steps and voices coming down the cellar-stairs, and suddenly a gleam of light broke on the scene once more.

I now glanced round, and the first thing I saw was Jones creeping out of an old puncheon, through both the heads of which he appeared to have gone smack. He was on all fours, for he had in some way managed to upset the vessel. The major had landed in a huge crate filled with damp and filthy straw, with which, in his alarm, he had almost covered himself.

Fortunately, I had landed on my feet, and was only ankle-deep in the slush. We were, of course, all close together, but so much of the flooring had given way, that we had spread apart in our descent a good deal wider than we could account for. None of us were hurt, however, and as the major and Jones, on regaining their feet, began to laugh, he asserted that I joined them heartily.

But now the light, which had been streaming through an old board partition, was full upon us, revealing two very lovely creatures, who began picking their way through the heaps of old casks and crates that were scattered about through the gloomy waste. It was carried by a tidy servant-girl, who swelled the chorus of the laugh, as did the two ladies, when they heard the major sing out gayly:

"All right, girls! There are two gentlemen with me, but not one of us has received a single scratch; however, we got here."

On perceiving us, the ladies looked at each other with astonishment. They had evidently not been apprised previously of our intended arrival, and were not, as I began to fear, cognizant in any way of the arrangements we had made with their father. This was awkward, but now we were in for it, and all we could do was to make the best of it.

Notwithstanding the plight we were in, we were presented to the ladies, who on a second glimpse of us renewed their merriment, although the awkward condition of the flooring above our heads soon began to command their attention and that of the major.

On arriving in the hall once more, we all began to step along in a manner more gingerly than usual;

Jones, especially, began to feel his way with great caution, until he got into what was by courtesy called the drawing-room. Here, while the major and I set to work to stretch some boards over the chasm we had made, he seated himself close to an open window, and entered into conversation with the ladies, having already been quite struck with the grace and beauty of Kate—although I fancied Julia the more lovely of the two.

On our joining them, the major, with a degree of embarrassment that I thought singular, under the circumstances, began to inform them that he thought he would give them an agreeable surprise by bringing them a pair of lodgers and boarders who were not only gentlemen but his own particular friends.

When the ladies heard this, being now made acquainted with the arrangement for the first time only, they turned absolutely pale.

The major noticed their confusion and dismay, and, hastening to the rescue, of course made matters worse.

Jones and I felt dreadfully embarrassed, and were unable to say a single word. Julia, however, seemed equal to the occasion, for, observing our distress, she, after a little hesitation, said, with some degree of composure:

"Gentlemen, this is not the first of my dear father's projects that have placed both myself and my sister in a most awkward, if not painful, position. Of his arrangement with you we have this moment heard for the first time only; and let me say that it is utterly impossible for us to receive you in any other light than that of simple visitors, whom we shall be always happy to see as the friends of our father. I trust that this decision, which is inexorable, will not inconvenience you in any serious degree; but you can see for yourselves that this wretched mansion scarcely affords us adequate shelter; and that nothing but the direct embarrassment has driven us to reside in it. My father's half-pay has been so placed for a long period that he has not had control of it, as this poorly furnished apartment too surely indicates; although his martyrdom, in this relation, will now, I am happy to say, soon come to an end."

We were confounded; and we glanced toward the major in the expectation of seeing him equally so; but what was our surprise to find him gazing with the utmost admiration on his daughter, and seemingly acquiescing in every word she said.

This was the most inexplicable feature of the whole affair; and it passed our comprehension totally, when, after she had finished the last syllable, he observed, with the most unfeigned sincerity:

"Every word of it is as true as the gospel, my boys! But, you see, I thought to befriend you a little, as I knew your purse was as light as my own. And that's how the thing came; although I ought to have consulted my daughters, as I now see. However, you'll forgive me if I have spoilt the thing, for I meant well. Didn't I, girls?"

We were touched to the very heart at the blind and disinterested generosity of a man who, while he was himself worse than living from hand to mouth, could have so kindly and so thoughtlessly made such an arrangement as he had made with us. Nor could we but admire the noble frankness of the beautiful girl who had now apprised us of the true state of the case, while her poor sister sat by with blushes and scarcely suppressed tears.

On perceiving our position, we rose at once to take our leave, while assuring both the ladies of what was far from the fact—that we had not been incommoded in any way, and that we should make our adieux in the hope that we should be permitted to call and pay our compliments at some more opportune period.

Neither they nor the major, however, would hear of our return to the city without our having first shared their hospitality. If the truth must be told, we were easily persuaded; so, before another hour had elapsed, we were all seated cozily together, en-

joying ourselves in no ordinary degree—Julia and myself having speedily become the best of friends, while Jones seemed captivated beyond all hope by the fascinating Kate.

It was verging toward the small hours when the ladies retired, and, as the major had got into extraordinary good humor and become exceedingly entertaining, we scarcely felt the time slipping away, until it was too late to think of going into town—for that night, at least. In fact, the major had set a trap for us; for, when we began to refer to our bidding him good-night, he very coolly informed us that Bridget had our room "prepared hours ago," and that we would have to put up with the best he could do for us until morning.

After a sound and refreshing sleep, tinted with delightful dreams, Jones and I were up bright and early. Sharp as we were, however, the major was up before us, and breakfast we "must wait for." And breakfast we did wait for, and dinner as well; nor did we note how quickly the day had passed, until we were seated once more at supper beside the ladies, whom we found more charming than ever.

But why dwell longer upon the subject, when the reader already divines the *dénouement*? The major's generous blunder turned out to be all right; for, not only did we become happy and permanent boarders at The Garrison, but in a few months we stood in a nearer relation to him than we had anticipated when we first entered his door, or rather his cellar. The truth is, on the very day that his half-pay came into his hands, and a very short period after Jones and myself had received the joyful intelligence, as well as substantial assurance, that our financial embarrassments were for ever at an end, Julia and Kate exchanged their maiden names at the altar—the latter for that of Jones, and the former for—well, for that of the writer of this brief sketch, who may be permitted to observe, in conclusion, that The Garrison had been deserted by the whole of us some time previously, and more reliable quarters obtained.

Majoreca Olive Trees.—In his report on the Balearic Islands, Consul Bidwell gives some interesting particulars touching the olea-tree of Majoreca, upon which the olive is grown. It frequently grows wild in the mountain land as a shrub, producing a fruit which bears no oil. When brought under cultivation, grafting is practiced. The ancient historians of Majoreca represent that in olden times the olive was unknown in these islands, and that the art of grafting was taught to the islanders by the Carthaginians. The appearance of some of the enormous and ancient-looking olive-trees in Majoreca tempts Mr. Bidwell to believe that their existence dates a long way back. He asked an intelligent Majorecan farmer how old he thought some of these trees were, and the answer was, "I believe they may well date from the time of the Flood." These magnificent trees resume, in the course of time, most grotesque forms, and, in Majoreca, they have in some places attained proportions which remind one of the forest-trees of the tropics. Mr. Bidwell says he has more than once walked round such trees, whose trunks, now rent open, would require the outstretched arms of half a dozen men to encircle them; and the wild growth of the trunk makes one doubt whether the branches proceed from one tree or from two or three congregated together.

The Music of "Hail, Columbia" was composed in 1789, by Professor Phyllo, of Philadelphia, and played at Trenton when Washington was en route to New York to be inaugurated. The tune was originally called the "President's March." The words were written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, ten years later, when there was every prospect of a war with France, and patriotic feeling pervaded the country.



MOOSHEEMOONIE AND TWO-TALK.—“JOHN, WITH A LOUD ‘HULLO!’ THREW WIDE OPEN THE CABIN-DOOR, AND THERE STOOD MOOSHEEMOONIE WITH THE ‘DARLING’ IN HIS ARMS.”

Moosheemoonie and Two-Talk.

THIS was a lonely little cabin in which Paul Kenniston and his family lived; so lonely that sometimes the timid wife and mother felt that she must take her children and fly back to dear old New England, where the happiest years of her life had been spent.

Mr. Kenniston, a native of Vermont also, feeling that in the Far West his chances of financial success would be greatly enhanced, had persuaded his wife to move thither, giving him the long-desired opportunity of engaging in the stock-raising business.

Mrs. Kenniston's great horror was of the Indians, and as her husband was compelled to be away from morning till night three or four days of each week, and as Indians were frequently seen in that vicinity, and their cabin five miles from the nearest neighbor, she had cause enough for anxiety.

This home of the Kennistons' was situated near the bank of one of the tributaries of Elk River in the State of Minnesota, on the trail leading from the small village of Princeton, on Rum River, to Sauk Rapids, on the Mississippi; four or five miles from

Elk Lake, one of those tiny bodies of water that sparkle over the bosom of the State, and which have given it its euphonious Indian name, Minnesota—sky-blue water.

On the day which opens our story, Mr. Kenniston had started for a village just below St. Paul to purchase some cows. As the weeks and months had passed without molestation or annoyance of any kind, Mrs. Kenniston's fears subsided, and on this occasion she bade her husband good-by for the few days which he must spend away with less nervousness than she had been accustomed to exhibit.

The children, three in number, John, twelve, Mary, ten, and Doddy three, were bright, fearless children, overflowing with vitality, and the two oldest very much in love with their prairie life. It was hard always to be compelled to keep in sight of their cabin when the flowers and birds tempted them so to roam, but they were good, loving children, and very careful of their mother's feelings.

Mrs. Kenniston thought it very strange that her husband should linger and look back after having hastily started on his journey—this was so unusual with him; but there he stood, a few yards from his home, apparently undecided whether to go on or return.

His wife ran out to him, saying:

"What is the matter, Paul? Have you left something?"

"Yes; four somethings," he answered, forcing a laugh. "I was wondering whether you were going to be very lonely or not during my absence."

"Oh, no, I think not," was the calm reply. "We shall do very well; we always have, Paul."

"That's so," said Mr. Kenniston; "but I have made up my mind not to be gone so long this time. Here, you may take in some of these traps, for I shall be back to-morrow. The long journey I am determined to postpone."

One more kiss all around, for by this time the children had joined them, and Mrs. Kenniston stood alone with her little ones on the great broad prairies. How beautiful it was! The sun shone brightly, lighting up miles and miles of level, flower-laden land, the sky as far as she could see was one vast stretch of blue, and everything in nature seemed so joyously serene that she at once dismissed the fears her husband's strange conduct had conjured up, and started about her work with more than usual contentedness.

Knocks on the door were very rarely heard in this out-of-the-way cabin; but to-day seemed destined to differ essentially from the rest of the days Mrs. Kenniston had spent in Minnesota. She had just finished washing up the breakfast-dishes, and was about to give her two oldest children their usual morning lessons, when a timid rap was heard on the outer door of the cabin.

The door was not closed, and before the astonished inmates had time to answer the summons, they were still more surprised by the entrance of an Indian squaw. She was clothed in the peculiar garb of her tribe, and Mrs. Kenniston's alarm subsided a little when she found that her unexpected visitor possessed an unusually intelligent countenance, appearing, as far as she could judge from externals, to be kindly disposed. She was of diminutive stature, and carried in her hands an unique assortment of baskets. In good English she said:

"Would you like to buy a basket?"

"Let me look at them," was the kind reply, and the squaw stepped in and took the seat offered by her hostess.

"Very warm day," she went on, as the lady examined her wares. "And how bright the oak openings are looking now, and what sights of flowers, and what lovely ones, too!" Turning to Mary, and selecting some from one of her baskets, she passed them with a very graceful obeisance, saying: "Please accept them! I see by your lovely eyes that you are very fond of flowers."

Mrs. Kenniston was filled with astonishment.

"Where did you learn to speak English?" she asked of her tawny visitor.

"Of white people," was the answer. "When I was a little child I was adopted by the good Mr. Munson and his wife, missionaries to our tribe. I was brought up in a house, as white children are, taught to read and write, and to pray and sing. When as old as this little girl—" pointing to Mary—"they took me East, and I went to school in a New England schoolhouse. I was christened Katy Munson, but my people call me 'Little Two-Talk,' because I am so small, and often 'Book-Talk,' as I am sometimes of service as interpreter."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Kenniston, "I am in greater wonder than ever. How can you bear, after such an education, to live the wild life you are living now?"

"Just because I cannot live any other," she answered, pointing her dark finger to the prairie in front of her. "Generations of wild blood course in my veins. The customs of civilization are hateful to me. My untamed nature is a constant joy. Towns and cities are my dread; but the mighty forest and the broad prairie are my life. The Great Spirit has made us to differ, and who shall say that the Great Spirit does not understand His work?"

"You are right," replied the lady. "And you are happy now?"

"Always happy with my people, with the water and the sky, the birds and the flowers."

Mrs. Kenniston bought one of Two-Talk's prettiest baskets, gave her some breakfast, which she ate with relish, and then the little family escorted her to the plateau in front of the cabin. Here the squaw became strangely reticent.

"Good-by," said little Duddy, putting up her pretty lips to be kissed.

One glance from the corner of her small eyes was all the notice Two-Talk took of this invitation.

"Will you come again and see us?" inquired John, anxious to appear hospitable.

"Perhaps," was the laconic answer.

"I wish you would," said Mary, heartily. "We have many books and papers, and I should like so much to read with you. We can take them out into the woods, if mamma is willing."

Two-Talk drew a step nearer, and waited apparently for Mrs. Kenniston's indorsement of this proposition.

"I should not be afraid to trust my daughter to your care," she answered. "If you like to come, we shall always be glad to see you."

"I thank you," replied the squaw; and, without waiting for another word, gathered her baskets together deftly, and started away on a quick run.

"How strange!" said the group all together.

"That's the Indian of it," John put in, with a laugh. "I thought it would be funny if she didn't cut up some caper before she left."

Mrs. Kenniston felt very glad as she returned to her work that an Indian had at last visited their cabin. It seemed to her like an assurance of future safety, and she could not help wishing that her husband had pursued his journey as he had at first intended.

That day was destined to be a day of incidents. Some of the cows broke over the fence and ran away, and John was compelled to saddle his pony and gallop after them. Duddy tipped over a kettle of boiling water on to her neck and arms, scalding them dreadfully, and Mary, who had been with her father on several hunting-excursions, ran off. He great haste down the creek to get some spider-wort for the poor little sufferer.

Johnny returned, after about an hour's absence, with all the cows, but the sunset and darkness settled down over the broad prairies, and Mary did not come home.

Mrs. Kenniston, wild with apprehension, walked the floor, wringing her hands, and praying for her daughter's return. Johnny begged to be allowed to go in search of his sister, but this of course could not be listened to; so the poor mother was obliged to bar her doors for the safety of the rest, and leave her daughter out in the night alone.

That Two-Talk was an emissary of the tribe to which she belonged Mrs. Kenniston had now no doubt. Mary had been entrapped by the Indians, and this to the agonized mother was infinitely worse than death.

The night passed, and the morning dawned, and the inmates of the cottage still watched, but now with no hope.

Poor little Mary! She knew that the spider-wort grew in a little thicket just down the Indian trail toward Elk Lake. So, with the Indian-basket on her arm, she proceeded hastily toward the spot. As she left the trail, she said to herself, "Now I turn to the right. When I come back to the trail, home will be to the left."

Feeling secure, she went to work, and soon filled her basket with the roots. In her rambling search she had crossed the Indian trail without knowing it, and on looking about discerned it again; but this time she was on the east side instead of the west, and of course went in an opposite direction, and directly away from her cabin.

To complete the child's misery—for very soon she

began to feel that she was on the wrong track—she stepped into a badger's burrow and sprained her ankle. She endeavored to walk, but after a few attempts was compelled to sit down again. The pain was intense, and the fear of being obliged to spend the night alone in this place so overcame her that she cried aloud.

Imagine her surprise and horror to look up into the face of an enormously large Indian. He had made no noise approaching her.

"Oh, do not hurt me!" she cried aloud, clasping her little hands imploringly.

"Umph!" was all the answer she received.

She noticed that he had a fish-spear over his shoulder, and a string of fish, and seemed to her to be a giant, so tall was he, and so ponderous his frame.

He must have noticed that she was in pain with her ankle, for, divesting himself of his traps, he stooped over, and lifted her foot; then noticing the effect produced, very gently removed her shoe and stocking and examined the sprain. Then he took off his blanket and threw it over her, and started into the depths of the woods.

Very soon he returned with something, Mary never knew what, and, taking the stocking for a bandage, applied a soft poultice, and then, without so much as, By your leave, he lifted the child to his shoulder, adjusted his fishing-tackle, and started off on a quick run.

In vain she tried to make him understand that she wanted to go home—that her mother would be frightened to death about her. All the reply she received was a succession of "Umphs" that frightened her almost to death, and an occasional "Me Moosheemoonie," which, of course, she could not understand.

An hour brought them to a wigwam, where she was very unceremoniously deposited upon a skin, and immediately surrounded by a squaw and three or four papooses.

Very soon the chief disappeared, and in a few moments, greatly to Mary's delight, returned with Two-Talk.

"These are peaceable Indians," were Two-Talk's first words to the trembling child, "and they will not hurt a hair of your head."

That night had to be spent in the wigwam, on account of a heavy rain, so common of nights in Minnesota.

Mary slept with Two-Talk, and in the morning would have been as bright and happy as ever but for the knowledge of her mother's anxiety.

Moosheemoonie, the Indian chief, would not allow her to use her foot, and after eating a comfortable breakfast prepared by Two-Talk, she found herself again in Moosheemoonie's arms, this time *en route* for home. The little squaw went along with them to direct the chief.

Mrs. Kenniston had just said, in her great anguish, "If we had only all died before we came to this place! How shall I, how can I, live without my darling child?" when John, with a loud "hullo!" threw wide the cabin-door, and there stood Moosheemoonie with the "darling child" in his arms.

Two-Talk explained it all, and Mrs. Kenniston, after embracing the lost one, and crying over her to her heart's content, rushed into Moosheemoonie's arms, to the great delight of Two-Talk, who clapped her hands and danced all around the room.

"Umph!" said the chief, after this performance; "no cry; good Injun—much," something which Two-Talk interpreted as, "Love papoose; squaw no cry." Then placing his hands with a loud clap on his big stomach, said, with a comical lighting up of his stolid features: "Me buckkety—me buckkety—me buckkety!" which means, "I am hungry."

It is needless to say that they were all treated to the best the cabin afforded, and that ever after Moosheemoonie and Two-Talk were good friends and constant visitors of the Kennistons.

Love's Contradictions.

Love, ne'er of thee can I complain;

Although a thousand times a day

Thou bringest loss, yet bringest gain,

Thou givest and dost take away,

And all thy joy is linked with pain.

I'm now strong minded, now a toy,

For her I love, nor dare deny

Whate'er she asks. Since never cloy

The sweet desires wherof I die,

I'm far from hope, yet full of joy.

Yes, far from hope, yet full of joy.

Lit up by that life giving eye,

Love still my torments doth alloy,

And sweetness blend with every sigh.

With one fond hope my heart I buoy

That soon my pain will end with life,

And calmly close th' unequal fray.

Yet madly still I woo the strife

That bears me from the world away:

E'en suffering is with rapture rife

Midnight—and the Taciturn Has His Spurs On.

TOWARD the close of the Duke of Alva's administration of the Netherlands, and while the country now known as Belgium especially writhed beneath the iron despotism of the Spanish viceroy—while Brussels, Ghent, Mechlin and Bruges had ceased to shudder when their tall-gabled houses above redly in the glare of frequent *auto-da-fés*, because the burly Flemings, having passed from the timidity of terror into the courage of desperation, began to grind their teeth in lieu of chattering them whenever the lurid flare of the burning fagots flashed on the steel accoutrements of King Philip's musketeers—about this epoch, as has been said, three men met at the grand entrance to the cathedral of Notre Dame in Bruges. Coming from different directions, they passed through the portals at the same moment; one after the other dipped their hands in the holy water of the *benitier* and crossed themselves, without so much as a look of recognition exchanged.

The foremost of the three, in passing on into the transept where Vespers, or evening service, was celebrating, dropped his thick, buff-leather glove. The second, who was close behind, picked it up, and, twitching the former's cloak to attract his attention, handed it to the owner, who inclined his head in acknowledgment, as he did so muttering, by way of thanks:

"Midnight—and the Taciturn has his spurs on."

When Vespers were concluded, and the congregation was dispersing by the several outlets, the two who had not interchanged words chanced to emerge by the same door, when he who had so courteously lifted the dropped glove was fated to drop his own. This was observed by the last of the three, who did not let it lie, but as soon as the street was gained tendered it to the dropper, saying:

"Your pardon, Mynheer Graf; you dropped your glove."

The other received it with an inclination of the head, during the execution of which he, too, muttered, in a rapid whisper, the extremely lucid observation:

"Midnight—and the Taciturn has his spurs on."

The Count van Groot took no further notice of the individual to whom he had conveyed the above intimation, but walked on slowly across the market-place that abuts upon the site of the cathedral, until, gaining the Grande Rue, he diverged to the right, and, mingling with the silent stream of pedestrians, pursued his way to the great square, or Place d'Armes, as it was called, where the old Hotel de Ville, with its famous peal of bells, threw

the shadow of its lofty tower across the unevenly paved expanse, part of which, with the surrounding houses, was whitely lit up by the rays of the full moon, while the remainder—and it was there the count chose to pass—looked gloomily dark.

In the basement of the belfry was the guardhouse, and the flame of an oil-lamp, burning over the unclosed door, flickered upon the steel cap and arquebuse of the Spanish sentry who patrolled the space in front of it.

The Fleming cast a glance inside the guardroom as he passed, undergoing, simultaneously, the scrutiny of the sentinel without appearing conscious of it, and then stepped out more briskly, quitting the square by a narrow street leading into an open space planted with trees.

Crossing this, and turning to the right, he arrived at a smaller square, by traversing which diagonally he reached the front of a tall house, with a high, peaked roof, that occupied the exact site of the now celebrated "Chapel of the Holy Blood." That house was in those days the residence of Cornelius van Groot, the proto-martyr of Flemish freedom.

While Count van Groot was pursuing his way homeward as described, the individual to whom he had last spoken had partly followed the same route in his rear; but upon arriving at the Towa Hall, he entered it by the door of the guardroom, and, after running the gauntlet of more or less free-and-easy railery from the soldiers, who were dicing on the benches of it, began climbing the steep wooden staircase that led by many a spiral flight to the belfry. He was Hans Speifekampf, the bell-ringer.

In a small apartment, of which the solitary casement afforded a view of the planted space crossed by the Count van Groot after leaving the Place d'Armes, sat a gentleman, whose rich though sombre dress of black velvet, no less than the haughty expression of his saturnine countenance, denoted to be a person in authority. The features were disagreeably handsome, dark, keen, perhaps rather Jewish in type—though he was no Jew, but one of the chief props of the dreaded Inquisition. A small peaked beard gave additional length to his already long face, while the curled mustachios displayed the thin, compressed lips, and they looked hard and cruel. His brow was particularly fine, broad-templed and full of intellect.

The golden collar of the Order of Ferdinand and Isabella was wound twice round his neck, and the short red plume in his velvet bonnet was fixed there by an agraffe in which sparkled an enormous diamond. This was the Duke of Alva, the sword and the torch of the Holy Inquisition in *Partibus Infidelium*, and Governor-general of the Netherlands on behalf of His Most Catholic Majesty Philip of Spain.

The apartment had an almost funereally dismal appearance. The hangings were dark, the furniture black polished oak, and a single silver lamp burned on the velvet-covered table before which the duke sat, the rays from which seemed absorbed and lost in the surrounding blackness.

The viceroy's solitary companion afforded no contrast to the general gloom. He was a tall man, swarthy dark in complexion, with a stern, unsmiling face, enormous mustachios and peaked beard, attired in black Flanders cloth, slashed at the shoulders with black taffety; a small white ruff round the throat presenting the only relief to his dolorous garb. Even the sword-belt and long rapier were black, as were the gloves, with gauntlets reaching nearly to the elbow, tucked into his girdle.

He was writing busily, never lifting his eyes from the skin of parchment, at the head of which figured, in black and gold, the arms of Spain. This was Torq y Gallo, the duke's familiar, scribe, private agent; in fact, it would be hard to say what office he did not fill, except that of honest man, about the viceroy's person.

The Spanish party agreed with the Flemish in nothing else, but in silent and deep detestation of Torq y Gallo they were unanimous. As a set-off to this host of enemies, Torq had two friends, the Duke of Alva, his employer, and the Pope's legate at Madrid; and these two were a host in themselves.

"You are slow—you are slow!" ejaculated the viceroy, tapping his knuckles on the table; "your fingers can move more nimbly, Torq y Gallo; they would, I warrant me, if they were telling gold ducats."

The scribe did not look up, but wrote on as fast as he could.

The occasional crackling of the parchment was the only sound that disturbed the stillness, for the duke relapsed into silence, sitting with half-closed eyes, abstractedly drawing and sheathing the short dagger he wore, when the "carillon" sounded the quarter-chime, and simultaneously the arras before the chamber-entrance was quietly lifted, and disclosed the person of an attendant in the duke's livery, black and crimson with the badge, "a bear sable, proper, and crowned; langued gules," which, translated out of heraldic jargon, signifies "a black bear, standing on its four feet, and crowned; with a red tongue."

"So please your highness, a letter," said the newcomer, in the subdued tone the viceroy exacted from his attendants. "The bearer desired me to tell your grace—" He hesitated for a second or two, whereat the duke turned his head, and looked full at him. "That—that the king's falcon was unhooded."

"Ha!"

That was all the duke said for the moment, but, snatching the letter, he tore it open, and held it to the light of the lamp to peruse it.

Torq y Gallo had remarkably bushy, overhanging eyebrows, and, from under the shelter they afforded, he shot a furtive glance at the letter the duke was reading, without ostensibly intermitting his employment of writing.

"You are too good, Master Torq y Gallo," observed the viceroy, freely. "My own eyes are not yet so dimmed by time but that they can decipher this writing without help."

"Oh, your grace, I did but wait your leisure to tell you this missive is ready for your highness's signature."

Torq y Gallo uttered the disclaimer in a tone of voice that proclaimed nature to have invested him with an organ of speech singularly harsh and discordant.

The duke paid no attention, however, but sank back in his settle, and stared steadily at the flame of the lamp. A slight movement of the attendant aroused him from his reverie.

"Baez! I will see this person." He shook the letter that he held folded in his hand. "I will see her here."

As soon as the servitor had left the apartment the duke continued:

"Behind the arras, Torq y Gallo; and use your ears more alertly than you do your fingers. Let no sound betray your presence; no single word escape your memory. Go!"

Tall as he was, Torq y Gallo's movements and tread would not have disgraced a cat.

The duke watched to see that the arras fell smoothly over the place of concealment, and, satisfied on that score, closed his eyes, with his head thrown back against the cushion of the settle, waiting for his visitor.

He did not wait long, for the servitor's voice once more purred subduedly.

"May it please your highness—the lady."

It was a female undoubtedly, but whether gentle or simple, old or young, fair-favored or the reverse, her closely-veiled face and figure placed it beyond the power of any one to decide.

The duke did not rise, nor even speak, but bent his head, after the Jewish fashion, and made a slow

gesture with his hand toward a cushioned seat at some distance from himself but near the arras.

"Your highness is alone!"

The visitor's voice trembled, and she herself shook visibly with agitation.

"As you see, madame," replied the duke, in his icy voice. "You are discomposed; there is water in that flagon; strong waters in the other."

"I humbly thank your grace. I need nothing. Bear with me for a moment, your highness;" her voice faltered, and she grasped the edge of the table nervously, then she added: "When the king's falcon is unhooded there is terror and disquiet in the heron's nest, my lord viceroy."

"In what tree has the heron perched his nest, madame?" replied the duke, impassively.

"Oh, the tree is a *high, high* tree for me to lay low!" A sob of passionate emotion accompanied the words.

"Your arm will not wield the ax!" exclaimed the viceroy, in a tone of which the affected soothing did not conceal the cynicism.

"The ax! Ah, yes, the ax, and the torch, and the torture—" She shivered as she wailed this out as if in soliloquy.

"For the king's enemies and the enemies of Holy Church," suggested the duke; "for their friends, honor, reward, protection. Speak without fear, madame; where is this heron's nest you talk of?"

"Reward, your highness!" The lady hesitated. "If this night I place in your grace's power the members of a conspiracy which, if unchecked, will confront you with the Netherlands armed and organized in rebellion; led by Spain's bitterest foe; sympathized in, perhaps aided, by England. Ah, yes, I must have my reward! My lord viceroy, I must have my reward."

"You shall!"

The duke sat upright in the settle, and grasped its arms tightly, looking fixedly at the speaker.

"Now, now, your highness?"

The woman's tone was feverishly agitated.

"Now? What reward do you require, madame? Gold? If so, you can have it now."

"Gold! No, no, no!"

"Ha! you do not wish gold?" Sinking back in his seat, the duke gazed with half-closed eyes at his visitor. "A woman cares for but two things—gold and a lover." Bitterly contemptuous was the viceroy's accent as he spoke. "You refuse gold; you have, then, a lover. And what do you need for him, madame?"

The lady appeared to gasp for breath. She thrust back the thick folds of the black veil she wore across her face, and in doing so disclosed a beautiful countenance—darkly, warmly beautiful, with the half-Moorish loveliness of Spain.

"Pledge me your princely word, my lord viceroy, that a safe conduct for two shall be made out for me under your highness's seal in return for a list of the chiefs of the conspiracy, the hour and place of meeting, the password, and"—she looked steadily at the duke, though her lips quivered—"and information that will enable your highness to get possession of the heron!"

"A safe conduct for two, madame, is a dangerous weapon if used against the king's interests," said the duke, cautiously. "A safe conduct for whom, and for where?"

The lady's lips closed tightly, and so did her hands.

"For myself, lord viceroy, and my lover." She looked with a species of defiant expectation at the duke, and continued, "A safe conduct to Madrid."

"To Madrid? That is well. And your lover's name is—"

"Your highness must leave the name blank in the safe conduct. That is part of my reward."

The viceroy reflected, looking from his visitor to the lamp, and vice versa. Presently the lady spoke again.

"I pray your highness to pardon me, but time presses. Conspiracy, like venom, works unseen, and the remedy must be timely if it would be effectual."

"Ha! is it so near, then?"

"Even at the gates, my lord viceroy."

"Well, speak, madame; I promise you the safe conduct for two—yourself and one companion. And now the conspirators—the leaders—the— There, speak, madame, speak."

The lady stepped up to the table in front of the viceroy, and pointed, with a shaking hand, to the jeweled cross of the Order round the latter's throat.

"With your hand upon that cross, swear to me, your highness, that nothing human shall prevent the fulfillment of your word to me."

The duke frowned, but nevertheless touched the cross, and said, briefly:

"I swear."

The lady gave a sigh, whether of relief or regret, she alone knew; then, passing her hand inside her dress-front, produced a paper.

At the sight of it, the viceroy eagerly extended his arm.

"*Ay de mí!*" She wrung her hands piteously, and swayed her body to and fro. "There is the price of a soul on that paper—the price of an eternal soul. Ah, Ludovic"—the duke half rose from his chair, but the lady went on wailing—"Ah, Ludovic, time and *thée*, for eternity and hell." Suddenly she drew herself up rigidly, and impetuously poured out her words: "Bah! I rave. Are they not heretics—foes of the Church and of Spain? Faugh! *La porqueria Flamenca*. Take it, my lord viceroy; it is the list of the chiefs."

With a grim smile the duke took the paper from where she tossed it on the table, and read, in a half-audible whisper, what was written upon it. It contained a list of names, the last written of all being Count Cornelius van Groot.

"Van Groot!" exclaimed the duke, with a start of amazement. "Mother of God, counters, do you inform against your husband?" Relapsing into impassibility the next moment, however, he added, "Husband in one scale, lover in the other—husband kicks the beam." His cruel-looking thin lips curled in a smile. "And the time of meeting, madame?"

"To-night, at midnight."

"To-night! *Oaramba!* The rendezvous?"

"St. Sauveur's Church, in the crypt."

"Scorilege to sedition! Well, well! and the password—may, first the leader you alluded to?"

"William the Silent. He is now at Sluys. The watchword is, 'The Taciturn has his spurs on.'"

"William the Taciturn at Sluys?"

The duke rose and perambulated the space between the arras and his seat, stopping abruptly before the lady, at whom he gazed steadily, with an expression of face quite at variance with the meaning of his words.

"Madame, you have done excellent good service. The safe conduct shall reach you at your house before the night is an hour older. I pray you retire now, for it gets late. I salute you, countess. May you live a thousand years,"

Every quarter of an hour, for three and a half centuries, the "carillon," or chimes, of Bruges have rung out in throbbing strokes and trills, just as they did that night when the even then gray and hoary belfry shone glitteringly in the white moonlight, and the Spanish soldiers hummed the air of the chimes as it sounded, out of sheer habit. Far away over the town; over the ramparts, where wall-flowers and fox-glove grew rankly in the interstices of the old, old masonry; over the canal of Sluys; over the roads to Blankenberg, Damme and Ath—far away into the villages and hamlets the *carillon* sent its notes pattering, and in many a cot and many a chateau eyes exchanged a glance of silent meaning when the sound flowed in.

One hour of midnight!

There were travelers that night entering Bruges by the Ghent-gate, others by the Damme-gate, more by the Oster-gate; for the morrow was the festival of St. Philip, the King of Spain's saint-day, and a great celebration was prepared for the dissatisfied lieges.

The guards relaxed much of their austerity that night, and the various travelers, some singly, others in groups, were admitted through the gates without too rigorous examination.

The famous tavern of "The Red Hat" absorbed a fair share of the night travelers; the officers of the Spanish garrison affected that hostelry, whose landlord, therefore, was exempted from closing his doors when the *couvre-feu* warned less favored Bonifaces to bolt, bar and extinguish.

Some went to one place, some to another, and by midnight the town was quiet enough; only the *carillon* kept on disturbing the night every quarter of an hour—ding-a-ding-a-ding-dong-dong!

The Church of St. Sauveur stood where it now stands, only its grand new steeple was wanting in those days; neither were the world-known mausolea of Charles the Bold and his beautiful duchess among its ornaments then; but as a fine old mediæval Gothic church, it had no need to blush for its appearance, and it is not recorded that it ever did.

Lights showed in the church upon the night in question, for workmen were engaged making preparations for the solemn Te Deum to be celebrated in honor of the King and St. Philip, and Hans Speifelkamp, the bell-ringer, was busy inserting long wax tapers in the altar candlesticks, and in dusting the votive offerings in the lady-chapel.

It was exactly as the first strokes of midnight sounded that he began the latter employment, and thus he happened to be close to the door which opened from the porch into the chapel when a single rap smote upon its iron-studded oak panels.

Hans uttered a terribly husky cough; then, after glancing into the body of the church, quietly unfastened the small grating in the door and applied his eye to it.

"Midnight is full late to knock here, *messieurs*; what may your pleasure be?" said the bell-ringer.

A whispered answer came through the bars:

"The Taciturn has his spurs on!"

"Now, our lady grant that the spurs tear not the flanks of his own horse," murmured Hans Speifelkamp, slipping a key into the lock of the chapel-door. "Push, good sirs, push; the door hangs," he added, softly, through the grating.

The ponderous portal opened inward, far enough, and no further, to admit the burly form of a man accompanied by another, slimmer and taller than himself.

"Is all well within, Hans?" whispered the foremost of the two.

"I see nothing amiss, *Mynheer Graf*; and outside, how is it?"

"Well, Hans, *well*! Hast thou unfastened the door of the stairs?"

"Ja! ja! and you will find my lantern burning at the foot of them. Is he coming?"

Hans Speifelkamp both looked and spoke as if he were a prey to excessive nervousness; and so, in truth, he was, for poor fat Hans was a man of peace, very well adapted, constitutionally, for the pulling of bell-ropes.

"Wait, thou, and watch. All who give the password are of him and for him. If he come, thou wilt know it time enough."

So saying, the burly speaker beckoned to his companion, and, crossing the little chapel, guided the latter to a small door by which ingress to the crypt beneath the church was gained down a narrow flight of stone steps.

Meanwhile, the workmen in the church went on hanging crimson and black Flemish cloth, at twelve guilders the ell, from arch to arch; over the *reredos* and the grand altar; over the stone floor of the

sacristy; up to the viceregal canopy; and had no idea that anything unusual was going on beneath their feet, deep down under the groined roof of the crypt, amidst the black cobwebs and the damp air.

Hans Speifelkamp had not long lost sight of the two strangers when a renewed tapping made itself heard at the outer door.

Once more the ceremony of admission was gone through, and two newcomers passed down the stairs to the crypt.

"It thickens," muttered Hans, with a dolorous shake of his big head; "God send that they who mix the porridge may not have the eating of it. Ugh! how cold the moonlight is!"

In all, nine men were admitted by the bell-ringer, the ninth presenting himself singly, a few minutes after the seventh and eighth had passed in company. He was a very tall, closely muffled individual, with a slouched black beaver hat. Hans did not recognize him at all.

"Leave the door unclosed," said the tall and mysterious one, in a gruff murmur, "and lead the way to the crypt."

"Unclosed, noble sir?" exclaimed Hans, rather bewildered. Suddenly he soliloquized: "It is *Ac*! Oh, most excellent highness, I—"

"Hush! lead on!" was the stern interruption.

Trembling with agitation, the bell-ringer complied, obsequiously holding the door of the staircase open, and bowing low as the stranger motioned him to go first. When half the descent was accomplished, Hans felt his jerkin tugged, and paused, looking round deferentially.

"Stay you here," whispered the last comer, "ready to summon those who await me at the door if need be. *Move not* one step, up or down, for your life."

"Not one, your highness—not one!" answered Hans, humbly.

The tall individual passed on down the stairs, and soon vanished from the bell-ringer's sight in the gloomy darkness of the winding passage.

By the rays shed through a horn lantern a misty radiance was thrown over a small space in the centre of the subterranean apartment, of which the massive, squat pillars, discolored with age and damp, and festooned with huge tangles of black cobweb, seemed to sway as the flickering light invaded their shadowy domain.

Forbidding as was the aspect of the crypt, it had proved the only safe place of meeting for the organizers of the insurrection which had for object the overthrow of Spanish rule in the Low Countries and the establishment of a monarchy under the sceptre of William the Taciturn; and in the space so obscurely illuminated by Hans's lantern were congregated, on the eve of King Philip's saint-day, the eight promoters of the conspiracy, of whom Counts van Groot, van Eyck and van Nieuwenhouse were the most prominent and distinguished.

With the details of the plot it is needless to deal; its outbreak was fixed for the ensuing day, when the conspirators calculated that the garrison would be engrossed by the festivities in honor of their sovereign, which also afforded a plausible pretext for a concentration of their own numbers in the town. Duke William himself was at Sluys, but a few miles distant, with his forces, ready to advance the moment tidings reached him that the town-gates were open to receive him.

"All is settled, then, my friends," said Count van Groot, at the close of a council which had not left undiscussed a single point that zealous foresight could take cognizance of, nor undeveloped for criticism every part of the plan of proposed operations. "You, Ludovic—the old count turned to a handsome, soldierly-looking youth who was leaning silently against a pillar—you, Ludovic, will leave for Sluys at once and repeat to his highness that, if we succeed—and we will succeed—the great bell of St. Sauveur's shall toll the eight strokes, as previously

agreed; at sound of which he may advance and receive the keys of the town at the Damme-gate from loyal hands. Urge respectfully upon his highness to warn his outposts to listen shrewdly and pace on tidings of the signal promptly, that our plans misarry not through overmuch delay. And if we fail, the bell will toll *not*, or should it toll at the instance of our oppressors, will sound a less or greater number of strokes than eight—whereby the duke will know the day of freedom has not yet dawned for us, and that some of us have offered up our lives in willing sacrifice upon the altar of our country's liberties. Tempt not the gates, Ludovic, the guards may stop thee; but swim the canal in front of St. Michel. If all fare well, thou wilt be back by sunrise with tidings from his grace; if thou come not, I shall know evil hath betided thee, and will dispatch another messenger to Sluys. And now, my friends and comrades, let us part. Last midnight found us bondmen purposed to conquer freedom or die; may the next find us free men or dead!"

Each one there raised his right hand, and, in a solemn undertone, uttered the word "Amen!"

It seemed to rustle mournfully away into the gloomy corners of the crypt; a terrible echo was awakened by it—one which made the conspirators glance with dismayed faces in the direction whence it came. The heavy tread of soldiery was audible, descending the stone stairs, against which their accoutrements clattered with an ominous jingle. A strong glare preceded them into the dreary subterranean, and, miserably caged, without an outlet for escape, the patriots beheld a strong party of guards file in from the passage, the two leading men carrying blazing torches. Immediately in rear of these marched the Duke of Alva, escorted by a small knot of officers.

"Treachery! treachery!" murmured Count van Groot, folding his arms and gazing with lowering brows at the methodically forming procession of the viceroy's party.

"Rebels and ingrates!" thundered the duke, running his eyes from face to face of the astounded conspirators. "Disloyalty is not a crime black enough for ye, unless it be more deeply darkened by blasphemy and sacrilege! Here, with the holy altar overhead, ye plot against His Majesty the King, the Lord's anointed! By St. Philip, whose day it is, I will rack the treason from your bones, Flemings! And your *Silent Duke*, your leader, who, from a safe distance, drives you silly sheep to beard your shepherd, leaving ye to bear the dog's bite, should he come to the gates, will scarcely find the keys presented to him by *loyal* hands, sirs, though perchance he may be greeted by a row of grinning heads from the battlements! Come hither, Torq y Gallo!"

The same tall, cloaked individual, the *ninth* that Hans Speisfelkamp had admitted, stepped out of the gloom. Hans, on recognizing him, groaned miserably from where he stood in custody of a soldier.

Count van Groot also stepped forward, and, without uncovering, addressed the duke.

"Lord Viceroy of the King Philip of Spain, by what right do you stigmatize me and these, my friends, as traitors? Allegiance to your sovereign we do not owe, for not one of us has sworn fealty to him. As you say, we are Flemings, not Spaniards; but, natheless, I hold that other proof is needed that we plot against his rule than our mere meeting here."

"Ay, say you so, Count van Groot?" The duke looked mockingly in the old count's face, and then turned to his familiar Torq y Gallo.

"What have you heard these *worthies* discuss?" said he.

In his harsh, unpleasant voice, the Spaniard complacently repeated the heads of their deliberations, indicating the speakers, turn by turn.

Count van Eyck ground his teeth and fingered his sword-hilt nervously.

When Torq y Gallo came to the close and alluded to the concerted signal that was to inform the Duke

William of the successful result of the rising and encourage him to advance with his forces from Sluys, the viceroy interrupted him abruptly.

"What sayest thou, Torq?—a signal to tell the Taciturn to march to us. By our lady, thy ears have earned thee a glove full of silver ducats this night."

Count van Groot had approached to within arm's length of where Torq y Gallo stood step by step, as if overcome by the string of evidence unfolded by him, and the duke marked the count's evident discomposure with manifest satisfaction.

"Your highness is most bountiful," croaked the spy. "It is even as I tell your grace. Had these traitors succeeded in cutting our throats while the festival was lulling our watchfulness, the great bell of St. Sauveur's was to—"

Once, twice, thrice, the Count van Groot's dagger rose and fell, quivering bright and clear in the torchlight the first time it was lifted, but smothered with red the next.

Torq y Gallo fell at the viceroy's very feet, the blood spouting from the divided arteries in his throat over the latter's velvet shoes and silk hose.

"Thy ducats will not buy that news from thy spy, Duke of Alva," growled out the count, grimly, quietly wiping the dagger on his boot-top, unmindful of the leveled arquebuses of the startled soldiers.

"Seize him!" cried the duke, after one horrified glance at the gasping body of his familiar; "and some of you see to Torq y Gallo. Bind up his wounds; the poor knave will bleed to death."

There was no help for the spy. The patriot's dagger had done its work too well, and before the floor of the chapel had ceased sounding beneath the tread of the military as they led off the Flemings, he was qualified for a resting-place there where he lay.

* * * * *

King Philip's saint-day was glorified after a manner that could not have failed to gratify that relentless bigot. The message of mercy and forgiveness, the gospel of kindness and love, was preached in St. Sauveur's Church in the morning, and Hans Speisfelkamp was hung from the clapper of the great bell in the afternoon for failing to toll it in such a way as to bring William the Taciturn under fire from the ramparts. Poor Hans! he was the second martyr.

* * * * *

In the vaults of the Hotel de Ville is yet shown a moderately sized apartment, extending under the roadway that leads to the Ghent-gate, now called "La Rue Flamande."

While the chants of the solemn Te Deum were flowing out, with the incense-smoke, from the windows of St. Sauveur, a no less solemn service was being celebrated in honor of the devil in the stifled depths of this chamber. It was the Duke of Alva's torture-room.

The floor, walls and roof were each of solid masonry. There were no windows, for windows would have been useless so far underground; no ventilation save such as was afforded by the chilly, damp air, with its earthy smell, that found a way in through the subterranean passages. The roughly hewn face of the masonry was rudely daubed with black, and sufficiently lighted by flaring oil-lamps or cressets at each of the four corners of the room.

At a table covered with black serge sat three men: the Viceroy's Procurator Fiscal, Ruy Salmore, a Spanish monk, and a clerk. About five paces from these a group of five "Agents of the Question"—as the actual functionaries of the torture were termed, garbed in suits of which one-half was black, the other scarlet, divided lengthwise, and conical caps covering the face, with slits like those in a mask to see through—was gathered round a sixth, who, almost nude, occupied a comfortless couch on a broad wooden bench extending as

further than the nape of his neck, so that the head of the unfortunate lacked support and hung down painfully.

His limbs, with the exception of the right arm, were securely lashed, as was his body, to the bench. The right arm hung helpless but loose, and when the light rested on it, it disclosed the fact that the hand was reduced to a crushed and discolored pulp. That was the hand that had cut short Torq y Gallo's confession, and the Duke of Alva's wrath had decreed that it should make a first atonement—it was smashed in the "boot," an iron contrivance contracted by screw-bolts, which could either merely painfully compress, or absolutely crush, an inserted limb, according to the degree of severity exercised by the executioner.

Not a syllable, not even a groan, had the anguish wrung from Count Cornelius van Groot. He bore it till nature refused further suffering in consciousness, when the monk, who was also surgeon, *ex officio*, busied himself in restoring sensibility to the unhappy patriot.

With a burning thirst, the old Fleming woke once more to the knowledge that the cruel mercy of death was yet denied him.

"And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
On pangs that longest rack and latest kill,"

wrote Byron. The Duke of Alva's spirit might have served the poet for a type when he conceived the character of Seyd.

"Cornelius Count van Groot, will you confess



A PARROT STORY.—" 'WHY, POLLY,' SAID HE, 'WHERE ARE YOU GOING?' UPON WHICH MASTER FOLL LOOKED UP AND SAID, 'ONLY GOING DOWN TO TATE'S.' "—SEE PAGE 362.



STROKE OAK.—"THE GENTLEMAN'S REVERIE WAS RUDELY BROKEN IN UPON, AND BY THE WOMAN, OF ALL OTHERS, HE WAS ANXIOUS TO AVOID."—SEE PAGE 363.

your guilt, and disclose the names of the wicked participators of your treason?" said Ruy Salmone, with frigid composure.

"Water!" was the count's husky reply.

It was given, and then again the query was put as before; but the pale face, bathed in the cold sweat of agony, dropped back on the edge of the bench; only the straining eyes spoke—a resolute, stubbornly defiant refusal.

"The question by water!"

Such was the brief command of the Procurator Fiscal.

One of the agents retired to a corner of the chamber, two others seized and pinioned the helpless right arm of the prisoner, and then the first-

named returned, carrying a thick cloth saturated with wet, which he spread smoothly over the nostrils and mouth of the count.

At the first inhalation of the latter, the cloth was drawn inward; between the lips and into the hollow thus formed the executioner dropped water from his finger-tips, drop by drop. The supply of air to the lungs, sucked through the wetted cloth, was totally insufficient, and the count's laboring chest and rolling head speedily testified to the efficiency of this diabolical torture.

The before pallid face grew suffused with purple color; the eyes distended, showing only the whites as the pupils disappeared upturned beneath the quivering lids. The limbs strained at the ligatures

that bound them, and, finally, the cloth darkened in hue where it confined the mouth, a crimson ring spreading wider and wider upon it.

* * * * *

Let the curtain fall over the horror!

The procession of the copped clergy swept down the streets; the clang of the military accompanied it. Gold and steel flashed in the sunlight, and, riding under his silken canopy, the Viceroy Duke of Alva rolled his restless, watchful eyes over the masses of gloomy, sullen faces that frowned silent hate along his route.

When closeted with Roy Salmone, the duke inquired the extent of the confession that had been wrung from Van Groot.

"He died under the *question d'ore et forte* (the rack), may it please your highness, and, stubborn to the last, made no sign."

"Let his body be burned in the market-place!" such was the Spanish viceroy's commentary.

* * * * *

A beautiful woman sat upon a couch in the house that had been Count van Groot's. Her arms were wound clinging around the neck of the young man to whom the Flemish count had addressed the instruction to bear his message to "the Taciturn" at Sluys, the night before, and her lips pressed passionate kisses on his face and head, while he, pale and irresolute in expression, with drooping brow sat rather quiescent than participative under her embraces.

"Thou art free, Ludovic, my soul, my love, and I—I, too, am I not free? We will fly from this cold land of fog and cheerless skies to my sunny Spain. Ah, press me to thy heart as thou used, Ludovic! Art thou not mine? Have I not bought thy life and love with my own—Ha!" she shivered slightly, and left her sentence incomplete, only pressing more closely to her lover, and pillowing her face on his shoulder.

"Luisa, Luisa!" groaned the latter; "how can I fly while my country and my countrymen lie bleeding beneath the heel of the oppressor? Van Groot! my benefactor, my second father, from heaven thy noble soul beholds me here—knows me a traitor to thee who hast ever been so true, so great to me. Oh, that I had died with thee, had died with thee, my father and my friend!"

"Country—friend! Dost thou love *them* more than me? Ludovic, have I not given thee all—name, fame, virtue—and wilt thou leave me now for thy dead friend's memory, thy slavish country's cause? Ah! pardon me, pardon me," she sunk at his feet. "See, I kneel to thee, Ludovic. My lips pray thee kiss them. My eyes implore a look from thine. Abandon not thy poor Luisa!"

The temptress conquered. The young Fleming's lips bent down to hers—all was forgotten save the lovely face, the sweet voice that pleaded in look and tone.

"This night we will fly, Ludovic. All is prepared. At Ghent my kinsman, Tomas Cyprias, will provide us horses and a litter. Rest thee here, my love, till ten o'clock sounds. We will part no more, Ludovic—say, we will part no more."

"No more, Luisa," answered the young Fleming, faintly. "But—" his head fell upon her arm—"but, beautiful, we cannot fly. How may we pass the guards?"

"See, see!" cried Luisa van Groot, with eager triumph in her glance, and, drawing a paper from her girdle-pouch, she unfolded it, and displayed to her lover a free pass and safe conduct for herself and Ludovic von Oesslinghem through Germany to Madrid.

"A pass from the Duke of Alva for me and thee, Luisa?"

"Ay, Ludovic. Am I not a Spaniard, and art not thou my lover? Why should the viceroy withhold a safe conduct from his countrywoman?"

"His countrywoman, thou? True—a Spaniard.

Yes, thou art a Spaniard, Luisa—" the young man spoke breathlessly, with a strangely wild glare, which seemed to deepen and intensify in his eyes—"and I a Fleming. Why am I spared, while all the rest are sacrificed?"

The Countess van Groot clung supplicatingly to him, and whispered, tenderly:

"Did I not plead for thee, Ludovic? Did I not say thou wert my lover?"

"Ha! yea. Say on, Luisa. Then didst plead for me, thy lover, to the viceroy, and he gave thee a safe conduct—well, well?"

The young Fleming's tone was excited and peremptory, and while grasping his companion's wrists, he did so rather to keep her at arm's length than to encourage her tenderness.

"And he granted it, my love. Nay, look not so at me, Ludovic. My hands are thine, but wilt thou break them in thy grasp?"

She tried to smile, but a restless appearance of anxiety contradicted the effort.

Her lover's eyes never wandered from her countenance. Suddenly snatching the paper from her, he read it quickly, then, grasping the back of the couch, rose impetuously to his feet.

"And the price?" he asked, in a deep, changed tone of voice—"the price you paid for delivering *one sheep* out of the jaws of the wolf! Oh, I see it now!"—in a burst of horror the last word leaped from his lips. "This paper is dated and signed yesterday, and *last night we were betrayed*. Who knew our secrets but thou?—and thou art a Spaniard! Murderess, thou hast slain my friend! Traitor, thou has betrayed my country!" He paused and staggered to and fro with his face between his hands. "What do I say?" he groaned. "I have done it with thee. I betrayed my friend's honor while he trusted me—he, who had no thought but for our country, and had no room in his great, pure heart for suspicion. Friend, martyr, patriot, the viper thou didst warm in thy bosom has stung thee to the death. Ah, earth that has drank his blood, mine is not fit to soak into thy soil! Here, where my crime has dragged me down to the low, creeping thing I am, let it soak the boards, and be a stain for Flanders evermore to curse and spit upon!"

Before the shriek had died from Luisa van Groot's lips, or her arms could touch her lover, the latter had sheathed the blade of his dagger twice in his breast, and then tossed the weapon into her very lap. For a moment he stood before her, slowly lifting his hands above his head.

"I go to wait for thee, Luisa, in—hell!"

Shudderingly the faint words fell. Once his shaking hands waved, as in denunciation, while the countess crouched lower and lower before him, and just as the distant sound of artillery-fire boomed in through the casements, Ludovic von Oesslinghem rolled a corpse on the hearth of the friend whose name Bruges honors as its martyr.

The firing which served as his requiem was that of the Spanish garrison directed against William the Taciturn's army. The "silent" duke, verifying his cognomen, had not developed his plans so fully to his party in the town as they anticipated. Thus, while anxious undoubtedly for the co-operation of the Brugeois, he did not allow the absence of the concerted signal to delay his advance. It is the province of history to relate how successfully that advance resulted in the independence of the Netherlands.

A Parrot Story.

Mr father was an old gentleman who was very regular in his habits. Every evening it was his custom to take a stroll after tea to visit some old friends of the name of Tate, who lived in the next street. Before leaving the house he would open the door of the dining-room where we used to sit, and

would say aloud, "Only going down to Tate's." Now it happened one evening that Polly's cage-door was left open. We sometimes let him walk about the room when he was very good, as a great treat. This evening we suddenly missed him from the room, and could not think where he had gone. We all set to work and searched the house high and low; no Polly could we find. So, at last, my father left, as usual, to pay his visit to our neighbors, leaving us still looking for our pet. What was his surprise upon turning the corner of the street to see Polly quietly waddling down the middle of the road. "Why, Polly," said he, "where are you going?" Upon which Master Poll cocked his impudent little head on one side, looked up, and said, "Only going down to Tate's."

Stroke Oar.

"*Non sum qualis eram*!" This with a long-drawn sigh and a petulant sluff of the shoulders, as John Darell walked across the piazza of the Grand Union Hotel.

By this line of Latin, John wished to tell himself that he was not what he used to be; in other words, that he had in many respects deteriorated. And this was not an impulse born of the moment, but a conviction which forced itself upon him every hour of the day.

"I was once a square boy," he went on, this time with utter disregard of the classics; "but now——"

"Ah, Mr. Darell!"

The gentleman's reverie was rudely broken in upon, and by the woman, of all others, he was most anxious to avoid. He turned, however, with excellent grace to salute a fashionably dressed, middle-aged lady, and to take in his hand, for a second or less, a fat little palm, from whose fat little fingers diamonds seemed to protrude as a matter of course. "And you were going straight past me," continued the lady, with well-feigned annoyance.

"Quite unintentionally, as you must certainly be aware," replied John, his eyes dropping in spite of himself as he gave utterance to this social whooper; "but I thought you were always to be found at the Clarendon?"

"Not this year," said Mrs. Drummond. "Ray and I both thought we should like to make a change."—And now the lady looked sharp at her companion.—"And then, too, one has to accommodate oneself to one's traveling companions. Lord Denham prefers the Grand Union."

The most skillful physiognomist could have discovered no change in the young gentleman's countenance; all that was noble and vital in the moral and spiritual man sprang to the rescue, and, with a smile which had neither wounded pride nor a sign of a sore heart in it, he said, simply:

"Present my regards to Miss Ray, please;" and John moved a step or two away. "Our boys are off for practice, Mrs. Drummond, and it is quite time I joined them. Good-morning!"

"Come in some evening, sociably, do, and have a game of whist; Ray plays just as well as she used to, and Lord Denham is exceedingly fond of whist!"

"Thank you, and *au revoir*!" Darell replied, the smile deepening; and as he went his way, Mrs. Drummond felt that her arrows had fallen short of their mark; and worse than this, John Darell had laughed at her.

"Stroke Oar" had an added impetus that morning. It had never done its work so thoroughly, and bets ran high for the —— Club. Darell scarcely heard the cheers and compliments of the spectators; he bathed and made his toilet with unusual dispatch, and then sauntered away into the woods to think. To a manly man like John Darell, such a position was most mortifying. One year ago this very month, Ray Drummond was his promised wife. Then he

was the anticipated possessor of half a million. The day before his death—and the last week of John Darell's stay in Saratoga—his old grandfather had made another will, leaving this handsome property to charity. Such news travels fast, and before John could have an opportunity of conveying this intelligence to his promised bride and her family, he received the following pithy communication:

"MR. DARELL, DEAR SIR—We are informed, by unquestionable authority, that your prospects for the future are irremediably ruined. While we sympathize with your misfortune, we must, at the same time protect our own interests by annulling the engagement at present existing between you and our daughter. Trusting you will find the disappointment but temporary, and many joys awaiting you in the future, Ray joins with us in wishing sincerely, etc. Your friend, AGNES DRUMMOND."

In his wooded retreat on the borders of the beautiful Saratoga Lake, Darell read this letter for the thousandth time. He recalled the many unsuccessful attempts he had made to see the girl who had once professed such devoted love, and the letters he had written, to which no answers had been returned; and now, instead of replacing the note in his memorandum-book, he tore it into inch-bits and watched the pieces float away from him.

"There goes the last reminder of the past," he exclaimed, as the wind bore away the final bit of tinted paper; "and here goes for a little game of quits. I have played the rôle of heart-broken lover to my entire satisfaction, and now for a change of programme. Mrs. Drummond is kind enough to name it whist—Whist it shall be!"

To some men a change of character is as easy as a change of clothes—not so to John Darell. Nature had endowed him with great steadfastness; he was a most orthodox lover. "Once in love," with him, was "always in love"; and, though obliged to feel that the passion had been entirely on one side, he could no more have stopped loving his unworthy mistress than he could have stopped breathing. He must cease playing his old rôle in private, he told himself; but, even as he dressed for the new part, his favorite Ford's beautiful lines fell all unaware from his lips:

"On the stage
Of my mortality, my youth has acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures—sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue. Beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are inconstant friends
When any troubled passion makes us halt
On the unguarded castle of the mind."

The very next evening John Darell lounged with a motive on the Grand Union piazza. He was soon the centre of a lively group. Miss R——, a sprightly little blonde, had him by the arm, and John, all gallantry and attention, became aware that a pair of prying eyes were looking at the apparent flirtation in wonder.

This was his opportunity. With a smile on his handsome face, he approached his *bete noir*, Mrs. Drummond, and in the most fashionably indifferent manner passed the compliments of the evening.

"Ray and Lord Denham have just gone to Congress Hall. I am very sorry," said the lady. "I have no doubt they will both be disappointed, for we have spoken so much of you to Lord Denham, that he really has some curiosity to see you. You know all Englishmen take great interest in our national athletic sports," she continued, as if conscious of having gone a step too far.

"I wonder if you are aware, Mrs. Drummond, what a fine compliment you have paid our mother-country?" inquired John, his face all aglow with fun.

"Indeed, no," said the lady, wonderingly. "Have the kindness to point it out to me, I beg of you."

"With pleasure," replied Darell. "What greater

praise can be given a country than such a tribute as yours—the ability of old England to keep alive in the hearts of aged men like Lord Denham a love of national sports?"

John was beginning to enjoy his new character. This was the first time he had ever seen Mrs. Drummond change color. The words she wanted would not come, and before she could recover from her unusual loss of equilibrium, her tormentor continued:

"Did you not say my lord enjoyed whist also? I should be delighted to accept your invitation to play with him, or, rather, against him, any evening this week my lord may please to be disengaged."

"I believe he is wishing for some one to-night," said the lady, still disconcerted. "Would this evening be agreeable to you?"

"Perfectly;" and just then the subject of their remarks, a feeble old gentleman, short of stature, and of most diminutive appearance both physically and intellectually, approached the group.

"Allow me, Lord Denham, to make you acquainted with Mr. Darell, a friend of ours, and stroke-oar of the X. Club," said Mrs. Drummond, in her politest manner.

"My lord" was inclined to be patronizing, but this did not annoy his companion. He tried to keep his eyes from wandering to the other end of the piazza, where Ray, her regal beauty made more regal by black silk and diamonds, stood quite alone. John knew she had seen him, and on that account had come no further with her aged lover.

My lord expressed himself quite delighted with the idea of a social whist-party, and suggested that Ray should be notified of the intention.

"Allow me," said John, rising; and in a moment more he stood by the side of the woman who had jilted him, and the woman he loved best in all the world. "My lord requests Miss Drummond that you join our party for a game of whist, and that I escort you to your parlor," he said, in the low, earnest tones to which she was familiar.

A very pale face and a pair of blanched lips were turned for a second beseechingly toward him; then the owner of them said, with a slight, nervous laugh:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Darell, but you came so unexpectedly upon me, that you quite frightened me;" and then, after a pause: "Lord Denham seems unusually fickle this evening. I thought he had quite decided to spend the remainder of the evening with some friends at the Clarendon."

Bulwer says "that the great aim of a philosopher is to reconcile every disadvantage with some counterbalance of good. Where he cannot create this, he should imagine it."

This theory John had theoretically indorsed. It seemed to him, however, as he felt once more the light hand of the woman he so ardently loved on his arm, that even with the great disadvantages of his position, there was a counterbalance of good which he would not be obliged to imagine.

He was sure now for the first time that Ray Drummond had fully reciprocated his passion, and that she loved him at present with an intensity equal to his own.

Lord Denham chose Ray for his partner, but Darell insisted upon an observance of rules, and, after cutting, the old gentleman had to be satisfied with a *vis-à-vis* in the person of his prospective mother-in-law.

John thought he saw a smile on Ray's pale face as she changed her seat, and he was sure it deepened as the play went on. My lord grew fidgety. With all his skill, and the skill of his partner, they were disgracefully beaten, and the fifth game, which finished the evening's amusement, found John and Ray still victorious.

"I shall bet on your club, Mr. Darell," said my lord, as he leaned back in his chair at the conclusion of the game. "And I should think you would be successful in any game you started to win.

Americans do hold on so!" this last more to himself than his companions.

"We may have learned some fair lessons, Lord Denham," replied Darell, stealing a glance at Ray, whose face was now crimson; "for you will doubtless agree with me that we have had a most excellent teacher in persevering, thorough-going old England."

My lord extended his hand cordially, and then and there forgave his antagonist. John did not offer to touch the ladies' hands at parting, though he longed—and hated himself for longing—to take Ray's hand in his. He had conquered Mrs. Drummond, and mystified Ray. There had been nothing in his manner to indicate the existence of any feeling. That he was sure of. Now he would keep his distance, and while aware that Ray had not changed, he would offer no obstacle to her marriage with the object of her and her mother's ambition.

He had beaten Mrs. Drummond with her own weapons; but why she should have assailed him at all under the circumstances was a profound mystery. Even though Ray was lost to him, he was, nevertheless, for her own sake and the desire he felt for her future happiness, devoutly thankful that Mrs. Drummond was only her stepmother.

The day before the regatta, and it seemed as if half Saratoga was on a visit to the borders of the lake. The boat-houses were besieged by young ladies all eager to have a look at the young men who were to participate in the next day's race. Ray Drummond drove out with a gay party. My lord remained on his sofa, husbanding his resources for the regatta proper.

Darell, who had been reading in his pleasant little room, saw the party descend from the carriage and approach the house. Quicker than lightning, he resolved upon a desperate experiment. His chum, who understood the situation, was beside him. Darell sprang and locked the door.

"That party will want to come in here and look around," he whispered to his friend. "You go out, and after a little contrive to draw them away a safe distance; then tell Miss Drummond, as a secret, you understand, that your stroke oar has met with a serious accident, and you are anxious the other clubs should not hear of it. Say that I am unconscious, and be sure to add that I am alone."

Darell threw himself upon the bed, and his chum, glad to do a service for a friend whose love complications he had been long interested in, unlocked the door, and with a long face approached the party. It was a difficult matter to carry out the programme as Darell had arranged; but Fate or Providence, or perhaps Chance, came to the rescue, and our manœuverer found himself for a moment alone with Ray.

"Don't think strange, please," he said, and the rascal's voice really trembled, "that I do not invite you all into the house; but our stroke oar, Mr. Darell—I believe you are acquainted with him—"

"Yes, oh, yes!" interrupted Ray; "what about him?"

"He met with a serious accident this morning, and we are waiting for the final opinion of the physician before letting it leak out. You know a person may be unconscious a long time, and then rally, and be almost as well as before it happened; and, again, he may—"

"May die, do you mean to tell me?" said Ray. "Who is with him now?"

"He is quite alone."

For a moment Ray stood irresolute, her hands tightly clasped, her eyes fixed on the door, behind which John Darell waited and hoped in an excitement as breathless as her own; then she said:

"Go and take care of those people, and don't let them know where I am, if you can help it;" and in a second more the door of the club-house opened and shut, and Ray Drummond was alone with the man she had jilted.

"Oh, John, John!" she sobbed: "Is it thus we meet again?" How the sham invalid kept his eyes closed will always be a mystery to him.

A warm hand pressed his forehead, warm lips touched his cheek.

"Oh, if he only knew! Perhaps he will die and never find out!"

"Find out what, Ray?" and a very loving and a very sensible pair of eyes looked up into her own, and then a strong hand detained her, and, before the imposition was discovered, she had shown him all that was in her heart, and promised, if he would only try to love and forgive her, to defy her step-mother, and to send my lord about his business.

Then John told her of his desperate experiment caused by his all-absorbing love, and promised never to do it again, if she would forgive him.

I dare not tell you whether his club won or not the next day, but I do know that on that occasion John had but one trouble; owing to the paucity of clothes worn at the regatta, he had no button-hole to tuck Ray's flowers in, but they were fresh for the evening's ball, and his Ray was the belle of the evening.

Snakes at Natal.

The puff-adder is a most dangerous snake, being of the color of the dead leaves on which he is fond of curling himself up, and of so sluggish and sleepy a nature that he will not trouble himself to move out of one's way; it is difficult to always avoid treading on him. His bite is most deadly, and he has the dangerous habit of striking backward, not forward, like other snakes. A few people have, I believe, recovered from the effect of a puff-adder's bite, but very few; they generally die in about a quarter of an hour, going quietly to sleep. The only chance of a cure is to keep constantly walking, and to drink quantities of raw brandy, and to take doses of *eau-de-luce*. When the Kaffirs kill a snake, they take some of the venom from its head, which they carry in a little bag round their necks, and, if bitten, swallow a little, which they say is a certain cure.

There is even a worse snake in Natal than the puff-adder—fortunately a rare one—the black imamba, one of the very few that will venture an attack without provocation. Many people say that it will even follow a person for miles; but I rather doubt this, unless the person's road happens to run between it and its home, and then I dare say it would do so. Perhaps every one does not know that cats are snake-proof. A bite has no effect on them; we had an opportunity of proving this. A short time after we came to Oakham, we were out strolling about, looking at our new possessions, when we were startled by hearing a peculiar shriek from one of the children, evidently a scream of terror. We rushed up to the house and into the dining-room, whence the sounds came, and there was our little boy in a frantic state of fright, with a long green imamba wriggling about on the floor in front of him, engaged in a fierce tussle with a large tortoise-shell cat—one we had brought from the town. Which would have got the best of it, had they been left to fight it out, I cannot say, for the cobble rushed in and killed the snake. The cat had bitten out one of its eyes, and in return had got a wound on its face, that swelled up to an enormous size; but beyond that he seemed none the worse for his encounter, and in a few days puss was quite himself again; and we felt very grateful to him ever after for having, in all probability, saved our little boy's life.

The Earth's Surface.

NEW JERSEY is sinking, with New York city and Long Island, at the estimated rate of about sixteen inches per century. The coast of Texas is ascending at a comparatively very rapid rate, some ob-

servers stating that it is as much as thirty or forty feet in the last half-century.

Combining these observations with the results of the recent deep soundings of the United States steamer *Tuscarora* in the Pacific Ocean, we find that the bed is evidently a sunken continent, abounding in volcanic mountains some 12,000 feet high, many of them not reaching the surface of the ocean, and others which do so forming the numberless islands of the Pacific. The study of the coral rocks proves that this sinking has continually been taking place during several centuries, and observations of the coast will undoubtedly reveal the fact that it has not yet ceased.

The most eminent German geologists and ethnologists now maintain that the locality of man's primitive origin, the seat of the so-called Paradise, was in the Pacific Ocean, south of Asia, whence the race slowly diffused itself northward to Asia, westward to Africa, and eastward to Australia. When the great Pacific continent slowly sank, so that the ocean commenced filling the valleys, man retreated to the mountains, which, by continued sinking, were transformed into islands, and now form the many groups of Polynesia.

The Buffalo Ferry on the Tigris.

THE common or domestic buffalo (*Bos Bubalus*), also known as water-buffalo, is an animal of the ox tribe, originally indigenous to the East Indies only, but thence early introduced in Persia, Egypt, North Africa, and, about the end of the sixth century of the Christian Era, even in Greece and Italy, in which latter country it thrives now best in the pestilential Pontine Marshes (the southern portion of the well-known "Campagna di Roma"), and the still more notorious swamps of the "Maremma," in the province of Tuscany, on account of its peculiar predilection for stagnant water and the rank, coarse herbage of marshy soil.

The buffalo, though not as high in stature as the domestic ox, is considerably heavier built and clumsier than the latter. Its legs are shorter and stouter, its head is larger in proportion, its back much broader—in fact, its entire form more angular and unsightly than that of the ox, and its homely outlines are by no means enhanced by the thick, black, India-rubber-like hide, which is tightly stretched over its body, and, like that of the elephant, very sparsely covered with coarse black or dark-brown hair, rather bristly and tufty on the forehead, ears and knees, but less coarse along the back, dewlap and belly.

The horns, generally of a dirty black color, grow very long, are somewhat compressed and faintly knotty, gently tapering and curving first downward and backward along the neck, and then upward and backward.

The head, though larger, is not near as broad across the forehead as that of the ox, but it is much longer, and its forehead, instead of being flat like that of the latter animal, is elevated or convex.

The female buffalo, or cow, is smaller than the bull, and yields a greater quantity of milk than our domestic cow, although it has a comparatively small udder, which, like the animal's hide, is of a very unsightly dark color, and covered with long, silky hair.

The milk is good, yet rather too rich to be drank without being diluted with water, but it makes excellent table-butter; the natives of India, however, turn it chiefly into a sort of liquid butter called "ghee," used exclusively for culinary purposes and by confectioners. It forms an important article of commerce throughout Western Asia, by reason of its being the only animal fat a Hindoo or a Moslem is permitted (by his religion) to use in cookery, on account of its being derived from the living animal.

The buffalo is a much more powerful brute than

the ox, and, therefore, still better suited for hard work, such as plowing, dragging heavy weights, etc.

Though its habitual gait and movements are very slow and slothful, it can run and turn with astonishing agility when it is excited or angry. It is usually of a very quiet, inoffensive disposition, but some of the bulls are ugly, dangerous customers to deal with, and can only be kept under control by means of a strong metal ring passed through the cartilage of the nose, to which a rope or chain is attached.

In standing quiet, walking or running, the buffalo invariably projects the head and nose straight forward, so that forehead and nose are almost on a level with each other and the horns laid back on the shoulders. In this position large herds of buffaloes may be seen in India and Lower Mesopotamia standing for hours perfectly motionless in the broiling sun, gazing drowsily straight ahead of them, while sparrows, blackbirds and crows hop about upon their broad backs, with the utmost unconcern, hunting after insects, thereby producing an agreeable tickling sensation upon the buffaloes, evidently much coveted by the slothful brutes, as they will not move a muscle until the impudence or curiosity of the birds goes so far as to induce the latter to insert their bills or claws into the ears, eyes or nostrils of the buffaloes, when, of course, the sensation becomes extreme, and compels the phlegmatic brutes to involuntarily shake or toss their heads.

The buffalo seldom lies down upon dry ground, but is excessively fond of wallowing in mud and pools of stagnant water, where it will stay for hours. Where there is an ample depth of water the animal will wade in just far enough to keep, standing, its nostrils above water, and remain in that position for hours at a time, especially during the hottest part of the day.

When the buffalo emerges from the water, its skin, while moist, shines in the sun with a peculiar, unpleasant lustre similar to stove-polish.

In Lower Mesopotamia I have often seen large herds of buffaloes float with the slow current of the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates a distance of many miles down these streams, with absolutely nothing but their nostrils visible above the water. The natives of that region make it, therefore, a habit to always drive their buffaloes a considerable distance up the river to graze, well knowing that the animals will always keep near, and only go astray in the direction of the current of the river.

On account of this animal's remarkable fondness of the water (it will not thrive where water is not plentiful), it is popularly called "water buffalo," and probably the only domestic quadruped that will thrive in swampy, malarial districts.

In India, Egypt, Lower Mesopotamia and Italy it is generally used as a beast of burden, for carrying or dragging heavy weights, for plowing, raising water out of wells and rivers for irrigating purposes, as a motive power for crushing and stamping machines, mills, etc.

For transporting goods that are liable to be damaged by water it is, however, a most unreliable beast of burden, by reason of its already mentioned irrepressible propensity to wade into, lay down and wallow in any swamp or pool of water near the road, and when once snugly squatted in its favorite element, it is almost impossible to dislodge it therefrom.

The buffalo is unquestionably the most expert and at the same time the most powerful swimmer of all domestic quadrupeds; indeed, the enormously stout, barrel-shaped trunk of the animal will cause it to float almost without any exertion of its own, an advantage that enables the buffalo to keep afloat for hours with perfect ease.

In some parts of India and Lower Mesopotamia, where bridges and boats are scarcely known, the natives make good use of this quality by training buffaloes to be used *quasi* as living ferryboats, and cross and recross mighty streams like the Ganges, Godavery, Indus, Tigris and Euphrates on the broad

backs of these semi-amphibious brutes with ease and comparative safety; nay, they even transport in the same manner goods of every description across those rivers.

All they have to do in the latter case is to secure goods liable to be damaged by water in such a manner on the back of the animal as to prevent their getting wet, which is accomplished by means of a sort of platform or flat saddle (similar to the flat saddles used by circus-riders), which is adjusted on the animal's back. If an object be too heavy for one buffalo to float it, two or more of them are lashed together so that they cannot separate, and the object is then floated across on their joined backs.

In various parts of Asia, buffaloes are also trained to be serviceable to sportsmen in shooting water-fowl and other shy game. The buffalo used in this sport is trained to stand fire, i. e., to allow any person firing shots in its immediate vicinity, or even across its back, without its getting frightened, and to go at its habitual slow pace in any direction the sportsman may desire. The buffalo is, of course, merely used as a blind; in other words, it is only employed to screen the sportsman (who keeps well concealed behind the bulky animal) from being seen by the game, which, accustomed to the familiar sight of a buffalo, will thus allow the concealed sportsman to approach within easy shot-range. Buffaloes well trained to this sport command high prices, and hire out readily to sportsmen.

The buffalo is longeared like the elephant, parrot, turtle, etc., and as its flesh is not very palatable, and its horns and hide have but an inferior commercial value, it is usually allowed to live until it dies a natural death.

The accompanying sketch represents the writer and his friend in the act of crossing the River Tigris in the vicinity of Kût-el-Hamara, a wretched village on the left bank of that river, seventy miles due east of the famous ruins of Babylon, in Lower Mesopotamia.

Bridges are extremely scarce along the entire course of the River Euphrates, which is fully one thousand six hundred miles long; and the River Tigris, which has a length of about one thousand miles, is only bridged over at Diarbekir, Tetzreh-ebn-Omar, and Mossul (three towns of Upper Mesopotamia, distant about eighty miles from each other), and at Bagdad (capital of Mesopotamia). At Birehjik, Rakka, Abu-Sarai, Hitt, Musseyeb, Hilla (on the site of ancient Babylon), Diwanieh, and a few other towns on the Euphrates, that river can be crossed on clumsy wooden ferry-boats, propelled and stemmed against the current by means of long poles; but these ferries are from thirty to two hundred miles apart, and along the entire course of the Tigris between Bagdad and Korna (a little town at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates) there is not a single boat-ferry.

It is therefore just in those intermediate localities where the buffalo comes in so very handy as the only means available by which to cross those streams with comparative safety; for both rivers, though of rather sluggish current, are of considerable depth, varying between ten and forty feet, and have a width of from fifty to two hundred yards, so that they would, but for some few obstructions in the shape of sandbanks and rocks, be navigable for several hundred miles to vessels of considerable carrying capacity.

These buffalo-ferries are therefore not only very handy on account of their availability in almost any locality where you wish to cross either of these streams, but also on account of their cheapness, the fare, even for a "Feringhee" (Frank or European), who is popularly supposed by the natives of that region to be rich, and consequently a fit subject to be fleeced, amounting only to five paras (a trifle more than half a cent American money), while natives pay only one para.

"Feringhees," however, are rare birds in the

country to be plucked; one of those ferry-masters has therefore to transport nearly one hundred natives to make ten cents, and if he earns that amount in a day in that sparsely populated region, he may actually consider that he is making money "hand over fist."

At any rate, he makes literally more money than he can stuff into his pockets, for, as the reader will observe by looking at the accompanying sketch, these ferry-masters do not invest very largely in clothing, and would indeed be puzzled to find their own pockets, wherefore they are all in the habit of stowing away their meagre earnings in a knot tied in one of the corners of the "keffieh" (the coarse woolen handkerchief which serves them as head-cover), the most available place of deposit under the circumstances.

Buffalo-ferries are always to be found in localities where the river-banks are low or slope gently down into the stream. The buffaloes trained to the ferry service are carefully selected from among the strongest, most docile and gentle of their species, for it won't do to employ kicking, butting or otherwise vicious brutes for this purpose.

When "on duty" the buffalo is "rigged out" in the following simple manner: A rope is fastened around the base of the animal's horns, and passing along its back or spine, the other end of this rope, in the shape of a loop, is made to encircle the base or root of the tail, while a second rope girds the rump of the buffalo just in front of its hind legs and is run diagonally through rope 1 on the back of the animal. A third rope, fastened to rope 2 underneath the buffalo's belly, is passed through between the hind legs and connects with the tail-loop of rope 1. Each rope is stretched rather slack, especially rope 1, so as not to interfere with the movements of the animal.

This simple contrivance, somewhat resembling a harness, is merely intended to serve as a safeguard or hold for the passengers, in case the latter accidentally lose their foothold or equilibrium and slide or tumble into the water. All they have to do in case of such an accident is to hold on to the ropes, and even if they should not succeed in climbing back upon the buffalo, if they will but hold on to any of the above-mentioned three ropes they may rely upon being safely towed to the other side by the powerful animal. Absolutely nothing is required in such a dilemma save a little presence of mind, for the animal is harmless, and swims, or, rather, floats, with scarcely any effort on the part of its legs or body; some specimens, indeed, are so well trained that they will actually slacken their speed and thereby facilitate the recovery of one's position upon their backs.

The worst thing that can happen to anybody who "goes overboard" is to get an involuntary ducking in tepid water; for, even if you should let go your hold on the ropes, the ferry-master or man in charge of the buffaloes, who, of course, accompanies them on every trip they make, is a most expert swimmer, and will come to your assistance as soon as you are in the water.

Drowning accidents are of rare occurrence on such occasions, chiefly because all the natives who live along the banks of those rivers can swim like others—males as well as females, young and old.

It is, however, not at all difficult to maintain, barefooted, one's foothold upon the broad back of the burly animal, the thick, tough, all but bald hide of which affords a foothold almost as secure as india-rubber; moreover, the animal glides gently and evenly through the stream, and exposes at all times enough of its back above water to allow you to sit down upon it, if you don't mind a stray splash of water that may dampen your saddle; or you may ride astraddle, if you don't object to having your legs, from the knees downward, dragging through the water.

The natives, male as well as female, accustomed from childhood to these living ferryboats, move

about on them with perfect equanimity, and can hardly understand why we strangers should hesitate even for an instant to do so likewise. Innocent, simple creatures! they quite forget that they have the advantage of us in not being embarrassed by too much clothing—the males especially—while the females have only a long, loose shirt of coarse dark-brown or dark-blue woolen fabric, and perhaps, though rarely, an *eser* (large sheet or shawl which shroud the wearer from the crown of the head to the ankles) to take care of and preserve from moisture. They would probably be, like the writer at, a loss to advise one of our fashionably dressed ladies how to stow away her precious self, or how to dispose of her manifold wearing apparel on the back of a floating buffalo. Imagine the fuss and flutter it would create here, if our ferryboats were suddenly given a few days' rest and supplanted by buffaloes, establishing the only communication between New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

When the writer and his friend, who were out hunting, arrived on the river-bank near Kut-el-Iamra, to be ferried across the stream, we were advised by the ferry-master to take off our boots, as we would have a much better foothold on the buffalo's back if we were barefoot. We complied with his wishes, and immediately stepped on board of our respective craft, accomplished by placing the left foot upon the ferry-master's thigh and vaulting thence upon the buffalo's back, just as if we were to mount a horse. Then we were told by "the engineer of the concern" to keep well "aft," i. e., about the region of the living ferryboat's kidneys, so as to keep the "bow" (head) of the craft well out of water.

This admonition caused me to suspect that we would have a rather rough passage; I, therefore, jolled up my pants to the knees, and my friend, who grew slightly nervous as soon as he found himself upon the "deck" of his craft and saw my precautionary measures, thought and did so likewise.

Thereupon the "commodore" offered to relieve us of our boots and armament; but I was reluctant to part with either, believing I was fully able to take care of them myself; and my companion, though at a loss how to dispose of them on board of his craft, followed suit, notwithstanding the commodore's buxom daughter, who, with her mother, had in the meantime quietly "rigged out" and "boarded" a craft of their own, gallantly offered to stow my friend's embarrassing cargo on board of her own craft—a mild insinuation at which my friend felt insulted.

A moment after the fourth craft was brought into requisition and boarded by the commodore of the fleet, accompanied by his promising son and heir, a stark-naked little shaver of about six Summers.

The next instant our flotilla glided slowly into deep water, but my own as well as my friend's craft drew considerably more water than either of us expected, and discovering to our consternation that it nearly reached the decks, we hastily rose to our feet.

Luckily for us, there was little or no wind at the time, and we slowly sailed, or, rather, drifted, in an oblique direction across the current.

About half-way over, I saw the commodore's daughter, "bold like the Corsair's bride," start to her feet, and, with a majestic wave of her left hand, point in the direction of my friend, who brought up the rear of our squadron.

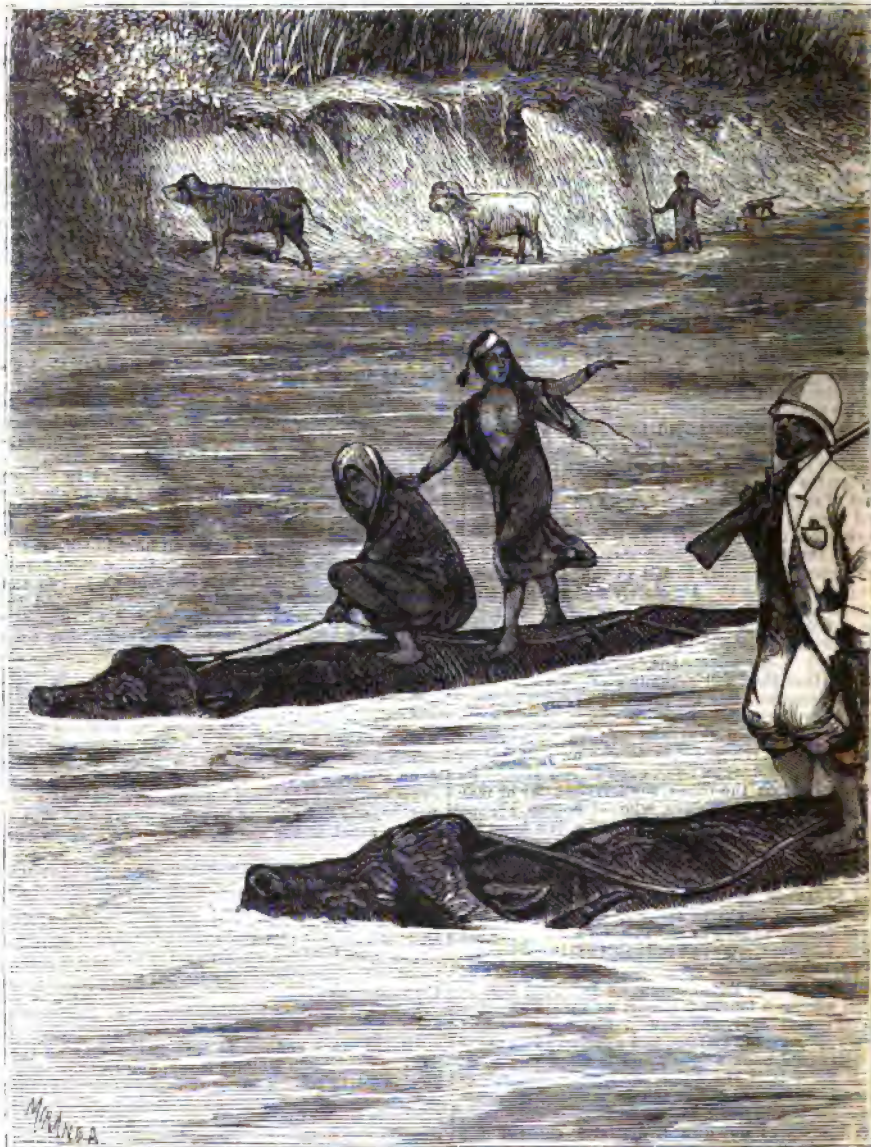
Expecting nothing less than to see my companion's craft thrown on her beam-ends, or water-logged, I mustered pluck enough to turn half round on the uneven deck upon which I stood, and had the satisfaction of beholding my friend sailing along at the rate of about three miles an hour, but standing, to my surprise, on the quarter-deck in a decidedly inelegant and unmanly posture, his eyes riveted upon "the bow" of his craft as if he was afraid that it might at any moment dive out of sight and the deck dodge from under his feet.

Tightly clutching "the hawser" between his trembling knees, and nervously balancing the gun in his hands, in the manner of a tight-rope performer handling his balancing-pole, the poor fellow presented a downright pitiful picture, a sort of absurd personation of "Blondin crossing Niagara Falls on the tight-rope," which elicited a smile even on the stern features of the young Amazon who led the van, and I verily believe that, had the commodore of our fleet not instantly stopped his infernal yelling and violent brandishing of the sword (whip), my friend, together with his boots and entire armament, would have "gone overboard" from sheer fright.

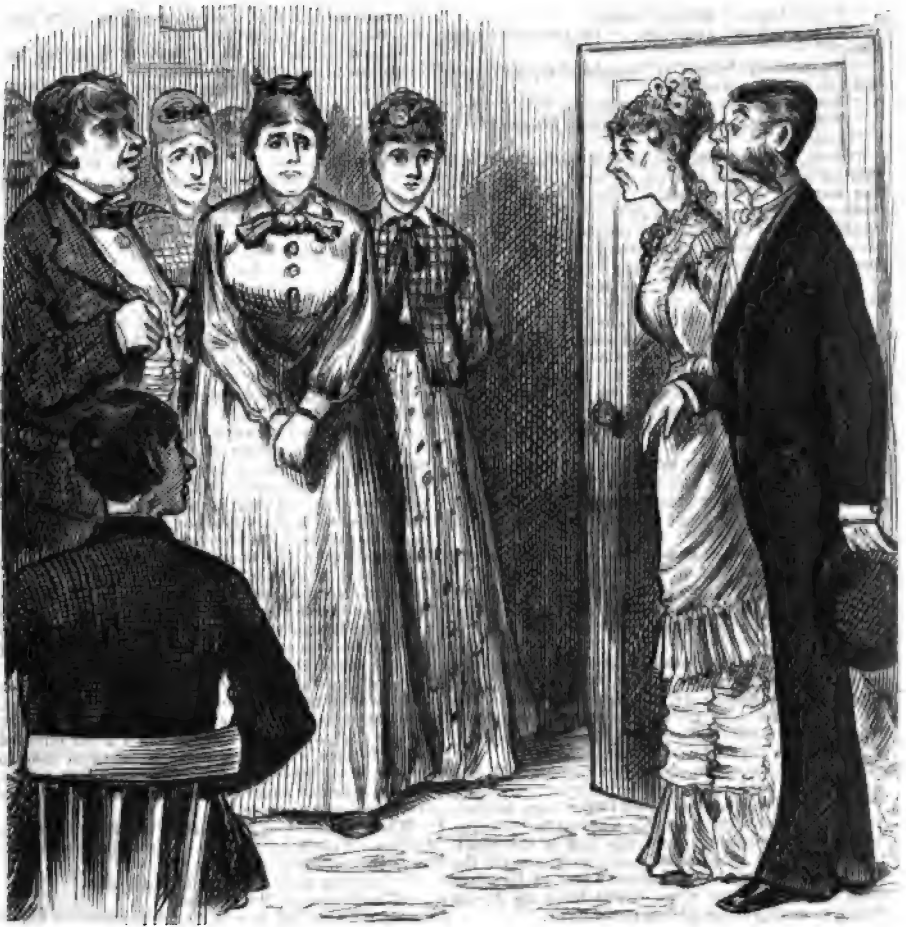
Luckily, our craft touched bottom shortly after-

ward, and, much to my friend's relief, landed us high and dry on the opposite bank.

The Retort Courteous.—Charles Erskine was, at the age of twenty, a teacher of Latin in Edinburgh University. On one occasion, after his elevation to the Bench, a young lawyer, in arguing a case before him, used a false Latin quantity, whereupon his lordship said, with a good-natured smile: "Are you sure, sir, you are correct in your quantity there?" The young counsel, nettled at the query, retorted, petulantly: "My lord, I never was a schoolmaster." "No," replied the judge; "nor, I think, a scholar either."



THE BUFFALO FERRY ON THE TIGRIS.



NANNIE'S WEDDING.—"MISS BROOKS," HE SAID, HAUGHTILY, "I AM SURPRISED—ASTOUNDED—TO SEE YOU IN SUCH A PLACE—IN SUCH COMPANY!"

Nannie's Wedding.

STRANGE couple, did you say? Well, I suppose they are; their marriage was a strange affair, too, and it happened at my house. I'll tell you how it was.

You see, Ned and I were just married when we came out West to live on this farm, and went to housekeeping in a very small house. You can see it out that window; we use it for grain now.

I had been delicately brought up, and the work came pretty hard for me, though Ned is the best fellow in the world to help. I tried my best, and managed to get through the first Summer; but when Winter came on and the winds began to blow bleak across these wide prairies, just when the work was easiest and all the men were gone, and I was calculating on a good, cozy time alone with Ned, I gave out entirely; so that the doctor said I must rest all Winter—I mustn't do a thing. That was interesting for an ambitious young wife, now, wasn't it? Pretty farmer's wife I should be!

I tell you I was very miserable when the doctor told me; I thought Ned would be sorry he had married me, and I was sure that would kill me. Ned had gone to the village, and I was alone, and I

made up my mind not to tell him a word the doctor had said, but to work on as long as I could stand, and then die, and let him get a stronger wife.

It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? But it was anything but ridiculous to me. I spent a very wretched hour before I heard Ned's step at the door. The dear fellow looked very much troubled, and came right up to the lounge where I was. The doctor had met him and told him, too, and he was trying to settle in his mind what we could do.

Well, we talked it over, and I did not dare suggest any plan. He proposed going to the village to board for the Winter. The farm had done very well that Summer, and we had money in the bank; but I couldn't bear the idea of leaving my dear little home, nor of boarding where I should be bothered about dress; nor could I endure his next proposition—to hire a girl. Our house was so small, there was not room for two sets of people, and I hated the idea of the constant companionship of an ignorant girl. We talked a long time, but came to no conclusion, and at last it came night, and we went to bed.

I was so worried that I could not sleep, and while I lay there watching the flickering of the firelight on the wall, a bright thought came into my head; it was so bright that I could not keep it a minute.

"Ned," I said, "are you awake?"

"Yes," said he, drowsily. "Do you want anything?"

"No, nothing; only I've thought of a plan for us, if it can be carried out."

"What is it?" he asked, now wide-awake.

"You remember my cousin Nannie Brooks?"

"Yes."

"Well, she has always lived with her brother, and last Spring he died, leaving no property, much to the surprise of everybody. She was, of course, without a home, and went to live with her father's relations, who are wealthy people in the city of A—. Now, she is very proud spirited, and I've heard that she is not very happy there; and she is a good housekeeper, too—her mother was a real New England driver, if you know what that is?"

"I guess I do," said Ned, laughing; "I spent a year with an aunt who had the same infirmity."

"Well, my plan is, to write to Nannie and tell her just how we are situated, and ask her to come and keep house for us. Of course we will pay her the same we would pay a good girl. She can tell her friends she is going to spend the Winter with us, and no more."

"But, Sue, she won't take such a place."

"I think she will—with me. I think six months of dependence will be enough to teach her the comfort of independence, and I believe she'll be glad to come."

"Well, of course that would be delightful—if she will come!" said Ned, in an unbelieving tone.

I said no more, but the next day I wrote her a letter, telling her my plan, and, like the sensible little woman she is, Nannie at once accepted my offer.

She told me, in her letter, that she was engaged to be married in about a year, but she would like to spend the Winter as I proposed because she would like to earn enough to go with a decent wardrobe into the family of her intended husband, who was wealthy and aristocratic.

Of course I was delighted, and so was Ned, and we at once made a place ready for her to sleep.

You see, the house had only two rooms, kitchen and front-room. My bedroom was made by drawing a calico curtain across one end of the front-room, and Ned partitioned a similar room off the kitchen for Nannie. He brought a load of furniture from the village, and when it was fixed up it was really as cozy a room as one could have.

Nannie was perfectly delighted with it, and with our free and easy way of living. After living all her life among conventionalities, it was perfectly delicious, she said, to live where there were absolutely none—where one might wear a wrapper all day if she liked, and run into a neighbor's with a shawl over her head. In fact, do exactly as she pleased, and be as aristocratic at the wash-tub as at the piano.

From the first moment she came, Nannie would not let me lift a finger. I just lay on the lounge and read, or sewed, if I chose, and did nothing else all Winter, while she bustled about, and, with the help of Ned, who did everything hard, she got through the work. So nice she was to have around, too! Such dainty little teas as she would get up—such delicious pats of butter—such fragrant coffee—and so cheerful and warm-hearted as she was! She was like sunshine in a house, and I don't believe there ever was a happier home than our little prairie cottage that Winter. I even learned that Nannie had felt the bitterness of dependence, and I asked her about her engagement—for she did not speak of it. She told me fully, but her face grew sober, and all the light went out of it as she talked. I accused her of not caring for him, and she replied:

"I don't suppose I do care for him as you do for Ned, but, then, you know, there are few like him in the world."

"I know that," I said, proudly; "but, Nannie, you ought not to marry unless you do care for him."

It would be horrid to marry a man you didn't think was the best in the world."

Nannie smiled—a sickly sort of a smile, that somehow made my heart ache.

"Very few women would marry then, Sue," she said; "I don't suppose the man exists for whom I could feel as you do for Ned, though really I don't know as I should have accepted Mr. Merwin if I had not been situated just as I was—so irritated and galled by my dependence—so longing for a home of my own and freedom."

"Well, I don't think you ought to marry him," I said, decidedly.

"I have promised, you know," said Nannie, "and I could not break my word. Besides, Mr. Merwin is a gentleman, and I suppose I'm a fool not to be very much elated at my success. He is considered a 'catch' I can tell you, and I am thought to be unusually fortunate by my cousins."

Well, of course, there was no more to be said. Her delicately-tinted and perfumed letters came every week, and she as regularly devoted one evening to her reply, and Mr. Merwin's name was never mentioned between us.

Meantime everything nearer home began to interest me. We had a neighbor, who lived half a mile off, in a log-house he had put up himself. He was rough-looking, awkward, and careless in dress, though I must say I always thought some of his roughness was assumed. He lived alone, and was said to be a woman-hater, had been jailed, rumor said, and his name was—Abraham Brown!

He and Ned had exchanged neighborly kindnesses, and once in a while he would drop into our house as he was returning from the village in the evening. We had thus come to know him pretty well, and to see the best side of him before Nannie came.

For a long time after that he never came near us, and we used to laugh about his being afraid of her. But one night, when he was coming home from the village, the postmaster handed him a letter directed to Ned's care, and asked him—as he often did—to deliver it on his way home. He could not refuse, and so, when he came by, he fastened his horse to the fence, and came in.

When he knocked and opened the door—country fashion—Nannie was on her knees at the fire, waiting a slice of bread for my tea.

She sprang up hastily when Ned spoke.

"Good-evening, Mr. Brown."

And a bright color rushed over her face, at being caught in such a position, which made her look prettier than I had ever seen her.

Mr. Brown intended to deliver the letter and go, but the sight of her seemed to change his mind; he came in, was introduced, and sat down.

The letter was for Nannie, and she quietly put it in her pocket and went on getting tea.

Well, to make a long story short, from that day Mr. Brown found occasion to drop into our house often, and I—lying quietly on my lounge—saw what was going on. He was getting deeply in love with Nannie. I couldn't blame him a bit, but I was very sorry for him, and feared he would be more of a woman-hater than ever. So I looked about for a chance to let him know she was engaged.

It came one day. Ned had taken Nannie to the village to make some purchases for me, and while I was alone, Mr. Brown came in. I worked the conversation around to Nannie (which was easy enough), and then I quietly mentioned her engagement as though it was all understood.

A flash went over his face—though he said nothing—and then he was the same as before.

There was a difference though, I can scarcely tell what it was, but while he went on loving her till he seemed to adore the very ground she walked on, there was always a hopeless, hungry look in his eyes, as though he thought he would feast his eyes and his heart as long as he could, and then go away and die. Perhaps I was excited, but that's the way it looked to me.

And something was the matter with Nannie, I could not tell what. A shadow seemed to come over her spirits, though she denied it when I charged her with it, and was as kind and lovely as ever.

Lying there on my lounge, and studying faces and actions as only one outside of active life can, I could not decide whether she was homesick, whether Mr. Brown's frequent presence annoyed her, whether she saw his love and was sorry for him, or whether she felt a little sorry for herself.

The Winter passed away, and I was better, but we could not think of parting with Nannie, nor did she want to go.

She decided to stay till the next Christmas and be married from our house. So the perfumed letters passed back and forth, and all went on as usual.

Poor Abraham Brown! I had come to almost share his sorrow as the months went by. Not a word was said by any of us, and I knew he never said a word to her; but the most careless observer could see that his heart lay under Nannie's feet.

Poor Nannie, too! she had her own troubles, though I could not make out exactly what they were. One thing I was glad of—she never showed the least inclination to flirt with Mr. Brown, or to make fun of him. His name was never mentioned between us.

The Summer went by, and the Winter came on, and Nannie began to make preparations for her marriage, which was to come off on Christmas Eve. She went to the village many times to make her purchases, and she and I sewed all day long, for I insisted on helping her.

Gradually her comfortable wardrobe grew toward completion, and at last she bought her wedding-dress—white silk it was—and brought it home and showed it to me.

"I won't have it made up now," she said, "for we don't know much about styles out here; but I shall need it for a reception-dress as soon as I get to A—, and I can have it made up the first thing."

"And what will you be married in?" I asked, amazed at this droll way of using a wedding-dress.

"In my traveling-dress," she said, quietly. "I want to show you my cards."

"Cards!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, of course," she said, a little hastily. "Why not? Mr. Merwin wouldn't think he was married without cards, and I must send them to all his friends."

"But he will—"

"He will be here so late," she interrupted, "that he can't see to it, and I preferred to arrange it myself;" and she produced a package.

There were three kinds—as was the style then. The first contained her name, the second his, and the third—

What was my consternation to see—"Mrs. Edward Pomeroy, at Home, Thursday Evening, December 24th, at Eight o'Clock."

"Why, Nannie—" I began.

But she interrupted me hastily.

"Now, Sue, let me tell you all about it. Of course these cards are all to be sent away, and no one who receives them will be able to come. I want—purely on Mr. Merwin's account—to have them look as well as possible, and though it does look absurd to send out 'At Home' cards from this dear little cottage, and we would be exceedingly put out to have any one accept the invitation, it is merely for his sake—don't you see?—to save his pride. They shall not leave the house till too late to reach them in time to come, and so there will be no danger."

Well, the cards were sent out. Mr. Merwin wrote that he could not come till the very evening of the 24th, but would stop at the hotel in the village, and come from there all ready, and with a carriage to take her back with him.

So everything went on, and we made our few preparations. Nannie made some beautiful fruit-

cake, and I made the bride-cake myself for her to take with her. We invited a few of the neighbors, who felt a special interest in her, and for their entertainment prepared cakes, nuts, apples and cider, according to the custom of the prairies.

There were the minister and his wife, good, plain people; Mrs. Wilson, a kind-hearted neighbor, who came in a calico dress, wore her hair cut short in her neck, and weighed two hundred and thirty pounds; Mr. and Mrs. Church, other plain farmer-neighbors; and in one corner, silent, totally deaf and blind to everything but the door through which Nannie must come, sat Abraham Brown, in a coarse gray suit, with flannel shirt-front, such as he always wore. The hour for the marriage was eight, and the guests came at six. So often they had discussed the crops, the state of the roads and the prospects for snow, their resources were exhausted, and, as it drew on near their usual bed-time, they began to yawn.

In this emergency Ned brought out a pack of cards and proposed a game. A party was at once formed, and a game begun; but Mrs. Wilson did not play, and being a good Methodist and not quite settled in her own mind as to the iniquity of cards (though her husband played), proposed to counteract the evil influence by a good, pious hymn.

Looking about among the books on the melodeon, she found one of the long, narrow church-music books, and inviting the minister—who always "set the tunes" in his unpretending little prairie congregation—to join her, she selected the hymn. The minister took hold of one side of the book and she of the other; he drew out his tuning-fork to get the pitch, and she commenced beating time by swinging her arm vigorously.

"One—two—three—sing!" began the minister, and they burst out into

"Broad is the way that leads to death."

And oddly enough it chimed in with, "That's my trick!" and "Now play your ace!" and other remarks familiar to card-players.

All this was in full blast, Mrs. Wilson's thin, quavering voice swelling its loudest, when there came a thundering knock at the front-door.

Ned opened it, and—horror of horrors! how can I tell what happened!—a cold, haughty voice said: "Can this be the residence of Mr. Edward Pomeroy?"

"It is!" said Ned, as coolly as he.

"Heavens!" said a woman's voice outside, in an indescribable tone.

"Is it possible that Miss Brooks resides here?"

"She does, sir; and you are Mr. Merwin?"

"I am," said he, too amazed for anything.

"Walk in!" said Ned; and in walked a most elegant gentleman, wrapped in a fine fur coat, and followed by a lady dressed—dear me, how can I tell how she was dressed? I was so flurried!—but evidently she was prepared for a grand party.

Nannie had heard the commotion, and at this moment she entered. She was pale as death, except an intensely bright spot on each cheek. She walked up with dignity.

"How do you do, Mrs. Montgomery? This is an unexpected pleasure!"

"And evidently as unwelcome as unexpected!" said that lady, tartly, as Nannie turned to speak to her betrothed.

"Miss Brooks," he said, haughtily, "I am surprised—astounded—to see you in such a place—in such company!" glancing around on our awe-struck guests, who sat, as if turned to stone, just as they were when the door opened. "I would not have brought my sister here had I supposed for an instant—"

But Nannie interrupted him. She seemed actually to grow some inches taller, as she stood back proudly and spoke.

"Mr. Merwin, this lady is my dear cousin, and this gentleman is her husband. This house, though

small, is my home; these people, though unfashionable, are my friends. I expected you, and I am happy to see you and your sister, but of course, being a gentleman, you will reserve any comments for the present."

Mr. Merwin was evidently very much vexed. His gray eyes fairly glittered, words seemed to fail him. But Mrs. Montgomery came to the rescue. She had been mercilessly criticising my unpretending home. The calico curtain, the unpainted wood-work, the rag-carpet, the cheap dress of the guests—everything had come under her cold eye.

"It is evident, Clarence," she began, "that we are intruding, and we were under a mistake about being invited here to a wedding to-night. I suggest that we return to our hotel, and explanations can be made at some other time."

"I think it a good suggestion," said the gentleman, "and we will do so;" and he was turning away, but Nannie spoke again.

"Excuse me, but all explanations that will ever be made will be made now. I am here, ready to fulfill my promise to you, sir; all is ready; it is now—or never!"

Mr. Clarence Merwin hesitated an instant, but his sister said:

"Come, Clarence!"

He bowed, and said:

"Very well, then, since you choose, so it shall be; perhaps it is best;" and he went out.

The door closed, and we stood there a moment, stupefied; then Nannie turned white and fell back. But before Ned could catch her the strong arms of Abraham Brown had gathered her up and carried her into the other room as if she had been a baby.

"Nannie—Nannie!" he cried, in a voice which trembled with agitation; "you don't care? you don't love him, do you? Shall I shoot the coward for you?"

"No," said Nannie, reviving and drawing herself out of his arms, "let him go; I don't care for him."

I saw what was coming. I drew Ned into the other room and closed the door.

"Good friends," said I, "all's well that ends well. Go on with your amusements; we shall have a wedding here yet, if I'm not mistaken."

What went on in the other room of course we did not hear. There was a low murmur of voices a few moments, and at last the door opened, and Mr. Brown, looking actually beautiful with happiness, half led, half carried Nannie, all blushes, into the front room.

"Come, parson!" he said, in a ringing voice, "here's the bride! we're all ready!"

Nannie glanced at me.

"Yes," I whispered, "go on. 'I'm glad of it! It's a blessed exchange.'"

She then stood bravely up, and in five minutes was the wife of Abraham Brown.

The refreshments were served, the bride-cake cut, and all went on as though there had been no such strange episode. But I got a moment with Nannie in a corner.

"Don't think I accepted him from pique, Sue. I have been liking him a long time, and feeling that I could be much happier in his log-house than in Mr. Merwin's mansion."

"And so you will," said I. "He's a little rough outside, but can be polished, and, next to Ned, he's the best man in the world."

"Next to Ned!" said Nannie, incredulously; "but I forgive you, Sue. You don't know his great, noble heart, which makes him a thousand times more of a gentleman in his homespun than Mr. Merwin in his broadcloth."

"Don't I?" said I, maliciously. "It can't be for want of seeing it thrown at your feet for a year, then."

"Did you see it, too? Oh, Sue, I'm the happiest woman in the world—I do believe!"

Well, I don't know as there is much more to be

said. At nine o'clock that evening she put on her cloak and overshoes, and walked home with him to his log-house.

Of course she was not expected, but that did not trouble her. She said he had no fashionable sister to shock, and she should enjoy fixing up the "back-elior's den," as she called it.

The next day he came for her trunks, and they went to the village, and in less than a week she had one of the prettiest homes I ever saw.

"What did you do with your white silk?" I asked, the first time I visited her, for she wouldn't let me help her get settled.

"Oh," said she, laughing, "I took it back and exchanged it for table-linen. See what a lot I have!" and she showed me a goodly array of household linen, dear to a housekeeper's heart.

"Nannie, what do you call your husband?" I asked, after a while. "Abraham is such a horrid name."

"I don't think Abraham is such a bad name," said she, demurely; "but I call him by his second name."

"Why, has he more than one? I did not know it," said I.

"Yes, indeed!" said Nannie, triumphantly. "He has three—Abe, Ray and Ham. I call him Ray."

Rosie.

A LOVELY, sunny, warm afternoon in late July, the air so still and sultry that there was not a leaf stirring; the hay-makers were indolently turning over the hay in the meadows skirting one side of a cool, sheltered country-road. Indeed, although dignified by the name of the "Westfield Road," it scarcely deserved the appellation, for it was little else than a wide lane running through the estate of the proprietor of Westfield. At one side of the lane was a kind of ravine, the slopes of which were covered with fragrant purple heath, rich soft moss, and myriads of wild strawberry-plants; primroses, too, in the Springtime, were to be had there in abundance, whilst the sycamores, with their feathery clusters, and the ash-trees, with their overhanging branches, lent a graceful shade.

Amongst the purple heather and the wild strawberry plants two little girls were disporting themselves on this particular July afternoon, their laughter and merry voices being the only sounds which broke the surrounding stillness. At a little distance from them sat a young girl of about eighteen; a girl small and slight, with a mouth like a cleft cherry, and with dreamy, lustrous, violet-hued eyes.

Her plain mourning-dress, relieved by gleams of white at the throat and wrists, set off to advantage her daintily fair complexion, whilst the large, coarse black straw hat but half concealed billows of warm-looking fuzzy hair—

"In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell,
Divides threefold, to show the fruit within."

Such was Rosie Macarthy, an orphan, and the governess to the two children of Mrs. West, of Westfield Park, Sunnyshire. She was intently poring over the book on her lap, when suddenly she was startled by a loud cry from one of the children.

"Ellie, dear, what has happened?" she asked, in no small alarm, as the child ran toward her, her hat off, and the blood streaming from a wound on her forehead.

"I was trying to climb up the rocky side of the bank, when a large, sharp stone that Katie was standing upon gave way and hit me on the forehead!" sobbed the child.

The blood was issuing from a deep cut, and, with trembling hands, the governess tried to staunch the flow with a pocket-handkerchief. She was still pressing her hand upon the wound and trying to

soothe the little girl, when a carriage drove rapidly down the lane. Its only occupant was a gentleman, who, upon seeing the group, called to the coachman to stop. Descending from the vehicle, he hastily approached, exclaiming, as he did so:

"Why, what is all this about? Met with an accident, Miss Ellie?"

"Yes, Doctor Chesney!" cried the sufferer. "Oh, my head—my head!"

"Just let me look at it," said the individual addressed as Doctor Chesney. "I am a surgeon," he added, turning to the governess.

"I am so glad," said she. "I was beginning to feel frightened—I could not stop the blood."

The doctor took the handkerchief off Ellie's head, and looked at the wound. It was an ugly cut, but he remarked, cheerfully:

"Don't cry, Ellie; it will be well before you're twice married."

He washed the wound in the water of a stream close by, and taking a case of sticking-plaster from his pocket, bound it together. As he finished the operation, he said, with a smile:

"Now, Ellie, don't go breaking your head against the rocks any more. You see how you have frightened this young lady. Will you introduce me to her?"

"This is Miss Macarthy, our new governess," replied Ellie.

"I suppose we must consider ourselves introduced," said the doctor, laughingly holding out his hand. "My name is Thomas Chesney. These young ladies are old friends of mine."

The governess shyly put a little soft, white, warm hand into the doctor's broad, outstretched palm, and raised her eyes to the summit of the six feet of good-looking flesh and blood before her, saying as she did so:

"Thank you for attending to Ellie. I do not know what I should have done if you had not come."

"Have done without me, I suppose. The cut is not so very bad. Your head is aching, Ellie, and the day is very warm, so you had better let me drive you all home."

Arrived at Westfield after a drive of about twenty minutes, Doctor Chesney seemed strangely absent whilst receiving the profuse thanks of Mrs. West. As he again passed the ravine on his way home, his eye was caught by something of a bright blue color lying on the moss near to where Rosie Macarthy had been sitting.

Stopping the carriage and getting out, he approached the object, which he found to be the book which the governess had been reading. It was a pocket volume of Shelley's poems, and bore the following inscription on the fly-leaf:

"To Rosie Macarthy, from her loving mother. Dublin —, 18—."

"Macarthy! Dublin!" Of course it suddenly occurred to him that she must be an Irish girl! Simultaneously it occurred to him that of late he had neglected writing to his old friend, Charlie Hunter, a solicitor, living in Erin's metropolis.

As he drove along, he decided upon writing to Charlie the very next morning, and asking him to come over for the shooting in September. Then, some day, *en passant*, he could ask him if he knew anything about Miss Macarthy.

Considering he had been in her company for not more than an hour altogether, it was amazing the benevolent interest Doctor Chesney took in the pretty governess.

"Tom, my son, what detained you?" inquired Mrs. Chesney, as Tom came in late for dinner.

"Yes, I'm rather late, mother. One of Mrs. West's children met with an accident on the Westfield Road, and I took her home. That delayed me."

Tom said nothing about pretty Rosie. Well, good reader, perhaps he had his own private reasons for not doing so; it was his affair, not ours. And if he

locked up the book with the blue cover in his private desk, what is that to you or to me?

* * * * *

"The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash, deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside, a-weary."

Yes, golden, many-hued Autumn, with its opalescent sunsets, was drawing to a close, and in the interval Tom Chesney had often longed for the pressure of that pretty, soft, white hand. He never saw Rosie whenever he visited at Westfield Park, and he could not, in accordance with etiquette, inquire for her.

Matters were in this state when one morning, at the beginning of October, he received a letter from Charlie Hunter, saying he could not name any particular day, but that he might soon be expected to "turn up" at Belfield Manor.

"He's the nicest fellow in the three kingdoms!" exclaimed Tom to his pretty sister Fanny, as they strolled up and down the lawn one late afternoon; "but he's awfully shy, so now, Fanny, don't let loose your fun upon him all at once, or he'll be off, ten chances to one, by the next train."

"Poor dear, I'll not frighten him! But really, Tom, one always feels inclined to laugh at the acquaintances you pick up."

"May I ask why?"

"Oh, there's always something queer about them. There was Mr. Somers. Why, I never saw so small a man; moreover, he spoke with a stutter."

"I devoutly hope all girls are not the same!" fervently ejaculated her brother. "Can't you see a fellow is nice unless he pays compliments and has languishing eyes?"

"My gracious, Tom, don't get so vexed! What have you to say about Doctor Askell? Come, now, don't sacrifice Truth on the altar of Friendship, but confess that his hair was the nearest approach to orange of anything you ever saw!"

"Askell! had he red hair?" asked Tom, taking his cigar from his mouth, and speaking in as innocent a tone as he could command. "Well, I can tell you, Fan, that, if it hadn't been for Askell, you wouldn't have had your beloved brother here this evening. Why, that fellow nursed me through typhus fever when I was a medical student in Dublin."

"Ah!—yes!—I forgot that. Well, I hope he will get a wife who will make him dye his hair."

"Catch him!" was the response. "Askell has too much good sense to marry a woman with such ideas. But I wonder why Charlie Hunter didn't come this afternoon."

"Perhaps he was too shy," said Fanny, mockingly. "Tell me, Tom—what sort of a looking fellow is he?"

"You mustn't say 'fellow,' Fanny; it's fast, and I don't like fast girls—no man does."

"What a blessing a brother is!" ejaculated the tormenting Fanny. "One gets such an insight into the likes and dislikes of the 'superior creatures'! Has Charlie Hunter red hair?"

"No, he hasn't," said Tom, shortly; "and now, Fan, you've called him 'Charlie,' and you don't know the man. To say the very least, it's unlady-like."

"Bravo, Tom! Do you know," commented the quick-witted girl, "that latterly I have noticed that you have become very punctilious about the niceties of feminine behavior. May I ask who is the lady who has inspired you? There certainly must be one."

Tom blushed violently, and, laughing in an embarrassed manner, exclaimed:

"You saucy little thing! You look so well when you are impudent, that if you were anybody else's sister I'd kiss you on the spot."



"For the present, then, just fancy I'm some one else's sister, and make yourself very agreeable, and tell me what Mr. Hunter is like."

"First of all, he's an Irishman."

"An Irishman!" exclaimed Fanny, in a tone of dismay; "and you say he is shy. Why, I thought Irishmen were famed for their amount of dash and impudence!"

"You know you say I am rather eccentric in my selection of friends; so I took a fancy to Charlie Hunter because he was a curiosity in the way of Irishmen."

"Does he speak with a brogue?"

"Awful!" replied Tom, mendaciously and solemnly; "and the only topics of conversation that he takes the slightest interest in are 'the Fenians' and 'Home-rule.'"

"Tom, I declare it is too bad!" poutingly replied Fanny; "of course it will fall to my lot to amuse him when you are away with your patients."

"Oh, I dare say you'll get on very well together. Joking apart, Fan, he's a very nice fellow; I have been only joking. It is five years since I've seen him; then, I know, he was rather shy with young ladies; so don't tease him, there's a good girl."

"I make no rash promises," answered Fanny, warily; and the brother and sister strolled off, arm in arm, to the house.

Tom and Fanny Chesney were the only son and daughter of the late Squire Chesney, of Belfield Manor. Although the owner of the place, Tom followed up his profession of a surgeon and physician, and had lately succeeded to an extensive and lucrative practice in the neighborhood. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man of three-and-thirty, with a handsome face lighted up with a pair of keen, merry, brown eyes.

Why Tom Chesney was not married was a source of wonder to everybody—his sister Fanny included—the latter was fourteen years younger than him, and did pretty much as she pleased with her big, good-humored brother.

"Where have you both been? I have just sent some one to look for you," said Mrs. Chesney, as Fanny and Tom sauntered up the steps.

"We've been ruralizing in the shrubbery, mother. Fan is quite in low spirits because Charlie Hunter hasn't come," replied Tom, mischievously.

"I smell hot cake for tea. What a pity Mr. Hunter has missed it!" ejaculated Fanny, going into the dining-room, out of which she hastily ran, exclaiming, in a loud whisper: "My gracious, Tom, he's here!"

"And who is he?" said Tom, catching her by the waist and half carrying her back to the room. "Ah, Charlie, old fellow! talk of an angel, *et cetera*! Here's Fanny has been dying to see you!" And as he spoke he introduced them to each other.

"How do you do, Mr. Hunter? Welcome to Belfield!" and she held out her hand to the visitor, a demure look struggling with the blushes on her pretty face.

"Thank you, Miss Chesney," was the reply, in anything but an 'awful brogue'; whilst a pair of handsome dark eyes looked down upon her. "I got out at Hoxton Station," he continued, "and walked over here."

"I heartily second Fanny's welcome," interposed Tom; and so saying, they sat down to tea.

Fanny Chesney was no beauty—she was only a pretty, merry, lovable girl, who would ultimately develop into a comely, lady-like, good-hearted matron. She had dark-blue eyes, with long, dark lashes, a slightly *retroussé* nose, a small, red-lipped mouth, and an abundance of short, curly brown hair. She also possessed that crowning point of girlish prettiness, an 'exquisitely clear, healthy, fresh complexion. Considering his former reputation for shyness, Charlie Hunter acquitted himself with remarkable self-possession; indeed, strange to say, the shyness seemed to be all on Fanny's side.

"Mr. Arthur West is in the study, sir, and wishes

to speak to you," said a servant, entering the room and addressing Tom.

"All right," replied the doctor, rising; adding, as he did so: "I wonder what brings Arthur here so late—no one ill, I hope."

"West—West?" said Charlie Hunter, as if to himself. "Yes—that is the name. Miss Chesney, do you know anything of a Miss MacCarthy, a governess in a family of the name of West, residing, I think, in this neighborhood?"

"I know the Wests have a governess, but I do not know her name. I fancy Mrs. West is not particularly kind to her."

"Do you know the lady?" inquired Mrs. Chesney. "Yes; she is one of my oldest friends. I must call and see her."

"Mother!" exclaimed Doctor Tom, bursting impetuously into the room; "I have to be off to Westfield! There is a young lady there, the governess, dangerously ill!—burst a blood-vessel, they fancy!"

"Mr. Hunter has just been saying that Mrs. West's governess is an old friend of his," said Mrs. Chesney.

"In any case, Charlie, I should do my best; but now I'll take a double interest in her. Fanny, try and amuse Charlie. I'm off, now!" And his horse having been announced, away went the doctor.

So the sweet little violet-eyed girl whom he met in the ravine on the Westfield Road was very ill—perhaps dying! That sweet young face, with the trustful, innocent eyes, had sadly interfered with Doctor Chesney's devotions for several Sundays previous. As the West cavalade swept majestically into church, Tom used to find himself watching for a glimpse of a little French-gray crepe bonnet and a black lace veil; and big, honest Tom's heart—upon which Miss West's handsome black eyes made no impression—beat tumultuously at the sound of a soft young voice answering the responses in the next pew to him. Tom used to behave very badly on those Sundays; he was accustomed to lean—in the posture men substitute for kneeling—with his arms folded on the top of the high oaken pew, and, with his head resting on them, say his prayers to a little saint with a sweet, pure face, surrounded by an aureole of golden-brown hair. Doubtless Mrs. West would have highly resented Tom's pertinacity had she guessed the real attraction; but she, good woman, fortunately for him, believed the doctor to be lost in admiration of her eldest daughter; for it was one of the dearest wishes of Mrs. West's heart to see her first-born the mistress of Belfield Manor.

A quick ride of about half an hour brought the doctor to Westfield, where he was ushered into the drawing-room, and found a number of guests assembled at five o'clock tea, and where several pairs of bright eyes glanced approvingly at handsome Tom Chesney.

Very merry they all seemed to be, apparently unconscious that the shadow of death was hovering over the house, and that within a few days of them a young life was fast ebbing away, so fast, too, that every moment the doctor delayed was of importance.

As Tom entered the room, a tall, beautiful girl advanced, and said, in a deprecatory tone:

"Oh, Doctor Chesney! I fear Arthur has unnecessarily hurried you. We think the governess is not very well, and mamma had intended sending for you in the morning, but Arthur is so excitable that he rode off at once."

"If the lady is as ill as I have been told she is, I fear my skill would be of little use in the morning. There is no necessity for me to detain you, Miss West," said Tom, in a cold voice; and, bowing to the assembled company, he left the room.

Through the spacious hall, and up the wide, luxuriously-carpeted staircase, the doctor followed the servant. They passed through a long corridor, at the end of which a baize-covered door opened upon an uncarpeted flight of stairs. Up this staircase Tom followed his guide, who, at length, ushered

him into a cheerless, meagerly-furnished bedroom. As he entered, he could scarcely repress a start of surprise at the scene which met his eye.

On an uncurtained, huge, four-post bedstead in one corner of the room lay the patient. A profusion of russet, golden-brown hair streamed over the pillow, and her large eyes were dilated with terror. She was holding to her mouth a handkerchief almost steeped in blood, whilst now and then a low moan escaped from her lips.

As the doctor approached, she essayed to speak, but he checked her, saying:

"Do not speak. Your very life may depend upon your remaining perfectly passive;" but a low wail of pain broke from the sufferer, followed by a fresh stream of blood, whilst the girl, pale and exhausted, lay back upon the pillow.

"God help her, poor young lady, she is going very fast!" said the nurse-maid, who had accompanied the doctor, in an awed undertone.

He made no reply; perhaps he thought so, too.

"Tell Mrs. West to come here," said he, presently.

The nurse hesitated.

"Well, sir, you know there's company below."

"That's no matter," interposed the doctor, curtly. "Say Doctor Chesney wishes to see her at once."

The maid departed upon her mission, and shortly afterward Mrs. West, magnificently dressed and arrogant-looking, exclaimed, as she sailed majestically into the room:

"I am so annoyed with Arthur for troubling you so late in the evening, Doctor Chesney. I had intended to have asked you to have looked in if you were passing this way to-morrow morning."

The physician bowed gravely.

"I am glad Arthur had the good sense to come for me. How long has this young lady been ill?"

"How should I know?" answered Mrs. West, in a surprised manner. "I believe she has been complaining of a cold lately. This afternoon I desired Miss Macarthy to be in readiness to come to the drawing-room and sing for us this evening, when this very unpleasant event took place."

The last sentence was uttered in an injured tone, as if the governess had become ill for the express purpose of giving trouble.

"Her life is in extreme danger," said Tom, aside. "She will require the greatest care and attention."

"How very unfortunate just at present, when we have the house full of company!" exclaimed the heartless woman, quite loud enough for little Rosie to hear her; "and her relatives live in Ireland, so we could not conveniently send her to them. Will it be an expensive illness?"

"It will be no expense to Miss Macarthy, as far as medical aid is concerned," replied Tom, hastily. "I am intimately acquainted with friends of hers, and have promised to take care of her."

"Indeed! if they live anywhere near, do you think they would take charge of your patient?" eagerly inquired the lady, in a bland voice.

"As soon as this young lady can with safety be removed, she shall come to my mother's," said the now thoroughly incensed and disgusted doctor. Then, bending over the sick girl, he whispered, kindly, "Miss Macarthy, you must not trouble yourself about anything. Your old friend, Charlie Hunter, is staying on a visit with me, and has asked me to take care of you, so you don't seem like a stranger to me."

The pain-clouded eyes gave him a grateful look, and then filled with tears at the unwonted kindness.

And through the long, anxious night the doctor sat there, striving to stem the stream of life which ever and anon seemed fast ebbing away. Several times the violet eyes looked despairingly at him, and with kind, sympathizing words he strove to soothe the sufferer.

As the sun rose, the hope which had nearly fled

again rose in the doctor's heart as the unfavorable symptoms abated, and, leaving his patient in the care of the nurse, he took his departure.

"My son," said his mother, as he sat down to breakfast, "you look tired. How is your patient?"

"Very ill, but somewhat easier, or I should not have left her;" and with infinite disgust Tom recounted his conversation with Mrs. West, ending with, "Confound the woman! She's a libel on her sex! Confound her!"

"Hallo, Tom! who are you abusing so very energetically?" asked Charlie Hunter, who now made his appearance.

"Good-morning, Charlie. I am abusing that woman whose governess your friend, Miss Macarthy, is. She is very ill."

"So we concluded, from your remaining there all night," said Charlie. "Poor little Rosie! I believe she never was very strong. Is she in danger?"

"I fear so," replied Tom, gravely; "she will never properly recover where she is. As soon as she can be removed, mother, I should like to bring her over here."

Mrs. Chesney heartily seconded her son's proposal, and warm-hearted Fanny, who had come into the room during the conversation, exclaimed:

"I never liked those Wests. I always said they were heartless, pretentious people. I wonder Constance West didn't offer to share the nursing with you, Tom. I'm told she admires you greatly."

"The admiration is mutual; isn't that fortunate? She is a very lovely girl," Tom admitted, as he busily carved the cold ham; but I have the misfortune to be prejudiced in favor of girls with hearts full of common womanly feelings; therefore, my admiration of Miss West is limited to her personal appearance."

Rosie lay for many days in a state hovering between life and death.

More than once had brave, clever Tom Chesney's heart almost failed, and at length he was obliged to call to his aid the advice of a more experienced, but scarcely more skillful, neighboring practitioner. Once, Tom had sat through the long watches of an early Summer's morning, holding the small white hand in his, his fingers on the tiny, blue-veined wrist, in an agony of suspense, counting the hardly perceptible pulse-beats. He sat there looking on the sweet, pale face, which had become almost a necessity of his existence. He longed to tell her of his love—to take her to his fond, sheltering arms, and to bid her be at rest; no more hard work and insult, no more trouble whilst he could shield her from it! How fervently he prayed that she might be spared, even though she might never be nearer to him; she could not, he felt, be dearer! But Rosie did not die.

The unremitting attention which she received was rewarded, and, after the lapse of several weary, painful weeks, all danger from the unfavorable symptoms was at an end.

"Well, Miss Macarthy," said Tom, cheerfully, to her one day, when she was at length able to sit up in an easy-chair, "how do you feel this afternoon?"

"Oh, so very much better!" replied his patient. "I sat in the schoolroom for a little while, and I do not feel very tired; I'm nearly well, I think."

"Thank God!" he fervently ejaculated, in an undertone, so that the nurse could not hear it. "You will soon be able to come to Belfast," he added, aloud. "My mother and sister and Charlie Hunter are coming over to see you to-morrow."

There was no reply, although the doctor evidently waited for one.

A shadow flitted over her face, followed by

"—— A smile that glowed,
Celestial, rosy red, love's proper hue."

But still there was no answer; the little white hands played nervously with the plaits of her dress, and, after a minute, she said:

"You are very kind, but I do not think I shall allow you to burden yourself with me."

"Will you tell my coachman to drive to the village, and take up Miss Chesney and Mr. Hunter, and then to come round here for me?" said the doctor, addressing the servant, who immediately obeyed.

"You require change of air. May I ask why you refuse to come to Belfield?"

Tom tried to speak carelessly, but there was a palpable tremulousness in his speech.

The violet eyes gazed wistfully as Rosie replied: "I have my own reasons. Do not ask me to come."

"I wish you would tell me why."

"I do not think I should be better there."

"I cannot imagine why. Do you dislike me too much to come under my roof?"

"I am most unfeignedly grateful to you for all your kindness to me," said Rosie, her eyes filling with tears, whilst her pretty hands nervously clasped and unclasped in her lap.

Tom bent over the old leather-covered armchair which held that fragile-looking girl, who now had it in her power to make or to mar his happiness, and gently putting aside the waves of bright hair which shaded her drooping face, he whispered:

"Rosie, I love you as, before I knew you, I did not deem it possible I could love any woman. Will you be my wife?"

Still there was no answer, but the golden head was bowed still lower.

"Will you be my wife, Rosie?" repeated Tom.

A hand was timidly laid upon his arm, and a low voice said:

"I will come to Belfield now."

"Why did you say you would not come before?" asked Tom, still holding the little hand in his loving large one.

Rosie raised her head. A pair of scarlet cheeks and love-bright eyes met his gaze, and she answered:

"Because I loved you."

Tom took the little figure into his loving embrace, and as the wheels of the carriage grated upon the gravel outside, he whispered, as if unwilling to part with his treasure:

"Will you come home with me to my mother now, Rosie?"

"Oh, what would she and Mrs. West and everybody say if I were to do such a thing?" exclaimed Rosie, who looked like a veritable "Red, red rose."

"My mother knows what my hopes were, darling, and, as for any one else, never mind them. Say you will come, Rosie. Let me hear you say 'Yes,' love," he asked, pleadingly.

"Yes, love," whispered the happy Rosie.

Miss Chesney and Mr. Hunter drove home with Mrs. Chesney, sir," said the servant, entering the room.

"Well, never mind; can I see Mrs. West?" he asked.

"No, sir; my mistress is out visiting, and will not be home until dinner-time."

"When she comes in, tell her that I considered Miss Macarthy needed immediate change of air, and that I have taken her to Belfield," said Tom, with a gravely professional air.

"So soon, miss! Well, you'll be better out of this," said the kind-hearted nurse, into whose palm, as they left the house, Tom slipped a liberal *douceur*.

Mrs. Chesney was alone in the drawing-room when Tom took Rosie to present her to her. She gave an inquiring glance toward her son, who answered it by saying:

"Yes, mother, here is a new daughter for you."

"God bless you, my child!" said the old lady, kissing her affectionately. "Be a good, loving wife to him—he is worthy of the love of a good woman."

There was more than one pair of lovers amongst the group assembled round the cheery fire in Belfield Manor on that happy, eventful evening. That shy, shy Charlie Hunter had succeeded in persuading the merry Fanny that he was indeed, as Tom had laughingly said, "a curiosity in the way of Irishmen."

Charlie and Tom were having their customary nightly cigar together, after the household had retired to bed, when Tom said:

"Of course you know all about Rosie and me? Women can never keep these matters quiet."

"Or men either, sometimes. I've the use of my eyes," replied Charlie, with a sly look. "I wish you joy, old fellow. She's a dear, good little girl. Have you any objection to a brother-in-law?"

"I did not think Rosie had a brother," said Tom, wonderingly.

"I never said she had; I only asked you if you had any objection to a brother-in-law."

A new meaning of the question dawned upon Tom's mind, and he jumped up, exclaiming:

"Why, Charlie, you don't mean—"

"But I do mean it," interrupted Charlie. "Fanny and I have consented to take each other, for better, for worse. Have you any objection?"

"Objection! not I! So Fan has cured your sky-ness, Charlie? Why, I'm the happiest man in England to-night."

"I don't know about that," said Charlie, meditatively. "I think I am."

So they were both satisfied. Reader, are you?

Chalmers's Punctuality.

THE punctuality which reigned over the domestic regulations of Doctor Chalmers was sometimes not a little inconvenient to his guests. His aunt, while living in the house, appearing one morning too late for breakfast, and well knowing what awaited her if she did not "take the first word of sytting," then diverted the expected storm. "Oh, Mr. Chalmers!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room. "I had such a strange dream last night; I dreamt that you were dead."

"Indeed, aunt," said the doctor, quite arrested by an announcement which bore so directly on his own future history.

"And I dreamt," she continued, "that the funeral-day was named, and the funeral hour was fixed, and the funeral cards were written; and the day came, and the folk came, and the hour came; but what do you think happened? Why, the clock had scarce done chapping twelve, which was the hour named in the cards, when a loud knocking was heard within the coffin, and a voice, gay peremptory and ill-pleased like, came out of it, saying, 'Twelve's chappit, and ye're no lifin'!'"

The doctor was too fond of a joke not to relish this one; and, in the hearty laugh which followed, the ingenious culprit escaped.

Accidental cuts from knives, cutting tools, scythes, etc., are more likely to occur on the face and limbs than on the body. All that is requisite in general is to bring the parts together as accurately as possible, and to bind them up—this is usually done by adhesive plaster, when the cut ceases to bleed. Nothing is so good for this purpose as paper previously washed over on one side with thick gum-water, and then dried; when used it is only to be slightly wetted with the tongue. When the cut bleeds but little it is well to soak the part in warm water for a few minutes, or keep a wet cloth on it. This removes inflammation and pain, and also a tendency to fainting, which a cut gives some persons. If the bleeding be too copious, dab the part with a rag wetted with creosote.



A BAD MEMORY.—"ALTHEA WEPT IN SECRET; ALF WAS DISTRACTED."

A Bad Memory.

THE black cat, Hecate, sitting in the open window of her mistress's boudoir at The Tulips, arched her supple back and spilt. Julie Courtney looked up.

"What is it, Hecate?"

It was Alf Glyndon coming up the orchis path, followed by his grayhound, Nym.

Mrs. Courtney sprang to the mirror, put a nasturtium in her black hair, and dusted her cheeks with rouge from her *poudre* jar.

Alf came in, removing his straw hat.

"Where is Althea, Mrs. Courtney?"

"I think the dear child has gone for a walk. Come in and sit down, Mr. Glyndon."

But Alf looked wistfully through the long French window.

"Do you know which way Althea went?"

"No, I do not."

He must, perforce, wait. He sat down, and Nym curled himself up on the door-mat, indifferent to Hecate's growling.

"All well at The Elders?"

"All well," responded Alf, absently.

Mrs. Courtney began embroidering Parma violets.

"Of course our beauty has not gone alone," looking up with an arch smile as she matched her purples.

"Then she has gone? and with whom?" asked Alf, quickly.

"I saw her in the garden half an hour ago with Doctor Dunleith. She came in for her sun-hat. I have not seen her since."

Alf's face changed wrathfully.

"I told her I was coming over this morning!" he burst out, then recollected himself. "This is annoying, for I made an engagement to see her."

"Ah!" with sympathy. "How thoughtless of Althea! Such a long, hot walk as you have had from The Elders! Sit nearer the window, and let me give you a glass of lemonade."

Undecided what course to pursue, he submitted to be coddled, and, gradually cooling, warmed again under Mrs. Courtney's bewitching smiles and solicitous attentions. What pretty little white hands she had! How rich the jetty braids and tinting of the olive cheek!

He had never noticed how handsome the widow was before. Her age? He could not tell within ten years. He guessed her to be twenty-five. She was thirty-seven.

She made him quite contented in half an hour. Then:

"I am afraid Althea is a little bit of a flirt, Mr. Glyndon."

"Why?"

"Well, why does she go to walk with Doctor Dunleith but to lead him on?"

"Does Doctor Dunleith admire Althea?"

"That is evident to any one who has seen them together."

"But I never have seen them together," said poor Alf, uneasily. "I have always thought Althea appreciated me," a little proudly and sulkily.

"Did you ever know a blonde who was not a coquette, Mr. Glyndon? Well, you must learn to put up with it."

"But I never shall!"

Mrs. Courtney arched her pencilled eyebrows in surprise.

"I never shall put up with a coquettish wife," repeated Alf. "I detest a married flirt."

"Ah, well," placidly, "perhaps she will not do so after she is married. You must have patience, my dear friend. It is too late now to complain."

"No, it is not!" exclaimed Alf, all wise at two-and-twenty. "You know who I am, Mrs. Courtney—you know my position and my entire devotion to Althea. If she does not wish to make me a devoted and single-hearted wife, I don't want her to marry me at all."

"Oh, dear, but she will! I have no doubt but she will," responded Mrs. Courtney, soothingly. "Don't be hasty."

"I am not hasty!" replied Alf, his eyes flashing, and the perspiration breaking out on his brow. "I speak in entire calmness, and I mean precisely what I say!" in a trembling voice.

"My dear Alfred!"

He felt more than saw her tender glance, for his eyes were full of tears at the bare mention of giving Althea up.

"What a heart you have! Ah, had I ever been loved so!"

"You should have been loved, Mrs. Courtney," responded Alf, after a moment, manlike, vexed with his weakness. "You are a very beautiful woman."

She smiled faintly—sighed.

"Ah, love is not for all—only for the few," she murmured.

The sad brunette face was very lovely. Alf's boyish eyes softened and lighted. She extended her white hand softly. He took it.

"I am very sorry you should be lonely; I did not think," he began, feeling nearer than he had ever done before to the pretty widow of his ladylove's guardian. She had been the second wife of Major Courtney, Alf remembered, and the major was a veteran of sixty when he had married her.

"But you know, now. Ah, never mind! here is Althea!"

A young lady and a gentleman entered the room. The young lady had gold hair, blue ribbons, and a sun-hat trimmed with daisies. The gentleman was an elderly, sandy-whiskered Scotchman. Alf's eyes instantly grew cold and hard; he saluted Doctor Dunleith stiffly, looked at Althea, and turned and walked into the library with her.

"May I ask where you have been?" he said.

"Only on the lower terrace. Have you been here long, Alf? I asked Mrs. Courtney to call me if you came."

He looked sharply into her eyes; they were gulleless as a babe's.

"Did you?" he said, coldly. "She did not seem to remember any such request, or to know your whereabouts. Perhaps you preferred not being disturbed?"

"Oh, I wasn't doing anything—not a thing!" replied Althea, lazily, sitting down in an armchair. What hot weather it is!"

"Does it take two to do nothing? You didn't need a companion to help you, did you?" said Alf, after a moment.

"Do you mean that I am flirting with Doctor Dunleith?" asked Althea, suddenly taking fire under Alf's cold, suspicious glances. "What abominable nonsense!" And then and there they quarreled.

Quarreled and parted in unrelenting anger.

When Mrs. Julie Courtney was left alone, she dropped her embroidery and glanced toward the library-door.

"Conceited cub! how vain he is of his father's wealth! I married Major Courtney for just such an estate, and I will marry him! I will be the richest woman in Midlands! But, how tiresome he is glowering around about Althea! I detest such sentimental nonsense! But I can break up the match, and I will; for another such catch will not offer soon, and I am in my thirty-eighth year. Heigh-ho! there goes Alf down the garden, with a face like a thunder-cloud, and Althea is crying! They have quarreled. Good! excellent! better than I dared hope for! I wonder if the sandy-whiskered old Scotchman does care anything for Althea? She doesn't care a pin for him!"

Did Mrs. Julie Courtney's plan to ruin the happiness of our lovers succeed? No, though her will was good enough. I'll tell you why.

While she sat musing, Doctor Dunleith suddenly appeared and dropped on his knee before her.

"I love you!"

Mrs. Courtney shook her head.

"I have a magnificent estate in Scotland!"

Mrs. Courtney listened.

"I am worth a hundred thousand pounds!"

Mrs. Courtney gave him her hand.

But no one knew. Althea wept in secret; Alf was distracted.

Mrs. Courtney met him one day at the foot of the avenue. She looked in surprise at his pale cheeks.

"You are not well, Mr. Glyndon?"

"I am heartbroken."

A light flashed upon her.

"Ah, I remember! My dear young friend, I made a blunder the other day. Althea had not gone to walk with Doctor Dunleith; she begged me to tell you that she was on the lower terrace, but I forgot. Ah, such a wretched memory as I have! And I really don't think Doctor Dunleith has ever been attached to Althea, because—because he has proposed to me!"

It seemed to poor Alf as if a whole volley of sky-rockets had suddenly ascended into the air.

"And you——"

"I have accepted him. He has——"

"Love for you?"

"Oh, yes, and a magnificent old place in Edinburgh!"

"Allow me to congratulate you!"

"And a carriage and lovely horses, and is worth a hundred thousand pounds——"

But Alf was half-way up the avenue, going to find Althea.

"Tiresome cub!" remarked Julie, fanning herself.

The Weary Heart.

"The long, long weary day
Has passed in tears away,"

sang a voice so clear and sweet, that it fell on the ears of Guy Walsingham like the mellow music of a tinkling bell or rippling waters. He started and looked around him. From whence came that delicious combination of sounds?

He had traveled in every country, he had heard the most celebrated *cantantes* of each nation, but never a voice like that! Was it real, or was it fancy? Did it proceed from a human being, or a wood-nymph?

As that thought floated through his mind, he noticed a small opening in the wood before him, which before had escaped his notice, and he quickly stepped within. Before his eyes sat a maiden on the step of a low, rustic cottage, braiding, or, rather, weaving a basket, accompanying her work with a song.

She was of slight form; her queenly head was encircled with raven braids; the contour of her face was a perfect oval, and her complexion was as fair and transparent as if formed from wax; her long, droop-

ing eyelashes laid upon her cheeks glistening with tears, and her bosom rose and fell as if in great emotion.

The noise startled her, and she quickly raised her eyes; they fell on the stranger: she sprang to her feet, and stood in the open doorway like a timid fawn, as if uncertain whether to fly or to remain.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle!" exclaimed Guy, touching his hat respectfully. "I was allured here by your sweet music. Will you kindly favor me with another song?"

For a moment she hesitated, and then stepping within the open doorway, she drew a large harp before her, and seating herself before it, commenced to run her fingers over the strings. At first her voice quivered, and the color came and went in her transparent cheeks; but in a few moments she forgot the stranger, forgot self, forgot all—all save the delicious music which was intoxicating her very soul.

Guy stood like one spellbound, transfixed, as her voice rose and fell, ever clear, ever pure, without one false note, and when she ceased, he, too, for a moment remained silent.

"Your voice is very highly cultivated!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "It surpasses anything which I ever heard. Who is your teacher?"

"My father."

"Your father!" he ejaculated. "He must be a perfect musician. Is he not known out in the world?"

"He used to be before—" but she hesitated; the blood seemed to recede from her cheek at the memory of something in the past which his simple inquiry suggested—"before he lived here," she concluded.

At that instant there was a rustling of the leaves, and a man of the most venerable appearance emerged from their midst. His form was tall and noble, long silver hair fell in rippling curves to his shoulders, and his beard, white as the driven snow, extended to his waist.

The songstress sprang up, threw her arms around his neck, kissing and re-kissing him as she cried:

"I was so lonely without you!"

"My poor birdling," he said, compassionately, drawing her close to his breast as if fearful of losing her. "And you, sir," he demanded, sternly, "to what am I indebted for your visit? This is my lamb. I have kept her hidden in the fold—must the lion break in?"

The hot blood rushed in a torrent to Guy's face; but he quietly restrained his temper in the presence of one so aged and so majestic.

"To your daughter's voice, sir," he replied, calmly. "I was riding without, I heard a song which was peerless, and I was tempted to intrude. I will leave, sir, and you shall not be troubled more;" and he bowed as if to depart.

"Remain a few moments," observed the musician; "and you please go within, my Leonore; I wish to speak with this gentleman."

She obeyed, casting a glance behind her at Guy.

"Young man," he began, "I am most favorably impressed with your appearance." Guy bowed respectfully in acknowledgment. "And I believe I know from whence you came."

"From Walsingham Hall," observed Guy. "Guy Walsingham, at your service."

"As I suspected," he continued, "and I read in your face that I may trust you with my secret. Years ago I was known in the world as the most popular musician, and I then married a prima donna, an Italian. She was much younger than I, and I worshipped her. Our life sped along happily, until one night, without warning, I found she had fled with an English nobleman, leaving our infant daughter behind her. I was overwhelmed with grief. I did not try to trace her. I abandoned the stage, took my little Leonore, came here, built this retreat, and have remained here ever since. I have brought up my own child, educated her, cultivated the voice

which she inherited from her mother, and have kept her secluded from the contamination of the outside world. You have discovered my retreat, found my jewel—can I trust to your honor never to reveal your knowledge to your friends, or must I leave this Eden, which is endeared to my darling by every recollection of her childhood?"

Guy was almost moved to tears by the earnestness of the aged parent.

"I give you the word and honor of a gentleman," he responded quickly, "that never will I betray, nor yet will I intrude. Your daughter shall be sacred to me."

He meant it then; he intended to be sincere, as he offered his hand to the sorrowing musician, who grasped it and shook it warmly.

"I believe you; I trust in you."

"And your trust shall not be in vain."

"God bless you! Leonore, come hither. Bring my violin, and accompany me upon the harp."

She did as she was bid.

"What shall I sing?" she asked.

"Some of the German songs which I have recently taught you."

Again she ran her fingers over the strings, and again her voice, in all its birdlike beauty, fell like a balm upon Guy's heart.

When she ended, he stood for an instant in silence, then, lifting his hat and bowing to both, he disappeared as suddenly as he had come. He went to his horse, that stood pawing the ground, mounted, and rode away over the lonely moor. And with him, in imagination, went the fair songstress; her songs still lingered in his ear, and echoed in his heart.

In vain, after his return, his betrothed, Constance Wilberforce, his father's ward, rallied him on his absentmindedness; he turned from her as from the destroyer of his peace. He was bound to her, not only by honor, but by fear of his father's curse if he proved recreant to his vows, and at that moment he hated her for it.

Each day after, he rode in the same direction, until the jealous Constance longed to explore the gloomy, uninhabited, dreary moor.

Meanwhile, at first the venerable musician lived in fear of his return, but as days went past and he saw him not, and Leonore never mentioned his name, he ceased to be uneasy.

Guy Walsingham was honorable, he said, and he need harbor no doubts.

But one day, after he had gone to the neighboring city, Leonore, becoming weary and lonely, was tempted to stray outside of the dense shelter that concealed their cot from view.

Scarcely had she left the foliage when Guy appeared before her. As before, he treated her with the utmost courtesy, and talked to her in tones that, alas! had brought sorrow to already too many trusting hearts. Had he been enchanted with her music, she was equally intoxicated with his conversation.

That was but the first of their meetings; he came every day afterward when her father was away. She tremblingly asked to be allowed to tell her parent of his visits, but he coaxed her to keep them secret.

"It would only disturb him," he urged, "and thereby endanger his life."

He would never forget her, never love another, and, by-and-by, win her father's consent; and she, never having heard of false lovers, and false vows, obeyed him implicitly. He was her idol to worship, and the worshiping thereof filled her soul with a new life, a new aspiration; she revelled in all the intoxication of a first-love dream.

Six months passed away, and one day after the hermit returned home he said to his daughter:

"You remember that young man that came here once?"

The hot blood crimsoned her face as she bowed assent.

"He is to be married to-night," he continued, nothing not the sudden pallor that overspread her, nor the convulsive claspings of the wee white hands. Her head seemed to swim, everything grew dark around her, but with a powerful effort she kept herself from fainting away.

"Married—married!" she kept repeating to herself. "Her Guy married! Ah, no, it must be some fearful mistake." She could not believe him false, she could not condemn him, and yet her heart kept crying out, in its bitterness, "Guy—Guy!" as too many young hearts had done before hers.

Shortly after their frugal tea she pleaded a headache, and, kissing her father good-night, retired to her own room. She sat down by the low window to think; this cruel suspense would kill her; she must know the truth. And before her startled vision arose Guy, as he appeared yesterday when she saw him, abstracted, sorrowful and gloomy. His strange, sad, "Farewell, my darling!" took a new meaning in her ears; then perhaps he realized that it might be for ever.

She listened until she heard her father retire, then merely putting on a hat which her father had brought her home, she crept out of the door, out of the hedge, and into the gloomy moor.

She found the beaten track, and alone, the first time in her life she had ever left the cottage side, she sped as if on the wings of the wind in the direction which she had so frequently watched Guy take. On, on she plunged, thinking not of fear or of weariness. Her soul was on fire; she was crazy for the truth, and she felt nor saw anything else.

At last there burst upon her bewildered vision a sight which she had never seen before, and she stopped, breathless and palpitating, to gaze upon it. It was the venerable Walsingham Hall, lit up now in every nook, preparatory to the coming festivities.

Then it came to her with renewed force that there her destiny was to be sealed, and she ran forward until she reached the gate, which the porter had just opened to admit a carriage.

"Let me in!" she cried; and the porter stood aghast as she, with long white dress, and her hair straggling down her shoulders, fled past him with all the swiftness of a deer.

He crossed his breast fervently, exclaiming:

"Bad luck to the bride and groom to-night, for ghosts are flying round!"

She stole round to the back of the house, up a piazza, and hid behind a long hanging bunch of drooping vines, with her face pressed so close to the window that she could see all within.

There was but one object, amid all that glittering splendor, that attracted her attention. It was the bride and groom—Guy Walsingham!

She saw it was him, and her eyes were riveted until the ceremony was over. She saw him kiss the bride, and at that moment her soul burst forth in a song, "The last link is broken that binds me to thee," sung in such pathetic tones, that all remained spellbound and motionless.

The bride had caught sight of the white face and black eyes through the window-pane, and she turned to look at Guy. One look sufficed; he was as white as her bridal-robe. She remembered his lonely rides, and was convinced.

"Some escaped lunatic, Constance," he whispered, with an effort to appear calm, "allured here by the brilliant lights."

But she heeded him not; another reason had found conviction in her breast.

Meanwhile, as soon as Leonore had finished the song, she sprang down the piazza-steps, ran toward the gate, and repassed the porter as swiftly as she had entered. Behind her, in eager pursuit, was a man, and the old porter shivered as he ejaculated:

"For God's sake, sir, go back! It's a ghost!"

But he heeded him not. He ran on and on after the flying creature.

She looked behind her—saw him. Her heart

seemed to stand still with a new sensation of horror, but yet she redoubled her speed. On, on, over the dense moor flew the pursued and pursuer.

At last her foot caught, and she fell headlong. Before she could arise, he was beside her.

"Do not be terrified!" he cried, in breathless haste. "I mean no harm. But your voice, lady—it has charmed me. It would make a fortune for you."

"I cannot go on the stage," she returned, despairingly. "I care for no fortune."

"But you may hereafter," he responded. "There are truer people than he up there," pointing back to the hall; "and if ever the day comes when you will need a friend, come to me."

So saying, he thrust a card in her hand.

"Go back," she cried, "and leave me alone! I want no assistance."

"Shall I go home with you? This is a lonely way," he said.

"No, no; I only want to die! Leave me!"

"Good-night, then," he said, sadly. "I feel that I shall see you again."

He lifted his hat and turned away.

But a short time more elapsed ere she was home. She entered the cot, threw herself on the floor, and remained there till morning. None but herself and her God knew the anguish that she underwent. It seemed, that her life had suddenly been robbed of all its sweetness.

The morning came at last, and she rose up, took off her bedewed dress, and put on another. Then she went out and prepared her father's morning meal. He must not be neglected. But no song rose to her lips, as usual; she went around sad and silent.

The breakfast was on the table, but he came not. She grew apprehensive, she scarcely knew what of, and, going to his door, tapped. He did not answer her, and she pushed it open. He lay on his bed, apparently asleep; she went to him.

"Father, father," she pleaded, "wake up!" She stooped over, kissed his lips; they were cold and damp. A sudden fear sent a thrill through her. She had heard of death, but never seen it. Was this death? Could it be? No! In sudden frenzy, she shook him, crying: "Wake up! wake up! Your Leonore will die!"

But the father that never failed to respond before heeded her not, and the bitter truth pierced like an arrow to her heart—*Dead!* She fell on the floor, and it was long before she recovered from that deathlike swoon. When she did, it was to arise up like one demented. Alone in the world, to whom was she to go? Bereft of father and lover in one night, what had she to live for?

Then she bethought herself of the man who pursued her, and she ran to see if she could find his card. Yes, crumpled and wet with her tears, but still legible. "Paul Helmsmuller, 522 Court Street," it said; and, after kissing again and again the dear, lifeless clay, she went out of the door to once again tread the wild moor-path.

On, on, this time she fled, without a covering on her head, and her black hair hanging in disorder down her back. On, on, though the hot sun shone down on her with scorching power. What cared she for the sun while her heart lay dead? On, until she came once more within sight of Walsingham Hall, from down whose graveled pathway a coach rolled, containing the bridal party. Guy looked out, saw her, believed she was insane, and sank back cowering into the corner of the coach, ejaculating to himself:

"My perfidy has ruined her! She is insane!"

White and frozen, the picture of that bareheaded, sorrow-stricken child was impressed indelibly on his memory for ever, and for ever to rankle there as a poisoned two-edged sword! His bride saw her; she glanced at the man she called husband in disgust. "How foul," she thought, "must a soul be that could thus ruin one so young, so fair!"

But Leonore paid no attention to them; her whole energies were bent now on the one object, to search for a friend to come to her father. On, until she came to a woman on the street.

"Tell me where Court Street is, for the love of God!" she cried. But the woman, affrighted, believed she was insane, and fled from her. On, until she reached a group of boys, who sat up a-shouting: "Here is Nancy! Where's your mammy? Is your daddy drunk?"

"Boys! boys!" she wailed, "tell me where Court Street is? My father is dead—dead, do you hear?" But still they shouted after her, threw mud and rocks, and formed a circle round her; while she, faint and weary, grew so bewildered that she scarcely knew where she was, and kept crying: "Tell me! oh, tell me where 522 Court Street is?"

And each moment the mob of boys grew more dense and her head became weaker. At last one came, with a spark more of humanity in his breast. "Here!" he said; "it is that brown house up there!"

She flew from the midst of them—flew as if on the wings of the wind toward it, the shouting crowd growing larger behind her. At last she reached it, looked up, and fell senseless on the stone steps.

At that moment Paul opened the door to see what the noise meant; his eye fell on the inanimate form, and he hurried down and poked her up.

"Poor child! Guy Walsingham, curses will rest on your head!" he muttered. He carried her in, closed the door, laid her on a couch, and then called his housekeeper.

"Bring restoratives, quick!" he said; "for she is dying!"

It seemed as if her eyes would never unclose. When they did, she sprang up, pressed her hands to her temples, and looked around her.

"Where am I?" she asked. "Is it a dream?"

"You are with a friend, poor child," murmured Paul, tenderly; "lie down!"

"Lie down? Oh, no! You do not know! You said you would be a friend to me—will you? My father is home, dead—dead! No one to care for him; no one to bury him! Will you—oh, say, will you come with me?" she pleaded.

"Yes," he answered, quickly. "Where is your home?"

"Away over the moor—you saw last night."

"How did you come here?" he asked, in surprise.

"I ran, ran until those cruel boys followed me."

"My God!" he exclaimed. "It is eight miles! You will die of fatigue. Lie down and rest."

"No, no, I am not weary. Will you go to my father?" she cried, pulling his sleeve.

"Yes, I will go. Lie down until I get ready."

He went out of the room, ordered his housekeeper to give her wine and make her eat, and then went to look for an undertaker to go with him. In a very few moments he returned.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Leonore."

"Leonore what?"

"Leonore Rhedern. My father was Carl Rhedern."

"Carl Rhedern!" he cried, in surprise. "Carl Rhedern, the celebrated musician?"

"Yes. Are you going?" she asked.

"I am. Come." He led her to the door, lifted her into the carriage awaiting them, and got in beside her. He drew her head to his bosom, whispering, "Rest, poor lonely child."

Slowly they drove along the edge of the moor, and the undertaker followed behind with the long black coffin. When they stopped where she had designated, Paul, seeing no house or sign of habitation, almost believed he had been imposed upon by a maniac, but she sprang from the carriage, opened the hedge, and went in. He followed her as she flew into the cot, and to where her dead parent lay.

"Oh, father, father!" she sobbed, "you have not waked up! Oh, speak, father; tell your Leonore that you forgive her for her love! Forgive, father, forgive." But the father heard not his child. "I am alone!" she wailed; "all alone—not a friend!"

"You have one true friend," said Paul, in soft tones, as he tried to take her away from the corpse. "I will ever be your friend."

But she sprang from him, and clung to her dead father.

"You must come away now, poor child," he said, sadly, "while your father is being cared for. You must come home with me, and they will bring him there. He must have a burial befitting so great a musician."

But she tried to tear herself away from him, until he lifted her, as though she had been a child, and placed her again in the carriage.

Once more they were back to the musician's house, and an impressive, costly and large funeral was given to the deceased favorite that had disappeared so mysteriously from public view. Everything of value was brought away from the cot in the wood to decorate Leonore's room, and everything that Paul could do to cheer her was done. Among her father's possessions she found a small portrait of a lovely woman, and underneath it inscribed, "My Leonore!" She recognized that as her mother.

As yet Paul had asked her nothing concerning her past life; he was awaiting for her to become able to speak of the past calmly. He longed to know what he had bound her to Guy, but felt too delicate to make inquiries.

At last she came to him one night just as twilight began to throw her curtain around the earth. He was in his library with his head bowed down. She drew a stool up beside him, and, sitting down, rested her two hands on the arm of his chair.

"My dear guardian," she asked, "would you like to hear the story of my past life, and why my—my father left the world?"

"I would, Leonore," he returned, kindly; "I have often wished to know."

Then she commenced with the first of the sad story, as her father had told it, and went over it until she came to her own. She told how Guy came first to their cot, and of all his visits after.

"He was the first man beside my father I ever saw," she continued, "and the first one I ever loved. He is gone—my life is empty."

"No, my poor child!"—he had grown into the habit of addressing her as "child," though she was seventeen and he only twenty-five—"there is a long future before you; in time you will forget him."

"Never! never!" she cried, passionately; "I will trust no one else. He was my God—for the time I am punished."

He turned his head away from her, as if struck a deadly blow. He, too, had learned to love this child from the first, and he could not bear to hear her speak so; he had believed the old wound was healing over. She saw his sadness; it touched her soul. She knew nothing of the conventionalisms of life, but obeyed her first impulse. She sprang up, threw her arms around his neck, kissing and rekindling his cheek, as she cried:

"Now have I hurt you, my dear guardian?"

"You have not hurt me," he said, evasively, as he released himself from her, and arose and walked to the window.

She sat down on the stool, and dropped her head on the chair-arm. He looked back, saw she was sobbing, and came to her.

"What is it?" he asked, laying his hand kindly on her head.

"I have offended you; it was wrong for me to kiss you!" she cried.

"No—no, my child," he said, softly; "may your heart always be as innocent as now. Forget the past, and be happy."

He stooped down, kissed her, and then took her two hands in his.

A year went past, but still he kept her secluded from the world. His name was famous everywhere. Paul Helmsmüller's music was everywhere popular, and also was the voice of Paul's ward, but he could not be induced to introduce her into society.

At last, one morning Leonore approached him.

"I have a favor to ask, guardie," she said.

"What is it?" he queried, lightly. "Half of my kingdom?"

"Not quite; but your influence. You told me long ago I could make a fortune with my voice. I do not wish a fortune, but I wish to earn my own living. You have been so good to me, so kind, but I must go away now."

His face had gradually become as pale as death while she spoke.

"In what have I been remiss, my Leonore?" he asked. "Why do you wish to leave me? My life was sad and aimless until you came; now do you wish to make it a void again?"

"Oh, do not think me ungrateful!" she cried.

"I shall, unless you drop that foolish fancy. Leonore, I could not bear to have you go on the stage. Why do you wish to leave? Tell me truly, child."

She had never veiled a thought from her friend. She did not think of doing so.

"They are coming home," she said, sadly. "I could not bear to be so near him."

Again the blood left his face, and a stern expression crept to his lips.

"You shall not—you shall not be contaminated by breathing the same air he breathes!" he exclaimed. "We shall all go away immediately."

Her words had awakened a deeper torrent of feeling than she had dreamed of. He loved her—God alone knew how well, how pure—and he had believed the old love was dying out of her heart; but to-day had revealed that he was mistaken; it was there as deep, as fresh, as ever. He felt as if he hated Guy Walsingham, and was eager to leave as Leonore herself.

They went—Paul, Leonore, and her companion, an aged aunt of Paul's—to other countries; they fitted from place to place, hither and thither, any place where enjoyment could be found.

This intercourse with the world was something new to Leonore, and she grew and expanded beneath its influence until her fame for beauty and elegance was a byword in every mouth. And every day Paul watched her with a jealous eye—watched lest the opening bud should lose its sweetness. But no, she was ever the same—there was no change.

Two years more glided by. They found themselves in Germany, in a very desirable locality. One night they sat together, those three, in a private parlor. Leonore commenced first to warble, and then burst forth into one of her old songs. It rose and fell and quivered in the air like the song of a nightingale.

A moment more, the door opened, and a man entered unceremoniously.

"Lady!" he cried, "I have heard you sing. My star is sick to-night. I am ruined if you do not fill her place. Will you come? I will give you three thousand francs for to-night—anything, to save my reputation!"

Leonore looked over to Paul.

"May I go, guardie?" she asked.

"Please yourself," he returned, sadly, for it seemed to him that something would come between their lives if she once went into the opera.

"I will come, then. What is my part?"

"The leading character in the opera of ——. This is our last night. To-morrow night the other opera of ——, the same composer."

Leonore clasped her hands in an ecstasy of delight.

"My father's operas!" she cried. "Oh, Paul, I know them so well, and to have them in public!"

Her eyes glistened with tears as she flung herself on the stool beside Paul and rested her head on his chair.

"My darling," he said, softly, smoothing her hair, "this is indeed joy for you."

"Your name?" the stranger asked.

Paul replied:

"Leonore Rhedern, Carl Rhedern's daughter. I am her guardian, Paul Helmsmüller."

The man rushed to them, and took a hand of both.

"Allow me to congratulate you on being the daughter of the immortal Rhedern, and you, sir, on your own merits!" he cried, turning from one to the other.

At last all was settled, and he left.

After Leonore had dressed herself, she came to where Paul was awaiting her.

"Come to me and kiss me once more as you used to do, Leonore; my child, my love," he pleaded, "for it seems that I am losing you."

She obeyed him as implicitly as in her more youthful days. She went to him, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him, saying, in her quick, impulsive tones:

"Nothing will ever win me from my guardian."

"God bless you for ever!" he said, giving her a warm embrace, and he longed then and there to pour into her ear the torrent of his love, but was afraid of affrighting her from him.

He would still wait. Surely God would recompense his patience.

That night the opera was rendered as it never had been rendered before. She never forgot for a moment that it was her father's, and so threw her soul into it. She brought down showers of applause, costly wreaths, and elegant bouquets. Such beauty in unison with such a voice never trod the stage before.

The public was enchanted; the manager was in raptures, and hastened at the close into the green-room, where Paul was awaiting her, to congratulate him on the success of his pupil.

"The prima donna Estelle is in the shade!" he cried. "None equals Mademoiselle Leonore!"

A new bargain was made for the ensuing season, and they returned home.

Every night Paul escorted her to the opera and waited for her; every night he saw how she but added to her fame, and yet how little she seemed to care for it. Invitations, introductions and everything poured in upon her, but she heeded them not. She wished for no other society save Paul's, and he, seeing that, took heart.

At last, one night, he noticed her eyes wander to one of the boxes, and then she turned deathly pale. He feared she would faint, but, as by a mighty effort, she went through her part.

His eyes followed hers. There sat Guy Walsingham, with a face scarcely less pale than a corpse. He had seen her, recognized her, and she him. For a moment the gentle musician felt like cursing that man, that seemed to be the evil genius of that poor girl's fate.

At that instant some one touched Paul on the shoulder.

"Mademoiselle Rhedern is waiting," they said; and he rushed from the box behind the scenes.

She was lying on one of the sofas like a broken lily.

"My darling!" he cried, dropping on his knees beside her, and chafing her cold hands, "it has killed you!"

A moment more she became conscious, and, despite her entreaties, would return to the stage.

"Should I allow him to triumph, Paul?" she asked.

Paul shook his head, and allowed her to go forward again.

The next morning a gentleman called, and a card was brought up to Leonore. She took it, and Paul, thrilling with emotion, awaited the result. She read

the name, drew a pencil, wrote on the back, "Miss Rhedera is not home to you," and then passed it to Paul.

A smile of satisfaction lit up his face. Surely Leonore's love for him was dead at last.

Again and again he called. He wrote letters, he haunted her everywhere, but she heeded him not, though her heart within was bleeding with anguish.

One day she said to Paul:

"Will you accompany me a short distance to-day? I have had something haunting me of late. It was for me to go see the actress whose place I have taken, so I have got her address from the manager."

Paul readily consented, and he waited below while Leonore sent up her card. She was immediately admitted and ushered up to the sick woman's chamber. When the door was opened, she saw a woman of remarkable beauty sitting in a large easy-chair. One glance, and she stood like one transfixed; a thousand strange emotions flitted through her brain, her heart fluttered, and she feared she was about to faint. That face was familiar to her. She rushed forward—the woman opened her arms to receive her.

"My daughter!" she cried.

"My mother!" sobbed Leonore. "My mother—the mother I have longed for!"

"God has granted my prayer," murmured the woman. "And Carl—where is he?"

"Dead!"

"Dead!" she cried; "dead! Forgive me, my child. I have suffered. Carl—did he forgive me?"

"Yes; I believe he did."

"God bless my—"

She fell forward on her daughter's shoulder, and the crimson lifeblood flowed from her mouth over her child. Leonore screamed. The servants came flocking in, and behind them Paul Helmsmüller. He lifted the dying songstress up, laid her on a couch, and sent for a physician.

The hemorrhage was stopped, and once more she opened her eyes.

"She is my mother," whispered Leonore to Paul, as she stooped over to catch her last faint whisper.

But no words came from her lips—she was dying. "Give her air," the doctor said, and Paul drew Leonore back, and supported her shivering form.

The actress looked from one to the other, closed her eyes; a single struggle, and all was o'er. Leonore was indeed an orphan.

Paul took Leonore home; he oversaw the burial of her mother, and by her orders placed a marble tablet with a cross on it over her head.

Many wondered at the sudden change, the sorrowful shade that came over the young songstress, who seemed so careless of fame; but none dreamed that she had just buried her mother in the form of the dead prima donna. Paul judged it best to be so—to keep it quiet.

Shortly after there was a fire, a fearful fire, and she, among the rest, watched its forked tongues shoot up to the very heavens. There was a subtle something, she knew not what, that fascinated her about it, and she watched it until the whole block of buildings lay a smoldering pile of ruins.

The next morning she picked up a paper, and the first thing that met her view was an account of the fire, and conspicuous in it shone the name of Guy Walsingham. He had imperiled his life to save an old, bedridden lady that had been left to burn, as no one thought it safe to venture after her. It spoke of him in the highest terms, and added that it was with regret the public would hear that he was himself severely injured; his eyes were so badly affected as to render him totally blind.

She dropped the paper from her nerveless fingers, and stared into vacancy. Paul arose, and came forward to her. He picked up the paper and looked. A moment, and he comprehended all.

"You love this man yet?" he said, in tones so

fierce with anguish that his voice was scarcely recognizable.

She bowed her head.

"He is unworthy, but my heart has never changed, Paul," she said, softly, strangely moved by the mute look of grief in his clear eyes. "I must go to him."

He bent over her, kissed her forehead, and then left the room. A moment later he came to the door.

"I am ready, Leonore," he said.

She went out, and their ride was in silence. They drove to his hotel, and she was shown up while Paul awaited below.

She went in unannounced, and gazed upon the wreck of her first and only love; his eyes were bound up, and his face wore a sad, weary expression.

"You might have lost your life," some one was saying when she entered.

"That I did not is all I regret. I have nothing to live for."

She stepped forward, and they withdrew.

"You have something to live for yet, Guy," she whispered.

A strange light broke over his face for an instant, and then he turned away from her.

"Leave me to my suffering, Leonore!" he cried.

"I lost you in my youth and health—I have been amply punished."

"And won me," she added, "through your affliction."

"But I am blind," he said, sadly; "blind! I will never be able to see you! Leave me—Constance is dead, all is gone!"

"I will not leave you, Guy!" she sobbed. "Will you break my heart again?"

He saw it was useless to argue against fate, and he took his happiness back.

"God bless you!" he sobbed; "I am unworthy!"

And while this was happening up-stairs, poor Paul waited below, each chord in his heart quivering with pain. He had served his seven years for his Rachel, to lose her! He had loved in vain! It was more than love, it was worship; and his idol was leaving him! Anguish was written on every line of his face, and he felt as if his sorrow was almost more than he could bear. But his love was unselfish. He took her home, he brought her back, and went for the priest; he stood by the bedside and gave her away—gave her to his foe, so that she might nurse him back to life. He went and discovered her connection from the opera-boards for ever, and then returned to her.

"I leave you now, my Leonore—mine no more," he said, "for you have no further need of me; and, as I shall never see you again, I will tell you that the love of Paul Helmsmüller for you has been more than that of father or brother. I have loved you with a love that is past all understanding, true and unchangeable. I shall not survive your loss long, so farewell!" He strained her to his breast in one last embrace, and kissed her once again. She clung to him, crying:

"Oh, stay with us for ever, Paul! my father, brother, guardian, friend!" But he released himself from her clinging hands, and stole away.

Guy and his bride returned to Walsingham Hall; his eyes were restored to sight again, and he tried to make up for the unhappy past.

Two years later, news came to them that Paul Helmsmüller was found dead in Switzerland, and next his heart the portrait of his lost love. The weary heart was at rest at last.

A King's Adventure.

WHEN David II., King of Scotland, was hunting with a few followers in Stocket Forest, some peasants came to him, eagerly entreating him to give them aid against a monstrous wolf, who had

devoured many of their sheep, and put themselves in peril of their lives. David bade them lead him to the place which they supposed to be the usual haunt of the animal; they accordingly led him into a long deep valley, bordered with lofty trees, and filled with thickets of thorn and brier. At the bottom ran a stream among the fragments of rock. The royal party at once commenced to beat the bushes, and, in the eagerness of the chase, the monarch was separated from his followers.

Suddenly, from beneath an overhanging rock, which formed its den, the wolf, of which they were in search, sprang forth upon the king's horse, and seized it by the throat with such fury that, after rearing and plunging violently, it rolled over upon its master. David, bruised by the fall, and unable to disentangle himself from his horse, would have fallen an easy prey to the monster, who now prepared to attack him, had not help been at hand. A mere youth, named Robertson, who had followed the chase on foot, happening to come up, saw the king's danger, and, drawing his skene or dagger, the only weapon which he had, succeeded, after a desperate combat, in killing the wolf.

He then proceeded to relieve his sovereign from the weight of the horse. "What is thy name, young man?" said David. "It is Robertson." "Henceforth, then," rejoined the king, "be thou called Skene, in memory of the weapon which thou knowest so well how to use; lands I give thee in this forest, which also shall be named after the dagger which won them, and skenes and wolves' heads in thine arms shall convey to posterity the record of thy loyalty and valor." Truly, as the family motto (*Virtutis regia merces*) says, this was a royal reward for valor.

It is a Curious Fact that no water has been found in the storage cells of camels which have died in England, although, as is well known, the cell compartment of the camel's stomach is used in the East by the animal as a reservoir of water, whence it draws its requisite supply for drinking on long journeys across burning deserts. Naturalists suppose that the water-storing process ceases when the well-being of the creature no longer requires it.



THE WHIRLY HEART.—"SHE FLEW FROM THE MIDST OF THEM—FLEW AS IF ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND TOWARD IT, THE SHOUTING CROWD GROWING LARGER BEHIND HER. AT LAST SHE REACHED IT, LOOKED UP, AND FELL SENSELESS ON THE STONE STEPS."—SEE PAGE 55.



CAPTIVITY OF MISS FLEMING.—"JOHNSON STOOD READY TO DO THE HONORS OF THE BOAT, AND PRESENTING HIS HAND TO EACH INDIAN IN SUCCESSION, HE HELPED THEM OVER THE SIDE."

Captivity of Miss Fleming.

In February, 1790, a Mr. John May, surveyor of the Kentucky lands, determined to proceed from Virginia to his field of labor by descending the Great Kanawha and the Ohio. He was accompanied by a young clerk, named Charles Johnson; Mr. Jacob Skyles, who had a lot of drygoods intended for Lexington; a hardy borderer named Flinn; and two sisters, named Fleming, who had been accustomed to the dangers of a frontier life.

During their short stay at Point Pleasant, they learned that roving bands of Indians were constantly hovering upon either bank of the Ohio and were in the habit of decoying boats ashore under various pretences, and murdering or taking captives all who were on board, so that, upon leaving Point Pleasant, they determined that no considerations should induce them to approach either shore, but steeling their hearts against every entreaty, that they would resolutely keep the middle of the current, and leave distressed individuals to shift for themselves.

On the morning of the 20th of March, when near the junction of the Scioto, they were awakened at daylight by Flinn, whose turn it was to watch, and informed that danger was at hand.

All sprang to their feet, and hastened upon deck

without removing their night-caps or completing their dress.

The cause of Flinn's alarm was quickly evident. Far down the river a smoke was seen, ascending in thick wreaths above the trees, and floating in thinner masses over the bed of the river. All at once perceived that it could only proceed from a large fire—and who was there to kindle a fire in the wilderness which surrounded them?

No one doubted that Indians were in front, and the only question to be decided was, upon which shore they lay, for the winding of the river, and their distance from the smoke, rendered it impossible at first to ascertain this point.

As the boat drifted on, however, it became evident that the fire was upon the Ohio shore, and it was determined to put over to the opposite side of the river.

Before this could be done, however, two white men ran down upon the beach, and clasping their hands in the most earnest manner, implored the crew to take them on board. They declared that they had been taken by a party of Indians in Kennedy's bottom a few days before—had been conducted across the Ohio, and had just effected their escape. They added, that the enemy was in close pursuit of them, and that their death was certain, unless admitted on board.

Resolute in their purpose, on no account to leave

the middle of the stream, and strongly suspecting the suppliants of treachery, the party paid no attention to their entreaties, but steadily pursued their course down the river, and were soon considerably ahead of them.

The two white men ran down the bank in a line parallel with the course of the boat, and their entreaties were changed into the most piercing cries and lamentations upon perceiving the obstinacy with which their request was disregarded. The obduracy of the crew soon began to relax.

In an evil hour, the boat was directed to the shore. When within reach Flinn leaped fearlessly upon the hostile bank, and the boat grated upon the sand.

At that moment, five or six savages ran up out of breath, from the adjoining wood, and seizing Flinn, began to fire upon the boat's crew. Johnston and Skyles sprang to their arms, in order to return the fire, while May, seizing an oar, attempted to regain the current.

Fresh Indians arrived, however, in such rapid succession, that the beach was quickly crowded by them, and May called out to his companions to cease firing and come to the oars. This was done, but it was too late.

Their clumsy and unwieldy boat had become entangled in the boughs of the trees which hung over the water, so that after the most desperate efforts to get her off, they were compelled to relinquish the attempt in despair. During the whole of this time the Indians were pouring a heavy fire into the boat, at a distance not exceeding ten paces.

By this incessant fire, all the horses were killed, and it at length began to grow fatal to the crew. One of the women received a ball in her mouth, which had passed immediately over Johnston's head, and almost instantly expired. Very speedily afterward Skyles was severely wounded in both shoulders, the ball striking the right shoulder-blade, and ranging transversely along his back.

The fire seemed to grow hotter every moment, when at length May arose and waved his nightcap above his head as a signal of surrender. In a moment he received a ball in the middle of the forehead and fell perfectly dead by the side of Johnston, covering him with blood.

Now, at last, the enemy ventured to board. Throwing themselves into the water, with their tomahawks in their hands, a dozen or twenty swam to the boat, and began to climb the sides. Johnston stood ready to do the honors of the boat, and presenting his hand to each Indian in succession, he helped them over the side to the number of twenty. Nothing could appear more cordial than the meeting. Each Indian shook him by the hand, with the usual salutation of "How de do?" in passable English, whilst Johnston encountered every visitor with an affectionate squeeze and a forced smile, in which terror struggled with civility.

The Indians then passed on to Skyles and the surviving Miss Fleming, where the demonstrations of mutual joy were not quite so lively. Skyles was writhing under a painful wound, and the girl was sitting by the dead body of her sister.

Having shaken hands with all their captives, the Indians proceeded to scalp the dead, which was done with great coolness, and the reeking scalps were stretched and prepared for the usual process of drying, immediately before the eyes of the survivors.

The boat was then drawn ashore, and its contents examined with great greediness. Poor Skyles, in addition to the pain of his wounds, was compelled to witness the total destruction of his property by the hands of these greedy spoilers, who tossed his silks, cambric, and broadcloth into the dirt with the most reckless indifference.

At length they stumbled upon a keg of whisky. The prize was eagerly seized, and everything else abandoned. The Indian who had found it carried it ashore, and was followed by the rest with tumult-

uous delight. A large fire nearly fifty feet long was kindled, and victors and vanquished indiscriminately huddled around it.

The two white men who had decoyed them ashore, and whose names were Divine and Thomas, hastened to offer an excuse for their conduct. They declared that they really had been taken in Kennedy's bottom a few days before, and that the Indians had compelled them, by threats of instant death in case of refusal, to act as they had done.

Much the greater portion of the Indians belonged to the Shawanese, but there were several Delawares, Wyandottes, and a few wandering Cherokees.

After smoking, they proceeded to the division of their prisoners. Flinn was given to a Shawanese warrior—Skyles to an old, crabbed, ferocious Indian of the same tribe, whose temper was sufficiently expressed in his countenance, while Johnston was assigned to a young Shawanese chief, whom he represents as possessed of a disposition which would have done him honor in any age or in any nation. The surviving Miss Fleming was given to the Cherokees.

Upon the breaking up of the party, the Cherokees conducted their prisoner toward the Miami villages, and Johnston saw nothing more of her until after his own liberation.

While he remained at the house of Mr. Duchouquet, the small party of Cherokees to whom she belonged suddenly made their appearance in the village in a condition so tattered and dilapidated, as to satisfy every one that all their booty had been wasted with their usual improvidence.

Miss Fleming's appearance, particularly, had been entirely changed. All the levity which had astonished Johnston so much on the banks of the Ohio, was completely gone. Her dress was tattered, her cheeks sunken, her eyes discolored by weeping, and her whole manner expressive of the most heart-felt wretchedness.

Johnston addressed her with kindness, and inquired the cause of so great a change, but she only replied by wringing her hands and bursting into tears.

Her master quickly summoned her away, and on the morning of her arrival she was compelled to leave the village, and accompany them to Lower Sandusky.

Within a few days, Johnston, in company with his friend Duchouquet, followed them to that place, partly upon business, and partly with the hope of effecting her liberation. He found the town thronged with Indians of various tribes, and there, for the first time, he learned that his friend Skyles had effected his escape.

Upon inquiring for the Cherokees he learned that they were encamped with their prisoner within a quarter of a mile of the town, holding themselves aloof from the rest, and evincing the most jealous watchfulness over their prisoner.

Johnston applied to the traders of Sandusky for their good offices, and, as usual, the request was promptly complied with. They went out in a body to the Cherokee camp, accompanied by a white man named Whittaker, who had been taken from Virginia when a child, and had become completely naturalized among the Indians. He engaged very zealously in the service, and finding that all the offers of the traders were rejected with determined obstinacy, he returned to Detroit, and solicited the intercession of an old chief known among the whites by the name of "Old King Crane," assuring him that the woman was his sister.

After being rudely repulsed, King Crane assembled his young men, at night, and advanced cautiously upon the Cherokee camp. He found all but the miserable prisoner buried in sleep. She had been stripped naked, her body painted black, and, in this condition, had been bound to a stake, around which hickory poles had already been collected, and every other disposition made for burning her alive at day-

light. She was moaning in a low tone as her deifiers approached, and was so much exhausted as not to be aware of their approach, until King Crane had actually cut the cords which bound her, with his knife.

He then ordered his young men to assist her in putting on her clothes, which they obeyed with the most stoical indifference. As soon as her toilet had been completed, the King awakened her masters, and informed them that the squaw was his! that if they submitted quietly it was well!—if not, his young men and himself were ready for them.

The Cherokees, as may readily be imagined, protested loudly against such unrighteous proceedings, but what could words avail against tomahawks and superior numbers? They then expressed their willingness to resign the squaw, but hoped that King Crane would not be such a "beast" as to refuse them the ransom which he had offered them on the preceding day!

The king replied, coolly, that the squaw was now in his own hands—and would serve them right if he refused to pay a single broach—but he disdained to receive anything at their hands without paying an equivalent! and would give them six hundred broaches.

He then returned to Lower Sandusky, accompanied by the liberated prisoner. She was then painted as a squaw by Whittaker, and sent off, under the care of two trusty Indians, to Pittsburg, where she arrived in safety in the course of the following week.

Miss Fleming was much exhausted by her sufferings in the trying scenes through which she had passed; but she lived at Pittsburg many years afterward.

Useful Recipes for the Shop, the Household and the Farm.

VEGETABLES should never be washed until immediately before prepared for the table. Lettuce is made almost worthless in flavor by dipping it in water some hours before it is served. Potatoes suffer even more than other vegetables through the washing process. They should not be put in water till just ready for boiling.

The following is given as a simple welding powder: 1 part dry borax, 1 part fine iron filings, $\frac{1}{2}$ part prussiate of potash; it is sprinkled on the surfaces, the latter being previously slightly moistened. The pieces of iron and steel are then tightly bound together with iron wire, heated to about 300°, and lastly placed under a steam hammer or passed through rolls.

Leather thoroughly saturated with glycerine will prevent, it is said, the passage of gases.

In stamping sheet zinc in dies much waste occurs from the small difference between the melting point and the temperature at which sheet zinc should be stamped to get the best effect. To obviate this waste, heat the zinc by dipping in oil at the proper temperature.

A cheap and simple brush for supplying albumen solutions to photographic plates is made by doubling a piece of cotton plush cloth over the end of a flat stick, and securing the cloth by a rubber band slipped over it.

The following is a cheap substitute for the expensive gold varnish used on ornamental tinware: Turpentine, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon; asphaltum, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill; yellow aniline, 2 ozs.; amber, 4 ozs.; turpentine varnish, 1 gallon; and gamboge, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Mix and boil for ten hours.

Beautiful semi-transparent casts of fancy articles may be taken in a compound of 2 parts unbaked gypsum, 1 part bleached beeswax, and 1 part paraffine. This becomes plastic at 120°, and is quite tough.

White lead ground in oil, mingled with Prussian blue, similarly prepared to give the proper shade,

and finally mixed with a little carriage-varnish, is an excellent and durable paint for farm machinery and agricultural tools.

A mixture of 10 parts lime and 1 part saltpetre is said to destroy currant-worms without injuring the fruit.

Boats should be painted with raw oil. Boiled oil used in the paint is very apt to blister and peel from the wood.

Spatter-work pictures, usually delicate designs in white appearing upon a softly shaded ground, are now very popular, and are, with a little practice, easily produced. Procure a sheet of fine uncalendered drawing-paper, and arrange thereon a bouquet of pressed leaves, trailing vines, letters, or any design which it is desired to have appear in white. Fasten the articles by pins stuck into the smooth surface, which should be underneath the paper. Then slightly wet the bristles of a tooth or other brush in rubbed India-ink, or in common black writing-ink, and draw them across a stick in such a manner that the bristles will be bent and then quickly released. This will cause a fine spatter of ink upon the paper. Continue the spattering over all the leaves, pins and paper, allowing the centre of the pattern to receive the most ink, the edges shading off. When done, remove the design, and the forms will be found reproduced with accuracy on the tinted ground. With a rustic wooden frame this forms a very cheap and pretty ornament.

It is said that water-lilies may be raised about one's house by the following method: Sink in the ground the half of an old cask, and cover the bottom with peat and swamp-mud, and then fill with water. Dig the lily-roots early in the Spring, and place them in the earth at the bottom of the tub. A gentleman who has tried the experiment has a number of lilies in bloom.

A Wonderful Story Told on Thanksgiving Day.

THANKSGIVING DAY was over, and the wild, wet night was closing in.

Grandma Fontaine sat in her great armchair in the old-fashioned sitting-room at Hickory Hall. A dainty, handsome, high-bred old lady was grandma as one will meet in a lifetime. Her gown of glossiest black satin, the kerchief on her bosom the finest of India muslin, a diamond star in the folds of the crown-like turban above her silken white hair, diamond buckles on her tiny slippers, diamonds and opals and emeralds on her soft white old fingers.

Thanksgiving Day was over at Hickory Hall. The sumptuous dinner had been eaten by dozens of nephews and nieces and cousins in general, eaten with thanksgiving and grateful rejoicing; the remains of the feast had been gathered up and dispensed to those who lacked life's comforts; and now, as the rainy twilight fell, grandma sat before the glowing wood-fire in her great chair.

"Now for our story, grandma!" cried Florice, her pet granddaughter, drawing a cushion to the stately old lady's feet. "You know you promised us one for Thanksgiving Night."

"And a wonderful one let it be, grandma," chimed in Rosa, drawing up her chair.

Grandma took off her gold spectacles, and put them carefully aside.

"A story! Well, so I did promise you a story," she said; "but, my dear girls, I cannot think what it will be."

"Oh, you must, grandma; and let it be a Thanksgiving story, too."

Grandpa Fontaine, sitting opposite, looked over his paper and laughed.

"There's one Thanksgiving story you might tell them if you like, grandma," he said.

The old lady nodded, till the diamond in her turban flashed like a star.

"So I will," she assented. "They've never had that story—they shall hear it now."

"Once upon a time, my dear girls," she began, "there was a very handsome young lady, whom we shall call Berenice. She was very handsome, to be sure—a perfect blonde, with a complexion like lilies and roses, wonderful blue-gray eyes, and a great profusion of shining red-gold hair."

"Why, she must have been like you, grandma!" cried Florice and Rosa in a breath.

"Like me! Pooh, pooh, you silly things! Don't interrupt me, or I'll stop. This Berenice was very beautiful, and, withal, very vain and ambitious. She was not contented with the blessings bestowed upon her, but continually desired wealth and position, and costly jewels and fine raiment."

"All these things her mother, who was a widow in moderate circumstances, could not afford; but Berenice, vain and conscious of her rare beauty and accomplishments, made up her mind that she would secure them by marriage."

"Accordingly, having entered society, she was very choice in regard to her acquaintances; if a man was poor, he stood no chance of getting into the charmed circle of which she reigned queen. She had a great many fine offers, notwithstanding, and was excessively admired; but she would hear to none of them. Genius and manly nobility stood no chance with this vain and silly maiden."

"At last, however, her Midas came, in the shape of an East India merchant, the owner of a fabulous fortune. Her pretty face charmed him, as it charmed all others, and he made love to her; he, full three-score, wrinkled and yellow as his gold, and she in the primrose freshness of her girlhood."

"She accepted him, nevertheless—accepted him and promised to become his wedded wife, though she loathed the very sight of him. He put a costly diamond on her finger, made her all manner of wonderful presents, and the wedding-day was appointed."

"Meanwhile Berenice made a Summer visit to an aunt, who lived far out in the rural regions, and on her way she met with a terrible accident. The horses took fright, and her carriage was thrown down a frightful precipice, and Berenice was tossed into a ravine, and lay there like one dead."

"A young surgeon, living thereabouts, took her up in his arms and carried her to his mother's cottage, and dressed her wounds, and set her broken limbs. When she recovered her senses, he was sitting by her pillow holding her hand in his, and then and there, the moment her eyes fell upon his face, Berenice fell in love with him."

"Wasn't Berenice a foolish lass, girls?" laughed grandma, looking over his paper again.

Grandma schooled his laugh, but her eyes filled with tears.

"Nay, she was sensible then," she continued, "for his face was the noblest face she had ever seen. She fell in love with him, and after a while, through pity, perhaps, he got to like her; and it so turned out that, when she recovered from her injuries and returned to her mother's house, the young surgeon went with her, and she had promised to be his wife."

"And he not worth a shilling, independent of his profession! But so truly did Berenice love him, that she was willing to give up all her golden dreams for his sake."

"Accordingly, she took the diamond from her pretty finger, and broke faith with her East India Midas, and one bright Spring morning she wedded the man she loved."

"A blissful honeymoon followed, and then the young couple began to cast about for a fair start in life. Berenice had no dowry save her rose-pink face and starry eyes and red-gold hair, and her young husband had only his profession. They determined to try their fortune in a strange land."

"One dreary November day—it was the day before Thanksgiving Day, and some twelve or fourteen

months after her marriage—our pretty Berenice sat in the small parlor of a small western cottage, with a wicker cradle at her side, and in that cradle two babies—a twin boy and girl—her own babies, not quite three months old.

"Pretty dimpled little creatures, that any mother should have been proud of; but Madame Berenice looked anything but proud that rainy November morning."

"She was, rather slovenly dressed in an unbecoming old wrapper. Her red-gold hair was all in a mass of tangles, and a cloud of sullen discontent darkened her lovely brow."

"To be tied down in this way, with two brats to nurse!" she muttered, rocking her cradle spitefully with one foot. "'Tis too bad! I must toil day in and day out like a slave, and never have a week's pleasure. You knew I had set my heart on going home for Thanksgiving Day, Frederick."

"So I did, love," answered her husband, soothingly, looking up from his desk; "but, as I've told you, 'tis quite impossible for me to be away now. Besides, Berenice, I'm sadly cramped for money."

"Oh, yes, you're always cramped when I want anything!" retorted the young wife, her ill-temper getting the better of her good heart. "I had a little money of my own, that mamma put in the bank for me, and I'm not allowed to touch that. Well, well, I think it is right hard!"

"Her husband's cheek flushed, and he bit his lip, but he kept down his emotion well."

"It appears hard, dear," he answered, going to her side, and putting his arms round her; "but you'll understand it all by-and-by. You must be content to wait a little, Berry, and to trust in your husband. Meanwhile, cannot you and I and the babies have our own Thanksgiving Day all to ourselves?"

"She burst into a flood of hysterical tears, and drew herself out of his arms."

"Thanksgiving Day, indeed!" she said, bitterly. "A great deal I've got to thank for now, haven't I?"

"Berenice!"

"You needn't look at me in that way," she went on; "I mean what I say. You shouldn't expect a woman raised as I was to be contented in a barbarous place like this, living in a miserable hovel, and toiling like a slave, wearing out my youth and my beauty—I, who might have been the richest lady in the land; and two cross brats—two of 'em—to worry me out of my senses day and night! Oh, yes, I'll give thanks! I'd give thanks to be well rid of them!"

"Her husband rose to his feet, his face white and stern. Her thoughtless, petulant words had pierced his heart to the core."

"Perhaps you would give thanks to be rid of me, too, Berenice?" he said.

"She laughed recklessly."

"I'd give thanks to be free again," she replied—"free to make my choice over again. I would never be the fool that I was, when I chose pennury in preference to wealth."

"In all her after-life Berenice never forgot the look her husband gave her; but he did not utter a single word. He took up his hat and left the room."

"In an instant Berenice saw how rashly she had spoken, and bitterly repented her foolish words. She flew out at the door, calling upon her husband's name. He did not answer, and catching up a shawl, she threw it over her head, and ran across the yard and down toward the lane. She saw him a few yards distant, and called again, but he did not answer."

"Her proud heart rose up in rebellion, and she turned back, blinded by the bitterest tears she had ever shed."

"If he won't speak to me, let him go on," she said, and turned into her untidy kitchen.

"The 'help' was down with a fever, and all the work devolved on Berenice. She did her best to

get things straight that afternoon, and to prepare a nice supper against her husband's return, for she felt anxious to make amends for her unwomanly words.

"After working half an hour, she ran into the sitting-room to look after the twins, thinking it was time they were awaking. The wicker crib was in its corner, and there was the pillow still bearing the impress of the little heads, but the *twins were gone*.

"The young mother dropped into the nearest chair, as if a bullet had struck her. Her babies gone! Never, until that moment, did she know how she had loved them.

"She sat for some minutes stunned and blind, and then she leaped to her feet with a piteous cry:

"I'll find my children!" she cried, and ran all over the cottage, foolishly searching in every nook and corner, but there was, of course, no trace of the twins.

"She left the house, and continued her fruitless search without. The night was near at hand, and the November storm grew wilder with every hour that passed. She ran hither and thither, like a mad creature, wringing her hands in her agony.

"I said I'd give thanks to be rid of them, and God has taken me at my word!" she moaned; "He has taken my babies from me! What shall I do? What will Frederick say when he comes home and finds them gone?"

"But the wild, wet night shut down, and her husband did not return. A terrible fear began to creep into the mother's heart. Had her husband taken the children from her?

"Crouching down by the hearth, she listened to the wild clamor of the wind and rain, her husband's empty chair and the little wicker crib before her eyes.

"Oh, God!" she prayed, "give me back my husband and my children, and I'll never murmur again!"

"But only the wild voice of the storm answered her.

"Hour after hour went by, and at last the village bells began to clash. It was midnight!

"Poor Berenice could endure her suspense and agony no longer. She arose, and, throwing a mantle over her, left the cottage, and took the road leading toward the village. The wild winds beat her back, the rain drenched her, but she struggled on until the village lights flashed on her aching eyes.

"Guided by a sort of instinct, she made her way to the railway station. A train was just going out, a long train, the glittering carriages filled with busy, happy people. She looked up at it, as the shrill whistle blew, and the snorting engine began to move out, and on the platform a solitary figure caught her eye. It was her husband.

"She uttered a wild cry, but the rush of the wheels drowned her voice:

"Oh, Frederick, forgive me, and come back!"

"He did not hear; the train dashed off at lightning speed, and he was gone."

Flrice gave a little cry, and grandpa took off his glasses and wiped his eyes.

"He was gone," grandma proceeded, "and Berenice stood alone, as the first red glow of the Thanksgiving morning began to dawn in the east. God had taken her at her word!"

"She toiled back to her desolate home when the train had disappeared; what else could she do! No one in the sleeping village could give her any tidings of her children.

"Thanksgiving morning dawned, and the early mail brought her a letter from her husband. It was very brief:

"My dear Berenice, I see too late what a sad mistake I have made; I should never have married you. You are not suited to be a poor man's wife. But I loved you so! and I hoped to make you happy. But my dream has ended; I cannot return

to you again. I am going God knows where—if I succeed in winning wealth, I may return; if not, you will see me no more. In either case I leave you free, Berenice. Send the twins to my mother; she will take care of them, and you will be free of me and them.

"I leave some money subject to your order. I am sorry to tell you that the bank in which your money—the gift from your mother—was deposited, failed six months ago. I hoped to keep it from you until I could replace the amount, but all such dreams are over.

"Berenice, forget me if you will, and forgive me that I loved you—not wisely, but too well.

"FREDERICK."

"This was the letter," grandma went on, "which came to Berenice that Thanksgiving morning. She read it through with wide, stony eyes. 'Send the twins to my mother,' she repeated, in a husky whisper; 'he bids me send them to his mother! He has not taken them, then? Who has? Oh, merciful heaven, where are my children?'

"She asked the question in vain; she searched in vain through all the weary weeks and months that followed; not a sign, not a clue, not the faintest trace could she find to her lost babes. They had vanished as strangely as if by the agency of some unearthly power; and she did not receive a line to tell her in what stranger lands their father wandered. Poor Berenice, her punishment had followed swift upon her sin!

"Five years went by," continued grandma, setting her dainty feet upon the fender, the diamond buckles blazing in the firelight; "five dreary, endless years, and not one word, in all this time, had Berenice heard of her husband or her children."

"Oh, grandma, five years?"

"Five years, my dears—a long time; but she lived through it, hoping and waiting and watching in vain. She had returned to her native city; her mother had died, and Berenice lived alone with a single servant. The wealth she had so coveted in her girlhood was at her command now; her uncle had died and left her a handsome fortune. What, alas! did it avail her? She would have resigned it all, and toiled for her daily bread, to buy back one hour of the vanished days when she had her husband and her babes.

"One wintry afternoon, as she sat alone by her fireside, dreaming of the past, her servant brought up a note and stated that the bearer waited in a carriage below.

"Berenice tore it open and found a single line. 'If you would hear of your children, come to me at once.'

"She went without an instant's delay, through the storm, to a distant part of the town, and, when she alighted, up the steps of a large, gloomy dwelling.

"In a dimly lighted room an old man lay dying. One glance at his rigid face, and Berenice knew him; he was her Midas of old, the lover with whom she had broken faith so many years before, when she chose to marry for love rather than wealth.

"He looked up at her as she drew near his pillow, his sunken eyes glittering with wicked triumph.

"You know me, beautiful Berenice? Ah, I see you do! But you never dreamed it was my hand that robbed you of your children? I did it. I swore to have my revenge when you played me false and married a beggar, and I kept my oath—I stole your twin babes!"

"Where are they? Oh, in heaven's name I implore you to tell me," prayed Berenice. "If you only could know what I have suffered—"

"His shrill laughter interrupted her.

"Suffered! Didn't I suffer too? The old may love as well as the young. I loved you, Berenice, and you had no pity for me. Now, I will have none for you. I stole your children, but until your dying day you will never know what was their fate

whether they lived or died. I tell you you shall never know! I hold the secret, and I am dying; it shall die with me. Ah! ah! my revenge is sweet! But, my beautiful Berenice,' he went on, 'for the sake of the past and the fond love I bore you, I have made you my heir; when I die, all my wealth is yours. You always coveted gold, you know, Berenice; take it, now, to your heart's content—hug it to your breast—let it fill the place of your lost babes!'

"It was in vain that Berenice implored and entreated. The old man grew frantic, and in a few hours he died, his lips shut close, the secret of her lost babes untold.

"And she was his heir. All his wealth of houses and lands and chinking gold he had willed to Berenice.

"Her punishment was truly greater than she could bear.

"Two years were added to the five. She had done all that a woman could do, but no tidings had come to her of husband or children. She was alone with her great wealth.

"Two years, and Thanksgiving Day dawned upon Berenice in the great city of London. Heart-sick and desolate, she wandered out for a walk.

"The yellow fog choked her, the winds beat her back, the motley crowd jostled her; but she kept on. Her heart lay like lead in her bosom, a dreary, half-formed idea in her half-maddened brain that she would wander on to the yellow river and end her troubles, as so many wretched creatures had done before her.

"I say, Tom, look at that window! Don't it make your mouth water?" lisped a child's sweet voice.

"Something in the voice went to Berenice's heart. She turned and looked at the little pair before the window. Two children, a boy and girl, clad in rags, their little faces wan with want, and blue with cold.

"See the jam-tarts," said the boy; "and oh, Nan, look at them hot cakes! Wouldn't one of 'em go down nice?"

Berenice choked with tears as she drew out her purse.

"Come, my dears," she said, taking a hand of each; "come in with me, and you shall have all you want."

"They followed her in wide-eyed wonder; but at the counter the boy drew back.

"Think of granny, Nan," he said; then turning to Berenice, he continued: "Please, ma'am, we'll do without the goodies, if you'll give us a shilling for granny. She's dying, granny is, and there's no fire, nor a penny to buy her a loaf."

"You shall have the goodies, and then I'll go with you and see about granny," said Berenice, something in the boy's frank, fearless eyes making her heart thrill with absolute pain.

"She bought a great bundle, and filled their eager hands, and then they set out through the yellow fog to see about 'granny.'

"They found her in a miserable attic, on a bed of straw; an old, shriveled creature, with a racking cough.

"That's granny," said Tom, as they entered the wretched room; then he darted to the bed. 'I say, granny, we've had luck this time; we've fetched a fine lady to see you.'

"And she's brought lots o' good things, granny," chimed in little Nan.

"The old woman struggled up to her elbow, looking about her with hungry, eager eyes.

"I thought you'd never come back!" she cried, her voice hoarse and rattling. "Give me a drink, Nan; my tongue's parched."

Nan poured some water from a cracked pitcher, and held it to her lips.

"I'll go and get you some wine," said Berenice, drawing near, and laying her soft hand on the old creature's head. "The children told me you were

ill, and I've come to see you. I'll go for nourishment, and you shall have a doctor.'

"No—no, I don't want no doctor. I'm past help now. Don't you hear the death-rattle in my throat? I sha'n't live till sunset. Sit down. I'm glad you've come. I sent the children out to fetch some one, and you'll do as well as any; there's something on my soul, and I can't die till it's told."

Berenice sat down, and stroked the sparse white hair from the wrinkled brow.

"Tell me anything you wish," she said, gently; "I am willing to hear, and to help you. But you had better let me get you some food; I've brought some with me."

"Give it to the children, then; they're hungry enough, poor little souls! They haven't had bit or drop to-day. As for me, I want nothing. How cool and soft your hand is! Look at mine. You wouldn't think that mine was ever like yours. But it was—soft and white, and all covered with shining rings. I was a pretty lass, folks said, and hearing my fine looks talked of so much made me vain."

"Made me vain and silly," she went on, laughing shrilly; "and I broke my promise to the lad who was to be my husband. A good, honest lad he was, willing to work for me day in and day out. I broke faith with him, and ran away with a rich man, who gave me fine presents, and promised to make me his wife."

"He didn't keep his word, of course. He made me his mistress instead, caressed and flattered, and hung with golden fetters at first; later, his bond-slave, glad of a kind word or a glance."

"Well, well, women are like spaniels, as a nuder; the more their master kicks and cuffs 'em, the better they like him. I was like the rest. I loved the man who had deceived and ruined me, and lived only to do his bidding."

"There's no need of dwelling on all that, however, and my breath's short. I did a great many shameful deeds at his bidding. Last of all, I stole a pair of twin babes from their mother's bosom."

"What?"

Berenice gave a great start, and then controlled herself.

"Go on," she said, gently.

"I stole them from the little crib where they lay side by side," she went on, "and left the empty pillow for the mother to find. What she must have felt—what she must have suffered! And I'm dying now, and the Bible tells us that as we have done unto others so shall we receive."

"Go on," urged Berenice, shutting her teeth hard, to keep down the mad throbbing of her heart.

"He bade me do the deed, and I obeyed him—the man who was my master. He owed the mother of the babes some sort of revenge. I stole the babes and carried them to New York, and after a few months he sent me with them to London, promising to follow himself soon."

"He came, and bade me murder them; but I refused. He tried to bribe me with gold; I still refused. Then he said he would do the deed himself, and one dark night he came and took the babes from me."

"I had grown to love the little creatures, and I followed him. He carried them down to the brink of the black river, but his heart failed him, and he could not throw them in. He laid them down side by side in the cold, black mud, and turned and fled."

"I gathered them up, and hid them and myself in the great city. That was six years ago. I have done the best I could for them ever since—haven't I, Tom and Nan?"

"The two children standing together by the hearth replied with one voice, 'Yes, granny!'

Berenice looked at them, and again the boy's fearless eyes thrilled her heart to the core; but with an effort that was almost superhuman she kept down her emotion.

"Why didn't you make an effort to restore the children to their mother?" she asked.

"Ay, why didn't I?" repeated the old woman, striking her skinny hands together. "Because I feared him. I had feared him all my life, and I couldn't throw the yoke off. I dreaded to go back to America, and I hadn't money to carry me—and I didn't care to part with the children. We got on snug enough till I fell ill; and now I'm dying, and they'll be left alone in this great wicked city. You look like a good Christian woman," she added, a wistful prayer in her eyes. "Will you look after 'em when I'm gone? They're good children, and maybe you may hear of their mother. If you should ever hear of her, try and find her, and tell her the story I've told you; she'll believe a dying woman's confession. However, if she wants proof, I've got it. Nan!"

"The little graceful girl, her face looking out like a primrose from a wild cloud of unkempt hair, came forward.

"Go to the little box under the bench yonder, and fetch that bundle."

"The child obeyed, while Berenice sat shaking in every limb from repressed emotion.

"Here's the clothes the twins had on, and a little trinket that was round the girl's neck," explained the old woman, as Nan deposited a faded package on the bed. "I've kept 'em all these years—"

"Berenice could contain herself no longer. She flew at the bundle with a wild cry.

"Oh, they are mine, my own precious children!" she cried, as she tore it open, and her eyes recognized the familiar little garments her lost babes had worn—"my own children; God has given them back to me at last."

"Then the room reeled round, and she fainted quite away.

"The soft touches of a child's hand restored her to consciousness some time later. Nan was smoothing back her hair, sobbing meanwhile as if her heart would break, while Tom looked gravely at the bed where 'granny' lay dead.

"She's dead," he said, as Berenice looked up; 'granny's dead.'

"But you have found your mother, my children!" cried Berenice, opening her arms. "Oh, come to me—I've wanted you so long. Oh, Tom, oh, Nan, I am your mother!"

"And they crept into her arms, and wept out their childish sorrow on her bosom."

"Twelve months later, and on the night before Thanksgiving Day, Berenice sat watching beside her sleeping children.

"She had returned to her own country, and to the handsome city residence which had once been her uncle's home.

"Side by side, in their dainty bed, the twins slept, and their mother sat and looked at them, and listened to the clamor of the wind and rain. Just such a storm had raged eight years gone by, on that terrible night when her babes were stolen from her. But God had given them back to her; yet while her bosom swelled with tender gratitude, tears ran from her eyes like rain. Where was the father of her babes? Never, since the hour when she saw him on board the out-moving train, had she heard of him. Was he dead? or had he utterly forgotten her?

"Year after year, month after month, day after day, she had watched and waited for his coming. Surely he will come; and in her youth and her beauty, she had no thought for other men, no care for anything in all the world but him, the husband she loved. But eight endless years had gone by, and he was still a wanderer.

"Hope died in the bosom of poor Berenice that wild night, as she sat there, watching her sleeping children, and listening to the voice of the storm.

"God has given me back my children," she said, 'but I shall never see their father again.'

"And she bowed down her head, and wept in heart-broken despair.

"In the midst of her grief, her waiting-woman entered.

"I beg your pardon, madame—I disliked to interrupt you, but there's a lad below, and he insisted that you must have this to-night."

"Berenice held out her hand for the crumpled note. It contained a single line, but at sight of the writing she uttered a piercing cry, and leaped to her feet.

"Come to me, Berenice. I am dying, and would see you once more."

"And through the wind and rain she went. Down about the docks, in a wretched apartment, she found him, the father of her babes.

He raised his heavy eyes as she drew near his bed, and a smile lit his worn, white face.

"That's Berry," he said, quietly. "I thought you would come; and I couldn't die until I had seen your dear face again. Come near, and let me look at you."

"She had him in her arms in an instant, and, despite the cautions the landlady had given her not to excite him, she was weeping over him, and covering his face and lips with kisses.

"Oh, Frederick, I have found you at last! I have broken my heart with waiting for you, dear; why have you not come sooner?"

"He put her face back from his, and looked at her.

"Why, Berry, did you really want me so? I was coming, but I tried to get rich first; I knew you wanted wealth. I worked hard, Berenice, and I did get rich, and started on my way. But my riches took wing and flew from me. I lost all I had worked for, and I couldn't return to you penniless."

"Oh, my darling, why not? I only wanted you! I shall never care for wealth again—forgive me and love me, my husband."

"He patted her cheek with his thin hand.

"Is it so, Berenice? It is sweet to hear such words from your lips. I have loved you all these years, dear, but I couldn't come back to you penniless."

"You have come back—you are here—I hold you to my heart. What God has joined together, nothing shall ever put asunder again."

"But I am dying, Berry—they tell me my days are numbered."

"Your days of toil and pain, my beloved, yes—your new life of happiness is only about to begin. Come home with me, and I will cure you."

"And as the morning dawned, and the Thanksgiving bells began to ring from hundreds of belfries, they went home together, after eight years of bitter separation."

"And she did cure him—he surely didn't die, did he, grandma?"

Grandma laughed as she wiped the tears from her cheeks.

"No, my dears, he didn't die. There he sits. I am Berenice, and grandma there is Frederick; your father, Florice, is Tom, and Rosa's mother is Nan."

The two girls clapped their hands with delight.

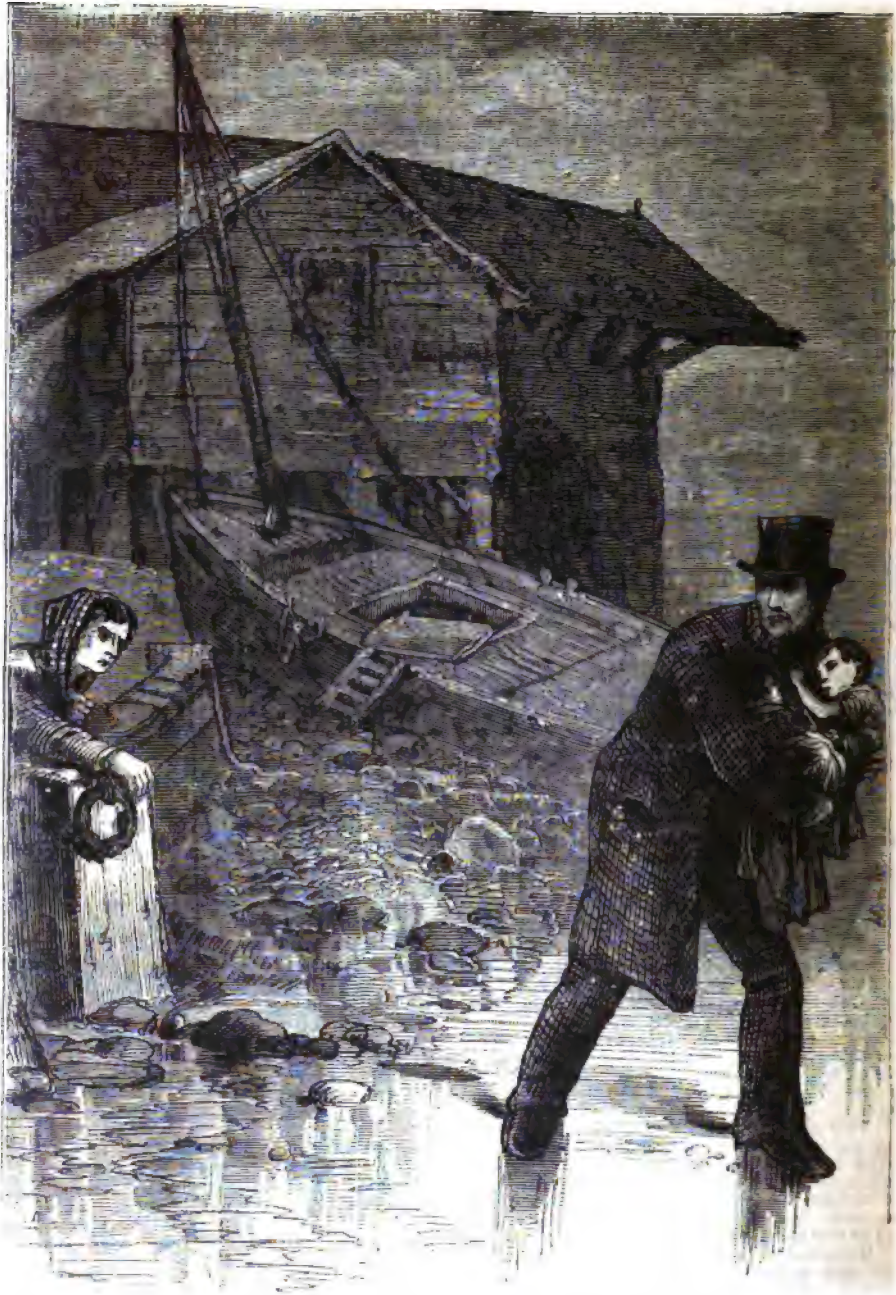
"And is it all true, grandma—every word?"

"Every word," answered grandma, putting his hand caressingly on grandma's shoulder, "and as wonderful as it is true."

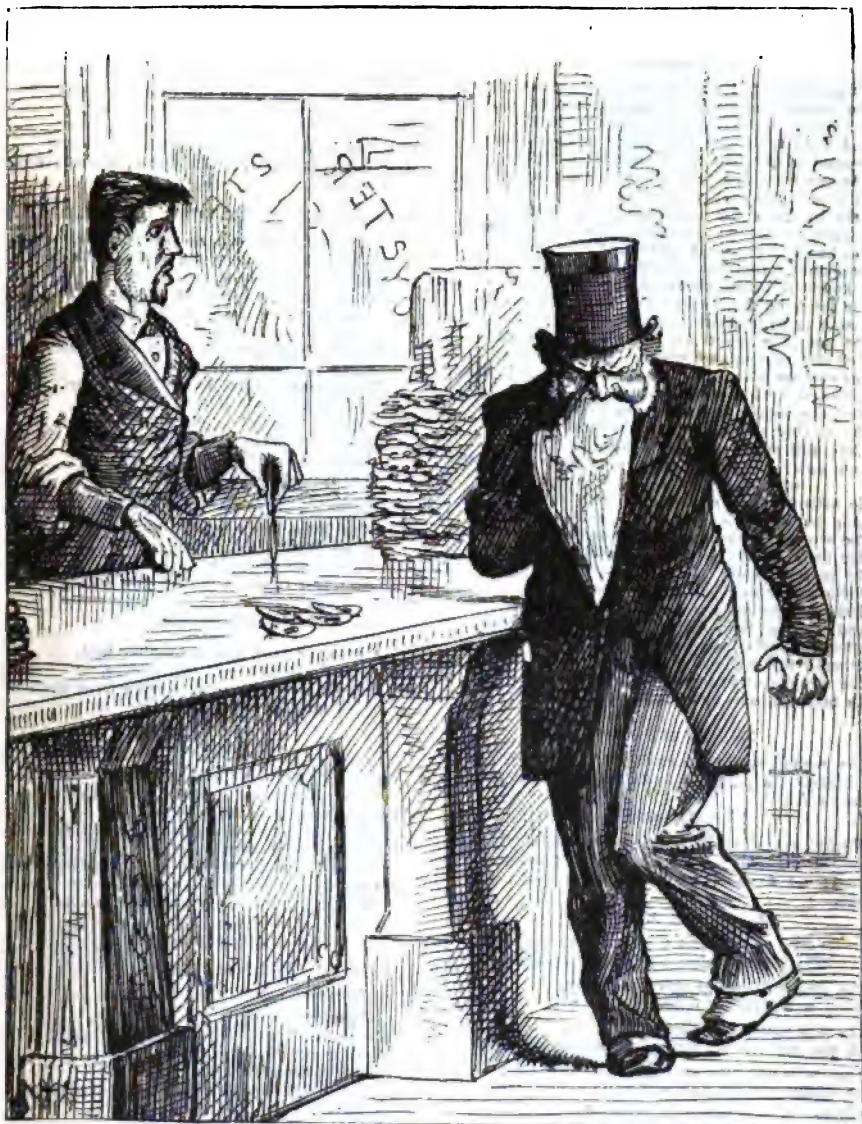
The Rector of the little English church at Carlsbad, Germany, requested that any lady who would be willing to play the church melodeon for the next Sunday's service would please inform him. After church he was approached by a lady, a stranger, who offered her services. He thanked her, and asked if she felt altogether competent to play the melodeon. She modestly thought she was, and told him that her name was Jenny Lind Goldschmidt. After which the clergyman concluded that she might try.

An Apt Text.—The Rev. Hamilton Paul, on receiving the presentation to the church and parish of Broughton, near Edinburgh, preached a farewell sermon to his congregation at Ayr; and, not a little to the surprise of his auditory, gave out his text: "And they fell upon *Pearl's* neck and kissed him."

The Uses of Scent.—Sir George Campbell presented the Ranee of Sikkim, at Darjeeling, with a toilet-bottle of scent. Her Highness drank half the contents before she could be stopped; and when informed of the true use for the liquid, immediately poured the remainder on to her handkerchief.



WONDERFUL STORY TOLD ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—"HE CARRIED THEM DOWN TO THE BRINK OF THE BLACK RIVER, BUT HIS HEART FAILED HIM, AND HE COULD NOT THROW THEM IN. HE LAID THEM DOWN, SIDE BY SIDE, IN THE COLD BLACK MUD, AND TURNED AND FLED."



SYMPATHETIC OYSTERMAN—"*There now! I was afraid that it wasn't good when I first opened it.*"

A Springfield Youth who was married the other day gave the officiating clergyman fifty dollars for his job, spent a fortnight on his wedding-tour, and then came home to enjoy the comforts of a seventy-dollar chamber set, the only furniture he owned, on which he had paid but ten dollars, and when he'll pay the rest nobody knows.

A Man in New Hampshire had the misfortune recently to lose his wife. Over the grave he caused a stone to be placed, on which, in the depth of his grief, he had ordered to be inscribed: "Tears cannot restore her—therefore I weep."

Why is a Man in Bed like a book unbound? Because he is in sheets.

A Kalamazoo Woman, being told while in church that a divorce had been granted her, began to sing at the top of her voice, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."

"**I should Like**," said a French medical charlatan, "to place over the door of my surgery an inscription, either in Latin or Greek, borrowed from one of the great authors." "Give Italian the preference," remarked one of his patients. "Nothing can equal that verse of Dante's, 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!'"

A Man is 1,950 times as large as the common honey-bee, and yet it is useless to try and argue the matter with the bee.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.—CHARADE.

'Twas night; the warring winds made desolate
The hearth and home of many a son of toll.
Old Ocean, lashed to fury, spake in wrath,
And lined the shore with relics of the slain.
Seemed at my first the elements; a night
Wherein the storm-fiend waved his mighty wings,
As if in ecstasy, o'er helpless man.
Hard by the coast a cottage stood; within
A worthy dame, whose wrinkled brow proclaimed
The hand, of care, sat mute and lone, musing
Perchance on scenes of early childhood. Hark!
A knock is heard, repeated, louder still;
The latch uplifts, and on the threshold stands
A man in gray great-coat and small cocked hat,
The man, the great Napoleon! Yes, 'tis he.
Well she remembers, when a girl, he passed
Her cottage home—the sun shone brightly then—
Followed by kings obedient to his nod.
Well she remembers, when in Paris, he
The mighty ruler, held a little child
Aloft, and cried, "Behold a king of Rome!"
And now, besmeared with mud and drenched
with rain,
He asks for food and shelter from the storm.
Lean bacon, barley-bread and cider—these
The worthy matron spread upon the board—
Her little all—to stay a king of France.
My second's such, pertaining to my whole,
Write "Ichabod" upon the grimy wall.
Hunger appeased, he quickly falls asleep,
And, waking, finds his hostess bathed in tears.
Affecting scene! He clasps her hand, resolved
Beneath the walls of Paris to avenge
The wrongs of France. With spirit unsubdued
He marches on—to die upon a rock.

2.—SQUARE WORDS.

The measurement of coals; banished people;
the highest; a part of a Latin adjective; a man's
name; seen.

3.—METAGRAM.

Whole I am slender; change my head and I be-
come, successively: sorrow; to risk; passage; an
animal; an animal; to peel; uncommon; tax;
goods.

4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Some very useful things are these.
Their names discover, if you please.

1. An English town in this you'll spy,
Well noted for its industry.
2. On this name you soon may gaze,
If you will glance through Shakespeare's plays.
3. One who explains or expounds, now see;
A useful person, you will agree.
4. While you are this, and satisfied,
Some will laugh, scorn, and deride.
5. If my next you wish to rightly find,
An Indian river please bring to mind.
6. A point in law I wished to know,
So to my last at once did go.

5.—CHARADE.

My whole if you feel in the being you've hears'd,
You'll hope he gets second when his body you
first.

6.—SQUARE WORDS.

Images; twelve of a kind; a modification of oxy-
gen; a term in music; to scoff.

7.—SQUARE WORDS.

An ancient poem; to thrust; an Eastern country;
to pasture the cattle of others; what we all must
come to.

8.—ENIGMA.

I belong to the sportsman, but not to his gun.
I belong to the father, but not to the son.
I am seen in a watch, but not in a clock.
I am found in a coat, but am not in a frock.
I am seen in a village, but not in a town.
I belong to the parson, but not to his gown.
I am found in the army and navy; but know
That, though found with the arrow, am not with
the bow.

9.—TRANSPOSITION, DELETION, DECAPITATION.

In every house where you may be,
Where people live, you will see me
Now, if my centre you delete,
You'll find me surely in this sheet.
Restore, transpose; you'll hear a cry.
Again transpose—a Scotch word try.
Delete, transpose—to tread you'll find.
Again—a thing not to your mind.
Transpose again—(one letter less)—
A sheep disease it will express.
Again transpose—contented find.
Again—a death 'twill bring to mind.
Again—a bundle next you see.
Again—a word for skill 'twill be.
Again—a bird that gormands like.
Again—a word for new you strike.
One letter drop—before your eyes
A mammal strange will surely rise.
Again—an obstacle 'twill be.
And, last of all, a pledge you'll see.

10.—CHARADES.

A number first, and a number last,
And a number in the middle,
Will name, I ween, what some have seen—
So answer now my riddle.

11.—ENIGMA.

When Louise to my suit answered "No,"
I felt like—well, I would, but I can't;
To me 'twas a terrible blow,
And the news would annoy my rich aunt.
I became, as it were—so may you,
Should fond hopes like a dream disappear.
No words can convey—ah, that's true!
Thank goodness, my meaning is clear!

12.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials and finals:

I'm a chaplain, wear a gown;
I'm subordinate, hanging down.

1. Where rain and snow and blinding sleet,
There you'll find me in the street.
2. I'm pitchy, and resinous to boot,
And I'm obtained from block-wood soot.
3. I'm divided fine and well
For to make good paper sell.
4. I'm a fossil, lily shaped,
Jointed stem and radiated.
5. I'm a fabric on your person,
Sometimes wear a good or worse one.
6. I am borne by man and woman—
Trouble, sorrow, something human.
7. In plants I am a pleasant smell;
We can have it artificially well.
8. I live and die in a frozen zone;
I suffer, am happy, almost alone.
9. Anything that happens I must be,
Occurring on the land, or done on the sea.

13.—CHARADE.

First's equality of condition,
Second's sometimes prefixed;
By third we mean a proposition;
Whole explains when sense is mixed:

14.—ENIGMA.

My first is in blithe,
But not in glee;
My next in lithe,
But not in lee;
My third is in bide,
But not in sea;
My fourth is in clide,
But not in nee;
My fifth is in berry,
But not in brook;
My whole's a very
Beautiful book.

15.—PUZZLE.

First is in old, but not in new;
Second is in lamb, but not in ewe;
Third is in day, but not in night;
Fourth is in dull, but not in bright;
Fifth is in ocean, but not in lake;
Sixth is in give, but not in take;
Seventh is in trade, but not in sell;
Eighth is in rock, but not in shell;
Ninth is in arrow, but not in quiver;
Tenth is in bay, but not in river.
My whole is the name of a song that is sung
Of a faithful friend no longer young.

16.—TRIFLE ACROSTIC.

In Palestine, in days of old,
My primals fought my finals bold;
Imprisoned thence, when homeward bound,
By medials were my primals found.

A riddle, lo! my first must be;
A pronoun next and insect see;
An officer my third will name;
My fourth a dye for Turkish dame;
My fifth's assisted, and my next
Is by a curb outfall'd express'd.
My last succeeds our latest breath,
Is but another name for death.

17.—SQUARE WORDS.

On the watch; a mechanical power; to avoid; a
kind of rampart; a river in England.

18.—SQUARE WORDS.

An ancient city; animals of the horse species; a
beast; full of cracks; to harass (last letter doubled);
what one is at night.

19.—SHAKESPEAREAN QUOTATION ACROSTIC.

"O horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor hear
Cannot conceive nor name thee."

The author of the above lines may be found in the
initials of the speakers of the following quotations:

- "O, Titus, see! O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son."
- "One to ten!
Lean, raw-boned scoundrels! Who would
ever suppose
They had such courage and audacity?"
- "No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings shout."
- "I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise."
- "'Tis he; I ken the manner of his gait."
- "Methinks you prescribe to yourself
Very preposterously."
- "And, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him."

20.—CHARADE.

Without a doubt my first is good,
And never can be otherwise;
But read me backward, and you'll find,
On shutters oft I catch your eyes.
My next's a work that ladies do,
And which in fashion long has been.
My whole is by a woman made,
And only on a woman seen.

21.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two wondrous works, but different far
As earth from heaven, as sun from star.

- A monster, erst most dreadful deemed.
- A scoundrel, who most vilely schemed.
- Prevents a fall, and helps us rise.
- Slight thought a Turkish town describes.
- And this a garden famed espies.

22.—DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

The diagonals, read downward, give the names
of two Irish authors.
Slothful; a tropical fruit; a dwelling; a debauch;
a sharp instrument.

23.—SQUARE WORDS.

An Oriental weight, varying from five to nine
pounds; divine; bay, red or black, with white or
gray hair thickly interspersed—the track or foot-
prints of a deer; to adorn; part of a ship trans-
posed—a learned man; a vowel—the wood just
under the bark of a tree—to deface; noting any
part or organ in any way remarkable for its length,
in comparison with its breadth; learned.

24.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vegetable, a goddess, surpassing, an ancient
astronomer; exactly, you; a bird; part of a turkey.

25.—SQUARE WORDS.

My first and last, with a preposition, name a
celebrated scent; a Cornish town; a Barbary state;
to get up.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN
MAY NUMBER.

1. Winter, Spring, thus—WitnesS, Imp, NeaR, NeaR,
Tripoli, EdEN, RunG. 2. Pipe. 3. Dodo, an extinct
species of bird. 4. Plant-age-net. 5. Clock, Watch,
thus—CoW Laura, OdT, CritC, KetoH. 6. Inn-so-
late, In-sole—ate; (insolate). 7. Friendship.
8. ZayaT, Abada, YapaN, AdamS, TansY.
9. Jaded, anile, dime—n, elect,dents. 10. Comet,
cot; waver, war; botany, bony. 11. A ray of light
was reflected by young Brown, from a looking-
glass, into old Brown's dining-room. 12. Cass-o-wary
(Cassowary). 13. Tamar, Trent, thus—TenT, Ar-
moR, MeleE, ActioN, ResT. 14. Comet, opera,
medal, erase, tales. 15. Minaret, iterate, neither,
Arthur's, rahudne (unheard), eternal, tersely.

16.— T
S I R
P A P E R
R A M P A R T
T I P P E R A R Y
R E P R O O F
P L A I T
U R N
Y

17. Army, Navy, thus—AmeN, RussiA, M V,
YesterdaY. 18. Was, sail (wassail). 19. May Queen,
Tennyson, thus—MusT, ArE, YoN, QueeN, UnrulY,
EarS, Embryo. Noon. 20. The letter E. 21. Green
House, thus—GirTh BondO, EaaU, ExpresS, Narra-
tive.

Taking a Photograph.—A farmer with his wife called at a Detroit photographic gallery to have some photographs taken of his "better-half," and while the operator was getting ready, the husband gave the wife a little advice as to how she must act. "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you will laugh and spoil the job. Think about early days—how your father got in jail, and your mother was an old scold, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you. Just fasten your mind on to that!" She didn't have any photographs taken.

A New York Mother having occasion to reprove her seven-year-old daughter for playing with some rude children, received in reply, "Well, ma, some folks don't like bad company, but I always did!"

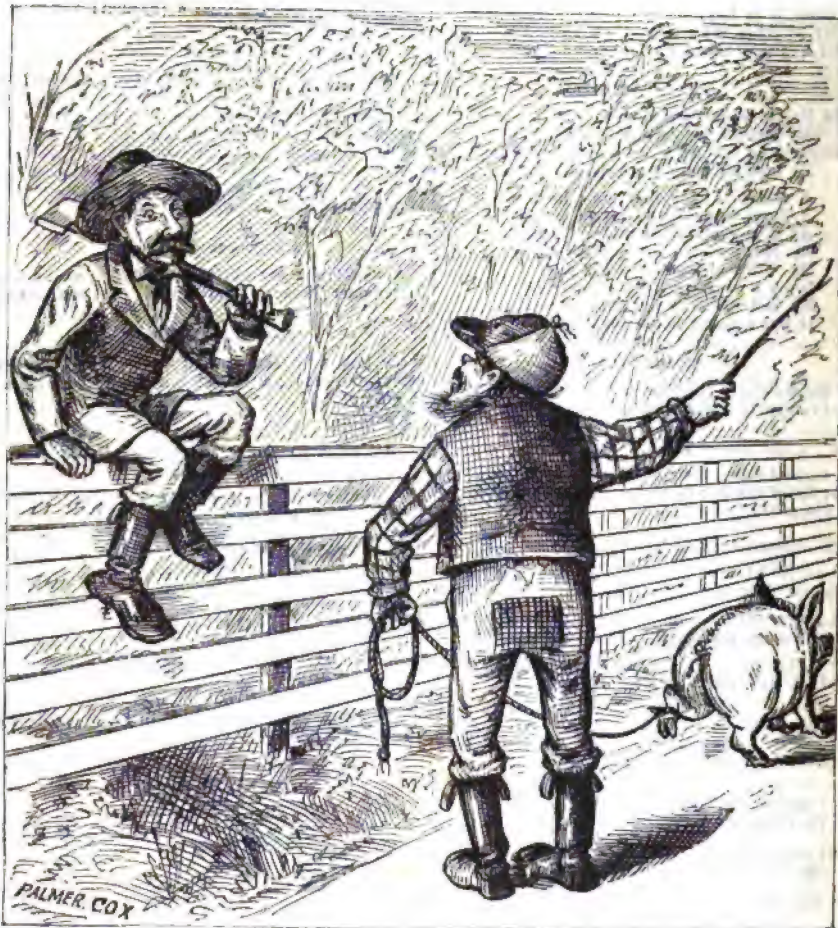
"Gentle Annie."—Tommy: "I say, Annie, let's ask mother to give us an 'oliday from school, this afternoon?" Annie—"Oh, no, Tommy, I 'eered 'em say as Billy Purvis and three more boys was to be flogged this afternoon, and it is such fun to see—and to hear 'em screech!"

A Lively Lookout for Jones.—"Oh, mamma, that's Captain Jones's knock! I know he has come to ask me to be his wife!" "Well, my dear, you must accept him." "But I thought you hated him so!" "Hate him! I do—so much that I mean to be his mother-in-law!" (Revenge is sweet, especially to women!)

Complimentary.—A paper in describing an accident recently, says, with much candor: "Dr. Jones was called, and under his prompt and skilful treatment the young man died on Wednesday night."

The Tomb of Agamemnon has been found. We are glad he has a tomb. We have all along been afraid that a subscription would have to be set afloat for that purpose. The illustrious dead will always find a hearty welcome in this country, if they are well provided with good, comfortable tombs.

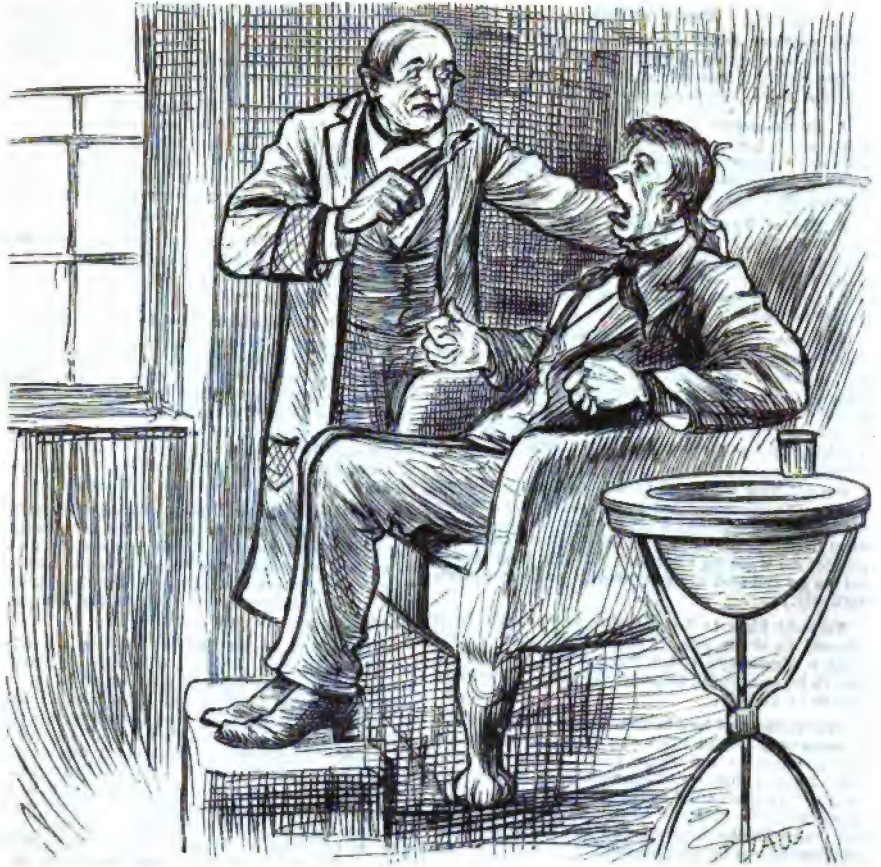
Gentle Reader!—If you have a remarkably strong constitution, you may read the following, but if not, we beg of you to pass it over: "If a cigar makes a man ill, will a cheroot make a man ill?"



PLAYING ROOTS ON HIM.

FARMER (with ax)—"Your hog seems to drive remarkably easy, Mr. Flynn."

MR. FLYNN—"Ah, but I'm deavoin' the devil! Sure I make beave it's the opposite way I want to drive him, and he skeeps along the right coorse like a leprechaun!"



A LITTLE TOO EASY.

DENTIST.—"Aha! There's the little joker. It came out easy, didn't it?"

PATIENT.—"Idiot! Blockhead! That's the false tooth I paid two dollars to have put in the other day!"

A Distinguished New York Physician has announced that "fatal cases of sunstroke cannot be cured by any means now known to medical science."

Test of Manhood.—Said a young fellow, indignantly, when called a boy: "Don't call me a boy. I've chewed tobacco and drank whisky these three years!"

Before the Days of the teetotallers, a neighbor of Mr. Bisbee saw that gentleman at an early hour of the day crawling slowly homeward on his hands and knees over the frozen ground. "Why don't you get up and walk?" said his neighbor. "I w-would, b-b-but's so almighty thin here that I'm a-a-afraid I shall b-b-break through!"

On the Death of Louis XIV., a courtier said: "Well, well, after the death of the king, I really can believe anything."

Two Young Ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the question: "Which of us do you think the older, Mr. O'Grady?" "Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

No Sooner do we Hear of the building of a new and apparently impenetrable iron-clad, than it is followed by an account of a more destructive weapon of offense.

Too Strong.—Two young brothers may be as devoutly attached to each other as were Damon and Pythias, but you will never hear of one snatching the scuttle from the hand of the other and insisting upon going down to the cellar to bring up the coal.

A Starter.—A contemporary informs us that "no girl gets along well without a mother." A mother is indispensable, in fact, as a starter.

Proper Names.—Two interesting children were amusing themselves in childish fashion by "playing railways." "What do you call your locomotive?" says Tom. "Carelessness," replies Harry. "What's the name of yours?" "Collision."

A Strong-minded Woman in Detroit made the following gentle reply to a politician who had called at her house to get her husband to go to the poll and vote. "No, sir, he can't go! He's washing now, and he's going to iron to-morrow; and if he wasn't doing anything, he couldn't go. I own this 'ere house, I do; and if any one votes it 'll be this same Mary Jane."

Some People will joke about anything. An Illinois paper says: "A man fell into a vat of beer, in Piqua, Ohio, the other day, and, not being able to swim, was drowned—a *pitquant* mode of coming to one's end."

Posthumous.

Be cautious, friend Celebs, ere taking a wife,
For nothing on earth can undo it;
Too rashly I married, and settled for life—
The d—l knows how I got through it!

A Delinquent arrested for drunkenness was asked at the police-court what he had done with his money. "Invested it in lots," was the reply. "What lots?" was the next question. "Lots of whisky," he replied, with a serious face.

A Bit of Texan Humor.—"A young man at Kember's Bluff," in this State," says a Texas paper, "acquired the habit of tossing a cocked and loaded pistol in the air, and catching it by the muzzle as it fell. The last time he caught it was just a moment before he died."

A Round Story.—A man went through the Bankruptcy Court. He had owned a fine horse and gig, and they both disappeared for a time; but, by-and-by, the horse and gig were doing service for the same owner again. On being asked what this meant, the man's reply was: "I went through the Bankruptcy Court, but the horse and gig went round."

Unuttered Thoughts.—A part song without words. Performers—gentleman, lady, dog. He—"I wish she'd put that wretched dog down and attend to me." She—"I wish he'd take himself off, and let me write to Charlie." B—"I wish they'd let me go and look after my meat." (All three yawn furively.)

Nobody likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody; but, when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

To the Best of her Knowledge.—*London Poetoman* 92 X—"It's likely you did lose the purse in the 'bus, marm; and where might you 'ave got in at?" *Bridely Party*—"Tottenhamsh-Curtsh-Roge." 92 X—"Yes, but what part? Did you get in at the Horse Shoe?" E. P.—"Young mansh, you didn't ought to ashk shuch question. Don't know the nasty publicah-houses by (hic) name."

For Wagnerites.—A well-known sculptor, warmly asserting that Wagner's compositions were not music, gave an unanswerable proof of his argument. "Dogs are well known," said he, "to howl at music of any kind; yet a whole pack of fifty hounds was brought on the stage in 'Tannhauser,' in the midst of vigorous strains from the singers and orchestra, and not one dog gave voice. Is not that true evidence from unprejudiced creatures?"

A Story is being Told at the expense of a very wealthy and very popular landowner, who, besides being the patron of one or two livings, is well-known on the turf. During the Summer he managed to slip away from town from a Saturday to Monday, and, a stanch churchman, he attended morning and afternoon service on the Sunday at the parish church. It so happened that the parson was suffering from a bad cold, and sent the clerk to the squire's pew to ask him to read the lessons. The squire got through the first right enough, but the second was taken from the fourteenth chapter of the Acts, where, in the sixth verse, it is stated that St. Paul and St. Barnabas "fled unto Lystra and Derbe." It is perhaps needless to say that the latter town was pronounced "Darby"—to the horror of the parson and the great amusement of some friends.

A Connecticut Man wants to sell a farm in which "meandering streams and rivulets permeate luxuriant pastures, singing as they flow; while majestic oaks and stately maples attract the eye of the beholder, and cultivated orchards give promise of fruit second only to that of the Hesperides."

You Charge Me fifty sequins," said a Venetian nobleman to a sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only ten days' labor." "You forget," replied the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days."

For the Medical Profession.—It is stated that Terra del Fuego has been traversed by Lieutenant Masters, R. N., who has discovered that the natives believe in devils, and hold them to be the departed spirits of members of the medical profession. The main object of their religious ceremonies is to keep these devils at a distance from them.

"It Seems to Me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I cannot imagine where." "Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

The Philadelphia People complain that the Thomas concerts are not well attended in that city. It is the fault of the Thomases themselves, then. We and our neighbors own four, of the ordinary woodshed variety, and when they give a concert at night, every man within two miles of the house gets up and cries and swears, and wrings his hands and walks the floor, and we haven't kindled a fire this Summer with anything but the strange bootjacks we pick up in the back-yard every morning.

A Delicate Question.—"Why is the letter d like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted, one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because we can't be wed without it."

Trifles Not to be Trifled With.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterward he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last!" "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well!" said his friend, "but all these are trifles!" "It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

"My Dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

A Young Lady, while on her way to be married, was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked: "She has avoided a more lingering and horrible destiny."

A Western paper says: "Seven runaway bridal parties recently arrived at a Kentucky hotel, one after another, on the same day, and seven enraged papas were about two hours behindhand in every instance." That would make forty-nine enraged papas.

There is a Man in New York so close that when he attends church he occupies the pew furthest from the pulpit, to save the interest on his money while the collectors are passing the plates for contribution.

Testamentary Obligations.—"Oude Little Girl (who has heard conversations between her parents of the like import) — "Uncle, have you made your will?" Uncle (started) — "Eh?" "Oude Little Girl — "Cause I hope you haven't forgotten my dolls!"

There's a Mining-town in Arizona called Nowhere. It is doubtless named after the place where husbands have invariably been when their wives help them up-stairs at three o'clock in the morning.

A Cool Criminal.—A short time ago a man named Crandall made his escape from the Alleghany County Jail. For the information of the curious he has lately written back the following account of the manner of his escape: "I suppose it is a mystery to some how I got away, consequently I will give you a brief history of my departure. The *modus operandi* was this: I got out of my cell by ingenuity, ran up-stairs with agility, crawled out of the back window in secrecy, and slid down the lightning-rod with rapidity, walked out of the angelic town with dignity, and am now basking in the sunshine of pleasure and liberty!"

"Oh, Mamma!" exclaimed a little four-year old, "we had such a splendid time down on the beach! We built sand-houses, and the man that keeps the boats let out the tide while we were there, and we saw it go creeping, cre-e-ping off."

"What am I Made of?" asked a little girl, fresh from her Sunday-school lesson, as she essayed to show off her knowledge to a younger sister. "I don't know," was the honest answer. "What does mamma sweep up from the floor?" was the first speaker's next trial in the Socratic method. "Pins, needles and hairpins!" was the prompt, but unexpected, response.

A New London vessel was recently boarded at sea by the Colorado beetle in such numbers as to necessitate a closing of the hatches. Upon being informed, however, that there were no potatoes on board, the bugs merely gave the captain a reprimand, and started out to wait for another vessel.

Colonel Finnigan was a Florida planter, wealthy and hospitable. Toward the poor he was always kind, and even the shiftless he would not turn coldly away. A man who had often been an object of his bounty was named Jake Hartruff. Jake was a squatter in the woods, where he had a log-cabin and a small clearing. Upon this land he had sometimes raised corn, and with his gun he captured game. Of the game he ate the flesh, and the skins he traded for whisky. Long before the Winter was over he was sure to be out of corn, in which emergency he would bring his bag to the colonel for a supply, which was generally furnished. Once upon a time, Jake came with his bag very early in the season—in fact, Winter had just in. "Why, how's this, Jake?" demanded Finnigan. "Seems to me you are rather early in your call for corn!" "Well, colonel, fact is, my crop failed this yer season." "Failed! How is that? I thought this had been an uncommonly good season for corn?" "Yass, I s'pose it has, colonel; but, y' see, I forgot to plant."

Justice has recovered her eyesight at last. A lightning-rod man fell from a ladder in Laurel County the other day, and was so completely demoralized that it is thought lightning must have struck him.

The Bostonian is not naturally a holy being, but he very justly flares up when he goes into a photograph-gallery and is informed by the operator that, in order to secure a good likeness, he must first wash his face.

A Stranger in Chicago asked a young scapegrace to show him a good boarding establishment, and he directed him to a carpenter's shop.

Some of the Hartford physicians sent to the City Clerk certificates setting forth these causes of death: Colic infantum, scholar (scrofula), sun-stroke, apoplexy fit, colic fanthum, infuside (infantile), abessee, direa, parietic shock, reumatism (rheumatism), hearth disease, earapleese, long fever, paralasis, lung fever, spinal menegettes.

Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork-jackets have ever saved.

Oakward, Rather.—Rev. Mr. Spooner (tenderly, to eligible widow)—"How beautifully emblematic is this of the relations of man and wife. See how the graceful ivy, womanlike, clings for support to the stalwart oak. Ah, dear madame, a husband's fond protection—" Widow—"And supposin' the oak is too little and the ivy too big—what then, Mr. Spooner?"

On a Kentucky Rapid Transit Line, recently, a passenger stopped the brakeman as he was passing through, and asked: "How fast does this train go?—a mile an hour?" "It goes fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get out and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," replied the disgusted passenger, settling back in the corner of his seat "but my friends won't come for me until the train gets in, and I don't want to be waiting in the depot for two or three hours." The brakeman passed on.

A Sharp Yankee Grocer, when a customer who was buying a gallon of treacle observed that a good deal remained in the measure after it was turned, remarked, "There was some in the measure before I drew your gallon."

A Gentleman Asked, "Is that a friend of yours?" pointing toward a party who was sailing rapidly down the street. "Can't tell you till next Saturday," returned the individual addressed. "I've just lent him five dollars."

Different Modes of Expression.—At the Philadelphia Centennial, the Philadelphia ladies cry out, "Isn't it cunning?" New York ladies, "How superbly lovely!" Boston ladies, "Ah, how exquawsite!" Louisville ladies, "Beautiful, fo' shaugh!" Chicago ladies, "Oh, my! I wish I owned that!" While the genuine Yankee girls exclaim, "Gee-whimminy! but ain't that 'ere a stunner!"

Some One who believes that brevity is the soul of wit, writes: "Don't eat stale Q-cumbers. They'll W up!"

Consolation.—"Oh, my dear sir!" said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you've pulled out." "Very sorry, my dear sir," said the blundering operator, "but as there were only three altogether when I began, I'm sure to be right the next time."

Many persons complain that they cannot find words for their thoughts, when the real trouble is that they cannot find thoughts for their words.

It has been said that any lawyer who writes so plainly as to be intelligible is an enemy to his profession.

Mrs. Malaprop says she knows who the Alpine glacier is. He is a foreigner who carries a lump of putty in his hand and a pane of glass under his arm.

Russian Interpreters.—Russian interpreters in Turkestan are a sorry set, according to the author of "Turkestan." Amongst others, he gives the following amusing illustration; At the public reception, in Tashkent, of the son of Khudayar Khan, General Kaufmann said: "By coming here to visit me, you show that you are the obedient son of your father and a faithful servant of your country." The interpreter, to the wonderment and amusement of the natives, rendered this: "By coming here to see me, you show that you are really the son of your father."

An Old Gentleman, who is getting "thin at the top," says: "Always pick out a bald-headed barber to shave you, because he can't consistently ask you to buy any hair restorative."

A Certain Nobleman, more remarkable for his ancestry than his intellect, said to Macklin: "What a pity you are a player!" "What!" cried Macklin. "Would you have me a nobleman?"



A CAUTIOUS DISPOSITION.

WOULD-BE-LOVER—"Of course, I like you. But, as you're a Western girl, I'd like to get a look at your pedigree!"

FAIR ENSLAYER—"Sir-r-r!"

WOULD-BE-LOVER—"Well, you, see, about twenty years ago, my mother went West, and for years kept gettin' married and divorced again, so afore this thing goes further, I'd like to be sure you ain't a sort of a sister of mine!"

A Literary Gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, instructed his Irish servant to admit no one, and if any one should inquire for him, to give him an equivocal answer. Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his visitors. "Did any one call?" "Yes, sir; wan gentleman." "What did he say?" "He axed was yer honor in." "Well, what did you tell him?" "Sure, I gave him a quivkle answer, jist." "How was that?" "I axed him was his grandmother a monkey."

Helping Himself.—"Can't you help me a little?" said a tramp, poking his head into a country shop. "Why don't you help yourself?" said the proprietor, angrily. "Thank you. I will," said the tramp, as he picked up a bottle of whisky and two loaves of bread, and disappeared like a lightning-streak, followed by half-a-dozen lumps of coal.

Judge (undecided).—"Humph! the court must be clear on this point, Brother Jenkins." **Anxious Usher**.—"Clear the court!" (Is reprimanded for excess of zeal.)

The Woman who neglects her husband's shirt-front is not the wife of his bosom.

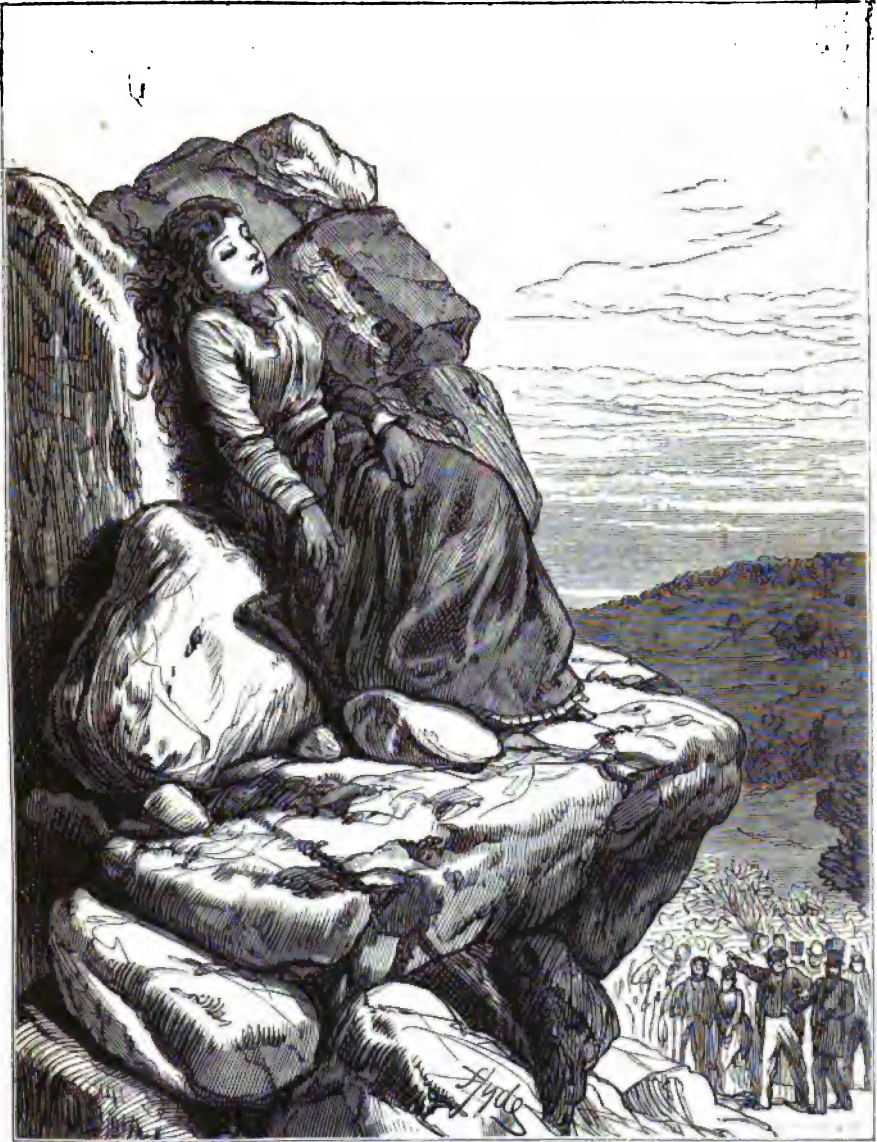
A Prominent Connecticut Writer is noted for neglect of his personal appearance. The night before Christmas, a gentleman spoke to a friend of making the author a present. "I want to get him something that he would keep," observed the gentleman. "In that case I would suggest a cake of soap," remarked the friend.

At a Friendly Gathering at Holland House the conversation turned on love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, because "it shoots from the eyes." "Or, rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by paring."

**To One, life-wasting misery,
To two, earth's greatest bliss;
To three, fierce strife and enmity.
Pray tell me what is this?—Love.**

A New Club.—The married ladies of a Western city have formed a Come-Home-Husband Club. It is about four feet long, and has a brush on one end of it.

Sam Bowles went right back to Springfield when he saw that the statue of Webster had no pistol-pocket in the pantaloons.



THE TRAGEDY OF LOVERS' NOOK.—"WITH A FAINT SMILE UPON HER LIPS, HER HANDS FOLDED IN HER LAP, HER HEAD PILLOWED ON THE ROCK, THEY FOUND SUSIE, QUITE DEAD."

The Tragedy of Lovers' Nook.

ONE of the prettiest villages in all New England is Elverton, in New Hampshire, lying six miles beyond the nearest railroad-station, and a primitive village still.

And one of the loveliest spots in Elverton is the scene of a story that was told me only last Summer when I drifted into the boarders' room of an Elverton farmhouse for a few weeks of country seclusion and rest.

This spot is a nook in the woods where two great mountainous rocks, some forty feet high, have been split asunder at the top by some convulsion of

nature, and in the cleft there is a natural, high-backed seat of rock, just comfortably accommodating two people.

It is not the easiest scramble in the world to attain the honor of resting upon this stony eminence, for the rocks are rough, and in the shelving footholds there is a slippery vegetation, not bettered by the piles of dead leaves the winds carry there.

Only young people cared to scale the rocky paths and look out of the opening in the face of the natural seat to the wide, beautiful landscape stretching out below them.

Upon each side the great rocks lift their heads some fifteen feet above the seat, casting cool shadows in Summer and shutting out the cold

winds in Spring and Autumn. In Winter the risk of life or limb is too great for the most venturesome to care to visit the nook.

Once seated in this pretty sylvan retreat, the whole village of Elverton lies like a panorama before the venturesome climber, the church and primitive sheds for country vehicles, the cottages, the main street, and, beyond, the outlying farms and roads, with Elverton Creek running like a thread of silver over meadows and pastures.

All the sweet country sounds float up there, softened by distance to a pleasant, drowsy hum of life, not too busy to take rural delights falling in the way.

Need I say, after such a description, that all the lovers of Elverton found special attractions in this sheltered, secluded nook, towering above all its surroundings? It has been called Lovers' Nook for many long years, "long enough before my time," my informant told me, and her time had surely not been a very short one.

The first attraction of the spot for the country lads and lassies was surely the long scramble to reach it, where maiden-timidty and weakness gave such ample excuse for the profer of stronger arms and hands, and the display of rustic gallantry.

Once the seat was gained, the reasons for a long season of rest after such arduous labors were surely sufficiently obvious, and many a tender secret, many a sweet confession, were whispered under the shadows of the great gray rocks. Then the descent repeated all the difficulties and advantages of the ascent, with perhaps added confidence and tenderness after the long talk.

For how many years the name of the romantic spot was associated only with pleasant, tender memories I am unable to say, for the tale that was told to me was the one that drove the lovers from the spot as a haunted, trysting-place, and gave it a name that causes the cheeks of the village maidens to pale when they talk of it.

Some twenty years ago, the belle of Elverton was Susie Hope; the only child of the village blacksmith, whose jetty tresses, rich dark complexion, and soft black eyes, were the legacy of a Southern mother, long resting in the churchyard.

Very small in stature, delicate in feature, and daintily graceful in every movement, Susie was really a beauty, and as gentle, winsome and loving, as she was pretty.

The blacksmith was well-to-do in the world, and he owned a pretty cottage, cozily furnished, where Susie reigned, the neatest of housekeepers, the most loving of daughters. She had spent four Winters in a Boston school, could lead the church choir, play upon the melodeon there, and had well improved her opportunities for study.

John Hope was proud of his child, and his widowed sister, Mary Gordon, gave her niece a place in her heart only second to that of her own child, Minnie.

There was no special romance in the wooing that made Susie Hope the affianced wife of Stephen Graves, a prosperous young farmer, who lived a mile beyond the village upon his own broad acres. A tall, finely built fellow, with milk-white teeth, brown curls, and frank blue eyes, Stephen was admitted to be the handsomest man in Elverton, the best worker, the fastest runner, and the most graceful dancer. The maidens were as willing to listen to his ringing voice as the village beaux were to whisper gallant speeches to Susie.

But when it was known that the two were "keeping company," all other aspirants for favor drew back, with true rustic chivalry. Only Minnie Gordon, a pretty blonde, slender and graceful, was heard to say she wondered what Stephen found to admire in that "little brown girl."

But poor Minnie was a case of lost hope, and nobody heeded her words.

With all the primitive frankness of country courtship, Stephen, as soon as his day's work was over,

crossed the village to visit Susie and spend the evening beside her.

But, in the long Summer's twilight, it often happened that Susie strolled to meet him, and they made a trysting place of Lovers' Nook.

It was here that Stephen told his love, here he won Susie's promise to be his wife, here they exchanged the sweet confidence only lovers know.

The girl, a singularly trusting, gentle maiden, had no thought secret from Stephen, giving him the only love her young heart had ever known.

But the young farmer had been a bit of a flirt, and he did not open his heart quite so frankly as Susie imagined. Yet, in that Summer, wooing, he gave Susie honest, true love, fully meaning all the tender promises he whispered in her ear.

September winds were shaking down the nuts and turning the leaves to their flaming Fall hues, when, one evening, just before dusk, Stephen struck from the village-road into the path leading to the cozy seat in the great split rock.

Susie had promised to meet him there, and the evening would be warm enough to linger till the moon rose, and walk home by its light.

Stephen was near the base of the rock where the steep ascent began, and was beginning to wonder he did not meet Susie, when, with a great cry, he stopped, and knelt down. For there, at his very feet, Susie lay white and still, her face ghastly in the faint light, her hat falling off, her feet strangely twisted under her.

"Susie! Susie!" Stephen cried, but the white lids over the large eyes never stirred, the pale lips were mute.

Quickly gathering her in his strong arms, Stephen carried her home, staggering often under his load, but never flinching till he reached the door of the blacksmith's cottage.

Here he put the girl, still unconscious, into her father's arms, hurriedly telling his story, and rushed off for the doctor and Susie's Aunt Mary, who lived only two cottages away.

There were anxious days and nights to follow, when Susie raved deliciously, telling over and over of her attempt to climb alone to the seat where she had so often climbed, and falling down, down to the very base of the rock.

Life hung upon a slender thread, and, when the shadow of the death-angel's wing was lifted, there was still heavy sorrow.

Susie had injured her hips and would be lame for life!

Long after every one in the village had heard the bitter news, Susie was spared the knowledge. She was so very, very weak, gaining her way to health so slowly, that no one had the courage to tell her of the doctor's decision. She was so young, so full of hope, so happy in her love, who could tell her such a bitter truth!

But while she lay white and suffering, conscious only of weary pain, tenderly nursed by her aunt Mary, Minnie was filling her place in the household, caring for Mr. Hope's comfort, and telling Stephen every evening of Susie's advance toward recovery.

Not one evening passed without bringing Stephen to the cottage to inquire for his betrothed, and if Minnie put on a trinket or a ribbon more, curled her hair into smoother ringlets, and hurried the washing of the tea-things, no one chided her.

The blacksmith sat in the porch, even when the winds grew chilly, smoking his pipe, and grieving sorely over the child he idolized.

Aunt Mary seldom left the sick-room. So if Stephen lingered after the news was told of Susie's progress, and Minnie used every coquettish art at her control to win him from his allegiance, there was no voice or hand to stay the faithless work.

When Stephen first resolved that he could not be expected to keep his troth with a cripple, he was man enough still to have bitter pangs of self-contempt, but they died away gradually as Minnie's fascinations gained ground. Yet I cannot deny

that he felt like a scoundrel when he told his new hopes to the little blonde, and whispered a love-tale in her willing ear.

And while the love that was Susie's strongest hope of happiness was drifting away from her, she was striving to look her new life in the face.

On the day when, for the first time, she was able to sit up, very pale and thin, her aunt Mary had broken to her very gently and tenderly the fact that she would be lame for life.

"You will be able to walk, dear," she answered, to the agonized questions put to her, "but the injured leg will never be as long as the other."

"You mean I will limp?"

"Yes. It might be worse, Susie."

"Yes, it might be worse!"

Oh, how dearly she said it!

She was not a vain girl, nor one who gave undue weight to her own personal attractions; but she knew that she had been very graceful and active, a light-footed dancer at country balls, and able to run or walk with a quick grace and vigor.

To limp through life pale and sickly was not a very bright prospect, and Susie brought many bitter tears to meet the blow. But her aunt Mary was a true Christian comforter, and little by little Susie learned to bow with resignation to the Higher Power that had afflicted her.

And in the long convalescence she taught herself, too, that she must give Stephen up. He had wooed her a strong, active girl, fit for all the duties of a farmer's wife, and she would not burden his life with a crippled, sickly companion, who could not be a helpmate.

Notweasilly, not in one hour or day, did Susie resolve upon this renunciation; but after she had done so, her mental composure came back to her.

Christmas was coming, and one evening it was decided that Susie might come into the sitting-room, for the first time since her accident. She could move about the room, painfully, but without assistance, and her father carried her down-stairs.

Not until tea was over did she speak the thought that had been uppermost in her mind all day. Minnie was fussing about, wondering how she could slip away unobserved to meet Stephen; Aunt Mary was putting away the tea-cups, when Susie said:

"Will Stephen come to-night, do you think? Does he know I am to be down-stairs?"

Minnie gave her head a sancy toss.

"He comes every evening."

"To ask for me—I know that. I should like to see him alone, Minnie, a few minutes. I have something particular to say to him."

Minnie grew crimson, and bit her lips, as if to keep back her words. But thinking better of that, she said, defiantly:

"You might as well know, first as last, Susie, that Stephen Graves has asked me to marry him, and I have said that I would."

"You! you marry Stephen Graves!" said Susie, only astonishment controlling her for a moment.

"Why, Stephen is engaged to me!"

"He was," said Minnie, trying to hide her sense of shame under a bold face; "but of course you could not expect him to marry a cripple. What could you do on a farm?"

Then Aunt Mary came forward, her face white with wrath, her eyes blazing with righteous indignation.

"Be quiet!" she said, with her voice harsh in anger. "I never thought to be so bitterly ashamed of my own child as I am this night."

Then the wrath died from her face as she bent tenderly over Susie, who, white and stricken, only whispered:

"Let father carry me up-stairs before Stephen comes."

John Hope came quickly at his sister's call, lifting the little wasted form tenderly in his strong arms. She only pleaded fatigue till she was in her own room, and then told him all.

His anger was not a pleasant sight, even after it had been softened somewhat by Susie's petitions and tears.

It made his face very rigid and stern as he came back to the sitting-room, where Minnie was hurriedly explaining matters to Stephen. It rang in his voice as he said:

"You must do your courting elsewhere, Stephen Graves. Susan intended to give you your freedom this evening, but since you have seen fit to play her false while she lay between life and death, you are no longer welcome here. I promised my child to keep my hands off you, but I advise you to keep out of my way, for it is hard work to keep my fingers from your throat. Go!"

He pointed to the door as he spoke, and Stephen slunk away, more bitterly ashamed of himself than he had ever been before in his life.

"Remember," the old man said, contemptuously to Minnie, "I'll not have Susie insulted by that scoundrel's coming here to court you."

There was a slight relapse following the shock to Susie in her feeble state; but a few weeks later Mrs. Gordon and Minnie went to their own home, and a pale, wasted shadow of Susie moved about the blacksmith's cottage.

She made no moan, bearing her pain, physical and mental, with patient resignation, striving to fill her old place, to make her father's house the home of love and comfort that it had ever been under her gentle care.

But the blacksmith did not know how many of the hours he spent at his forge were filled in his home by quiet weeping, by prayers of pitiful import, or long slumber of utter exhaustion. There was always a smile to greet him, and he hoped the Spring would bring Susie's roses back again.

It was an inexpressible comfort to the crippled girl in these lonely hours to know how dear she was to her father, how tenderly she loved him. In her happy, healthful days their love had been a matter of course, a naturally existing, pleasant state of mutual affection, demanding no outward token beyond the daily kiss of greeting or care for each other's welfare and comfort. But now, in her weakness, Susie mutely craved petting, and the horny hands of the strong blacksmith lifted her to his lap like a little child, holding her head against his broad breast, stroking her hair or her cheeks as a mother caresses her babe. And Susie, nestling there, knew that one heart held her in faithful love, though all the world else should forget her.

Through the Winter months Minnie prepared her wedding outfit, knowing the whole village—her mother not excepted—looked scornfully upon her conquest, at such a time. She had persuaded Stephen to sell his farm and make his arrangements to go West as soon as they were married, and he consented more readily, knowing that the frank, honest people around him looked with scant favor upon his new courtship.

It was village gossip very soon that the wedding in June would be followed by a trip westward, to take possession of a new farm already purchased. The Spring days wore away, and Aunt Mary noted sadly that every one seemed to take something from Susie's strength; the limp became more conspicuous as added weakness made the girl step slower and slower; and as Summer heat drew near, even the housework became too heavy for the little thin hands.

It had been arranged that Aunt Mary was to come to her brother's to live when Minnie was married, but she was very little in her own home for several weeks before the wedding-day.

It came at last, with glorious June sunshine, and the village was astir early to go to the church; even those who felt for Susie were going to see the wedding, and Minnie's mother could not refuse to be there. So it happened that, an hour before the ceremony, Susie was alone with her father.

"Father," she said, putting her pale cheek

against his rough whiskers, "will you grant me a favor?"

"You know well I'd never deny you one."

"Carry me down to Lovers' Nook! We can ride to the rocks, and you can easily carry me up. I will wait there till you come back from church."

"I'm not going to the church!"

"Yes, you are; you are Minnie's uncle, and she is going away. Please go! I want you to!"

But considerable coaxing and grumbling had to be done first. Yet, at last Susie had her way, and sat, warmly wrapped, upon the stone seat in Lovers' Nook, looking down upon the village.

She could hear the church-bell, the sound floating up to her mellowed by distance; she could see her father's gig go out upon the road and into the churchyard; she could watch the bridal party as they entered the sacred edifice; and when the bells ceased to ring, and she knew the service had commenced, she whispered softly:

"God bless Stephen! God bless them both!"

Then she closed her eyes wearily, and let her head rest against the rough rock beside her.

The bridal party were coming homeward, Minnie leaning upon Stephen's arm. In Aunt Mary's cottage a farewell luncheon awaited them before they started upon their long journey. All the friends were coming to say good-speed, and the road was well filled with people, when Mr. Hope, white and wild-eyed, burst from the woods before them all.

Grasping Stephen by the arm, he cried, hoarsely: "Come with me! come see your work!" dragging him as he spoke into the narrow path—all the rest of the long procession following. Up the rocky ascent the old man scrambled, never losing his hold upon Stephen's arm till they gained the sheltered seat. There, with a faint smile upon her lips, her hands folded in her lap, her head pillowed on the rock, they found Susie, quite dead.

Never again did Stephen come back to his old home, and the lovers came no more to the "Nook," where tragic memories drove away all the idle notions that hover ever upon wooing lips.

Children scramble up there and make the old rocks echo to their gleeful shouts; but the old people shake their heads in passing by, and tell strangers, as they told me, the tragedy of Lovers' Nook.

A Modern Spy.

CHAPTER I.

"DEAR JACK:—I have just heard the strangest, wildest news. Lenny is playing at the — Theatre — a ballet dancer!"

"I lie here slowly recovering from a fever. Little Turk is ill, too—very ill, they tell me. For God's sake find out if it is true about Lenny. Don't defer the matter a day if you value my life."

"You, and you only, know all the circumstances connected with this unfortunate affair. I cannot put the case in stranger hands. Lenny must come back of her own accord. I sent her from me—curses on my violence! Tell her the mystery is unraveled—she is innocent, pure as a saint. Tell her I was irritable, mad—the fever was in my veins. Tell her I have been at Death's door—ah, so close! I looked in—the awful solitude—the dreadful silence! Oh, Jack! Tell her to come to me—but, above all, to our child. What must I have said in my passion to drive her from him? Poor little Turk! his parched lips call her day and night. I will gladly, humbly ask her forgiveness. Tell her this, as only you can. You never failed me yet—I know you will not now. For God's sake mention this to no living soul—not even to your nearest and dearest. It is thought here that Lenny is away on a visit for her health, and that I have sent for her."

"Yours in anguish of heart,

"RUPERT YONGE."

"P. S.—I need not ask you to proceed with the utmost caution. Of all men, you are the best fitted for a commission so delicate."

Jack Bernholt read this note in the solitude of his bachelor rooms. He had just finished his dinner and lighted his pipe, when the servant brought him the letter. In his excitement the pipe was laid aside and went out.

When he had read it, he pushed back the dishes, made a vacant space on the table, and wrote hastily with a pencil, folded and sealed the missive, called a servant and sent the note to the post, relighted his pipe, and throwing himself into the easiest lounging-chair, thus soliloquized:

"So, I knew there was trouble, but had no idea it would come to this. Rupert is decidedly hot-headed. There was some former lover in the case; but I'm very sure poor little Lenny was as innocent as the babe unborn. Dancing—ballet—Lenny! Humph! at the — Theatre, too; a sort of varieties; that's bad, bad! But, then, supposing the poor child, a stranger in the city, could get nothing else to do? Silly, willful, impetuous little fool! I'd never forgive her—yes, I would, by Jove, if I was a man like Rupert! That fellow never knows when he's well off. And there's my engagement with Berenice; but all other claims must give way to this. Rupert has been my good friend in many ways—I can't refuse him. I must save Lenny, too; so the engagement must be broken."

He put his pipe aside the second time, and wrote as follows, on tinted paper:

"BERENICE, DARLING—An important matter, involving the dearest interests of an old friend, prevents me from joining the yachting party this evening. I cannot tell you how much disappointed I am by this most unlucky *contretemps*. May all benignant spirits attend you—I invoke for you the serenest rays of the moon. May no cloud eclipse its brightness. Will see you to-morrow, early."

"Your affectionate

JACK."

"P. S.—Tell M— he may have my guitar. I shall fancy I hear 'The Gay Mariner's Song,' out on the moonlit water. Ever, yours, JACK."

Jack Bernholt was in that enviable position where one makes excuses without fear of injurious consequences—an engaged man. His *fiancée* was a beautiful girl, about whom fluttered still, at a respectful distance, many admirers. Among these was one who felt secretly enraged that a man lower in social position than himself had been preferred by the leader of her set, the beautiful, fastidious and elegant Berenice Alwyn.

Before Jack came with his laughing blue eyes and wonderful voice, he, Philip Cozzens, had been considered the favored lover, but now he was thrust aside and looked upon as a cast-off suitor. Jack, naturally of a happy and vivacious disposition, treated his former rival with uniform courtesy; but Philip Cozzens hated his successor from the first, and was quite willing to do him an injury.

That night Jack, with his hat pulled low on his forehead, stepped into the vestibule of the — Theatre. It happened that just as he entered Phil Cozzens was passing. Something in the manner and gait of the man before him attracted the gaze of his keen black eye.

"That can't be Jack Bernholt," he muttered to himself; "and yet it must be—it is! How is this? I am sure he was down for the yachting party to-night. Well, this is strange. I'll drop in and see what the attraction is."

So saying, he followed Jack's movements through the not very choice crowd, saw him buy a ticket, bought one himself, and, keeping well out of sight, entered the gallery, hardly conscious as yet that he was in the character of a spy.

"What would the fastidious Berenice say," he

chuckled to himself, "If she knew for what her lover had left the pleasure of her fair presence?"

He had often heard Jack condemn the ballet, and now here he was, among the least reputable of its devotees. Musing thus, seated at a little distance from his rival, he determined to watch him closely, for in this strange freak he fancied he saw the germ that might be nursed into a means of injury.

The curtain rose. Jack's flushed face was eagerly turned toward the stage. His eyes ran over the glittering throng in search of little Lenny.

At last he saw her. In her gauze and spangles, her fluttering wings, her grace of attitude, and the delicate beauty of her face, she was undoubtedly the prettiest woman among them all. He grew heartsick while watching her—she, the tender, petted creature on whom the winds of heaven had never been allowed to blow too roughly—down there among those painted throngs, posturing, swinging, swimming in the light of the blazing gas, exposed to the rude gaze of the frequenters of such a temple.

Something in his manner, in his steady gaze, in his seeming forgetfulness of the surroundings, struck Phil as not only singular, but repulsive and reprehensible to the last degree.

"It means more than can be seen on the surface," he muttered to himself, his thin face glowing, his eyes dilating. "Jack Bernholt never would fasten his glances that way upon an ordinary member of the corps if she were not something to him. And with all his show of morality, too—and so soon to become the husband of a fine, sensitive creature like Berenice Alwyn!"

The first act over, the curtain fell. Jack's manner assumed another phase. He looked about him quickly, bent his eyes on the ground for a moment, then seized his hat, and, almost with the air of a person walking in his sleep, made his way out.

As quietly as possible Phil also rose, and cautiously followed him through the passages into the mysterious shadows behind the stage.

A man in a comical hat and grotesque suit of glistening green stood near one of the scenes. Jack addressed him, designating the person he wished to see, aiding his memory by the offer of some money.

"You mean the new one, I expect," said the man, smiling, and the painted lines on his face gave him a strange expression. "She ain't been on but a few weeks. All the rest are season hands."

"Yes, I mean her," said Jack, looking about uneasily.

He could not see Phil, who had ensconced himself in a convenient place for playing the spy, and to whom it never occurred that he was acting a dishonorable part, so anxious was he for the welfare of Miss Berenice.

He was presently rewarded by seeing the door open from a side room, in which twenty or thirty of the ballet-girls were crowded, chatting, laughing and glittering.

A pretty little figure fluttered out, the face pale and anxious. At sight of Jack she uttered an exclamation of surprise, clasped her hands wildly, then ran forward, and almost fell upon his breast with a smothered sob.

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" she cried.

Phil was listening. His eyes shone like basilisks; his heart beat with heavy throbs. Not all of jealousy was his emotion begotten. He had loved Berenice with all the ardor of a passionate nature, and it enraged him to see one whom she had honored with her love stooping to such duplicity.

"Lenny, don't sob so; these people are looking," said Jack, speaking in low, soothing tones, as she lifted herself from his shoulder.

"Oh, Cousin Jack, I came prepared to see somebody else! I was so frightened! I didn't dream it was you. How came you to find me? How did you know I was here?" The prompter's bell rang. "Wait!" she said, hurriedly, dashing the tears from her eyes; "I must go. They are so exacting! It

won't be for long—only fifteen minutes. You will wait!"

"Certainly I will, but—"

She glided off, and Jack walked back and forth with a troubled countenance. He did not take advantage of the opportunity to watch the dancers. He seemed to Phil, who still stood in the shadow, full of gloomy apprehension.

At last the scene was over. Lenny came out, flushed and trembling.

"Now tell me," she said, walking at his side. "I've been in torture—I don't want to hear—and yet—Never mind if they watch us—they don't know. They always make sport. Oh, Jack, I'm so frightened! Why did you come? Who sent you?"

"Rupert Yonge sent me."

She made a gesture of anger, and drew herself away. Her eyes flashed.

"How dared he, after—how dared he! Did he not drive me from him and my sweet baby? Oh, Jack—you'll let me call you that as in the old times?—if you knew how I have suffered! I'll never forgive him—never!" She stood still for a moment, panting. "Why, what am I? Am I not a woman? Must I still be governed like a child? You would never have suffered it, Jack, if you had heard and seen him. You can imagine it would take much to drive me from home. Oh, Jack, I came here to find my old nurse dead. There was no place for me to go to. I pawned my jewels—my clothes. I suffered hunger—yes, for three days." She stopped to swallow the tears, and added, bitterly: "God only knows how I lived till I got this place. Here I have found some friends, and I can support myself," she said, proudly. "I will hear no word from Rupert—none."

"You came very near hearing none from him for ever!" said Jack, solemnly.

"How—why?" She looked up eagerly, clasping her hands.

Phil could see her now, for they were under the light of a gas-burner, that threw her beautiful features into full relief.

Very dainty and sylph-like she looked in her gauzy robes. She had thrown a white mantle over her shoulders, that partly concealed the scantiness of her attire, her cheeks were softly tinted, her eyes, of a deep blue, were fringed by thick, dark lashes.

"Villain!" muttered Phil. "So this is the way our demure, correct friend amuses himself."

He drew still nearer, trying with all his might to catch what was said.

"He has been very ill—close to death's door—and even now is in danger of a relapse. If you innocently suffer, think what must be his anguish!"

She looked down upon her clasped hands. The color left her face. Her lips were so closely shut that only a slight red line was visible.

"And Turk?" She saw the change in his face, and caught at his hands. "What of him? What of my boy?" she cried, hoarsely. Her lips were ashen now.

"Oh, my little child! I dream of him every night; his dear head lies over my heart. How cruel to send me from him! Tell me—speak! there are bad tidings in your eyes. Oh, I am faint—I shall die!"

Jack was much affected. His lips trembled.

"You must go to him," he said, "now!" and he lifted her unresisting hands.

In this Phil saw the action of a lover.

"Is he sick too?"

She hung upon his hands, breathlessly

"He is sick."

"Dangerously?"

Her eyes opened wide with terror.

"They fear so."

"Oh"—she moved back and forth bewilderedly—"I—what can I do? I must go home; I must fly to my boy!" she added, with a hollow moan. "Oh, Jack, help me—help me. Tell me how I can go. I have some money—and I am so dizzy—so almost crazed!"

to you. To Berenice I will give a full, fair explanation, and I request you to leave me alone with her for ten minutes. If at the end of that time I have not obtained her forgiveness for any seeming inattention, you are at liberty to whip me round the world, if you choose."

"Yes, leave us, Bush," said Berenice, her eyes shining through tears.

The young man grew calmer, nodded, turned on his heel, and left the room. Jack drew a seat near Berenice.

"I repeat what I said before," he began; "I have a little story to tell. Three years ago one of my dearest friends, Rupert Yonge, married a cousin of mine, a charming girl of sixteen. Rupert has an imperious disposition and a willful temper, is exacting and jealous, and falls easily into a passion. For a year or two they lived in great tranquillity. A dear little boy was given them, thus strengthening the bond between them. Only four months ago, however, Rupert's jealousy broke out. It was utterly unprovoked, and his treatment of his wife was so unkind that Lenny, a high-spirited, resolute creature, fled from her home. Very wrong, of course—she should not have done so, I admit, and so, now, does she—but then we do not all allow ourselves to be controlled by reason. She fled here to the city in search of an old nurse who had been living in the suburbs, but the woman was dead. Lenny had no other friends, and but little money.

Pride forbade her return, and after much suffering she at last obtained a situation as ballet-dancer, or posturer, or something of the kind, in one of our third-rate theatres. No wonder you shudder, but at that time it seemed the only honest way by which she could earn her bread. The child had been brought up a lady—fancy what she had to undergo!

"Rupert by some means heard of her whereabouts. He wrote me from a sick-bed that he had been next door to death, and that the little boy was very ill. I was commissioned to find the poor girl, and he begged me to mention the matter to no one—not even my nearest and dearest. When you were on the yachting party that night I was in the Theatre. There I saw poor Lenny.

"When I told her of her sick husband, her child, ill to death—well, you may imagine how she received the terrible tidings. She was not in a fit state to be left to travel by herself, and I did what in my judgment seemed no more than my Christian duty—hired a carriage and drove her at twelve o'clock at night over to B—, where we took the cars for her home. You would not have had me leave her in her distracted state to make that sad journey alone?"

"No—no! you know I would not. Oh, Jack!" cried Berenice, clinging to his arm, her tears falling fast.

"I knew it. We arrived there at ten in the



TWO BEAUX.—"PRUDENCE STOOD, CRIMSON AND SILENT, PLAITING THE END OF HER SASH. THE MINISTER GREW BOLDER. 'I—IN SHORT—LOVE YOU! I HOPED THAT—A—THAT OUR LIVES MIGHT UNITE—A—BLEND HARMONIOUSLY INTO—A—HAPPINESS.'"



THE DEAD MAN'S VIOLIN.—"SUDDENLY THE SKELETON EXTENDED A LONG, BONY ARM, SNATCHED THE VIOLIN FROM THE WALL, AND BEGAN TO PLAY."—SEE PAGE 155.

morning," Jack continued, "and drove to the house. Rupert met us, white and altered. He had, for the first time for weeks, left his bed that morning."

"But the little child!" gasped Berenice, for Jack's lip quivered as he paused.

"Ah, my namesake—little Turk. That was the name I gave him, playfully, and he always bore it after that—little Turk was gone. He had died the night before, just as the carriage started that was to bear his mother homeward, while the clock was striking twelve.

"Mamma is coming," were his last words, and Rupert believes that he saw her, he smiled so peacefully."

"Oh, Jack!" sobbed Berenice.

"You do not blame me, darling?"

"Blame you! my hero! Let me call Bush."

Bush came in looking somewhat crestfallen, and when he went out again, after shaking hands with a hearty apology, he muttered, between his teeth:

"I'd very nearly horsewhipped the wrong man."

He was never again on friendly terms with Phil Cozzens.

Two Beaux.

"PRUDENCE ELLIOTT!!!"

No number of exclamation-points can convey an idea of the emphasis exasperation gave these two words. The hearer set down the last milk-pan with

a toss of her black curls and a flirt of the ruffles of her pink calico dress, and said, defiantly, without turning her head:

"Well?"

"It is the sixth Sunday you've staid at home from church. I've let you have your way, though I knew well enough why you wanted it. Now, do you go straight and dress yourself. I won't have you act so!"

The face bent over the dish-pan was scarlet with vexation, and the answer came sullenly:

"I've got no bonnet."

"No bonnet? What's happened to it?"

"Somebody sat down on it at the picnic."

"Sat down on your best bonnet! Who?"

"One of the people there."

"Well—which one?"

"Joe Ellis."

"I'll warrant it! No matter, you shall wear your hat. You shall go, anyhow."

Prudence gave the roller upon which she was wiping her hands a desperate pull, as she replied:

"I've got no hat."

Mrs. Elliott stopped stirring the porridge, and turned upon her daughter wrathfully.

"No hat! For mercy's sake, what's become of it?"

"It got dropped into the river."

"What—when?"

"Friday."

"Who did it? You?"

"The minister."

"Humph!" was all the comment; but Mrs. Elliott's expression suddenly changed—so suddenly that a saucy smile glittered in the black eyes watching her.

"Accidents will happen," quoth the worthy woman, philosophically. "Was the minister here last night?"

"Yes'm."

"Did he ask you to go riding?"

"Yes'm."

"Why didn't you go? Because I was gone?"

"No'm. Somebody was here."

"Who?"

"Joe Ellis."

"I'll warrant he was. The snip! I met the minister on his way back, and I asked him to ride home with us after church and take tea. You needn't look so sour, Prudence. If you can't treat him decently, I'll do it for you. It isn't every girl that has a chance to marry a minister."

"Nor every girl that wants to," muttered Prudence, rebelliously, as she pulled down a window-shade.

"Go and bring your hat down, and the bonnet, too. I want to look at them."

Prudence went reluctantly. Presently she came slowly back down the wooden stairs, and paused in the doorway, holding out two ruined articles of headgear.

"Deary me, did I ever see! Well, well, to look at those! If you ain't the most extravagant. You might a-fixed the hat yesterday. Put it on."

Prudence complied, and stood poutingly in the doorway, her eyes still on the floor. In spite of the limp hat, with its stained ribbons, dragged feathers and pendants of dried river-weeds—and in spite of the pout—she made one of the sweetest pictures the sun ever shone upon. So thought old Farmer Elliott, as he entered by the opposite door, saying, cheerily:

"What's the matter—hey, Posy? Breakfast ready, mother?"

"Mrs. Elliott uttered one of those 'Wells!' that seem to acknowledge defeat, as she turned back to her porridge.

"Yes; pretty soon. Here's Prudence without anything to wear to church. It's not respectful to the minister for her to stay away as she does. Ministers notice such things."

"Well," commented Farmer Elliott, with a sly twinkle of the eye, as he settled himself in his armchair. "I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Gray did notice about Posy's being away. But I ain't going to drive down to the meeting-house with any such hat as that in the wagon! Let's have breakfast."

Mrs. Elliott grumbled persistently until the last dish was put away; in fact, until the wagon was brought to the door.

Prudence, having carried her point, preserved a mouse-like demureness. Her mother's last speech, as the wagon turned into the road, was a sharp reminder.

"Now see that you're dressed and have supper ready at five o'clock!"

Prudence cut a very undignified caper of satisfaction as the vehicle disappeared, a caper that said, plainly as words:

"Now for a good time!"

First she trilled to the canary, then shook her pink ruffles at the kitten, and finally ran out into the garden to gather a bouquet of bright Autumn flowers.

Having arranged these in an old-fashioned china vase and set them in the shady parlor, she came back to the kitchen, threw herself on a wide lounge in the corner, pulled a book from under its cushions, took a peach from the panful on the table, and began to enjoy herself, "even though," as she soliloquized, "that ridiculous minister is coming to-night."

Occasionally she stopped reading to dream over

the breadth of hazy woods and fields seen through the open door. Occasionally, too, the monotonous song of the crickets out in the sunny grass lulled her almost to sleep.

Finally, the dark lashes rested on the softly flushed cheeks, and the crimson lips parted as deeper breathing lifted the curls lying on her breast.

Her eyes opened wide enough presently, for a tap at the door was followed by the appearance of a beaver hat thrust beyond the door-frame, from beneath which a mischievous pair of brown eyes peeped into the room.

"Shall I go home and get my guitar and serenade you?" inquired a merry voice.

"You had better go home, certainly," was the saucy rejoinder, as Miss Prudence hastily assumed a sitting position; "my mother told me not to let in stragglers."

"But I'm not straggling. Instead of that, I came direct to see you. May I come in?"

"What's the use of asking, since you're in already? I suppose I'm indebted for this call to the peach season."

"So you're not at church?" remarked Joe Ellis—for he it was—waiving the last remark.

"No," said Prudence, trying to be grave and intent on fastening up the mass of curls that had fallen on her shoulders.

"I thought you wouldn't be. I went as far as the door and saw you were not one of the faithful, so I left. Gray was intoning the first hymn. By-the-way, what a queer-looking specimen he is! White eyes, tow hair, and so forth, you know. Regularly bleached."

"I like fair people," said wicked Prudence, demurely.

"Then I shall have to bleach myself" (with a daring glance of the brown eyes straight into the black ones). "I'll do anything to make you like me."

"Take a peach," said Prudence, inconsequently, her cheeks rivaling the fruit in color.

"No, thank you. I had much rather take you," rejoined the young man, some mischief mingling in the admiring gaze he bent on his pretty neighbor.

"Where?"—innocently, but with blazing cheeks.

"You might take me on the river. I'd like to go."

Mr. Ellis laughed.

"I shall be delighted. My last remark sounded as if I were a cannibal."

"Why, yes," was the slyer remark. "I really should have taken you for that."

"But I didn't want you to take me for that; I wanted you to take me for—"

"I want you to take me for a row. Are you going to?"

Mr. Ellis seized his beaver in despair.

"I'm ready this minute. Will you let me talk when we get on the river?"

"You seem to be talking now. I shall be obliged to go in a flat hat, and perhaps you won't mind if I wear my wrapper."

"Mind! You can't make yourself otherwise than beautiful," said Mr. Ellis, watching Prudence lock the door and drop the key in a ruffled pocket.

"Here are the oars," said the young lady, shortly, leading the way to the shed.

The day was a perfect one in Indian Summer. The woods were crimson and gold, the waysides fringed with color, the serene and sunny fields were noisy with crickets, and the river was dark glass, reflecting the myriad hues on its banks.

The two went off down the stream in Farmer Elliott's old flat-bottomed boat as joyously as children, but Prudence, small coquette as she was, still kept on her guard, and warded off the declaration of love that was on her companion's lips.

"Somehow" (as she soliloquized) "she didn't want him to get so far as that, although he was a deal nicer than the minister."

For a while she kept him busy getting gay leaves for her. This was no light task, and finally, seeing

that beads of perspiration stood on his brow, and his immaculate shirt-bosom was rumpled, she took pity on him, and fell to arranging her leaves, with which she became so preoccupied, that her replies were nothing to the purpose.

Finally, being asked irately if she had any heart, she responded by begging that she might get into the bow of the boat and go to sleep.

This ruse was successful for a time, and she lay with half-closed eyes, watching her lover as he rowed indignantly through sun and shadow. Then she waked, and they went up a creek for cardinals, and afterward, alarmed at the lateness of the hour, Prudence insisted on going home.

Then indeed she had to sharpen her wits, for Mr. Ellis was resolved to speak his mind. Once she saved herself by insisting on trying to row; again, by dropping all her leaves in the river. The third crisis came just as they landed and Prudence invited her companion to tea.

"Ah, Miss Prudence"—with the beaver in one hand and the oars in the other—"I can never refuse you anything. But I can't find out whether you will refuse me or not. Won't you tell me?" and he confronted her in the middle of the narrow path.

"I'm afraid you will refuse me, though, when I tell you that the minister is coming to tea, too," said Prudence, nonchalantly, gathering up her dress, and stifling a laugh as she noted the change in Mr. Ellis's face.

The latter said never a word, but turned on his heel and strode off toward the farmhouse.

Prudence followed, somewhat frightened at the result of her coquetry. Not a word did they exchange until they gained the shed, where Mr. Ellis put down the oars and wished Prudence good-afternoon with an elaborate bow.

"Oh, don't!" she said, really penitent now; "pray don't go! I know I've been rude, but I didn't mean it. Come in."

He was very much in love, and she looked very pretty as she pleaded. He wavered, then softened, then suddenly tried to take her hand, which evaded his and snatched his hat. With this article she made her escape to the house, where he followed in hot pursuit.

"You provoking little gypsy!" he exclaimed, discovering that his hat was on the table, and Prudence had fled up the back stairway.

"Go and locate yourself in the parlor," responded a distant voice. "I've got to dress and get supper, and afterward I'll entertain you."

Which advice he was fain to follow.

At precisely half-past four o'clock, the old-fashioned wagon lumbered up to the door, and Mr. Luther Gray, a tall, nervous youth in spectacles, with prominent features and thin cheeks, clambered down after the farmer and his wife. Within, the table was laid, the cold turkey cut in inviting slices, golden custards and amber jellies ranged on opposite sides, delicate cake and fanciful butter flanking these. The biscuit was baking, and Prudence, dressed in blue muslin and decked with ribbons, was tying the last bow before her little mirror. And down-stairs, in the parlor, sat Mr. Ellis, miserably turning over a photograph-album.

Prudence was still leisurely prinking, when, to her amazement, the door of her room was flung open and her mother entered, breathless and flushed. Having closed the door carefully, she sat down on the bed and gasped:

"There—it's all settled!"

"Settled! What?"

"You stupid child! Why, your affair and the minister's. He asked us for you this afternoon, and it's all settled. Your father and I consented, and he's down in the sitting-room waiting to see you. That Mr. Ellis was in the parlor. It's a splendid chance for you, Prudence, for he's rich besides his salary here, and your father is delighted. Now, go right down, quick!" And the energetic

matron took her daughter by the shoulders and had pushed her half-down the stairs before the amazed pusher found breath to remonstrate.

"But, mother, I—"

"Now, go right along, Prudence, and don't be a goose and disappoint your father and me. I'll never forgive you if you spoil it all and come back on our hands, when you might make such a splendid match. There, go in!" And, after saying this in a suppressed voice, she pushed the stunned Prudence through the sitting-room door, whispering, as a final persuader: "I told him you liked him, you know!"

The minister was standing at the further end of the room, staring out of window at a couple of uninteresting hens. The angular black figure, rigidly upright, gave Prudence a chill amid all her bewilderment. If she had been capable of pitying any one but herself, however, she must have pitied him when he turned around—he was so overcome by embarrassment. As for her, her head was in a whirl; she stood where the last push had left her, beside the table, quite conscious that her mother was listening outside the door, and fairly frightened by the position in which she found herself. If Prudence was afraid of anything in the world, she was of her mother, and this fear was only second to her dislike of Mr. Gray, who was stammering out some speech she did not comprehend, his thin face scarlet to the roots of the hair and his lean fingers interlacing and unlacing awkwardly. When she finally perceived the sense of his disconnected sentences, he was saying that he was sure that she must have perceived his sentiments toward her.

"And your parents—have—been good enough to approve my suit. They—*in short*—did not discourage my hopes. I—I trust that you will—*coincide with them.*"

Prudence stood, crimson and silent, plaiting the end of her blue sash. The minister grew bolder.

"I—in short—love you! I hoped that—*that* our lives might unite—and—blend harmoniously into—*happiness.*"

Prudence shivered as the minister came near and took her hand.

"You *will* marry me—will you not? You have no—*no* seasons against it!"

Silence still.

"Then," the minister went on, more confidently, "you will—*a consent?*"

Poor Prudence, remembering the listener at the door, said, almost inaudibly:

"I can't."

Mr. Gray dropped her hand as if it had burned him.

"You can't? But why?"

Prudence absolutely dared not say that it was because she did not wish to. She had had her first experience of matrimonial offers that day, and thought the experience far from desirable. She cast about in vain for a rational reply, and found none.

"Why?" reiterated the minister. "Have you any—*a previous attachment?*" he ended, apprehensively.

A bright idea darted through Prudence's mind, and brought an involuntary smile to her face.

"Yes," she said, desperately. "I have."

There was a rattle of the door-latch, but it was covered by Mr. Gray's astonished ejaculations.

"Who—why, your mother did not say—"

"I'm engaged to Mr. Ellis," said Prudence, desperately; and, anticipating her mother's entrance from behind, she absolutely ran away through the opposite door.

Mr. Ellis, still sitting disconsolately in the parlor, was amazed by the apparition of a figure in blue muslin, which approached, and said, solemnly, with a violent blush:

"Have you heard the news? I'm engaged to you."

Whereupon he said, almost pathetically and wholly

entreatingly: "Don't make a fool of me again, Miss Prudence—it's really too hard. I'm quite at your mercy, you know."

"No; I'm at yours," said Prudence, and told her story in a series of whispers across the centre-table, ending in an irrepressible burst of laughter that soon turned to crying, and finally trying in vain to run away from her hearer, because she was sure the biscuits were burning.

They did burn black; but it made little difference to any but Farmer Elliott himself, for the minister vanished, and walked back to the village, Mrs. Elliott could not eat for indignation, and Prudence and Mr. Ellis did not care what they ate.

There remains one fact to mention: At a wedding which took place two years later at the Elliott farmhouse the happy pair were not united by Mr. Luther Gray.

The Dead Man's Violin.

CARL HARFITS had spent a year in mastering the science of music. He had carefully studied Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven and Rossini. His health was excellent, his appetite and digestion good, while his means were ample. In a word, there was nothing to prevent his becoming a great composer save the trifling fact that he lacked inspiration.

Each day, spurred on by ambitious hopes, he appeared before Master Albertus with compositions full of harmony; but, alas! each phrase recalled one of the composers whom he had so carefully studied.

Master Albertus, seated at his table, pipe in mouth, turned over with utter contempt these futile efforts of his pupil. Carl swore in vain that each note and bar was his own creation. The old man calmly turned to one of his innumerable scores.

"Look here, my boy!" he would say, laying his finger on the very phrase.

Finally, one morning, the master lost patience over a combination of Gluck and Mendelssohn.

"Carl!" he cried, "do you take me for a fool? This last theft is a little too bold!" Seeing the youth crushed by this outbreak, Master Albertus continued: "I am quite willing to regard you as the dupe of your memory, but the truth is, you are too stout, and you eat too much meat—that is the thing that dulls your brain; you must grow thin."

"Grow thin!"

"Yes; or renounce all hopes of becoming an artist. You know enough, but you are totally destitute of ideas. The truth lies in a nutshell: The strings of no musical instrument will vibrate if you load them with grease."

These strong expressions of his teacher were like a flash of lightning to Carl.

"Very well!" he cried, "if I must relinquish my flesh to become a true musician, so be it!" and the face of the youth glowed with such a spirit of self-sacrifice that Master Albertus felt no inclination to laugh. He shook hands cordially with his dear pupil, and bade him God-speed.

Early the next morning, Carl Harfits, with a knapsack on his shoulders and a stout stick in his hand, left his home on a pedestrian tour.

At the end of six weeks many pounds had disappeared, but no inspiration had come in their stead.

"Can any fellow be more utterly miserable than I?" said Carl to himself. "Neither youth nor good cheer, wine nor beer, can elevate my miserable soul. Why is it that a host of untaught dances produce such wondrous works, and I, in spite of application, energy and ambition, can literally accomplish nothing?"

Absorbed in these bitter thoughts, Carl had forgotten that night was near at hand. He hurried on, and soon reached a dilapidated house by the roadside—roof and chimneys had half tumbled in, while nettles and briars invaded the doorway.

Carl, seeing a green bush suspended as a sign, concluded that, uninviting as was the inn, he should try it; so thinking, he rapped with his stick.

"Who is there?" shouted a rough voice; "and what do you want?"

"Shelter, and a bit of bread."

The door was thrown violently open, and Carl saw a stout, square-faced man standing in the entrance; a pair of gray eyes were deeply set under shaggy brows; fastened around his throat was a heavy coat, the empty sleeves hanging down his back, and in one hand he swung a large hatchet.

Behind this figure gleamed fitfully a fire in a deep chimney, throwing alternate light and shadow on the steep stairs leading to a loft and on a central figure of a young girl, whose face of deadly pallor and eyes glittering with fever emerged from scanty draperies of dark brown.

The girl looked at the door with an expression of absolute terror.

Carl saw all this with one glance, and involuntarily held his stick with a firmer hold.

"Come in," said the man, gruffly; "it is too cold to keep the door open."

And Harfits, unwilling to show any distrust, entered the house, and took a seat in the corner of the fireplace.

"Put down your stick and your bag."

For once in his life, the pupil of Master Albertus felt a cold chill through his heart, but calmly gave his stick to his host, with his bag. The man as calmly placed them in a corner, and then drew a large chair to the front of the fire.

Carl, reassured, asked for supper.

"What will you have, sir?"

"An omelette and a bottle of wine, a fresh loaf and a bit of cheese."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the innkeeper, "you have a good appetite, to be sure, but we have not any provisions."

"No provisions?"

"None."

"No cheese, no butter, not even a loaf?"

"Nothing at all have we, save a few potatoes that we can roast in the ashes."

At this moment Carl heard a flutter on the stairs, and discovered roosting there a whole army of fowls, both black and white, brown and yellow. All save one was asleep, with their heads under their wings.

"Good!" cried Harfits. "You have plenty of eggs."

"No, for they were sent to market to-day."

"Well, then, cook a chicken!"

Hardly had these words escaped from the young man's lips than the pale girl dashed from the corner where she had taken refuge, shrieking loudly, as she flew toward the stairs:

"Don't dare to touch my children! God alone can bid them die!"

There was something so weird in her appearance, so despairing in her voice, that Carl hastened to soothe her by saying: "I will not harm the creatures—the potatoes will do very well! In fact," he added to himself, "I can live here and eat only those excellent vegetables, and I might become as thin as any emaciated Fakir."

As Carl muttered these words, the old man looked at him inquisitively for a moment, and then touched his own forehead significantly.

"He is just like the other, G  n  vieve," he said to the girl.

The wind blew violently from the north, the small windows rattled, and the hens seemed to be dancing as the flickering firelight fell upon them, while the pale girl in the corner chanted a wild song in a shrill voice, and the big log of green wood bubbled and hissed in the flames.

Harfits came to the conclusion that he was in some sorcerer's den, but nevertheless ate some potatoes and drank from an earthen pitcher of

water with a most excellent appetite. The girl left the room, and the man dozed in his armchair.

"Now, said Carl, 'show me where I am to sleep.'"

The innkeeper took a small lamp, and slowly mounted the worm-eaten staircase. He pushed up a heavy trap-door with his gray head, and, pointing to a pile of straw, said: "There is your bed, sleep soundly, and be careful of your light."

Carl deliberated a few moments on the propriety of keeping awake, but fatigue overcame him, and he fell asleep as he pondered over the sinister face of the man; the yellow skin, gray eyes and heavy brow bore a horrible likeness to a body he had seen swinging on a gallows in a neighboring village.

He remembered, too, that the man on the gallows and his host both wore but one shoe, and that the left one, from which protruded the large toe. The shoes, too, on each were tied by a bit of yellow cord.

He had been told that the name of the miserable wretch on the gallows was *Melchior*, and that he had considerable talent for music, but had been brought to this disastrous end from having killed a companion in a drunken frolic. Carl had been told, too, that this fellow's talent for music was quite wonderful, and recalled the fact that his compositions were by no means unknown to fame, though fantastic in the extreme.

Carl Harfitts was aroused from a half-slumber, in which he had seen the figure on the gibbet, the poor rags fluttering in the wind, and the crows flying around it with loud caws. As he started up, he saw, hanging against the wall, a shabby violin; over it were crossed two withered palm-branches. At that moment the young man heard a gruff shout from his host:

"Are you never going to put that lamp out?"

These words filled Carl with a nameless terror. He obediently extinguished the light.

All was silent within the house. The wind howled over the roof, and the night-owls answered each other in the distance, and Harfitts soon slept profoundly.

Again he was awakened by a sob of bitter grief; he listened in the darkness. A cold sweat broke out on his brow.

Turning toward the window, he saw in a corner, under the sloping roof, the Melchior whom he had beheld swinging on the gallows. His long black hair fell on his shoulders, and his breast and arms were bare, and so thin that he might have been taken for the skeleton of an enormous grasshopper. A long ray of moonlight bathed this figure in a bluish light and glittered on the numerous cobwebs hanging from the rafters.

Harfitts, in breathless horror, lay in silence glaring at this fearful sight. Suddenly the skeleton extended a long, bony arm, snatched the violin from the wall, and began to play.

His music was as sad as the sound of the earth falling on the coffin-lid of our dearest and best; as solemn as thunder reverberating among the everlasting hills; and as majestic as the wind sweeping through primeval forests. One long, despairing wail seemed to fill the universe.

Then came a wild, gay melody, silvery and sweet as that of a bird in the Spring-time. These graceful trills, full of ecstasy and hope, were followed by a mad, passionate waltz. Love and joy, passion and despair—all sang, all wept and re-echoed among the dusty rafters of the old attic.

Carl, in spite of his terrors, extended his arms and cried aloud: "What genius! what an artist! What folly to hang a man who could play like this, merely because he killed some fool, who probably knew not one note of music! To have no body and so much inspiration!"

But Carl's enthusiasm was soon quenched by a shout from his host.

"What is the matter up there? Are you sick or mad, or is the house on fire?"

Heavy steps were heard on the stairs, the trap-door was lifted, and the innkeeper appeared.

"What sort of a place is this?" cried Harfitts. First I am awakened by celestial music, and then, like a dream, all vanishes!"

The man shook his head sadly.

"I might have known it," he said; "Melchior still comes to haunt us in our sleep! But the night is nearly over, so, rise, comrade, and smoke a pipe with me."

Harfitts did not wait to be asked twice; he was anxious to escape from that dim attic-room. He went down-stairs, and finding the night still dark, sat down to wait for the dawn, to continue his journey. His host lighted the fire and smoked in silence, while Carl was buried in deep thought.

At last the gray morning-light crept through the windows; the cock crowed loudly, and the hens hopped from stair to stair.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Harfitts, as he buckled the strap of his knapsack over his shoulder.

"You owe us a prayer at the nearest chapel," answered the man, in a solemn voice; "a prayer for my son's soul. Melchior was to have married the poor girl you saw last night. Pray for them both!"

And the first thing Carl did at the next town was to offer up a prayer to Almighty God for the soul of the poor wretch and for the woman who had loved him; then he purchased some music-paper and shut himself up in his room at his inn. He placed at the head of the page the title, "The Dead Man's Violin," and hastily wrote, at one sitting, his first original composition.

Powell's Wife.

LEAVE off contention before it be meddled with." I quoted this—one of my favorite proverbs—to Powell's wife a few weeks ago, when she had summoned me one morning hastily to consult me on "rather a delicate matter."

The expression which I have put between inverted commas was hers, not mine. Nevertheless, when she explained it to me, I fully agreed with her. It was "rather a delicate matter"; more than "rather" a delicate matter, indeed, and one with which I would have infinitely preferred having nothing at all to do. The case, as stated by Mrs. Powell, was a voluminous one; but Mrs. Powell was not endowed with that rare feminine grace, the power of condensation. As told by me, it shall only make a paragraph of fair proportions.

Briefly, then, it was this: A letter had come to hand, addressed to "Fred Powell, Esq.," which Fred Powell's wife had read, and it was an affectionate letter, unsigned, and in a female hand!

"Burn it—forget that you have read it, and bear the proverb in mind that I have just quoted to you," I repeated; and all the answer that I, a sensible, middle-aged medical practitioner, could get from Powell's wife was a fit of wild, waspish, womanly weeping. "Be reasonable, my dear lady," I kept on repeating, in an inane way, as if any woman, Powell's wife especially, could be expected to be "reasonable" under the circumstances. "Keep your own counsel; meet him with a smile when he comes home, and, trust me, you will be well repaid for your self-restraint. Remember 'the beginning of strife is,' etc., etc., and remember also that he is the father of your children."

"Yes, and the father of somebody else's, it appears to me," the irascible matron replied. "It's all very well, Doctor Browne; but how would you feel if your wife were suddenly called upon to 'come and see the last of the mother of her child'? You wouldn't like it—you know you wouldn't."

"I certainly should not like it," I said, with sagacious precision, while I vainly attempted to tackle the problem she had put before me.

My wife, suddenly called upon to "see the last of the mother of her child"! No; it was too much for me. The question was a vexed one enough in all conscience, and here was Powell's wife endeavoring to introduce unnecessary complications into it.

"That letter came by yesterday morning's post, and Fred started an hour after the receipt of it," the poor lady went on. "Oh, doctor, why hadn't he the prudence to burn it? It was cruel of him to leave it about—cruel to me and to her," she added, with a little touch of generosity that surprised me in Powell's wife.

"It was 'foolish' of him—'cruel' is a word I couldn't think of applying to the case," I replied, with manly discretion. "Now, my dear lady, be advised by me; behave, as you are always sure to behave, discreetly, and—admirably, in fact, and never put Powell in the confoundedly unpleasant place of a found-out man. I will forget what you have told me, on condition that you seek no other confidant."

"He ought to be punished," she said, severely.

"Indeed you are right," I argued, hesitatingly.

Powell was a good fellow, not very much worse than myself, in fact, and it was hard on her to expect me to apply the castigating lash to him.

"Take that letter away with you, doctor; never let me be tempted to use it against him—or her," she said, shuddering a little, and covering the pretty eyes that had lured Fred Powell to marry beneath him, some three years before.

I caught at the letter and the concession quickly enough.

"That is spoken like your own sweet self, my dear little lady!" I exclaimed, warmly, for I was shaken out of my habitual professional air of calm by the genuine pain and the genuine refinement and delicacy that Powell's wife was displaying under what I may now permit myself to call the exceptionally painful circumstances under which she consulted me for the first time as a friend.

It is time to tell the reader a little more about this lady, whose peculiar misfortune it was to be Powell's wife.

She had come among our little community at Rhydalynn three years before this epoch with which my story deals, and Rhydalynn—I confess it to my shame—had never looked kindly upon her. There had been a strong (if unconfessed) feeling among us all that Fred Powell ought to have married Gwendoline Harris, and when, instead of doing that, he brought home a stranger to reign at the Hall, his disappointed old friends revenged themselves upon him by looking doubtfully upon his wife.

She was a pretty little woman, of the plump, wild-rose order, and she accepted the situation of being unwelcome in Rhydalynn so very gently and quietly, that I for one soon came to regard her quite kindly. But there was a powerful Harris faction in the place, and these never forgot that Mrs. Powell had innocently usurped Gwendoline's place, and that which they could not forget, they could not forgive.

Powell himself bore their stern, silent condemnation coolly enough. From having been the most popular and the lightest-hearted fellow in the district, he became grave, reserved and unsocial. The Hall had been the head-centre of all the gaiety in the neighborhood. But now that a young and pretty woman presided there, and the neighborhood might reasonably have expected greater things from Powell in the way of hospitality, he suddenly betrayed an aversion to society, and withdrew from it as much as possible.

"He has married beneath him, and is ashamed of his wife," was the nearly universal verdict, and there was but one dissentient voice to this. Strangely enough, this one dissentient voice was that of his old love Gwendoline Harris.

"I doubt her being beneath him in any one single respect; and I am sure he is not ashamed of

her," Gwendoline said to my wife, who was one of the very few who ventured to speak to Miss Harris on the subject.

"You stand up for him still, Gwenny," Mrs. Browne said in reply to this, and Gwenny answered:

"Yes; why shouldn't I, indeed? I always liked him better than the whole of the rest of Rhydalynn put together; and is he not the same as before he married?"

"He has fallen from his high estate in our estimation at least, Gwenny," my wife said, intemperately, and Gwendoline shook her head at this, and said:

"People were very unjust to Mr. Powell; there had been no reason, that she knew of, why he should not have married whom he pleased."

This was a sample of her invariable manner about him. Nothing would induce her to blame him, either directly or indirectly, and on the rare occasions of their meeting, her manner to him supplied no food whatever for voracious village gossip to feed upon.

She always met him with that bright, sweet smile of hers that had brought him openly to her feet years ago. Her little hand was always stretched out to him frankly and gladly.

In fact, she behaved exactly as a young gentlewoman of birth and breeding should behave if she would avoid that pity from the world which is akin to contempt.

Why he had left her—why he had ceased to love her, and had suffered himself to drift into matrimony with a woman who, with all her good qualities, was conspicuously inferior to Gwendoline, were secrets which Rhydalynn sought in vain to unravel. She buried her dead very decently in fact, and refrained from wearing unbecoming mourning.

But though she played her part so bravely and prettily, and though Mrs. Powell was utterly ignorant of the past passages in her husband's life which made Gwendoline and himself such interesting studies to Rhydalynn, it was curious to see how these two women seemed to repel one another.

That Gwendoline, knowing everything, should shrink from Mrs. Powell, was natural enough. But that Mrs. Powell, who knew nothing, should shrink, half in hate and half in fear, from Gwendoline, was unaccountable, excepting on the ground of that mysterious and almighty sympathy about which so much is written and so little is understood.

At the date of the opening of this narrative, Powell had been married three years and was the father of two children. As the medical attendant of the family, I had enjoyed opportunities of seeing more of the inner life at the Hall than was known to most of Rhydalynn, and I am prepared to say that it was a happy one, on the whole. The good-hearted, tame, unintellectual little woman was not much of a companion to him; but she was a good, loving wife and mother, and he recognized that she was such, and treated her with consideration and kindness, if not with the warmth of affection which he was capable of lavishing on a woman he loved.

Meanwhile, Gwendoline remained unmarried, to the surprise and regret of all who knew her; not that we were impatient to be rid of our beauty, but her remaining single looked like a tribute to Powell which he did not deserve, and her brother, whose house she had kept, had lately brought home a wife to supersede her in that sphere of usefulness; and, altogether, things were not as flourishing with our favorite as we could have desired. Lately, too, it seemed to me that she had been losing her looks a little; but my wife scoffed at me for saying this, and declared that "what Gwenny had lost in brilliancy she had gained in expression."

About three weeks before Mrs. Powell had sent for me to consult me about that unlucky letter, Gwendoline had told her she was going off to London to stay with an old schoolfellow, and to put herself under the care of a celebrated dentist for a

time. "I am nearly worn out with toothache, doctor," she said to me, trying to smile according to her wont. But I saw that her eyes were full of tears, and I was glad she was going to have a change, for it struck me that hers was toothache of the mind.

For some inexplicable reason, I could not help thinking a good deal of Gwendoline and her absence from home, as I walked back from the Hall with that wretched letter in my pocket. The vision of the girl as I had seen her on the day of her departure—pale, haggard, miserable-looking—kept on rising up and distracting my attention. Strange thoughts floated through my mind, and though I scouted myself for entertaining them, they made me very unhappy. In order to dispel them, I took a turn round by a trout-stream and delayed going home until long past my usual luncheon-hour.

As I neared the gate, I saw my wife standing at it, with a telegram in her hand, and impatience on her brow.

"Where have you been, doctor?" she commenced, eagerly. "Here this has been waiting for you ever since twelve o'clock, and I've sent all over the village in search of you. What can have happened to Gwendoline?"

I took it from her and read:

"TO DOCTOR BROWNE, RHYDALYNN, FROM DOCTOR ARCHER, LONDON: Come the instant you receive this to Miss Gwendoline Harris, 44 Linden Road, St. John's Wood. She is dangerously ill."

"If a word of this gets abroad in the village Gwendoline will be ruined!" I exclaimed, looking sternly at my wife, as if I did her the injustice of supposing that she was going out into the highways and byways to gabble.

"All the telegrams that ever come to Rhydalynn do get known about," she replied, hurriedly. "How can it hurt her for it to be known that she is ill, poor girl?"

"I can't tell you how, but it will," I replied, with a most unusual amount of nervous irritability manifesting itself in my manner. "If any one speaks to you on the subject during my absence, be sure you treat it as a commonplace one." I continued, authoritatively, and my startled wife replied:

"Why, doctor, you're not thinking that I am going to begin tattling about your business—least of all about anything that concerns Gwendoline; but you must know as well as I do that all the telegrams that come to Rhydalynn get known all over the place in no time."

With an inward groan I acknowledged to myself that there was a terrible amount of truth in my wife's observation. Everything that it was desirable should not be known did get winded abroad with fell celerity at Rhydalynn. Gwendoline Harris had been the favorite and beauty of the place; but, however brightly a star may have shone, there are always a certain number to be found who will "glory in its fall," and I had a premonition that poor Gwenny had forfeited her crown in some way or other.

I obeyed the telegram, and left Rhydalynn by the next train. It was late in the evening when I reached London, and I was nearly worn out with fatigue and anxiety for the girl for whose sake I had undertaken the hurried journey. Nevertheless, I would not lose a moment of time that might be of vital importance; and so, without waiting to recruit and refresh myself, I stepped into a hansom at once, and gave the address, "44 Linden Road, St. John's Wood—as fast as you can."

The road was sequestered, fresh, and countrified in appearance, lined with a double row of the trees whose name it bore. The houses were of the detached villa order, flower-crowned, and well kept up. At the door of one of the prettiest of these my hansom pulled up; and, as I jumped out and rang sharply, I remarked a four-wheeled cab standing at the servants' entrance, into which a man was get-

ting who bore a startling resemblance to my neighbor and friend, Fred Powell.

In another minute I was standing by the bedside of the woman whom up to that moment I had believed to be the fresh, unsullied flower of Rhydalynn—Gwendoline Harris.

A grave, respectable, kindly-looking woman was standing by the pillow, and one glance at the patient told me what had happened. I did not need the corroborative evidence of the little wailing infant that was lying on a couch at the other end of the room.

With a pang of anguish as keen as her brother could have experienced, I realized that the star of our little community was a fallen star indeed. At the same moment I realized with an even keener pang that the knowledge of how we should all love and cherish her still, in spite of all, would never be hers in this world.

"She has been insensible for hours, and she is sinking fast," the nurse explained, as I bent over the poor girl who was expiating her folly by the forfeiture of her life; "but the last thing she said was that you were to be sent for to protect her child and her memory. She 'could trust both to you,' she said, and the gentleman who should be her husband," the woman continued, with an honest glow of indignation spreading over her face, "and who is just gone, said the same. He left this for you," she added, giving me a letter; and I took it over to the lamp and opened it with a heart that misgave me horribly.

The first glance at the writing was enough for me. I did not need to look at the signature to know that Gwendoline's shame and death were offenses to be laid at Powell's door.

I will not transcribe that letter. It was a confession of mad, overwhelming, selfish passion on his part, and a revelation of wild, trusting, infatuated devotion on hers. He had written the letter in a paroxysm of remorse at finding that he had destroyed not only her honor, but her life, and in the bitterness of his grief he had felt himself to be unworthy even to see her die.

This at least may be said in extenuation of his sin: his execration of himself was as deep and heartfelt as was his prayer that at any cost I would save her name from obloquy, her family from humiliation.

She died that night without recognizing me, and, after placing the baby in charge of the nurse who had attended her, I carried my sad secret back to Rhydalynn, with the resolve in my heart to tell my tale so discreetly, that none should guess that aught injurious to her remained untold.

A whisper of the word "fever" would suffice to set at rest all wonder as to her corpse not being brought over to the family vault. A certificate from Doctor Archer would carry the full assurance to her friends that there had been fair play, and a dignified silence when the curious plied me with questions would surely protect the good name both of the dead and the living.

Yes, I had even now a genuine desire, independent of my regard for poor lost Gwendoline, to guard the reputation of the man who had ruined her.

So I occupied myself on my return journey in arranging a series of neat sentences which should be at once baffling and truthful, and tried to school myself into a full knowledge of the demeanor which it would behoove me to adopt to Powell when the exigencies of our daily life compelled us to meet.

My task was a bewildering as well as a bitter one. Her relations let her dead body rest in peace certainly, but they were perpetually, morally, exhuming her, and "wondering why" such and such a course had not been pursued with regard to her. Her brother listened to my labored recital calmly enough, but he watched me with a sad, watchful gaze that told me some painful suspicion (one near

skin to the truth probably) was ranking in his mind.

As for my own wife, she read the whole story straight off in my face the instant I mentioned our poor girl, and cried over it as only a good woman can cry over the downfall of one dear to her.

So several days passed laggingly over our heads, and during them I saw nothing of either Powell or his wife. I did not actually shrink from meeting him, though I avoided his customary haunts, for I knew that the time must come when we should be brought face to face with one another, and with that black blot on the past of which I was cognizant. Nor, in spite of all I knew, could I bring myself to hate him and despise him as I ought to have done when I knew that through him poor Gwendoline was filling an unknown, unhonored, untimely grave.

As for his wife, the blood rushed tumultuously from my heart to my face whenever I thought of her. How could I in reason expect a woman so wronged and outraged to bear her wrongs in silence should she ever come to a knowledge of them?

"It will be superhuman patience and sweetness if she does," I told myself; "and Powell's wife is not endowed with superhuman patience and sweetness."

You see I had a good memory, and I recollected how we had all stood aloof from, and looked askance at, Powell's wife when he first brought her home; and we had done these things on Gwendoline's account, because of our love for her.

As Fate would have it the intervention of accident was not called in, design was resorted to in order to bring about a meeting between Powell's wife and myself.

I was riding home late one afternoon from a long bill-round, when I met her about a mile from Rhydalynn. I was trotting sharply at the moment I caught sight of her, and I should have trotted sharply past her, with merely a neighborly bow and smile, if she had not held up her hand and arrested my purpose.

"Doctor," she began, wistfully, as I pulled up and she laid her hand on my horse's mane, "why have you avoided me ever since you came back from that sad mission of yours?"

She lowered her voice tenderly as she spoke the last words, and I felt—God bless her!—that she knew the whole story, and that there was no wrath in that big, soft, womanly heart of hers against poor dead Gwendoline.

"I haven't actually avoided you," I began, apologetically; but she put my apologetic manner aside with that genuine air of hers that ought to have kept any man true to her, and said:

"But you haven't actually sought me, and considering everything, you should have done that, doctor. I have come to meet you to-day to give you the first whisper of the news that all Rhydalynn will know in a few days. Fred and I are going away for a few years, and—I want that baby's address."

In my astonishment I could only gaspingly repeat her words:

"That baby's address!"

"Yes; I want it, that I may claim my husband's child and be a mother to it, and bring it up away from here until its own mother's story is forgotten. You see, I know all about it, and not even you can grieve more for Gwendoline than I do."

"I can't answer you, Mrs. Powell."

"Of course you can't; you don't *understand* the case as I do. His parting from her in pique; his meeting her again with a firmer love than ever filling the heart that I had palled upon—how should you be able to answer me? You are not a woman, and so you don't know what it is to love Fred Powell as I love him. As far as the child is concerned, he shall have nothing to reproach himself with, and as for the mother, the hardest thing I can bring myself to feel about her is, that *she was* as weak for his

sake as I would have been had I been in her place."

I wrote that baby's address down without further delay. I couldn't speak it, you see, and then I rode on, feeling that I wished that I dared let all Rhydalynn know what good stuff there was in Powell's wife.

The Tiger.

GENERALLY speaking, the tiger, unless he is a man-eater, will not attack a human being. When, however, he is wounded, he will turn and fight desperately. Tigers "appear to be afraid to encounter man until they have had an encounter with him, when all fear ceases ever after. But whenever a tiger has once tasted human blood, it ever seeks it in preference to all others." Doctor Fayrer thinks it probable that, on account of the general disarming of the natives after the mutiny, the number of tigers have increased rather than diminished of late years. Their ravages are certainly appalling.

Captain Rogers says that in Lower Bengal alone, during the six years ending in 1866, 13,400 human beings were killed by wild animals, while Government reports state that during the same period and in the same locality, 4,218 of the above fell victims to tigers, while 4,287 were slain by wolves. In the Rangpor district alone, the yearly loss of life is between fifty-five and sixty. The exploits of individual tigers are even more remarkable. We read of one tiger which, in 1867, 1868, 1869, killed respectively 27, 34 and 47 people. Once it killed a father, mother and three children within a few months. This dangerous brute killed 27 persons in the week before it was shot.

Another tiger destroyed, during 1856, 1857, 1868, an average of 80 persons annually. A third tiger in 1869 slew 127 people and stopped up a public road for several weeks till killed by an English sportsman.

So great is the awe which this tyrant of the jungle inspires, that whole villages are sometimes deserted, and all cultivation in the neighborhood stopped. A Government report informs us that in the central provinces "a single tigress caused the desertion of thirteen villages, and 250 square miles of country were thrown out of cultivation." The inhabitants of India, especially the Hindoos, believe the tiger to be the abode of an evil spirit, and many would not kill him if they could, for fear of subsequent mischief. So great a dread in some parts of the country is felt by the peasants of his supernatural powers and malevolent disposition, that they either avoid naming him at all or speak of him as "the jackall," or "the beast." There is almost a universal belief that his flesh, especially his heart, if eaten, produces courage and strength. His whiskers, claws and fangs are also religiously preserved as potent charms.

A Recent Writer on Napoleon III. notes the fact that nephew and uncle perished in exile, and adds that both were second sons of their father. One was forty-five years old when he lost the imperial crown, and the other forty-five when he gained it. Both were elected chief magistrates for France for a term of years, then for life, and then were made emperors. Both were married, and had but one child each by their marriage, and that child a son. It was on the 2d of December that the first Napoleon was declared emperor, and on that same day of the month the third Napoleon struck the blow that eventually gave him the crown. The first Napoleon had an exile of one year and an imprisonment of six years after he had lost the throne. The third Napoleon was exiled for a year and imprisoned for six years before he entered upon his imperial destiny.



THE HEART OF ROBERT HAMMOND.—"HE WALKED UP TO THE CLOSED GATE, AND, STRETCHING HIS HAND ACROSS IT, SAID, 'FATHER!'"

The Heart of Robert Hammond.

THIRTY years ago Ralph Hammond was a famous "operator" in money, bonds, and other securities that were not perhaps quite as legitimate collaterals. A cold, hard man, whose blood might have been ice-water, and whose heart was only a machine to keep his brain in working order. For Ralph was one of those workers who ate his bread in the sweat of other men's brows; and he rather prided himself on the fact.

He had married a simple, illiterate woman for her money, and as she quietly slipped out of life after giving birth to a son and daughter, leaving all her

property to her husband, he was not disposed to consider his marriage an unwise speculation.

How the children grew I suppose their good angels knew. He gave them food and clothing and shelter and sent them to school. But every year he became conscious that they were growing to an age when it would be impossible longer to ignore their existence. And this fact struck him not unpleasantly one fine Summer evening when they had returned together for the long vacation.

Robert, the eldest, had become a really handsome fellow, and the father acknowledged this the more readily as, in appearance, he

"Stood beside him like his own youth."

But here the resemblance ceased; morally and

mentally no two men could be more unlike. Lucy Hammond was a brighter, fairer copy of her mother, a pretty, gentle girl.

"Not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

So Ralph, coming one night to the dull, silent house, which he called "home," found there a new element which he scarcely knew how to manage. For though he acknowledged little love for his children, he was very sensitive as to whatever touched his own pride or comfort; and it gave him a new sensation of pleasure to consider this fine, manly youth as his son, and the bright, pretty girl as a bond to his wishes and commands.

However, he did nothing on impulse; he thought over every circumstance which might affect his welfare; and then resolved to take Robert into his office and make Lucy the manager of a home which he refurnished with ostentations but grudging extravagance.

At first Robert's share in the business was confined to its most legitimate aspects, and being apt and clever, he won his way very rapidly in his father's favor. But, as he became more familiar with the secrets of the business, and found honor, integrity, friendship only so much stock-in-trade, bitter disputes occurred between them.

Not for this, however, had the elder Hammond any idea of dissolving the business relationship he had formed with his son. Unwittingly to Robert, his open countenance and free, gentlemanly manners were useful in alluring that confidence which his own crafty face would never have won.

In the second year of their alliance, however, these disputes grew every day more determined in character, and Robert finally summed up all his faults by a romantic and imprudent marriage with a girl whom old Ralph declared, in a passion of anger, "was not worth a penny." For youth, beauty, love and virtue were not marketable assets to a man who knew no standard but "*Cash*."

The result of this marriage was a total estrangement between father and son, and the erasure of the latter's name from the business.

This did not trouble Robert much, for he had long spoken in indignant terms of the principles on which it was conducted. Besides, the girl he loved was his wife; he had one thousand dollars in hard cash, and unlimited funds in the Bank of Hope and Energy.

Hope told him many a golden tale, and urged him westward, with promises which were well seconded by his necessities.

Only one thing held him in New York—the face of his pretty, gentle sister; but she, with the unselfishness of true affection, forgot her own loneliness in his welfare, and urged his departure.

Before leaving he sought his father's presence to win from him some kind word of promise or forgiveness; but the old man was very bitter in his anger and disappointment.

"I have no time, sir," he replied to Robert's petition for forgiveness; "I have no time for such fooleries. If you are really sorry, come back to your desk again; if you can't do that, I shall understand my forgiveness to mean a share of my few thousand dollars when I die."

"Father, I cannot do business in the way that you propose; I should lose my self-respect; and I cannot sell myself, even if your thousands were millions."

"Nobody wants to buy you, sir, I believe, at any price! I am sorry that I have no more time at your disposal." So saying, he dropped his eyes on the interest-table, and Robert went away with a swelling heart and a mist of tears in his eyes.

Westward the young couple started next day, their whole personal possessions in one not very large trunk. Just for half an hour they stopped, on their way to the depot, to kiss the sad little face of Lucy and arrange for some method of communication with her.

"The West" was then even a wider term than now; it meant anything between Cleveland and the gates of sunset. Robert Hammond pushed forward until he reached a little city of shanties standing on the low, swampy shores of Lake Michigan—the embryo of the future Chicago. There he rested, not so much from choice as necessity, his funds being greatly reduced and his wife sick with a low fever.

Very hard, indeed, were the first two years to the adventurers; poverty, suffering, and a pitiful sense of the incongruous elements among which they had fallen, made up their life. But natures like Robert Hammond's, though they may be stunned for a time, have in them such elements of life and strength that complete prostration is impossible.

From the first blank despair hope arose, with a strength and intensity exactly suited to the circumstances. Work—manual work—was first obtained, and its results carefully used. In two more years he had saved enough capital to buy a few thousand feet of lumber.

I don't quite know how such things happen; I suppose they are the natural sequence of events; but gradually, almost imperceptibly, the thousands became tens of thousands of feet, and the small lumber-yard extended itself along the slow, sluggish river; while a small fleet of lake schooners waited on the yard, and their every arrival and departure were very apt to leave a balance on the right side of Robert Hammond's books.

For the first seven years a desultory correspondence was kept up with Lucy, but the last news had all been unfavorable; Lucy spoke of great losses and reverses, and intimated that she was afraid they would have to relinquish their old home. Nor were these her only troubles—it was evident that she suffered much from her father's growing irritability and unreasonableness, and that this was especially so at any mention of Robert or his whereabouts.

The unpleasantness of the news from New York was in such direct contrast with the surroundings of his home, that Robert might well be excused for not seeking more of it; besides, his business was constantly increasing, and required all his thoughts during those hours in which men may work; so that, when he reached his home, the affectionate care of his pretty wife and children naturally claimed his first attention.

It was about twelve years after Robert Hammond and his wife had first turned their backs upon New York. They were sitting together one evening in that quiet hour which supplements the noisy one given to the children, and precedes those given to rest. The fire burned brightly, and the lamps, from under rose-colored shades, threw soft, warm tints on all the beauty and comforts of a thoroughly handsome room.

Sitting in her low chair, with closed eyes and idle hands folded over the dropped sewing, Mrs. Hammond was holding pleasant communion with her own thoughts. Her face had yet the tender look on it left by the children's kisses, just far enough away to make a low, musical murmur; their laughing and talking were fitfully audible; while outside the luxurious home the snow fell silently, and the bare shrubs shivered against the window-panes.

It was near Christmas, and a Christmas influence was already in men's hearts. A sudden and great tenderness fell on Robert Hammond's, as he listened to his children's voices, and looked round his happy home, and in the face of his good, true wife.

And he remembered his faults that night.

Where were Lucy and his father? For nearly three years he had heard nothing certain, and the last intelligence had been of an uncertain and unpleasant nature. Perhaps both were suffering the pangs of poverty, while he had enough and to spare. The thought had crossed his mind before, and very often of late, in his counting-house, among his ships, among his children, but never had it affected him as now.

"Mary," he said to his wife, in tones so earnest

that she opened her eyes with a start—"Mary, where do you think father and Lucy are?"

"God knows, Robert—that is one comfort—but I was just thinking about them."

"Were you? That is strange."

Then, after a few minutes of silent thought, he got up and walked up and down the room, pushing, in his preoccupation, chairs and ottomans out of his way.

Mrs. Hammond waited quietly, taking stitch after stitch, and glancing occasionally into the troubled face of her husband. Presently he said:

"Mary, the river is dead-locked with ice. I can leave my business better now than I could ever have done the last ten years. If I start at once I can be in New York by Christmas. What do you say, love?"

"God go with you, Robert! I think you are right."

So the next morning Robert Hammond set his face eastward, and in due time trod the familiar walks of New York city. But he found his father's office in a strange name, and his very memory had passed from the constantly changing financial world. The old home was empty, and falling into that look of decayed gentility which is so much worse than honest poverty.

Then he suddenly remembered a little farm not far from Paterson, which had been part of his mother's fortune, and hiring a horse and buggy, he tried to find it. It was only a low stone cottage, surrounded by cherry-trees that were now old and bare. The fields around were white and still, the little stream bound in icy fetters, the cattle staring piteously at the barren earth, and dumb in their cold hunger and comfortless life.

A rude, unpainted fence divided a small yard and garden from the general waste of desolation, and walking slowly across the yard was a figure which, in spite of shabby clothes and aging years, Robert easily recognized as his father.

The old man saw the approaching buggy, and, going to the gate, called, querulously:

"You need not alight, sir; we have no room to entertain strangers. We never do it, sir! No, indeed!"

Then Robert saw a pale, weary-looking woman come for a moment to the door, and, after a vacant stare, close it again.

It was all very discouraging, but he never for one moment hesitated in his intentions. Leaving the horse tied to the fence, he walked up to the closed gate, and, stretching his hand across it, said:

"Father!"

The old man's face grew suddenly gray, and the lines about the mouth deepened involuntarily; he dropped his eyes, but raised them quickly to say:

"I am a poor man, now, Robert—there is nothing to be got by seeking me out."

"I want nothing, father, but your forgiveness and love. I am a rich man now; unless you shut your door against me. Then I shall feel poor enough."

"Come in, then."

The tone was not a gracious one, but Robert knew what it cost the old man to humble so far, and he accepted the invitation with a "Thank you, father."

Earnestly as they walked up the little path, Robert spoke to his father, and it must have had some effect, for when they reached the house-door he opened it with much softer tones, called out:

"Lucy, here is your brother Robert."

Lucy's welcome made up for all deficiencies, and the evening, which had promised so little, was passed in such confidence as had never before existed between this father and his children.

They spent a few days together in New York before leaving for the West, and the elder Hammond, attired once more in irreproachable broadcloth, visited such of his old haunts as were willing to know him, making no small boast of the immense wealth of his "son Robert," and the gigantic business they were going to do together in Chicago.

I should do wrong if I led my readers to infer that Ralph Hammond's character essentially and immediately changed. His avarice never left him until his dying day.

But in the beautiful companionship of his son's wife and his grandchildren, some of the roughest and most selfish traits were toned down. He could not disbelieve in the unselfish affection of Robert and his family, when they bore so patiently with all his faults, and had nothing certainly to expect in return.

Lucy, in the quiet and peace of her new life, regained her youth and pretty looks, and is to-day a happy wife and the mother of brave sons and beautiful daughters; and in her redeemed life, and in the comfort and improvement of their father's later years, Robert and Mary Hammond found abundant cause for rejoicing—in that having recognized their duty, they had gone after it, and performed it with all their hearts.

An Episode in a Girl's Life.

CHAPTER I.

ONLY a little slip cut from a newspaper, recording the marriage of a man and woman—only three or four lines, yet their reading, and the knowledge which that entailed, had turned Lisa Newcomb's heart cold, and taken all the sunshine out of the lovely Summer day. Vaguely she read the lines over and over, vaguely striving to impress upon herself the fact that Hugh Strathroy, the man she loved, and who, up to the present time she had believed loved her, was married—and not to her.

He had not in so many words asked her to be his wife, but ever since she had made his acquaintance, three months previous, his attentions had been marked. There were looks, accents, actions which all told the story, almost as well as words, and clear before Lisa's memory rose the last time she had seen him. He had been called suddenly to town, and had ridden over to bid them good-by.

"I shall not be away long," he had whispered as they parted. "Time will hang heavily till I see you again. And then, ah! Lisa, my darling! don't forget me while I am away!" Then suddenly had lifted her hand to his lips, and left there a kiss which thrilled the girl to her very heart. A pair of handsome blue eyes looked tenderly into hers, then he was gone, and Lisa rushed up to her little room and kissed repeatedly the spot which his lips had touched.

A week—two, three, then a month—passed, and still no letter came to cheer the poor little waiting heart, which, while it did not doubt, still drooped and pined for a line from his hand, or a word from his lips.

To-day she had gone over to visit her friends, the Misses Astley, when Miss Helen, the eldest, had handed her this little slip. "There, Lisa," she said, eyeing the girl closely the while—for they had all noticed Captain Strathroy's attentions, and not always with the greatest pleasure—"Is news of a friend of ours. I always thought it would end that way. I suppose we may expect to see them here one of these days—she owns 'The Grange.'"

And Lisa had taken the paper, and read the notice of the marriage of Hugh Strathroy and Julia Gibbons, widow of the late Timothy Gibbons, etc. Her heart gave a sudden bound, then seemed to stand still for a minute; but all the keen, watchful eyes saw was a slight increase of pallor in the usually pale face, as the girl quietly handed back the slip.

"No! Keep it! Take it home and show it to your mother," said the lady. "I am so glad, dear Lisa, to see that you don't care anything for him. I was afraid you might. You know he paid you some attention while he was here. But that's the way with those officers—they never mean anything by their attentions. I always knew he was as poor as a church-mouse. You may depend she has money."

Any way, she is a very coarse woman. Marion and I have seen her—not half good enough for him; for, with all his faults, one cannot help liking him. Let me congratulate you, my dear, on your fancy-free condition; you two would never have suited each other."

And thus it came that Lisa sat by her bedroom-window with an aching heart, looking out to the lovely day, from which the beauty had fled for her, and wondered if she should ever outlive this great trouble, or if life could ever be pleasant again.

But human hearts are not easily broken, and so Lisa found, as with the lengthening weeks her interest in life begun to come back.

She still loved Captain Strathroy. Hers was not a nature to turn easily, but pride forbade pity, and with true womanly bravery she covered her wounds with a smiling face. And if Mrs. Newcomb noticed that "the child had grown thin and pale lately," neither she nor any one else had reason to connect these facts with Hugh's marriage.

Meanwhile, in Lisa's desk lay a small package labeled "To be buried with me—UNOPENED;" the contents of which were two little notes in his handwriting, a tiny bunch of roses—he had brought them for her one evening—and a dark riding-glove dropped the morning he bade her good-by. These were her love-tokens, poor little Lisa! with her pure, trustful heart and earnest eyes.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR months had elapsed.

"The Grange" had been put in order. The bridal couple were expected home from their continental tour, when one afternoon Lisa walked over to the Misses Astleys to take tea. The maiden ladies were very gracious, and they were sitting in the drawing-room, after an early tea, hearing Lisa sing those touchingly beautiful words of Charles Dickens, "Autumn Leaves," which have been set to a plaintive German melody, when the small footman ushered in Captain Strathroy.

There he stood, as fair and tall and handsome as ever, shaking hands with Miss Helen just the same, and Lisa felt an almost irresistible longing to rush forward and throw herself into his arms. Ah! but his wife—Miss Astley was making inquiries for Mrs. Strathroy—not *her* Hugh any more; he had not loved her well enough to make *her* his wife.

With a desperate effort Lisa mastered her agitation, and if the sweet, young face was paler than its wont, or the small hand cold as ice, at least none of the female portion of her audience ever guessed it. And it was no small ordeal to meet him under their watchful eyes.

When Captain Strathroy sat down near the light, Lisa saw that he *had* changed, and for the worse; there were lines about the mouth and brow, and a generally haggard look about his face, which had not been there six months before. But his manners were as sweet and masterful (is the combination rare?) as ever, and before half an hour had regained his old power over the elderly ladies.

"They had only arrived a day or two previous," he said; "Mrs. Strathroy intended calling in a few days, but he longed to see his old friends, so had made this informal call."

After an hour's gay, entertaining talk, seeing Lisa putting on her things to go, he rose and offered his escort; and before the girl quite knew how it happened, she was walking along the pleasant lane with her hand in his arm.

There was silence until they were out of sight of the house; talk he would not, and she *could* not. Her heart had recommenced its queer muffled beatings; she feared he could almost hear its rapid movements.

"Well, Lisa, little friend!" he commenced, presently. And how has the world treated you since we last parted?"

"Very well, indeed, thank you," answered Lisa,

as steadily as those curious beats would allow.

"And you?"

"Me? Ah! ah!" he laughed harshly. "Have you not heard how well I have fared? By-the-by, you have not congratulated me yet!" Looking straight down at the young face, which looked like chiseled marble in the moonlight. How cruel he was!

"Better late than never!" she answered lightly. "I wish you and your bride all health, prosperity and happiness! In fact, all the kind wishes possible on your good-fortunes."

"Good-fortune!" he cried, bitterly. "My life has been, from the beginning, one tremendous mistake, and my marriage has been the crowning misery of all. Oh, Lisa! Lisa! for lack of gold what will not a man do? Six months ago I was poor, in debt head over ears, but happy as a king, with the prospect of a great joy before me; to-night I am wealthy, and more miserable than you can well imagine! What a scoundrel you must think me!"

They were standing still now, he facing her, trying to look into the drooping face.

"How can I explain to you?" he went on, rapidly; "how can I make you believe that, when I left you, I meant to come back before the week was out, to ask you to be my wife—to share my poverty? How explain all the influence that was brought to bear upon me until, in a moment of drunken madness, I asked the wealthy widow to marry me? When I came to my senses it was too late! Child! pure, innocent girl! can you forgive me? Lisa, speak to me! my heart is breaking!"

"I do forgive you—if there is anything to forgive," said Lisa, her earnest eyes shining with intense feeling.

"And we may be friends?" eagerly. "You will let me come and see you occasionally, that I may talk to you, and gain courage and faith from your pure innocence?"

"We are friends, I hope," replied the girl, quietly. "but you cannot come to see me. I do not wish it; your wife, I am sure, would not desire or like it."

"My wife! Bah! what an innocent child you are! My marriage has been one of convenience on both sides. She wanted my position—I wanted her money; each has obtained their desire, so we now cry quits, and each go their way in unconcern. Take back what you said, Lisa; let me come to you sometimes, so I can rub off some of my worldliness. I am going to the bad as fast as I can; I am growing reckless. There is no one in the wide world whom I love save you, my precious—"

"Oh, hush! hush!" cried Lisa, shrinking back with both hands uplifted, as if to ward off the passionate words. "You are offering me the greatest insult a man can offer a woman. You have no longer the right to say such words to me. Let me at least be able to remember you as my friend. If this is man's love, heaven defend me from it!"

A sharp sob came at the end of the words. The next instant Hugh was speaking eager words of entreaty.

"Forgive me! oh, forgive me! but, Lisa, think of my life without you—tied to a woman whom I despise. My only chance of being a better man fled when I left you, in my blind idocy, six months ago. I have lived hard, trying to forget you, since then, and I declare to you I should be glad to lay down my life to-morrow, I am tired of it. Mine has been a poor investment indeed!"

"Are you ready to die?" asked Lisa, solemnly. "Have you any excuse to offer your Judge for your wasted manhood? Are we not told that according to their talents is required of each one? Are you not deliberately trampling your better angel under foot? Have patience, Hugh! all things will be well in the end, if you will but let your better nature assert itself. You are not the only one who has suffered in the world, nor will you be the last—each heart knoweth its own sorrow. Despair and reckless dissipation will never cure you. You have new responsibilities—interest yourself in them; do your duty as

a landlord, be a good husband, and peace will come—"

"Don't preach, Lisa, darling!" he broke in. "It is too late. When I lost you, I lost my last chance of being a good man. So I may not even come to see you—not once? Oh, have you no pity for me? Can you deliberately see a fellow-creature go to ruin before your eyes, and never even lift your voice to save him? Lisa, I think you loved me once; by the memory of that love, do not cast me utterly aside!"

The man buried his face in his hands; a strong sob escaped his lips. A man's sobs are very terrible to hear, and this weak, delicate child loved him with all her heart. Oh, if it were only not wrong to let him come! It was a cruel test.

She wrung her hands, and prayed quickly, "God help and make me strong!" then laid her slim white hand on his arm.

"Listen to me," she said, quietly, with a plaintive undertone of sadness in her voice; "I am going to trust you a great deal. I did love you—I love you now! No! don't touch me!" for he essayed gladly to take her in his arms. "And that is the reason I dare not let you come to see me, as you want to do. There has been too much between us for us ever to be calm friends. If you could do it, I could not. Then think how fearfully it might all end. I can bear my life without you if I know you are trying to be a good man. Take up your life, and make the best of it. We are not the only sufferers in the world. Need we let every one know our pain? You are a soldier: ought I to have need to say 'Be brave'? By the memory of those happy days last Summer, let each strive to live their truest, purest life. In heaven, you know, there is no marrying, nor giving in marriage. We may be friends there, if not here. I am trying, with God's help, to overcome my love for you; don't make my trial any harder to bear than it is. Please take me home!" and a violent fit of weeping wound up her speech.

Hugh was frightened as he saw the slight figure shaken with the violence of her sobs. He soothed her, and solemnly promised to at least try to lead a better life.

Shortly after, a man was galloping recklessly across country with a white, set face, while a frail, childlike form knelt at her bedside, crying amid tears and sobs: "Oh, Father! help me to be strong, I pray Thee. Oh, Hugh! my love! my love!"

CHAPTER III.

A YEAR passed slowly by. Lisa and Hugh met but seldom, for, owing to her mother's ill-health, the former was kept much at home. But she heard often of him through the Misses Astley, who were as loud in his praises as they were against his wife. Miss Helen said she was "a very coarse woman."

Hugh was trying to redeem his promise to Lisa. He interested himself in his estate, improved his cottages, and won the love and good-will of his tenants.

"Only he is so changed in society, my dear!" Miss Marion told the girl. "He used to be the gayest, happiest fellow; now he is almost as quiet as our minister, and lately he has looked wretchedly"—which last item deprived Lisa of at least half a night's sleep. But the end was nearer than any one thought.

In a cottage half-way between the Newcombs' house and The Grange, lived Lisa's nurse—old Dorcas. To her went Lisa one day with her usual little basket of "goodies." As she approached the house, she observed a group of men carrying something on a shutter. They passed into the house before she could get to them.

"Oh, Miss Lisa!" cried Dorcas, meeting her on the threshold of the cottage, with a white face, "go home, dear! Don't come in—this is no place for you."

"What is it? Who is hurt?—tell me, Dorcas!" cried Lisa, quickly, with a sudden sharp pain at her heart—that pain came very often lately.

"Oh, miss! Captain Strathroy has been thrown from his horse! Lawks sakes, child—don't faint!"

Lisa recoiled, then steadied herself, while a grayish-blue line settled round her mouth.

"Is he dead?" she whispered, hoarsely.

"No, miss; but next door to it, I am afraid. Poor gentleman!—his forehead is cut open, and Jim thinks he is hurt internally."

"Dorcas, let me into your sitting-room, and let me know as soon as those men have left him. Has any one gone for the doctor?"

"Yes, dear; though, to tell you the truth, I think it of little use. I'll be back in a moment."

Only those who have seen their most precious ones lie in mortal suffering before them can realize in the least what Lisa's prayer was like while she waited.

She heard the heavy footsteps of the laboring men as they tramped down the steps and out. Then she flew up stairs—she knew where Dorcas's "best room" was. There on the bed lay Captain Strathroy, with closed eyes; a blood-stained cloth was round his head; every breath came with an effort.

As the door opened he looked up; a flash of gladness lighted up his face; she ran forward.

"Lisa, my darling!"

"Oh, Hugh!"

Each felt it was their last interview on earth.

"Lisa," he whispered, gaspingly, "I am dying—I know it, dearie! and surely God will forgive us if I tell you again what I told you before. Darling, I have never loved another woman but you—you are my first and last love. And ever believe that I thank God you are with me in my dying hour. Lisa, do you think we shall meet again? You know I have not been a good man; and, looking back, I see nothing but lost opportunities and a wasted life. My darling, pray God for me—I cannot even say a prayer."

"Hugh! Christ came to call sinners, not the righteous, to repentance." Then, in a low, broken voice, she repeated a prayer for the dying man.

"Suppose we should not meet again!" he murmured, presently. "Oh! Lisa, there lies the terror of death—to be in outer darkness!"

His lips were dry; she moistened them with some brandy-and-water which was near. Nurse Dorcas looked in, then with a sadder face closed the door softly and withdrew; she could do nothing; the doctor would soon be here; until then let them be alone.

"Darling! Lisa!" he whispered; "you have never kissed me. You have never said you cared for me."

"Cared? oh! my love!—my love! I would give my life gladly for yours. I have loved you *always*, from the first to the last. Never has there been a time since I have known you that I did not love you *dearly*, above everything and everybody, saving only God."

With an effort, he drew her close into his arms, and kissed her lips twice—a long, solemn, last kiss. His eyes were growing dim; one hand wandered slowly over her face and hair. "My bright-haired darling!" he gasped; "I wish you were going, too. Lisa, I shall have to leave you very soon. Oh! what a selfish, aimless life I have led! What pain I have caused you, my pet!"

"No, only joy!" she murmured—all past pain was forgotten. "Pain from you was preferable to others' joy."

"How dark it grows! This must be death. Lisa, come soon!"

"Soon, Hugh! God is merciful."

"Tell everybody to forgive me. Come closer to me, Lisa!—darling—kiss me. Our Father! forgive my trespasses—*Li-sa—kiss—me.*"

She laid her lips upon his and received his last breath—saw the lids droop over the eyes that had given her their last love-glance—saw the look of ineffable peace which was round the mouth. Then her heart gave a sudden bound, something snapped, and Lisa's head drooped on the dead man's shoulder.

So Dorcas and the old family physician found them: his arms clasped close around her, hers across his breast, while her loose bright hair was wet with the blood which had dripped from his wound.

The doctor bent and felt the girl's pulse first, then shook his head gravely.

"Poor young things! Gone together! Heart-disease. I always feared it; her father died of it. Loosen his arms and let me take her away. We must keep close council about this part of the affair, Nurse Dorcas! My poor little Lisa!"

But we say, "Happy little Lisa!" for she was glad to go.

The Lesson the Crows Learned.

MANY birds display great reasoning powers, and act in a way that would do credit to any human being. From the many anecdotes which have been placed at my disposal I select only a few, none of which have as yet been published.

In places where pheasants are preserved it is customary to give them their food in such a way that other birds cannot get at it. This is done by placing it in a feeding-box, which is closed by a lid, communicating by a lever with a perch. The weight of the lid is so adjusted that when a peasant stands on the perch the lid is raised, and the bird can get at the food. The pheasants soon learn the object of the perch, for, when these boxes are first introduced, a few beans are laid on the outside of the lid. The bird gets on the perch in order to reach them, and so exposes the stores of food in the box.

Such an arrangement is made at Mountquharrie, Cupar, Fife, and one day a gentleman was watching the pheasants and their boxes on the lawn just before the house, and saw a crow also watching them. Presently the crow flew to one of the boxes, settled upon the perch, and expected the box to open. The bird, however, being much lighter than a pheasant, was unable to lift the lid in spite of all its efforts. After several ineffectual attempts it flew off to a tree where there was another crow, and a grand jabbering ensued. The two crows then flew to the feeding-box, both settled on the perch, and their united weight was sufficient to raise the lid.

It is impossible to attribute this proceeding to any thing but reason. Instinct is out of the question in such a case as this. The bird first watches the pheasants, and learns that by settling on a certain perch the box is opened, and the contents attainable. It then proceeds to follow the example of the pheasants, judging that the same result would follow. Finding that, although it acted exactly as did the pheasant, the lid was not raised, it set itself to discover the cause of failure, and, as we have seen, succeeded in so doing. Having reflected that the pheasant could lift the lid on account of its superior weight, the bird calculated that two crows might be equal in weight to one pheasant. So it goes off to find a comrade, explains the state of things in its own bird-language, and the two then co-operate in producing the desired effect. No human being could reason more correctly, or reduce its theory to action more successfully.

A Strange Duel.

CHAPTER I.—HANDS—NOT HEARTS.

A VERY moody gentleman, standing on the steps of the Capitol, energetically endeavoring to dig holes in the marble with the point of his umbrella, and scowling at the glistening Potomac far away, and over the stacks of chimneys all around and about, and at the sky now and then, and always ending with a deeper scowl up the crowded avenue, attracted the attention of every passer-by.

Nobody spoke to him, except a bold bootblack,

who said, interrogatively, "Shine 'em up?" and was answered very forcibly, "No!" which kept him at his distance thenceforth.

So this handsome and gloomy person, dressed in faultless outdoor costume, with a bud in his button-hole, went on with his hopeless attempt at excavation, and the adjacent policeman, who had been prowling on the watch for so long, concluded that that man was waiting for somebody who had failed to promptly keep the appointment.

And quite correctly. Mr. Lucius Butterworth had arrived at 1:57 p. m., which was exactly three minutes ahead of the time named in the schedule he had arranged at breakfast with Miss Blanche Treshington; and, you know, when trains miss connection, the engineer who waits is always in a very bad humor. It was quite 2:15, and Miss Treshington was still nowhere in sight, and so Mr. Butterworth secretly fumed and fretted, and declared over and over he would not wait an instant longer—but somehow continued to wait.

He heard a footstep and a slight exclamation behind him, and turned; and there, in the doorway, stood the very lady he wished to see. Very pretty she was, of course, dark-eyed and dark-haired, and with ripe, rosy, laughing lips, as the alliterative Swinburne might say; and now she came forward with her hand out and a most delicious little pleading smile.

Her plaid walking-dress fitted her lithe, seductive figure to perfection, and she really was so charming altogether, that her friend, who had been so impatiently cooling his heels for those twenty dragging minutes, was instantly mollified, and smiling in return, said: "Where have you been?"

"Here—ever since a quarter to two. I remained inside looking at the pictures, because it would have seemed odd to loiter on the steps, and because I love to look at those pictures—they remind me so vividly of greenbacks."

He winced the least bit at the latter explanation, and his face darkened; but the change lasted but a second.

"Well, let us return and have another peep—or pretend to—and talk."

And so they re-entered the massive building, and presently were standing, apparently rapt, before the picture of Pocahontas.

All sorts of people were moving about; but no one noticed them—no one heard Lucius say, in a hesitating voice:

"Since we are to discuss matters, I trust you will do so frankly, Blanche; for I believe the time for concealment has passed."

Blanche alone heard this low and distinct murmur, and her cheeks paled a little; but she continued to smile, and both continued to stare earnestly at the painting—neither, I dare say, seeing it; and when the young lady spoke, her voice was so little tremulous that one could never have supposed there was anything like heartache beneath it.

"Well, you know the understanding," she answered. "At the moment we felt the ardor of our love diminish there was to be immediate confession."

"I remember very well, Blanche."

"Then you will understand me if I speak frankly. It will one day seem much better to have acted like sensible people, as we are about to do, and not permit our attachment to annoy or pain us in its progress or termination; much better, if it is fated to end, that there should be free confession either to the other; and now"—she went on, still with that melancholy smile, beneath which something—was it agony, death, hope?—seemed to be concealed—"I must tell you that since the last few weeks, in spite of myself, I—I—"

"You felt your affection for me surely slipping from you," he replied, quickly. "My dear Blanche, no one will ever win my esteem as you have done, for none will have your frankness. You are the first to confess to-day what I a month ago was the first to feel."

She turned paler still, and bit her lip; but he observed nothing.

He was now looking down.

"You must have seen that I was gloomy and irritable, and at length you know why. But I hope we may still be friends, may we not?"

"Friends!" she sighed.

"The best of friends."

There was a pause, and then she resumed:

"Well, I thought this was the object of your desire to meet me here alone, Lucius, and I have brought you your letters. They breathe a great deal of passion, and some day you will be amused to read them over."

"No; keep them, or give them to the flames. Such letters are best burnt."

Not unwillingly, it seemed, she returned them to the pocket of her dress, and presently he said, "Let us go;" and so they both left that handsome but rather gloomy chamber, and were once more in the grounds.

Slowly they took their way down the walk, and at the gate paused again, and she held out her gloved hand, and he touched it; and then, without a word, they separated.

Lucius strode away briskly, and was soon lost in crowd moving along the avenue. Miss Treshington, entirely self-possessed, to all outward appearance, took a car for her boarding-house, and upon arrival there, ran quickly up-stairs singing to her room, and once in that pretty apartment, threw herself on the bed, and burst into an agony of tears.

Her passionate weeping was soon interrupted by a light tap at the door, and her sister Alice entered. That tall and proud young lady glanced down in utter surprise, not unmingled with a certain contempt.

"Good heavens, what has happened, Blanche? But I see—you and Lucius Butterworth have quarrelled again. How foolish you are to cry in this way, when you know it will all be made up before to-morrow!"

"It will never be made up. I suspected some time ago that he had grown weary of our engagement, and to-day he has confessed as much. We had made a compact that we should tell each other freely when the time came if our feelings changed, and, as a test, I pretended that mine had, and then, Alice, he said that I was the first to admit what he a month ago had been the first to experience."

All this was interrupted by heart-breaking sobs, and Alice kissed her sister affectionately.

"I can sympathize with you, dear," she replied, "because I have many troubles of my own. You may congratulate yourself on your escape from marriage."

The young lady's tone was so peculiar that poor Blanche instantly raised her head from the pillow.

"Your husband is in one of his moods again?"

"In one of his worst moods. Monsieur de Grignan has really lost his senses! But I deserve my fate for marrying a man so much older than myself, and the native of another country."

"He certainly is changed from what he was," assented Blanche, very thoughtfully, and her tears now dried. "Yes; he, too, is much changed."

And up she rose, intent upon some new reflection, and began to change her walking-dress for another.

"Ah, Emilia, in the play, speaks truly," continued young Madame de Grignan, with great philosophy;

"It is not a day shows us a man." Monsieur de Grignan was all life and spirits and kindness itself; and now he is moody and strange, and one finds it impossible to get a pleasant word from him. That is just why I have left him in his room to mope alone."

"You are going out?"

"Yes; since he will not; and, dear, you must lend me that walking-dress you have just taken off. Other people's clothes always fit me better than my own, and beside, I ruined mine last week, as you know."

And straightway she began to exchange her pre-

sent costume for the one spoke of; and this matter of toilet absorbing all thoughts, she could answer no more questions for the present; and Blanche went over to the window and stood looking out at various picturesque back-buildings and at the far-away, melancholy sky.

"I think I shall talk a little to Maurice while you are away, Alice," she continued, presently, "and perhaps I may discover what ails him."

"I hope you will find him in a better humor than I left him," said the wife, with a careless laugh through the row of pins between her rosy lips, as she stood before the mirror. "He flew into a passion because I called him Monsieur de Grignan instead of Maurice. Such a child! Sometimes I half believe the man is jealous."

"Of whom?"

"N'importe. You could never guess"—with another bright laugh of quiet and rather sly enjoyment; "and now, Blanche, for your hat, coat, gloves and everything; for back to my room while he is there I will not go."

All these things duly transferred, the handsome young lady took a final peep in the glass and floated from the room, and, humming some gay chanson, she descended the staircase. Blanche looked in the direction she had taken, finger on lip and face deeply thoughtful.

"Jealous? If he is jealous of Lucius, there *might* be reason, and it would explain many things. There is only one way to assure myself, and I think I shall adopt it."

When she entered the adjoining room she found Monsieur de Grignan, as she had anticipated, quite alone, and deep in dismal reverie, though a book lay on his knee. This gentleman, attached in some capacity to the French Legation, had married Alice nearly a year before. Until of late they had lived together happily enough; but since the last few weeks a shadow had fallen upon their lives whose origin and nature could only be surmised.

Monsieur de Grignan smiled when Blanche appeared, and when she approached him took her hand.

"You pity the poor solitary," he said, with the faintest trace of foreign accent in his speech, and uttering every syllable with a peculiar, clear-cut distinctness. "Come, sit down, my child, and tell me something amusing."

"I am afraid I have nothing very amusing to tell you, Maurice," she replied, taking her place beside him. With this prologue she gradually confided to him all that had happened that afternoon between herself and Lucius.

Monsieur de Grignan listened patiently; but when she looked up, his face was strangely distorted.

"So that little romance is ended!" he said, with an odd and rather sinister laugh. "Has it ever occurred to you that there may be peculiar reasons why Mr. Lucius Butterworth desired to break off his engagement to you?"

He had risen, and seemed wild with sudden fury. Blanche, much alarmed, also stood up.

"Swear that you will never breathe what I am about to say," he continued, fiercely, "and I shall conceal nothing."

"What do you mean, sir, in heaven's name?" she cried, clasping her hands in terror.

"Mean! I mean that he is in love with your sister—my wife—and that his passion is returned."

"It is not true, Maurice. Unsay that mad speech, or I shall leave the room," she returned, passing swiftly to the door.

"I shall unsay nothing. I have for some time suspected, and now I know, the truth. Let them both beware!"

Amazed and terrified beyond measure, she left him.

About half an hour later Alice returned from her walk. Monsieur de Grignan had gone out. Very much fatigued, she threw herself on the sofa and lay

there thinking of him, of herself, of many things. Gradually she fell into a doze, thence into a deep sleep.

She reclined thus helpless when her husband re-entered. For a moment he stood looking down upon her.

"So young—so beautiful—so false!" he muttered.

Something caught his eye—a bundle of letters in the pocket of her dress, the least bit exposed. Instantly he plucked them from their concealment, and taking them to the window, read them one by one. They were love-letters, all addressed to "my darling," and signed by "her devoted Lucius."

When every word they contained had burned itself indelibly upon the retina of his memory, Maurice de Grignan sank into a chair, and, with his hands over his eyes, sobbed bitterly.

CHAPTER II.—THE DUEL WITH DICE.

LUCIUS BUTTERWORTH, who looked like a young man in a great deal of trouble, must have hoped to deaden his anguish by exercise that afternoon—not, perhaps, a bad expedient. For, leaving the architectural marvel of which Americans are so proud, he pegged away upon a good tramp to the end of the avenue, and then back and out Seventh Street to its very extremity, and all the while carrying his head down and his hands in his coat-pockets, regardless of appearances.

And so at length, quite worn out, he returned to his boarding-house and went directly to his room.

Tea had passed into history an hour before, and there were sounds of revelry by night from the parlors; and Lucius sat smoking in the dark and listening to the music until his own tenebrous solitude became no longer endurable. Up he rose and lighted his gas and made his toilet, and then down-stairs he marched and made an effective entrance among the brilliant company, attracting everybody's attention and spoiling Major Howler's rendition of his very best baritone solo.

Mr. Butterworth's eyes traveled swiftly from face to face through the rooms. They rested for an instant on Blanche Treshington, pallid and melancholy, attended by young Fairfax, of the Treasury; and then on her sister Alice, quite alone in another part of the room. By the mantelpiece stood, tall and dark, Monsieur de Grignan, discussing something with several ladies and gentlemen.

Lucius glided quietly over to Alice and stood by her chair, and presently they were smiling and chatting, and all the while Monsieur de Grignan, still continuing his conversation, watched them with a countenance which had become in the interval *funeste* and ominous. So the drama progressed, to the accompaniment of piano music and the tinkle and murmur of small-talk, and then Lucius suddenly felt a hand upon his shoulder. He glanced round, and his eyes met those of Maurice de Grignan, pale and stern, but smiling.

"May I speak with you just one moment?" he said, softly, and with a polite inclination of the head.

"Certainly," replied Lucius; and they withdrew



THE LESSON THE CROWS LEARNED.—SEE PAGE 333.



THE BROKEN LILY.—“EDITH, EDITH, MY DARLING! SPEAK TO ME! SMILE UPON ME! SAY I AM FORGIVEN!” BUT SHE LAY A HEAVY WEIGHT UPON HIS ARM.—SEE PAGE 355.

to the front room and occupied a sofa quite out of earshot.

“For some time I have observed many things,” proceeded Maurice, still wearing that pale, stern smile; “but have said nothing. This afternoon, Mademoiselle Blanche spoke to me in the frankness of her heart and revealed all. A mystery, inexplicable to her, was no longer so to me. I am a man of the world, monsieur—a casuist in social ethics, gifted with a quick sense to detect dishonor in any shape.” He paused a moment, and then said: “If I understand your character aright not a word more is necessary, Monsieur Butterworth.”

Lucius sat stupefied. Blanche had told the story of the breaking of the engagement to her brother-in-law, and he, with his continental and fire-eating

notions, viewed the business as dishonorable, and was resolved now to have what is technically called “satisfaction.”

The idea was so absurd that Lucius in spite of himself laughed in the Frenchman’s face. De Grignan colored and gnawed his lip and his eyes flashed lurid lightnings.

“There are, of course,” he said, idly, “certain cases wherein one may be driven to use the horse-whip—.”

“Stop, sir,” interrupted Lucius. “We rarely fight duels in this country, not because we are afraid of death, but of something more terrible—ridicule. If you and I should go out with a pair of pistols, it would be much better for us both to fall than to come back.”

"You decline to give me a meeting, then?"

"I decline to make a fool of myself. I do not know how many daily newspapers are published in this country; but, on the morning following our affair, every one from Maine to California would contain a comic notice of the affair of honor near Washington, and a delightfully humorous description of the belligerents. That is what I fear, sir—the publicity, not the duel itself."

"I cannot understand such a feeling, monsieur," said Maurice; "but I am fertile of expedient, and have thought of a way to avoid all that. On that centre-table there are three dice in their box. We may sit there without remark and have a game of three throws apiece—a game, monsieur, of life and death! Whoever throws the lowest number is bound upon his honor to die in any manner he may choose within the next twenty-four hours."

Monsieur de Grignan's face was immovable as he uttered this somewhat quixotic proposition, and his fingers played with his watch-chain. Lucius stared at him as if in doubt of his sanity.

"Would not that be rather too melodramatic for this practical epoch?" he said, smiling.

"I see, sir," said De Grignan, enraged, "you are a coward. I shall do now what I should have done at first—dismiss you with a smack across the face—and then wipe my hand of the contamination."

He was about to rise, but Lucius grasped his arm and pulled him down again. Patience has its limits—so, also, has even that powerful emotion, a dread of ridicule.

"I accept your proposition, sir," said Lucius, all on fire. "Let us fight our duel with the dice without an instant's delay."

He sprang to the table and seized the dice-box, and De Grignan stood, with a dark smile, at the opposite side. Several of the company, who had observed the excitement of the two men, gathered about them, anxiously asking the cause for it.

"Merely a jest," said the Frenchman.

"Yes," said Lucius, "we are about to leave it to the dice to decide who is to pay a debt."

And with these words he made his first throw—eighteen! His opponent uttered a slight exclamation. Pale, and with a trembling hand, Lucius shook the dice and threw again—six. A murmur ran round among the spectators. For the third time the young man shook the box and cast the ivory squares upon the glistening marble—three!

"Twenty-seven in all," he said, in low tones, pushing the weapons toward his antagonist.

De Grignan's teeth were set and his gaze stern and corrugated as he made his first throw—eighteen! He threw again without a second's pause—eighteen! Then, for the last time, he flung them with a crash upon the table, and they marked—eighteen!

"Fifty-four!" chorused the crowd.

"And I pay the debt!" added Lucius, white as a spectre—an awful agony written upon his contorted features as he stared at his victorious enemy. "Before noon, to-morrow," he said, "it shall be paid in full."

Bowing, he left the room, and people immediately drifted into corners and whispered that that debt was no trifling one, and that Lucius looked like a ruined man.

De Grignan alone was calm—a seeming apathy that veiled inward triumph.

CHAPTER III.—"HE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTES THEE."

MAURICE DE GRIGNAN would have passed with a stranger for the most self-possessed man in that room. Under this ice no one suspected the hidden volcano. He never looked once at his wife, and yet she never passed from his gaze for an instant. At ten o'clock a note containing an inclosure was brought him, which he took to a deserted quarter of the room and quietly read. It ran as follows:

"MONSIEUR DE GRIGNAN.—You will be kind

enough to give the inclosed letter to Miss Blanche Treshington. Now that I have returned to myself, I feel how wrong I was to lose my temper and accept the challenge you offered me; but do not fear, sir; I am a man of honor, and shall abide strictly by the conditions we agreed upon. All that I ask is, that you will maintain the most inviolable secrecy.

L. B."

An hour later Blanche and her sister were missed from the room. De Grignan no sooner observed this than he likewise took his leave and ascended quietly to his bedchamber. He found them both there, and both showing signs of excitement and trouble.

"The time has come," he thought. "We must be alone."

Still wearing the cool demeanor which had hitherto marked all his proceedings, he handed the letter from Lucius to Blanche. "It contains," he said, "I have no doubt, matter of deep interest, which you had better study privately in your own room."

Blanche was very much surprised, but curiosity overcame all other feelings, and she followed his suggestion at once by withdrawing; and now De Grignan, advancing upon his wife, caught her by the wrist and stood over her, the fire of vengeance in his dark eyes.

"I may as well tell you, madame, without preface, that I know all," he said. "If you will confess, you may save me further pain; and that is something with a man who has suffered anguish such as mine."

Alice stared at him, and then burst into the merriest fit of laughter she had enjoyed for many a day.

"My dear Maurice, what farce is this? You look as if you were burlesquing Othello. But my wrist pains, if you please!"

"Do you mock me? Then behold these letters!"

He drew the bundle from his pocket and held them up, and she instantly attempted to seize them.

"The letters I supposed I had lost this afternoon in the street!"

"You were mistaken! I took them from your pocket while you slept on that sofa, there. I have read them all!"

"Indeed! I hope they amused you; love-letters are the most ridiculous things in life to people who have been married for a while—as we have, dear."

"These letters were written by Mr. Butterworth."

"So they were—to Blanche, who has been inexpressibly worried all the evening at their supposed loss." And she told the circumstances of the change of dress.

De Grignan's face underwent many changes of expression while he listened, and at the end, in a troubled voice, he said:

"But—must I believe all this?"

"That as you please," replied Alice, coolly rocking herself in the chair. "I have been fully aware, Maurice, that you were jealous of Lucius; and it really was too absurd a complaint to treat seriously. Lucius never loved any one in this world but Blanche. For the last few weeks he has been in some trouble, and has tried constantly to make a *confidante* of me; but you know my inflexible rule, never to meddle with other people's vexations, having quite enough of my own. Well, I think Lucius broke his engagement with Blanche this afternoon, and the letter you gave her a while ago probably explains all."

"*Mon Dieu!* is it possible?" exclaimed De Grignan, in great disorder. "I must learn the contents of that letter instantly; you do not know what may be the consequence of an hour's delay!"

"More theatricals, Maurice!" said Alice, with weary sarcasm.

"My dear wife, I implore you to believe that this matter is not one of trifling moment; I *must* see the letter."

He went instantly to Blanche's room, followed by Alice. Miss Treshington voluntarily gave him the letter, without a word:

"MY DARLING—These are probably the last words

of mine that you will ever read. I have loved you faithfully, Blanche—I love you still. Since the last few weeks I have been very melancholy; but no one knew the cause. I would have confided in your sister, but she refused to permit it. Your impression was that I no longer cared for you, and desired to end our relations on that account. My darling, the love I bore you has never lessened, but circumstances have occurred of late which placed me in such a position that I felt I could not honorably hold you to your engagement any longer. In short, I have lost my secretaryship, and at present have hardly the means for my support—much less yours. Senator Bibberly's son has returned from college and taken my place—an excellent and economical arrangement for them, but disastrous for me. When you hear of me again, the news may be bad, indeed; but remember, Blanche, that to the last I loved none but you.

L. B.

De Grignan read this aloud.

"Really, all you people should be on the stage," said Alloe, with a laugh.

"My child!" cried De Grignan, in a tone of frenzy; "do you not see what that letter means? He is about to die! and—oh, heaven! it will be by my hand!"

He rushed out into the corridor, and directly to Butterworth's room. He found a servant there and everything in confusion.

"Where is Mr. Butterworth?"

"He has gone away. He took the eleven o'clock train for New York."

"His address there?" shouted the agonized Frenchman. "Do not stare at me—tell me his address!"

"I do not know, sir; no one knows."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed De Grignan, petrified. "He is the soul of honor; by noon, to-morrow, he will have kept his word and paid my debt. Oh, if I could think of some means, however desperate, to save him!"

But his brain for the time was paralyzed, and he could think of nothing.

CHAPTER IV.—ON HIS TRACK.

LUCIUS arrived at the Sixth Street Depot that night barely in time to procure his ticket and take his seat in the train, when it moved off; but, as he tore through the darkness, he had abundance of leisure to reflect upon everything. He could not help smiling when he thought of his absurd duel with De Grignan (men smile sometimes even on their way to execution); but he had accepted the challenge and would bow to the decree of fate. "Had De Grignan lost, he would have paid the penalty without an hour's hesitation," he thought. "He is, like all his countrymen, nothing if not dramatic, and this way of ending himself would have seemed so much in the style of the heroes of Hugo, Dumas and Sue, that he would have swallowed his hemlock triumphantly—in a blaze of blue-fire, if possible—and published the circumstances to all the world. As for me, I am about to make a fool of myself; but, thank heaven, nobody will know why."

Now and then his hand involuntarily sought something in his breast-pocket, and felt its cold surface with a shudder. "New York is a large city," he reflected, with a dismal sigh; "I can take a room at a small hotel in the Bowery, destroy all traces which might lead to my identity, and then—a flash—a report—and darkness! It is done every day."

He sought to divert his mind by looking out of the window, but he could see nothing, except now and then a watchman's lantern as the train sped by a station with its shrill scream; and so at length he leaned back in his seat and tried to doze.

It was ten minutes past midnight when the engine stopped at the Charles Street Depot in Baltimore, as if to recover breath before plunging on again. Two tall men entered the car where Lucius sat, and

passed from seat to seat, examining the faces of the passengers. They took a second look at Lucius, and then laid hold of him.

"You are the man we want," said one of them, abruptly enough. "Come out of this!"

He naturally made some resistance; but the bell of the locomotive began to toll again, and the strangers, by a united effort, hustled him out upon the platform.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" gasped Lucius. "Where are the police? Release me at once!"

"Be quiet!" commented one of the fellows, gruffly, reading a paper under the great lamp. This document was a telegram to the following effect:

"CHIEF OF DETECTIVE POLICE, BALTIMORE—Meet eleven p. m. New York express, Baltimore Railroad. Look out for a man twenty-seven years of age, blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion," and so on with the description of personal appearance and dress; and the dispatch concluded: "Arrest this man, and detain him at all hazards. His name is Lucius Butterworth, and he is an escaped lunatic. Do not mind anything he says to the contrary."

"You are the party we want," said the detective, after promulgating this strange order; "and you must come along with us."

Lucius protested in vain. He was unceremoniously bundled into a carriage and driven away. It was very plain to him that the whole business was a plan to abduct, rob, and perhaps murder.

As the hack rattled into a livelier portion of the city, he thrust his head out of the window and shouted for help. One of his companions hereupon stopped his mouth with his great brawny hand, strong as a padlock.

After traversing several streets, the vehicle halted, and Lucius was taken from it and into a house. He resisted as only a desperate man can, and the consequence was he found himself presently in a strait-jacket. Then the key was turned upon him, and he was left alone to his reflections.

Nearly all that night he kept awake; but toward morning sleep overcame him, and when, after a stupor of some hours, he became conscious again, he found the sun shining brightly in at the window.

At the same moment he heard footsteps. The door opened, one of his captors appeared and said:

"Your friends have come for you."

He was pushed aside, and Maurice de Grignan stood there. One step—one cry—and he fell weeping upon Butterworth's shoulder.

"I have saved you! I have saved you!" he said.

Behind him came Blanche and Alloe.

"Pray what is the meaning of this extraordinary scene, Monsieur de Grignan?" demanded Lucius, blandly.

"Ah, *mon ami*! last night when I learned you had left Washington I was distracted. I felt that I was a murderer. There seemed absolutely no hope. But, sir, I am a man of intensely dramatic instincts, and am, therefore, fertile in expedient. I knew your train would stop at Baltimore, and I telegraphed instantly to have you arrested as a dangerous lunatic who had escaped from his keepers! Was it not fine—superb—inimitable?"

"More original than pleasant," said Lucius, dryly.

But explanations were in order, and when he had heard all, a great load was lifted from his bosom, and he shook De Grignan's hand with hearty sincerity.

They all returned to Washington together, and as Lucius and Blanche occupied a reserved seat in the corner of the parlor-car, and talked entirely in whispers, and looked very happy, it is reasonable to suppose the young man did not regret the postponement of his untimely decease. Maurice succeeded in getting him better employment than the lost Bibberly secretaryship within the following week, and I suppose the next thing on the cards is a wedding.

My Heart is Thine.

When Spring's first violet on the gale
Her tender perfume flings;
When, deep in some sequester'd vale,
The thrush his love-tale sings;
When all bright things of earth and sky
In hymns of praise combine—
One song, one pray'r, alone breathe I:
"Sweet love, wilt thou be mine?"

When from the woodland still and lone,
Through the long Summer night,
Sad Philomel's impassion'd tone
Thrills with love's deep delight;
When, steep'd in balmy breath of June,
The earth seems half divine,
No change know I in words or tune,
But sing, "Wilt thou be mine?"

When Autumn's red and Autumn's gold
Paint wood and wold and bill;
When Winter nights grow drear and cold,
Love, I am changeless still.
Though violets wither, roses fade,
Love's calendar and mine
Mark Summer still in sun and shade,
And still my heart is thine!

The Broken Lily.

"It is from no wish to discourage you, Edith, if you have resolutely set your heart upon this match; but I do assure you, with my knowledge of his character, from youth up, as truly as his father and grandfather before him were dissolute, crafty men, Gordon Pontonville is not the one I would choose to have you marry."

"Rather a sweeping statement, aunt, which seems to hold the flavor of my uncle Ralph's prejudice. But I have never seen a single instance of meanness attaching itself to Mr. Pontonville."

"Ah! there are none so blind as those who will not see! I only hope you may find out the truth of my words before it is too late, Edith, that is all."

A smile played upon Edith Grayson's face, where she leaned over the window-ledge, watching the sparrows that hopped almost to her hand. She was but eighteen, a beautiful brunette, orphaned five years before, since which time she had been under her aunt's care, a daughter in all but name. Was it self-interest that prompted that lady to the disparagement of her lover, for such Gordon Pontonville had avowed himself, striking a discord in the home of the Graysons.

"Well," said Edith, scornfully, "be he knight or knave, if I must give him up, I will never consent to wed my cousin Frank."

And, taking up her knitting, she set herself diligently to work. But her hands trembled, and under the long lashes great tears welled, but would not fall. She had caught the pained look upon her kind friend's face, and she remembered, with a pang, all the love and tenderness she had received at that friend's hands; was this a fitting return for her to make?

Springing up, she crossed the room, and sank down in penitence, her head upon that motherly bosom, her arms enfolding the dear form; for Edith loved her.

"Oh, aunt, forgive me! pity me! You know we are not always able to direct or control our affections!"

"Yes, it is true, my darling; but I have advised you for the best—try to think so, and all will be right."

"Mr. Pontonville, for Miss Edith!" announced a liveried servant at the door.

"Ah!" said Edith, in a half-triumphant tone, "so he has come! It seems weeks, dear aunt, since he went away, and but two days have elapsed. Be happy until I come. *Au revoir!*"

And, with her matchless grace, she bent and

swept the uplifted brow with a tender, caressing touch.

Happy, did she say? In the elegant chamber Mrs. Grayson sat where her niece had left her, a frown contracting the smooth, almost youthful, forehead, and a nervous twitching of the lips showed that she was in deep and troubled thought. She was striving to find some plan which should turn Edith from her idol with the least possible suffering to the dear girl whose welfare was her own.

Gordon Pontonville was a man to be feared. There had been years of his unreckoned—dropped, as it were, out of his life—when he had been a wanderer over the earth, his name unspoken, although many thought he was but sowing his wild oats, and that, by-and-by, he would return a wiser and a better man.

They were right in so far as they averred that he would return; he came, to inherit the estates of those whose kindly hearts he had broken, and who had gone to their graves with words of love and forgiveness the last upon their lips.

Was it surprising that Mrs. Grayson should fear to link her dear one's future with that of a man over whose past had hung a cloud? She shuddered at the thought as the door opened and her son Frank Grayson entered. He was a son of whom any mother might be proud: true, noble, ingenuous, his life an open book, there was no taint upon him.

"Mother," he said, excitedly, "that man is here again! Shall I not to-day forbid his presence?"

"My son—my son," she replied, wringing her hands, "and what of Edith then?"

"Why, is it so bad as that, mother?"

"I fear that she will never give him up, Frank; it almost breaks my heart, after all my watchfulness, to consign her to such a fate."

"Mother, there are such vague rumors afloat in regard to him; I wonder how Edith—"

"Frank, dear, it is but the infatuation of the Evil Eye, if such a thing can be; if we could but persuade her of this—if we could but induce her to hear reason, and—"

"Stay, mother, do not speak of that. I have lost hope—the day has gone by. But what can that mean?"

And he sprang through the open door into the wide hall, where still echoed the peal of bells, rung furiously, followed by the hurried tread of servants' feet.

With a flush brightening her beauty, Edith had glided away down the wide staircase to the parlor, where waited her visitor, a tall man with a haughty presence like that of a grandee of the olden time, but there was no haughtiness or coldness in that face, as she nestled in his arms, all thought of her aunt's warning forgotten, only in her soul the strong tide of requited love surging full and free. His eyes dwelt upon her upturned face with a devouring gaze. Did he think that he held her so for the last time?

"Do you love me still, my darling?"

"Do I, Gordon? Ask the birds if they love the sunshine, or the flowers the dew. Such are necessary to their well-being; so, Gordon, your love is a part—nay, *all my life!*"

He drew her closer—closer—all the truth and fervency his nature held kindled into flame by his strong love for her. But his eyes were suddenly averted—what was the shadow that gloomed over them? What made that ghastly pallor spread over the handsome face, or his white teeth close over the full under-lip to still its trembling? He closed his eyes to shut out the sight of that pure, guileless beauty—the rapture of content that beamed from every feature of her radiant face.

"How can I?" he muttered.

"What did you say, Gordon?"

"Edith"—he spoke wildly, raising her head until his eyes burned into her own—"I have come here to-day, with my future in my hand, that you may dispose of it as you will. Tell me, my darling, can you brave the world with me, in some far-distant

land, where, under never-falling sunshine, we may pass our lives in unalloyed happiness?"

"Far-distant, Gordon? Why not here? Have we not vowed to love each other all our lives? Then let us be content to remain here."

There was a touching wonder in her face. He turned away, his tones husky, indeed, and so bitter that she started.

"Then you love *home* better than you love *me*, Edith?"

"No, Gordon; a desert will be home, if you are there."

The smile, the look of undying love that shone in those sweet, trusting eyes, accompanying her words, made him wince with pain.

"Oh, God!" he cried, turning his white face away that she might not view its contortions, "if I had only known!"

"What is it, Gordon—what can you mean?" she half gasped, a terror already dawning in her face.

"All was so bright when last we met."

"Ah! that is past! And to-day?"

He laughed bitterly.

"Sit down, Edith, and hear me."

He motioned her to a chair, but instead she sank down upon a low seat beside him, leaning her head upon her hand. Her aunt's words were ringing in her brain, and it seemed as though a fearful dread were knocking at her heart. She shivered with a nameless chill—oh! was the day to darken at its noon—was the light of her life to fade out into such gloom as seemed to rise before her now?

"Tell me, Gordon! I cannot bear this suspense!" she cried in anguish; "have you then ceased to love me?"

"Oh, Edith, no! Yesterday all was bright, and I fancied myself secure, with no bar to our love. To-day, oh, heaven! all is changed, and the folly of my youth has reached its vengeance on me and mine. One whom I had deemed dead, or dead at least to me, has risen, and the stern voice of relentless justice bids me turn from the alluring prospects of the future, as I saw them once, and expiate, as I best may, a mistake too terrible."

"What is it that you say?" came from the blue, almost motionless lips of the stricken girl, with a choking utterance.

"Oh, Edith, I would rather die than tell you what I must! Hate me; steel your heart, my darling, until its pulses beat no more in love for me; but do not bend upon me that gaze which searches my soul, freezes, maddens me! I am not guilty, Edith; I swear it! but when a boy, rash, hot-headed, passionate, I met one whose coarse but fascinating beauty turned my brain and wrested honor from me, though she won my name. Oh, would to God I had been dead ere I fell under that ban! Gold was her lure, not love; and so, wearying of the evanescent passion that palled so soon, I bought her silence, and was free. Two years ago, ere you had made mine a brighter, better life, the news came to me that she was dead; but, oh, my darling, it was false! They cheated me! She lives—lives to interdict our love, to poison my cup, and—But, great heaven, what have I done? Edith, Edith! my darling! Speak to me! smile upon me! say I am forgiven!"

But she lay a heavy weight upon his arm, her face white as the lilies that were crushed on her bosom, and in her dusky hair. He laid her slight form upon a sofa near by, and tenderly, but with frantic energy, besought her to answer him. Vain entreaties were they all! He had bidden her heart's pulses to beat no more in love for him—he had his will. In the belief that she had fainted, overcome by the shock of his disclosures, and with the too imminent peril of separation before them, he rained delicious kisses upon her beautiful, unresponsive lips, and violently pulling the bell-rope that he might summon assistance for her, passed hastily from that sacred presence, and from the house.

Frank Grayson encountered the scared servants upon the stairs, and hurried with them to the room

where she lay with that sweet smile upon her face, like a trampled lily, dead in the perfection of its beauty.

Who shall paint such grief as theirs! Finally, through the agony that swept their souls, came some reasoning power, and they asked:

"Where is Mr. Pentonville? When did he leave her?"

And being summoned, he could only mourn with them, as one who would not be comforted, stricken nearly dumb with the grief that overwhelmed them all. None dared accuse him, for the physicians said it was heart-disease, and they were right.

The Graysons concurred in this belief; it had been inherent in their family, Edith's own mother having been smitten with it, in the years that were past, leaving behind her no word to tell of what she suffered. Edith, it was presumed, had felt the attack coming suddenly upon her, and she, alone, unheeded, had reached with one wild effort the bell-rope and sent forth through the house that terrible alarm.

Thus they explained it among themselves; but one there was, roaming up and down the cheerless width of the world, through weary, lonesome years, who might have told the true cause; perhaps it would have given him relief from the gnawing pangs of conscience, and peace in his wanderings, if, indeed, aught save her forgiveness could bring him that much craved blessing.

And Aunt Grayson mourned, not for defeated schemes, but for her whose gentle spirit had flown away from the too rough usage of earth, to bloom for ever in the eternal paradise of God.

The Antelope.

A PARTY of my friends were starting down the Platte River to see their herds of cattle.

"Don't you want to go along with us?" said Calvin.

"We may get some antelope."

The idea of riding, camping, story-telling and hunting for a week on the wild American prairies seemed charming just then, so, with blankets and rifle, I joined the party.

In an hour we came in sight of the river, of which some traveler has said, "It is navigable only for a skingee," so sandy is its bed and so changing its currents.

All day we followed the river-bottom, now near the water, now a mile away from it. In the "ox-bows," or bends of the river, the grass was growing abundantly, and thousands and tens of thousands of sleek kine were feeding there.

Near the high lands we saw great numbers of prairie-dogs and little owls living in the same holes. The dogs wagged their tails, and barking with great energy, ran into their houses; the owls, old and young, toddled in, too, when we approached.

Toward evening we saw tall blue cranes alighting on sand-bars. Flocks of ducks arose from the water and fled from the hawks. Jackrabbits bounded queerly from our path, and, a little way off, turned to see what we intended to do. We saw two wolves sneaking among the bluffs, but never an antelope.

The morning after we reached Dana's cattle-camp we went out early among the sand-hills for antelopes. Just after daybreak they are busy feeding, and then may be more easily approached than at any times of the day.

"Look yonder," said Calvin; "see what a mat of prickly-pear."

"What of it?" said I; "I have seen many such."

"Nothing of it," said he; "only I was going to say that when a wolf tries to catch a young antelope, the old one takes her young into the middle of one of these great prickly-pear beds. You see, the thorns don't hurt the antelope's hoofs at all; but Mr. Wolf can't set his paw on them, any way he can place it. So the young antelope stands between the mother's feet till the wolf leaves."

Some three miles from the river we came to the haunts of the game. We became silent, and peeped carefully over each ridge to see if any antelopes were to be seen. Soon we separated, with the understanding that if a group of antelopes were found, a signal should be given for the whole party to come.

In half an hour Dana was seen to wave his hand, and we rejoined him at once. He told us that in the next hollow four antelopes were feeding.

Noiselessly we crept to the little eminence before us, keeping our eyes wide open for thorns and rattlesnakes. Within sixty yards of us stood two old antelopes and two beautiful and graceful little ones, that did not seem larger than cats, only their legs were much longer. The old ones were about three feet high, with bodies about the size of those of sheep. They made a very pretty tableau, but quickly turned and bounded away, the little ones ahead, making no more noise than a cloud passing through the sky.

Had not Dana been so polite, one of them might have been secured. But I was glad, after all, that we did not make a break in the happy family.

We now agreed to hunt independently. During the next half-hour we saw plenty of game in the distance. After a time, Dana and I met. Carelessly ascending a little sand-hill, we started up a lonely buck. We so quickly sank upon the ground that the animal had only a glimpse of us, and after a sharp run, turned to satisfy its ever-eager curiosity as to what we were. My companion passed me his red handkerchief.

"Wave that," he whispered, "on the end of your rifle. We'll try the Indian game on him. Easy! Wave it easy!"

Slowly I waved the flag to and fro, just in the creature's sight, while Dana settled his body at full length upon the sand, and rested his Winchester rifle on an unoccupied ant-hill.

The antelope now advanced a few steps, retreated, turned and looked again. As we presented the same appearance, he became as curious concerning us as Blue Beard's wife about the forbidden room. Several times we thought he had seen enough of us, and was off. But no; his intense curiosity forced him nearer and nearer.

Unused to hunting as I was, I became much excited. Had that antelope been an elephant, I don't believe I could have hit it. I had what old hunters call "buck fever." Suddenly the buck exposed his side to us. Crack! went Dana's rifle, and over went the antelope.

We saw a herder on his pony, not far away, and beckoned him to come near. Dana knew him and asked him to pack our game to camp. But no sooner had we placed it behind the saddle, than the pony reared and plunged until he had dislodged his burden. So we cut off the haunches, and making pack-horses of ourselves, took them to camp.

In the month of June it is not hard matter to capture young antelopes. They are then so frail and tender that a man on horseback soon overtakes them. They are then taught to take milk from a bottle, and soon become very tame. We saw several so tame that they would come at call. We passed a turf cabin where there were five of these pretty pets, all with ribbons about the neck, and one, a graceful doe, with a cherry-colored ribbon tied about the tail. The Indian woman who owned them, probably fearing our dog, opened the door and called them, when they very sedately filed into the cabin.

We have had a number of pet antelopes in the town where I live. Little "Billy" learned to know the milkman's bell, and would run a long way to meet the wagon that brought him his breakfast. It was interesting to see him come bounding round a corner, his large, expressive eyes glancing about and his ears bent forward to catch the next sound of the bell.

The Winter before last was a terrible season for

the poor antelopes. The snow lay upon the ground for several months. Thousands of cattle perished. The antelopes congregated in great flocks within a few miles of town. From an eminence, five thousand could be seen at once. There were millions of little holes in the snow where they had put their noses down to get the grass.

At last the poor creatures took refuge in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, where feed was more abundant, and their troubles ceased.

Pet's Things.

I AM little Miss Ray. Used to be governess at Mr. Peter Grosvenor's when his daughter—now Mrs. Mordaunt Malcolm—was in her teens. A dreadful little flirt she was, in short dresses. There's a great difference in girls, let me assure you. Some are children at sixteen; I knew a girl of seventeen who played with her doll on the sly. Others are coquettes at ten.

Pet was one of the latter kind.

What was her name? Well, properly, she was Petronel, for they had expected a boy when she was born, and had him all named—Peter Grosvenor, Junior—and when the child proved a girl, they came as near it as possible in giving her a name. Her father always called her Petronel. Everybody else called her Pet. I always did.

At fourteen she hadn't any mother, and I came to Poppywalks to take charge of her education. You never saw anything like the string of little gallants that child had then! To take her to picnics, to attend her to church, to invite her to drive. Mr. Grosvenor didn't care—seemed to be amused by it; but I was very much shocked and sincerely sorry. Of course the child's head was full of beaux, and nothing else.

I talked with Mr. Grosvenor about it.

He said that he knew that Petronel was fond of society—young society; her mother had been. He didn't see any harm in it. He guessed I'd find that the child would study.

Well, she *did* learn her lessons somehow; I can't say I ever saw her study. She was quick, with a grasp of mental power, like all her father's family. And she was very apt at music; that delighted her father, and while she improved in that, I think he wouldn't have taken it to heart if she learned nothing else.

I had begun by being dissatisfied with my charge; but I couldn't find much fault with Pet. She liked to please—to please me as well as her father and her beaux—and so she did her tasks every day, and was always respectful and sweet-tempered, and I learned to love her dearly. So perhaps I was not the less anxious about the child's welfare, and closely observed her outgoings and incomings at Poppywalks. For Mr. Grosvenor had never given me authority over Pet's conduct, only so far as I was concerned as a teacher.

She was, in reality, the little mistress of the house—sat at the head of her father's table, played hostess to his guests with a very pretty grace. And men of sixty did homage to her pretty dark eyes and bronze-brown curls, just as boys of sixteen did. I used to think so much attention, such flattery and compliments, would spoil her, but she was one of those unchangeable people whom nothing seemed to alter—she was herself always. I really don't see much change in Mrs. Malcolm, now that she is thirty, and the mother of a family. She is the same sweet, winning creature she always was.

Well, the time came when I knew all Pet's beaux, and I can't say that I ever knew any harm of them. Mordaunt Malcolm at fifteen was quite a favorite of mine, and I really hoped that when the young folks were of a proper age something would come of his visit to Poppywalks.

On Pet's fifteenth birthday, Mr. Grosvenor gave

his daughter a birthday-party. There were several strangers to be present on this occasion—among them a young man who was visiting the Elberts. Glyndon Fane they said his name was. He was twenty-five years old, very handsome and bold-looking.

He evidently took a great fancy to Pet, and though I did not see her much in his company that evening, he called the next morning, and she asked leave to be excused from her French lesson for half an hour to go down and see him. As she evidently did not feel much like studying after the previous night's excitement, I consented, though Mr. Fane had not recommended himself to me, and I was not pleased that he had called.

But he came to Poppywalks often, and Pet frequently went to walk or drive with him—sometimes in a party, as often alone. I really thought it very improper, and if Mr. Grosvenor had been at home should have remonstrated with him against it; but he had gone South for three months.

As I have said, I had no authority over Pet. If I had I certainly should have used it, for Glyndon Fane had looks and ways that made me absolutely afraid of him. He was a passionate, dissolute fellow, and his wealth and even high family connections did not render him a suitable companion for a young girl who, in spite of her position of general favorite, had been brought up in country simplicity, and was pure and guileless. For the longer I knew Pet the better I understood her, and instead of thinking her heartless, as I once did, I knew it was her genuine affability that made her society so sought after by young gentlemen, who always like good-tempered girls.

Mr. Glyndon Fane was very different from Pet's boy-lovers, and I soon saw that he had a great influence over her. She would blush at the mention of his name, as I saw her blush at no other. She wore his color—rose-pink. The only time I ever saw her vexed was when old Judith, the house-keeper, meaning no harm, threw out some fading blush-roses which he had sent her.

"But they are faded, Miss Pet," said Judith, "and there are plenty of fresh ones in the garden."

"What if they are faded? I want to keep them. I wish you would let my things alone!" she cried, angrily.

But her tender heart rebuked her almost instantly for her harsh words, and she followed old Judith into the hall, and cried with her arms around her neck, and kissed her wrinkled cheek a hundred times; for the old woman had tended and nursed her dead mother.

But there certainly was a change in Pet; she was nervous, absent-minded, abstracted. I begged her, meaningly, not to sit up so late: for she was with Mr. Fane in the parlor every evening until ten or eleven o'clock. She blushed burning, but made no answer.

Then I did a very unwise thing. I told her that I had heard evil reports of Mr. Glyndon Fane, and I did not think him a suitable associate for a young lady. She never could bear to hear evil spoken of a person, and of course she resented my insinuations and defended him warmly. His words or manner never had offended her, she said; she did not believe the tales I had heard had any truth.

Thus a coldness sprang up between Pet and me, though I was deeply grieved, and yearned over her in my heart.

But one day, Glyndon Fane's aunt, Miss Jemima Elbert, called on me. We had been at school together, and she was one of those who never forget old friendships.

"Glyndon comes here to see Pet, I hear," she said. "You must look out for him; he is a sad boy."

"What has he done amiss?" said I, as quietly as I could.

"Ask me rather what he hasn't done. Though he is my nephew, I know him to be one of the most reckless of young men. My sister Evelyn spoiled

him, indulged him to death in his childhood. Ask Roland Rathburn, who knew him in New York."

Now, Roland Rathburn, my own nephew, called that afternoon, and I had a long talk with him.

The result was that I was nearly sick. I excused myself from lessons as being quite so, and kept my room for twenty-four hours.

It was evening when I came out of my solitude, or just at dusk, and I felt the house breathless, and decided to step into the garden for a little while. Mindful of my sore throat, I caught up a white Shetland shawl belonging to Pet, and then fearing, since it was not quite dark, that I should meet some one who would see my tear-stained face, I put on her hat, which lay on a chair, and drew the little mask-vail close over my features.

I knew that Pet had a dozen other hats and wraps which she could wear if she went out; but I thought I could hear her at a two hours' practice in the music-room.

I wandered the whole length of the garden to the arched gate on the turnpike, and as I stood there looking into the dewy gloom, a man's figure suddenly came to my side.

"Darling little Pet," murmured Glyndon Fane's voice, and I could smell the wine on his breath, "you did come to meet me like a good, true little girl. My aunt has been telling stories about me—hasn't she, Pet? Ah, I know; she has been here lately; she owes me an ill-will, and never loses an opportunity to backbite me. Frigid old maid! she's dreadfully virtuous. But they are not going to set you against me, Pet, are they?"

He twined his arms about me with a freedom which no good man uses except toward his wife. I bent my head down and made some reply, which wasn't very audible, I suppose, for he didn't take much notice, but commenced talking again.

"But I know they are hatching up a plot to take you away from me, my darling Pet," he continued. "Don't let them do it. Be my wife, my precious little wife, at once, and then all the old maids in Christendom can do us no harm. In half an hour we may defy them to do their worst. What do you say, Pet? shall we be married at once—to-night? I came in a carriage, which is waiting at the bend. Let us go and be married at Roseville to-night. Come, darling, come! You shall never be sorry for it, I promise you; trust me."

I felt as if I were choking. I wonder that I didn't strike the rascal in the face. But I spoke quite acidly, I assure you:

"That will do, Mr. Fane. This seems to be a case of mistaken identity. Miss Grosvenor is in the house, practicing her music-lesson. I am Miss Lucinda Ray, her governess. You know me by sight, I presume;" and I put up the mask-vail and looked at him.

He stood staring at me as still as a statue, after the start with which he had relinquished my waist.

Well, I just stood there and gave him a piece of my mind. I told him that I knew him for a bad, unprincipled fellow, unfit for the society of any decent girl. I gave him one or two glimpses of his past life, as clear as if in a mirror, and even named the young girls whom he had led astray, and I actually could feel him shake in his boots as I proceeded:

"I shall telegraph to Mr. Grosvenor to-night, and he will be here to-morrow evening. If you ever attempt another instant of intercourse with his daughter he will find you out and horsewhip you within an inch of your life!"

I was at a white heat. I felt six feet high and strong as a giant, as I watched him walking off.

Well, I didn't telegraph to Mr. Grosvenor, because I felt there would be no need, and there wasn't. Glyndon Fane left town next day, and never has returned.

Pet drooped a little for a few weeks, but she wasn't of the melancholy, tenacious type who make themselves unhappy for what would make them so with reason if they had it—she didn't die of a

broken heart, but took up with her old levers again, and in three months had quite forgotten that scoundrel of a Glyndon Fane, I think.

She was my pupil for two years longer, and then she went abroad with an aunt, and was gone two years more. Meanwhile Mordaunt Malcolm's father had taken him into the firm, and Mordaunt was sent to Paris. When he came back he and Pet were engaged, with her father's permission.

Three months after she came home they were married.

After her first boy was born I told her about Glyndon Fane. She grew white to the lips.

"Oh, you good, kind friend; it was a great escape for me, wasn't it?" she said. "I was only a child, and an innocent one, and I feel that I came very near my ruin."

Glycerine.—Pure glycerine should not produce, when locally applied, a burning sensation, which it always does when the fatty acids are not all extracted. But even absolutely pure glycerine, when undiluted, is a water-extracting body. It should, therefore, when used as a cosmetic, or for medical application, always be diluted with water.

A Celebrated Engineer being examined at a trial, where both the judge and counsel tried in vain to browbeat him, made use in his evidence of the expression, "the creative power of a mechanic"; on which the judge, rather tartly, asked him what he meant by the creative power of a mechanic? "Why, my lord," said the engineer, "I mean that power which enables a man to convert a goat's tail into a judge's wig."



PET'S THINGS.—"I AM MISS LUCINDA RAY, HER GOVERNESS. YOU KNOW ME BY SIGHT, I PRESUME, AND I PUT UP THE MASK-VAIL AND LOOKED AT HIM."



MISS BENTON'S VACATION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—"MISS LIZZIE BENTON, I THINK, SAID THE NEW-COMER, BOWING LOW."

Miss Benton's Vacation, And what Came of It.

MISS BENTON'S vacation had fairly begun, for she had kissed Mollie and the children good-by, and was on her way to the Harlem Depot.

Strictly speaking, Miss Benton's vacation had begun six weeks before this cloudy morning, but "poor Fred" and "dear Mollie" needed rest more than she, and so, for the first three weeks, the good-hearted little teacher had busied herself in preparing the two youngest Bentons and "dear Mollie" for a short journey, and during the next three she had been housekeeper and general agent for the rest of the family.

Now, however, Mollie and Fred were back again, and the two weeks still remaining were Miss Benton's very own, and, although with many sinkings of heart for fear that it might seem, even now, a little selfish to leave Mollie, Miss Benton had packed her trunks, dug up her choicest geranium in the back-yard for a present to "Cousin Joel," and with her satchel, parasol, hat-box and shawl had started forth on her travels.

"Remember, now," said pretty, careworn Mrs. Mollie, who had come down to the ferry to see her off, "satchel, hat-box, geranium, shawl and parasol. One, two, three, four, five. Don't forget, Lizzie."

And then Miss Benton, foolish little woman that she was, found herself sitting solitary in the crowded boat with tears, actually tears, in her

eyes, and Mollie was hurrying back to the children. "One, two, three, four, five," she counted, nervously, as the ferry-boat reached the landing; "quite right. I haven't lost anything yet."

And then Fred, with his handsome, boyish face—handsome still despite the worn, worried look which had come to it of late years, and boyish still despite the five little Bentons who called him "father," came rushing in and took possession of her.

"Give me some of your traps, Lizzie," he said; "we must catch the next car or we'll miss the train."

And so, despairingly repeating "One, two, three, four, five, Miss Benton surrendered the satchel, hat-box and shawl to her impetuous brother, and was soon seated in the horse-cars, on her way, as we have said before, to the Harlem Depot.

Such a long, tedious ride as it was—or would have been to any one but Miss Benton; but her new freedom was so delightful, and she was such a cheerful, sunny little woman herself, that she did not, in the least, find fault with it. The only thing that troubled her was that Fred, who, in spite of his shabby clothes, was a thorough gentleman, stood up nearly all the way, in order that a feeble, poorly-dressed old lady might have his seat. And even that was not without its recompense, since it impressed upon her once again what a dear, good fellow Fred was, and how delightful it was to have such a blessed brother.

"One, two, three, four, five," she counted again as they alighted at Forty-second Street. "One, two with me; three, four, five with Fred—nothing gone so far."

"Look sharp, sir," was the warning of the conductor as they hurried into the car. And Fred, after a quick look at the already filled seats, lifted a heavy traveling-shawl which was occupying one, and with the stereotyped "This seat engaged, sir?" deposited his sister therein.

"One, two, three, four, five," said she again, and then, with a "Good-by, Fred—kiss Mollie and the baby again for me, and take care of yourself," the cars slowly moved out of the depot, leaving Fred behind, and Miss Benton was shedding some foolish tears under cover of the geranium, and almost wishing that she hadn't started at all.

This mood, however, did not last long, for Miss Benton was, as we have said, a cheerful, sunny little body, and so the tears were soon dried, and she was gazing around her in that observant way which only those who have just escaped from dull "routine life" ever have.

"Would you like to sit next the window?"

She had almost forgotten her traveling companion by this time, and the sudden address quite startled her.

"Thank you, no," she answered; "I am quite comfortable here."

And then, as the gentleman plunged back again into the depths of the *Herald*, the little teacher looked at him at intervals a little curiously.

Not a young gentleman, nor yet by any means an old one, either—a strongly built, dark-complexioned man, with a square, clean-shaven chin, and a general look of what Miss Benton mentally designated "griminess" about him; but this very "griminess," coupled with the fact that his close-cut hair was already tinged with gray, made Miss Benton feel comparatively at her ease; and when, most unexpectedly, he came to the surface again and inquired if she would not like to have some of her burdens deposited with him in the rack above, she delivered them over with a shy word of thanks, and he, after a sharp look at the pale, tired face, gave up the idea of another plunge, and stuffed his paper into his pocket.

The sharp glance had shown to Miss Benton a pair of keen but kindly blue eyes, and so, gathering courage from this, our little schoolteacher found herself a short time after (greatly to her own amazement) deep in conversation with the unknown

gentleman, forgetting for the time her usual shyness and timidity.

As for him, the "griminess" had faded away by degrees, and as he pointed out the various objects of interest which they passed, and told little anecdotes of the people, and spoke of the changes since he, a little boy, had first passed that way, she wondered how the idea (of "griminess") had ever occurred to her.

Such a pleasant journey as this was! Miss Benton was pleased and interested all the way, and her companion, looking at the pale little face, so bright and happy under the plain hat, wondered how it was that she found the monotonous ride so pleasant, and yet confessed to himself that her very pleasure and interest made it novel and interesting even to him. At last, however, the journey came to an end, and Miss Benton, gathering her many burdens together again, bade her kind traveling companion good-by, and stepped to the platform of the quiet station, where "Cousin Joel" was waiting to receive her.

"Glad to see you, little woman!" was the hearty greeting; and then, as the train moved along, she looked at the window where her late companion sat.

He was again deep in the *Herald*, but, as Miss Benton turned away, although she did not suspect it, a pair of keen but very kindly blue eyes followed her until she passed out of sight.

The ride to "Happy Home," as Cousin Joel rightly called his abiding-place, was long and delightful, and Nettie, Cousin Joel's wife, standing in the doorway watching for them, made a pretty picture indeed, her round apple-blossom face fairly shining with loving welcome.

"You poor, pale, tired little thing!" was the first exclamation of this rosy little matron. "I'm so glad you've come at last! We'll have such a lovely time, and you shall get rested, if possible. Bring in her things, Joel—that's a dear!"

And then, as Miss Benton, after the first little excitement was over, sat in state in Nettie's easiest chair, a sudden fear smote her.

"One, hat-box; two, parasol; three, shawl; four, geranium; five—Oh, my goodness! Mollie said I'd be sure to—I've lost my satchel!"

The Harlem train swept swiftly on, and the middle-aged gentleman, who had now—ambition of all railway travelers—a seat "all to himself," was still, to all appearance, deep in the *Herald*, but something was the trouble with this same gentleman's eyes, or else the *Herald* was bewitched; for, instead of the ordinary contents of a newspaper, he beheld only the faint shadow of a face looking up at him from the printed page—a pale, thin face with wide, earnest eyes, and soft, dark hair drooping carelessly over the white forehead—a face remarkable in no way save for the sweet selfishness which looked out of the dark eyes, and the sunny tenderness of its smile; but somehow it seemed to the earnest reader of the *Herald* one of the loveliest faces he had ever seen, and looking at it, and thinking of the little woman in her plain gray dress and unfashionable hat who had so lately sat beside him, and of whom he knew nothing, save that she was a Jersey City schoolteacher, he for the first time in years lost himself in a reverie, from which he was only roused by the shout of the conductor announcing their arrival at his destination.

He was a little cramped in his movements from sitting so long in one position, and as he, with his valise in his hand, stepped out of his seat, he stumbled awkwardly over something, and, bending to discover what the obstruction was, exclaimed in surprise, for there, under his feet, was the little black satchel which he had seen hanging on the arm of the late occupant of the seat.

A broken link in the chain explained the accident, and, with a vague idea of restoring it to its owner, he took it with him out of the car.

An hour later, in his room at the hotel, James

Arburton, one of the wealthiest merchants of New York, and whom, in this brilliant light, we see plainly to be the same quiet, middle-aged gentleman who took such an interest in our little teacher, sat arguing with himself as to the propriety or impropriety of opening the little satchel.

"I can never find the owner unless I do," he said. "It opens with a spring, and—" But here his hand pressed a little heavily on this same spring, and, without more arguing or consideration, the satchel lay wide open before him.

"The first step," says an old proverb, "is the only difficult one." And so it was in this case; for, now that it was open, Mr. Arburton hesitated no longer to investigate the contents.

Very gently and tenderly, however, did he take the various articles from their resting-place, almost as though he felt them to be imbued with the personality of their gentle owner.

First, there was a silvery veil, soft and fine, and sweet with the faint odor of violets which clung to every article therein.

It was an odd fancy for so prosaic and unfastidious a man, but he shook the veil from its folds, and, holding it over his hand, fancied he saw shining through it the pale, sweet face which had followed him since he saw the little figure in the gray dress walking across the platform at Lilac Station.

Then there was a snowy handkerchief, with a name—actually a name—wrought in one corner. He bent to examine it, but it was no clue to the owner, only "Lizzie," and although he repeated the name softly, as though, simple as it was, it pleased him—it yet helped him along not one bit toward the discovery of the owner.

Then came a bit of needlework; and then, among a number of other trifling articles, a silver thimble, with minute holes worn by constant use, through which the little finger that wore it must have received many a cruel stab from the eyes of wickedly obtuse needles; a small needle-book containing a shining row of the said wicked needles; a flat pin-cushion filled with pins; a pair of scissors, and two or three spools of thread; also a little worn leather-covered book, which was evidently and unquestionably a journal.

One by one he replaced them, leaving only the leather-covered journal outside; and then after a moment's hesitation, he took it up and opened it. A wrong thing to do, of course; an unpardonable thing, but James Arburton was only a man, and, like a man, could very easily argue himself into the belief that his inclinations were right. If he wanted to do anything, it needed very little consideration to prove conclusively—to himself, at least—that it was the right thing to do, that it was necessary, and that he *ought* to do it. Therefore he undid the clasp of the little book with only a word of excuse to himself.

"There is no clue to her elsewhere," he said; "perhaps I may find it here."

At first he turned the leaves over hastily, then more slowly, until at last, instead of merely looking for a clue, he found himself reading intently and earnestly the words which the pale, quiet girl had written for her eyes alone.

"Twenty-six, to-day," ran one entry dated a month back; "a pleasant, happy day, too. Mollie and the babies planned a little feast in my honor to-night, and a merry time we had. It was so kind of dear little worked-to-death sister; and the best was when Fred, coming home from the store, came in, and putting his arms around me, kissed me as he used to when he was a little boy—only more tenderly and lovingly, if possible—and said, in that earnest way of his, 'Another year gone, little sister, and every day of it has made you dearer to us.' If I were only half-worthy of their love and kindness I should be happy, indeed. As it is, I am more thankful than I can tell—more thankful than I can tell even you, shabby little journal, that no one, save myself, ever saw or ever will see."

The last sentence made the reader wince a little; but he persisted in his search until, at last, fortune smiled upon him. "I was almost cross, to-day, for poor Mollie's sake," said the journal. "She had a dreadful headache, and when I came back from school, I sent her up-stairs to lie down while I cleared up things generally, and prepared supper. I was down in the kitchen, busy as could be, making biscuit and hearing Birdie read in her story-book, to keep her quiet while the other children were amusing the baby on the floor, so I didn't hear any noise up-stairs at all, and congratulated myself that Mollie was having a delightful rest. Supper was all ready at last, and on the table. Fred had come home, and so I ran up-stairs with a cup of tea for Mollie, and there sat old Mrs. Perkins beside her, telling over her aches and pains, and retelling all the accidents and sicknesses that had ever happened in the neighborhood, until it was enough to make a well person frantic—much more a nervous little thing like Mollie. I was provoked for a little while, and more so when I found she had been there nearly all the time; but then I said to myself, 'You may be old and rheumatic and miserable some day yourself, and then you won't be any less disagreeable than she is, perhaps. I am ashamed of you, Lizzie Benton.'"

"Lizzie Benton." There was the name at last! James Arburton had no further to go.

"Lizzie Benton, Jersey City, was the address—that was certain. Nothing was now easier than to find her. She was a teacher; therefore she would return by the first of September—until then he would wait.

He had not now even the shadow of an excuse to read further, and it would have seemed to him positively dishonest to have kept the little book open one minute longer; so it was put back into the satchel at once, there to remain until its rightful owner should have it restored to her.

Three weeks later Lizzie Benton, home again, and busy as ever, was in the little sitting-room one evening, darning stockings to cover the fat little legs of the next to the youngest Benton, whom she had just put to sleep, after a long struggle, in his crib up-stairs; Mollie was hushing the baby in a low rocking-chair, Fred was reading a newspaper aloud, Annie and Ned were playing a quiet game of checkers at one corner of the table, and Hugh, the eldest, was overlooking them interestedly, when the door-bell rang out clear and sharp.

"Some one to inquire the way somewhere," said Hugh, sagely, as he departed to answer the imperative summons; but, returning after a moment, he announced, with wide-eyed astonishment, "A gentleman to see you, Aunt Lizzie."

"To see me?"

Miss Benton fairly flushed with the surprise; but, as she turned her head, her eyes fell on a grave, kindly face, and she recognized her acquaintance of three weeks before.

"Miss Lizzie Benton, I think," said the newcomer, bowing low. "I have come to return your property, which I was so fortunate as to find after you left the cars."

And then, as Miss Benton, still a little confused, took the satchel, with a word of thanks, Fred, who had been a wonder-stricken spectator of the scene, turned his astonished eyes on little Mrs. Mollie.

"Why don't you introduce me to your wife, Mr. Benton?" said the strange gentleman, following his look, and smiling at the puzzled little woman.

And then Fred, rather awkwardly, did so.

"Mr. Arburton, Mollie," said he; "the head of our house, you know."

"Fred," said Mrs. Mollie, sleepily, that night, "I believe Mr. Arburton means something."

"Mollie," said Fred, "you are a little goose. He means to return property that doesn't belong to him."

"Fred," said Mollie, again; "something will come of it."

And she was right—for one day in the early Summer there was a quiet wedding in the shabby little Benton house, and Lizzie Benton was Lizzie Benton no longer, but Mrs. James Arburton.

And this is the story of Miss Benton's vacation, and what came of it.

Manon's Seine.

COMMUNITIES of persons are frequently as much hermits as individuals. Mountains wall them into solitary hamlets; seas stretch before them in grand desolation; forests hide them in umbrageous arms; and out of this physical isolation springs a more complete psychological loneliness. Traditions, customs, usages become higher mountains, vaster seas, murkier forests, and separate them from their fellows, who are no longer the Helots of Superstition, but the Slaves of Progress.

On the coast of Brittany there is such a hermitage of men.

No artery of iron and steam throbs between Yvonne's Hand and Paris. Behind it there are hills—sterile and naked, but purple as Eschol grapes, and beautiful—behind them dismal marshes, with nodding patches of osiers, and on the drier spots stunted willows, which trail their tresses on the rank, salt-flavored grass.

In the Summer these islands of firmer earth are fringed with purple iris and gilded with patches of yellow marshmallow; toward the horizon, where they become firmer, a highway creeps sinuously toward a little town hidden in leagues of forest which do not even shadow the line of the sky; in two or three spots ~~the~~ shaped masses brood like unclean birds on the less noisome oases in the marshy desert. These are the huts of basket-makers, who utilize the osiers which Nature—who is never barren—forced from the mud to vindicate herself in that naked marsh.

The hills—grape-purple—are split by two narrow defiles, and through these the marsh sometimes sends an anguish breath to Yvonne's Hand, but oftener the breath of the Atlantic bursts through them, beats the willows and osiers into the mud, beats the unclean vapors into space, annihilates the brooding heaviness of the air, with the rush and enthusiasm of a young reformer of abuses, and shouts an epinicion amongst the boughs of that forest which hides the town.

"Yvonne's Hand" has this marsh behind it, shut out by those hills barren of all but beauty, and before it the Atlantic, terrible, beautiful and prolific. "Yvonne's Hand" is one of those spots which mark the power of God; it is rescued from the hills and from the waves by a power which seems supernatural. So eager are the hills to clutch it, that their rugged arms sweep round it in a purple semicircle and buffet the sea on either side into yellow foam; so greedy is the sea of its strip of golden beach that the breakers roar at it, lion-voiced, and rear themselves romping against the low line of rock which guards its little harbor; like caged wild beasts in view of their prey, they cling to this little, mighty bar, and thrust their fringed paws toward it, and as the wind drifts the long, salt scourges of their fury-like manes toward it, they fall back with hollow roarings, and are obliterated by the feet of others as hungry and furious.

The hills are the protectors of Yvonne's Hand; their purple arms close it from the marsh, their white hands join under the sea, and the clasped fingers form the breakwater against which roar the waves.

"Yvonne's Hand" is an oblong beach of golden sand, indented by the hills into a rude figure of a hand. It is watched over by the skeleton of a fortified castle, standing grisly and raw-boned on the hills to the right—by a little thatched chapel, holding its cross boldly up on the opposing arm of the semicircle to the left.

Under the feet of the hills the huts of the people of Yvonne's Hand thrust themselves, as under the purple hem of a monarch's robe. These huts are brown, with gaping stone chimneys, unglazed windows, and hooded porches, over which the bronze-hued seines are cast to dry—spangled with the scales of the last take.

There is no verdure to glove Yvonne's Hand, and where—as in Jersey—there is a patch of palm-like cabbage, its greenness looks strange and out of place.

The beach is given up to fishing boats. The children pat their quaint hulls with dimpled brown hands. M. le Curé blesses them once a year with bell, book, and *eau benite*; the matrons gossip about them as they mend the seines; the fishers tell each other of what perils—of what adventures—these insouciant benefactors—these soulless bread-winners carried them through. St. Peter, the humble fisherman, is the patron saint of "Yvonne's Hand." The sea is their friend who gives them bread—their foe who robs them of their lives. The bridegroom wins his bride when the sea pours its treasures into his seine; the widow weeps when it turns again to slay. To them the sea is a power Divine and Infernal. Were they pagans, who could blame did they worship it as a god, and hate it as a devil?

The men—these warrior-fishers, who fight the sea and love it—are tall, massive, with seamed faces and hairy chests; they are thoughtful, and have that profound yet seldom stirred intelligence which marks all those who traverse the sea for a means of living; while they talk they appear to listen, their eyes seem to pierce illimitable horizons; they are more impressed with the truths of eternity and immortality than those whose daily communion is with the earth, and not with the sea; their arms are bars of iron, their chests caverns for giant lungs, their mouths are set, and their teeth lock closely; their eyes are mellow, serious, benevolent, their hair grizzles early, and they soon lose their youth.

The women are Junoic, of lofty stature, with brown faces and large, contemplative eyes—innocent and kindly. The children are dimpled, ruddily flushed, and touched to a delicate bronze from toe to temple; they wallow like little sea-gods in the golden sands, and call the little blue pools drained into the beach "saints'-eyes."

These people, separated by the sea, the mountains, the marsh and the forest, from the outside world—marry and intermarry, and great grandfather Perlivu is as it were the prototype of all the men and women and children of Yvonne's Hand. When a child is born they say to the mother, "Well, he is a fat little Christian, and like grandfather Perlivu as one pilchard is to another," and the mother says: "That is certainly true! and he is also like his father, the cherub!"

"Yvonne's Hand" twinkled in a June sun, the hills looked like Roman monarchs, purple-robed, their crests gilded, while the sea clamoring faintly beyond the bar might represent the *vox populi* applauding or complaining.

There was a certain hurly-burly on the beach. The children—semi-nude, with open scarlet mouths bubbling with shrill, pure-toned laughter, little petulant ories, merry shouts, with eyes innocent and mischievous, and bronze and black curls falling on their dimpled shoulders—ran and crept and crawled over the yellow sand. The men, in knots, laid their brawny hands, their Titanic shoulders against the fishing-boats, and with a shout—a rough, musical cry—pushed them on the tremulous edge of asphire. The younger women ran to and from the huts, dragging the bronze-hued seines; the old women and the old men nodded their heads, and laughed and chatted as they pointed towards the open sea beyond the bar.

Father Perlivu leant on a curious staff—a stalk of the tall cabbage painted and varnished—his white

hair, curled at the ends, blew about his mighty, ruinous shoulders. At his elbow stood a young girl, dressed like the other women in a gray camisole, and a brilliant handkerchief tied over her linen cap.

"Manon," said Father Perlivu, "how far does the shoal stretch?"

"About a league each way," said Manon, standing on tip-toe to look over his shoulder, "the sea is the color of the stones in the dear Virgin's necklace up in the chapel."

"Thank the good God!" cried the old people, in a chorus.

"There is a good wind, too," said Father Perlivu, letting it play through his gnarled fingers as he held up his hand.

"That is the comfort of having a patron saint who knows his business for 'Yvonne's Hand,'" said Dame Lois, "the dear St. Peter sends a good wind, with a good shoal."

"Tut! good friend," said a voice behind the group; "we must not exalt one at the expense of the other. That is not Christian."

"But, Monsieur le Curé," cried Dame Lois, turning round briskly, "one naturally thinks that saint the holiest who is able to give him most."

An ecclesiastical shadow mingled with the silhouettes cast blackly on the yellow sands. A long, lean figure with a shovel hat appeared beside that of Manon.

Father Perlivu led the bows and affectionate reverences which saluted Curé de Volfe.

Dame Lois, in courtesying, tossed her fat chin toward the sky argumentatively. She was the female *Solon* of Yvonne's Hand, and loved a dispute as the gulls, hovering over the rainbow shoal, loved mackerel; but, in turning, she, as well as the others, caught sight of a novel object.

This extraordinary sight was a stranger who accompanied the curé.

This stranger was a man of forty, who wore spectacles and carried a geologist's bag and hammer.

Manon, the only young person in the group, slipped behind Father Perlivu as a doe slips, shadow-like, into a covert.

Dame Lois shut her capacious mouth, and opened her little eyes.

"Children," said the curé, "this is my nephew, André de Volfe. André, these are my children and my friends."

"You are going to be wealthy to-day," said André, pointing with his hammer to the shoal dyeing the sea in a quivering mosaic of emerald and ebony.

Father Perlivu had arrived at that ripe age which the old Spartans acknowledged to be royal by rising to salute; he was no longer confused by unexpected events; he was not easily honored nor easily abashed.

"Monsieur is right, the good God be thanked!" he said; "it is the largest shoal of the season. A beautiful sight, monsieur."

"It is," said Monsieur de Volfe, warmly, pushing his spectacles, which were smoke-colored, up, that he might enjoy it. "What light, what color, what shading, uncle!"

"Principally, however, they are fat, these mackerel," said Dame Lois, aside. "What art thou gazing at, Manon?"

Manon did not answer.

"Come down to the boats and see them put off," said the curé; and the nephew and uncle strolled down the beach.

The bronze-limbed women, ruddy as Hebes, rushed into the water, laughing, to push them out with their hands, to fling a fold of a dragging-seine on board, to touch a knotted herculean hand of lover or brother, for there is no blessing so tender as the parting touch of a hand.

The last boat was a yard from the shore as the curé and his nephew reached the water's edge. The sail—dingy pieces of canvas—took the gliding of the halycon's wing as they met the wind and sun.

The men laughed, intoxicated by the instincts of chase and gain. The children dandered in the water, diamonds glittered in their dripping curls, in their great, dewy eyes; the larger ones swam after the vessels a rod or two, diving and rising and shouting.

Suddenly the men in the last boat shouted: "Manon's seine! Hul! hulloa! We have forgotten Manon's seine!"

The children emerged dripping from the water, and rushed up the beach, shrieking, in shrill treble: "Manon's seine! We want Manon's seine!"

The sail of the boat flapped idly; a stroke of an oar brought it in-shore again.

"It would not have been lucky to have forgotten Manon's seine," said one of the fishers, who had hair—like the parsley tresses of the sea-gods—crisp and curling, a ruddy face, and young eyes full of old cunning.

"If that is the root of thy benevolence, Noa," said the curé, a little sternly, "better that Manon's seine should remain unfilled."

Noa bit his lip and creaked his oar.

"He does not mean that, Monsieur le Curé," cried an elderly man, good-naturedly; "he takes that way of speech from his mother Lois, up yonder. As the old pilchard swims the young one uses its fins. Why, Noa would fill Manon's seine from his own did not St. Peter send mackerel for the little one."

"Manon's seine!" shrieked the shrill, tinkling voices.

Monsieur de Volfe turned and looked up the beach, with his smoke-colored spectacles in his hand, while the curé talked to the fishers and drew figures on the damp sand with the point of his walking-stick.

Manon came running down toward the boat.

Overflowing her slim arms, the coarse cordage of a seine trailed on the sand, partly upheld by a shouting, dancing train of those flushed, bronzed, round creatures, still dripping diamonds of seawater.

One ran under the net, showing through its meshes, like a Cupid in rage, the brilliant eyes of the creature shining out like stars; he held a fold of Manon's camisole as he ran, and joined his three-year-old pipe to the shrill chorus of the others.

"Hasten, Manon!" cried the fishers, looking out impatiently toward the shoal.

Manon's little bare foot caught in the coarse meshes of the seine, she tripped and fell, carrying the Cupid with her. He roared lustily, lying on his back and fighting the seine with his dimpled fists as it half-smothered him in its network.

Monsieur de Volfe stepped forward and lifted Manon to her feet.

"Art thou hurt, my child?" he said, as the urchins ran off with the seine, while Pierrot raised a lustier roar, seeing himself deserted, on one side by his companions, on the other by Manon.

Manon slipped from his hand—a brown, firm hand which instantly descended on Pierrot and set him on his chubby feet—and answered him in her Brittany *patois*, not shyly, but timidly:

"Monsieur is very good. I am not hurt."

Monsieur de Volfe looked at her observantly, rubbed his hand through his chestnut beard, and smiled, puckering his round brow into a meditative frown as he plunged his other hand into his pocket.

"Dost love *bon-bons*, little man?" he asked of Pierrot, who—again clinging to Manon's camisole—stiffed his whippers at this appeal to the flesh.

"He is very fond of *bon-bons*, monsieur," said Manon, gravely, while Pierrot looked with one round, bright eye out of the gray folds of the camisole, and extended a chubby palm toward the large hand traveling toward him from monsieur's pocket.

"And thou?" asked the curé's nephew of Manon. Manon nodded her tall cap, with its wide wings, soberly.

Frenchmen are never ashamed of little tastes, innocent in themselves. Monsieur owned a *bon-bon* box with a head in cameo of Ajax, or Achilles, or Hector on the lid, and he poured half its contents into Pierrot's paw. He smiled again as he looked at Manon. Her eyes were fixed longingly on the box.

"It is pretty?" he said, tapping it.

"It is prettier than a mackerel's back, monsieur," said Manon, with a wonderful subtle loveliness blooming from her admiration of the box into her little face.

"Then thou shalt keep it, little one," he said, laughing.

"Monsieur is too good," said Manon, with an exquisite blush. "Is this monsieur's face on the lid?"

It was a lion-like head, with forked, curling beard, and the repose of perfect power in every line and feature. It certainly bore a slight resemblance to Monsieur de Volfe.

"Dost thou think it like me?" he asked, patting Pierrot's sand-glittering curls, and smiling at the quaint beauty of Manon as she looked up into his face with earnest, scrutinizing eyes.

"A little," said Manon.

She recognized, without knowing it, that the heroic head owed its heroism to one thing—Monsieur de Volfe's to another.

"He was an old Greek god—a strong divinity," explained the learned man to the fisher-girl.

"A god?" said Manon. "There is but one God, monsieur, and they do not paint His face."

Her serious air amused him. He sighed in his ruddy-tinted beard, and wished for a canon of faith as simple as hers.

Pierrot, the real philosopher of the trio, sat upon the ground, and ate his *bon-bons*, with his rosy heels in the sand, and his toes sticking straight up not a huge distance from his nose.

"After all," he said to himself, "my faith is equally simple; this child says 'there is one God,' I say 'there is none.' I dare say we find our canons equally satisfactory."

The curé came strolling back over the beach.

"They had nearly forgotten thy seine, Manon," he said.

"That would have been unlucky for the boats," said Manon.

"Is Manon, then, a partner?" asked Monsieur de Volfe.

"Manon is a walf cast on Yvonne's Hand by the sea," said the curé, "and the good fishers devote the catch of one seine of every shoal to her use. These children of mine are good Christians. Come, Andre, this is no fast-day, and Dame Joliette likes to keep her feasts as well as her fasts. We must not keep her fish-soup waiting."

"*Au revoir*, Manon," said André de Volfe, bowing to her as courteously as though she were a duchess *en masque* in a peasant's dress.

"*Au revoir*, monsieur," said Manon, for of necessity she would see the curé's nephew again.

Pierrot would have been courteous, probably, but his hands, mouth and eyes were full of *bon-bons*, and—still the only true philosopher of the party—he noticed but himself and his saccharine possessions.

Manon took her knitting from a quaint bag at her side—for, like the mother of the "white-armed Nansicaa," she

"On the skeins, sea-purpled, spent
Her morning toil"—

and seated herself on the rib of a broken boat to watch the shoal and the mackerel-boats.

Pierrot sat at her feet, and, having gobbled his *bon-bons*, demanded hers, which she gave him readily.

"Box, too," said Pierrot, with the imperial assurance of three Summers.

Manon flushed redly, and slipped it behind the laces of her bodice.

Pierrot flung himself on his back, shook his fat legs in the air, and shrieked aloud.

Manon sprang up, and ran away swift as a curlew into Father Perlivu's dark hut, where she lived.

A figure of St. Peter stood, with a shell for *corbeille* at his feet, and she thrust the box behind the patron saint of "Yvonne's Hand."

"Now he is safe," she said to herself, triumphantly—not "it," the box, but "he," the cameo head which resembled André de Volfe.

At sunset the boats came heavily round the bar—heavy on the wing as cormorants satiated with fishy prey. The breakers, like beasts languid in the heat and glory of the sun, complained in sleepy mutterings. Their curved paws crept softly against the bar, and threw Oriental riches of ruby, amethyst and diamonds in a fine spray over its pearly line. The sky was a pallid green, with vertebrated lines of red gold and salmon color ribbing it, and here and there a small cloud, red as though a Titan goddess stood in the heavens and pulled the roses from her mighty brows to fling at the planet rolling at her feet. The sun still blazed, but a triumphant star led the van of night.

The purple hills at sunset fulfilled most fully their mission. Built of amethyst, capped with rose, veined with gold, they were no longer barren. In their awful beauty they flooded the world which looked up at them with silent assurances of divinity. They were high priests who adored themselves for the service of the Temple of the Universe.

The beach rapidly became a joyous hurly-burly of men, women and children.

The fish-dealers from the far-away town had come with two-wheeled carts, drawn by aleck donkeys, to bring away mackerel.

The seines were emptied on the sand, and ankle-deep in the silver, green, ebony, flashing heaps of fish, they piled up the tall, narrow baskets, made in the marsh beyond.

The women crimsoned and laughed at their labor, the dogs ran round the fish, barking and leaping. A merry breeze stole up to "spy out the land," and lifted the flapping ears of the linen caps and the gay kerchiefs.

Into the hurly-burly strode Monsieur de Volfe, with a basket on his arm.

"Monsieur le Curé has sent me to buy some of Manon's mackerel," he said, explaining himself.

Manon was filling her tall round basket with the silver and emerald fish.

"It has been a good shoal," she said, painted against the limpid sky in every delicate line as she stooped over her task, "and my seine was full of fishes. Are they not lovely, monsieur?"

"The air is fresher here than in any other spot in France," said the professor, as he packed his basket. "I feel younger than I did this morning."

"Are there, then, many other places in France?" asked Manon, wistfully.

"Many, my child. Shouldst thou like to see them?"

"No," said Manon, shaking her head.

Monsieur de Volfe smiled at her.

"Why not, Manon?" he asked.

"I do not love them," she said.

Walking back to his uncle's, this scientific man of forty found himself revolving a new problem.

"This little Manon has a heart. I wonder has she a mind?"

To those standing in the outer court there is generally little to see or to describe in what we call "love-making."

Anthony and Cleopatra make their love a tyrant to an age, and there is something to paint to the world in the cause of thrones hurled down and the disordered flight of routed navies. Romeo and Juliet love, and one looks and wonders at the strength of the passion which wrought their end; but here was a little girl who loved all things naturally, and a man of middle age who was capable of honesty of emotion, and no one with a right to interfere on social pleas of rank and fitness.

There should have been the indescribable, the happiest and natural state of love. A universal glow on the landscape, not of sun, moon or star, an episode in the gift of a flower, a lingering by starlit waters, volumes in swift message of eye to eye, a natural opening of blossoms to the sun, a natural ripening of fruit to perfection, a simple walking in that path which Divinity meant for human feet since He placed the first husband and the first wife to keep His garden, whence flowed the four rivers. It is only when Satan adds the tragic element to those vital dramas that they become universally interesting.

People who can take the scalpel and dissect an innocent love are like certain travelers, who cannot see a high altar decked for Mass without appraising the gems and mentally weighing the candlesticks bearing the holy tapers. It is an open question whether such persons are capable of appreciating the delicate springs of feeling, the minute nerves of sympathy, of which they pretend to discourse so learnedly.

Monsieur de Volfe had lived without loving for a very simple reason: he had never thought about it.

He was a busy scientist, sweeping arch of heaven and depth of profoundest deep to prove to the creatures of God that He did not exist. As the interstellar spaces are void of stars, his mind, where it was not filled with that "much learning," which oftentimes "maketh mad," was void also.

He had no purple-lighted dreams of an eternal future, in which angels were to call him Father and Husband; he was, in fact, noble enough to despise a passion which he could not imagine divine or eternal, and it was this instinct of nobility which left him unloving and unloved.

Manon betrayed him into loving her, as the bird singing from tree to tree drew the monk wandering through the wood for a hundred years, which seemed as a few hours. Manon steered the rude boat which his muscular arms propelled many a mile to sea; Manon's naked feet sprang before him up the wild rocks, whose secrets he struck out with his geologist's hammer, leading him by dizzy path and purple-walled defile.

Her mind gave him curious glimpses of semi-darkened riches, a mine of unpolished gems which sparkled faintly in the light of religion and not of learning. Her heart, on the contrary, was an exquisite flower, perfect, and reveling in the full light of the sun.

One might say that, while religion was but a faint glimmer to her mind, it was the coloring and perfume of her heart—that is, her belief was not mental, like De Volfe's unbelief, but belonged to the heart; De Volfe's mind was that of an infidel, his heart was that of a devout worshiper.

The professor had been six weeks at "Yvonne's Hand." There was no foliage, no stubble, no vineyards, to mark the ruddy steps of Summer, and the hills, the sea and the heavens told no tales of "seed-time and harvest."

The twilight, silver-hooded, dropped earlier, a fresher breeze blew brighter roses into Manon's cheeks, Grandfather Perlivu wore his red night-cap all day, and Dame Lois sat oftener in her neighbors' chimney-corners and told over her "*contes de la cigogne*" more frequently.

Manon sat under a boat mending her seine; Noa stood in the line of foam patching the brown side of his fishing-boat, and watching Manon out of the corner of his eye.

The philosopher Pierrot lay on a sail sucking his fat fist and watching a seagull flying from the purple cliffs to the sapphire sea.

The professor sat beside Manon, abstracted, his fingers buried in his chestnut beard, his blue spectacles on his knee.

A braid of Manon's hair, tied with a scarlet ribbon, hung on her bosom; her slim shadow, cast on the sand at his feet, showed how little there was of the woman about her; the snowy linen of her cap

framed the argent of a face no sun or wind could coarsen or roughen; her little bare feet lay pinkly in the sand—her eyes showed a glittering line of light under downcast lids; a brown sparkle like a brook under trembling willows.

Noa, Pierrot, Manon and the professor had the beach to themselves but for the gull. The wind blew Noa's parsley locks into his eyes, and he made a fine Titanic alihouette against the low-dipping sky, the water foaming to his knees, and his hammer swinging up and down, all picked out in jet against sapphire.

Suddenly he dropped his hammer into the boat and came splashing through the foam and up the beach, and placed himself before Manon and the professor.

"Monsieur is going away to-morrow?" he said.

Monsieur brought his eyes back from space and fixed them on the fisher.

"No; I go to-night; the moon is at the full, and I like a moonlit tramp when occasion serves."

"Monsieur is not coming back?"

Monsieur smiled.

"Yes I am."

"Dame Joliette is a lying old jade."

"Par exemple?"

"She said that Manon here was to go and be a fine lady; go to a school and wear silk and velvet."

"Well, that is all true."

"Monsieur, Manon here belongs to 'Yvonne's Hand.'"

"On the contrary."

"To whom, then? We picked her from a wreck; we fill her seine for her; she eats our bread; she is ours."

"She is mine," said the professor, smiling.

"That is true," said Manon, sedately.

She did not blush; she was sufficiently near heaven to love without blushing.

Noa ground his bare, muscular foot into the sand.

"I say she is ours, Monsieur the Infidel—Monsieur the Stranger. Dost thou want her to offer her up to Satan? Listen, Manon; I have heard of such things."

"Tut, tut!" said the professor; "men make their own Satans. When we are settled, come and see us in Paris, and thou wilt find that, after all, 'Yvonne's Hand' was not quite imbecile when it gave me Manon."

Noa turned livid.

Monsieur did not relish discussing his love-affairs with this fisher-clown. He frowned, and rose to his feet.

"Come, Manon," he said.

"Go, Manon!" cried Noa, mockingly.

Manon "forsook her net" like the saint of old, and rose.

"The hole is mended," she said. "The boats are going out to-night."

Manon had never had an ideal lover. De Volfe was the first revelation to her mind of a man whom she could love. He was middle-aged; that did not strike her. He was not handsome. To her he was glorious as the hills, the sea and the stars. His great mind was to her what the open cathedral is to the Italian and the Spaniard—she could enter in at all times, and in its rich vastness worship God. To him it seemed that this holy young soul which was cored in his became one with him, and gave or awoke in him cravings for a god and an immortality.

Two things cannot grow together without a communion of natures arising between them. He began to desire a god, in order that Manon might partake of this eternity—in order that he should share this eternity with Manon. Surely that love must be of divine origin which requires a divinity to clothe it with the majesty of incorruption.

The professor's burly figure and Manon's slender one climbed the hills together at the point where the right foot of the purple arms buffeted the sea.

"So the boats are going out to-night? But there will be a storm," said De Volle.

He never talked of love to this little woman, but at rare intervals it was a strange emotion to him, and he was secretive about it as one might be of a treasure infinitely precious, but which had not yet dropped into its proper casket in the treasure-

house. He had also a humorous idea, not unmixed with a little pain, that he at forty and Manon at sixteen made a rather incongruous-looking pair of lovers—a fact which never for a second presented itself to Manon.

"A storm?" said Manon. "The sky is clear, monsieur."



MANON'S SEINE.—"MANON SLIPPED ON HER KNEES BESIDE THE PROFESSOR, THEN DOWN, AS WHEN A BUCKLE CUTS THE STEM OF A FIELD-LILY, ACROSS HIS CHEST."



A MEXICAN PAUL CLIFFORD.—"HIS COMPANIONS FELL OVER LIKE DEAD MEN, AND HAD NOT MISS BEP WORTH DRAGGED THE MAID TO ONE SIDE, SHE WOULD HAVE FALLEN IN THE FIRE."

He took a little barometer from his pocket, and showed her the mercury rapidly falling, explaining the cause to her as they climbed the sloping shoulder of the hill.

Manon's brows contracted over her shining eyes.

"Art thou, then, afraid of storms?" asked De Volfe, as they paused, looking at the sea.

"They are our wild beasts," answered Manon, "and they are not like the wolves in the forest beyond Yvonne's Hand—one cannot slay them. Once Goireau, the basket-maker, slew a wolf which had devoured his little son, who was going through the wood to his uncle the charcoal-burner's hut. When he had slain the wolf, he went home and died, poor Father Goireau!"

"Thou hast no one to dread these wild-beast storms for?" said the professor.

"Oh, monsieur, see how many huts there are in Yvonne's Hand!" said Manon; "and thou sayest there are other fisher-people in other places."

The professor acknowledged the worshipful tenderness of Manon's heart with a silent smile. She satisfied him thoroughly. She was some-

thing unspotted from the hand of this Divine Being priests spoke of, and crucifixes hung before his eyes. By her side he found it less difficult to believe in what his heart had ever groped for like a blinded Samson—divinity, eternity, immortality. The interstellar spaces of his mind were slowly filling with the presence which binds the actual universe together.

"Suppose, Manon," he said, "that I were subject to the rage of these wild beasts of thine, what then? Wouldst thou think them more dreadful?"

Manon's little face blanched. She sobbed with a dry catching of her breath. She shook her head.

"I am unlearned," she said; "I have no words to answer. I cannot tell what there is in my heart. I could weep for those others if the sea destroyed them, but for thou I would only know there was a great blackness in my soul, with the good God above it. People are less unhappy when they weep, monsieur."

"How dost thou know that, Manon?"

"Oh! I know. Father Perlivu's great-grandchild, little Margaton, died. She was like an angel, monsieur, and he adored her, but he never shed a tear

over her; but Dame Lois wept as though she were peeling onions, and at the same time said it was a good event for Noa, as the little one's share in the boat and seine would come to him. Ever since I never weep when I am sorry."

Manon nodded gravely at the treacherous sea, meditating, with her little arms folded on her chest, and her great, soft eyes slowly lighting with a touch of humor.

"Besides, not so long ago, Noa, who carves wooden images cleverly, gave me at New Year's a figure of a saint he had copied from one he had seen at Monsieur le Curé's; he was a child, monsieur, with a bow and arrows, and wings, and I don't know what blessed saint he was, but he must be very holy, for the good curé had him under a little roof of glass to sanctify his little *salon* where the roses grow—ah! those wonderful roses! dost thou love them, dear monsieur?—and Pierrot broke it one day, and I cried for that, and Noa——"

Manon paused.

"Go on, dear child," said the professor.

"And Noa found me weeping, and said I must be his wife, because he knew I loved him from weeping over the loss of his handiwork; since then, too, monsieur, I do not weep. Dame Lois called me Manon *la folle* for not promising to wed Noa. But I am glad of one thing!"

"What is that, my little soul?"

"That monsieur's occupation does not bring him on the sea, though death is a black mackerel that comes to every one's seine."

When the professor bade Manon adieu, to his gay "*au revoir*," he added a solemn "God bless thee!" And this—though Manon did not imagine it—was the primal confession of a new belief.

Manon, in a linen cap and gray camisole, shared with God the intangible glory of the dawn of belief and love in a great soul.

A donkey-cart, glistening with mackerel-scales, and drawn by a scrubby ass hidden under a tattered tapestry of wild elf-locks, took the professor's luggage across the marshes to the town beyond the forest, while monsieur strode off across the shoulder of the hill, to reach the same goal by a different and more picturesque route, his beard and open coat waving in the wind, freshening every moment.

Manon watched him out of sight. He climbed the amethyst hill and paused for a moment, a gigantic black form against a banner of blood-red flame which streamed across the sky. His geologist's hammer was with his luggage, and he was free to wave his hands, to kiss them to her once and again. Then he turned and plunged out of sight.

"He will return soon," said Father Perlivu to Manon, whose face was set like a small mask of ivory.

"That is not so certain," said Dame Lois; "it is very unlucky to watch a traveler out of sight."

"He will soon be back, Mam'selle Manon," said Dame Joliette, the curé's housekeeper. "Why, this morning I commenced to fatten a goose—a real giant, as broad in the shoulders as Lois, there, against his return."

"As if a fat goose could prevent ill-luck!" cried Dame Lois.

"He will return," said Manon, taking Father Perlivu by the hand.

"God bless thee! yes, little one. Hark! there they are shouting for Manon's seine."

The night came hastily up. The west flamed; the east hurled swift-rushing blackness at the fiery arch; a spiteful wind sprang from its jungle like a panther, laid its paw on the sea, raised it again and lay for a few moments quiet, deadly, watchful. The moon plunged through the clouds, her spectral bow raised as it were by the sullen breakers she fronted. The fishing-boats were still out, and the women ran to the beach, like spectres in the phosphorescent light, to listen to the roaring of the wild beasts at the harbor bar.

A bright, white light flooded the sea. The terri-

ble manes of the breakers lashed the rocks. One might fancy the beasts at those tremendous entrances to the Roman Amphitheatre recently discovered, looking into the calm space of the arena, and howling.

"Thank the holy saints! it is calm enough in the harbor," said Dame Lois.

"I would rather the sea howled at my very feet," sobbed Jeanne Pitou, who was the bride of a week, and whose husband was out in the boats for the first time since their marriage. "Oh! my poor Jacques! Oh! that I might share his danger with him!"

"One at a time," shrieked Dame Lois above the wind; "one of a family is enough to go at a time!"

"Thou canst be calm," sobbed the young wife; "thy Noa is not out with the boats."

"Nay, then, he went to his uncle's at St. Gooneaux Hole. He has expectations from him."

"Oh, the wind!" cried Jeanne Pitou, straining her eyes beyond the bar.

"Take comfort, Jeanne Pitou," said Pierrot's mother; "see! there is the first boat rounding the bar. Ah! be sure they are safe."

"Take comfort, Jeanne," said Manon, in a silvery treble.

It was a wonder as the wind rushed round the semicircle of the hills that it did not lift "Yvonne's Hand," and dash it into yellow dust against those purple battlements, and whirl Manon like a swan's feather in its mad vortex, to flit moonward.

One, two, three, six, ten boats plunged in through the narrow passage into the harbor of "Yvonne's Hand," their bows plunged into the calmer water like the beaks of sea-birds, their sterns raised on the breakers which roared round the entrance. The moon cast a severe light; the clouds rolled a cestas of jet and saffron round the horizon; spears of flame ran from these banks toward the purple space where the moon rode—lonely as a silver-garmented ghost.

"A boat for all one's fingers!" cried Dame Lois; "St. Peter be praised! Jeanne Pitou, thy husband is safe."

Jeanne clasped her fingers under her gay shawl, and laughed hysterically.

"Thank God," said Manon.

"The boats sit heavy on the water; there has been a good take," said a fisher's wife; instructed by poverty, these people had learned when a danger was past to thank heaven, cease shuddering, and grasp the world again.

The women flocked together and commenced chattering.

"Manon here eyes Vatot's boat. He took her seine to-day—for the last time, too. Well, good luck to it."

"Vatot's boat rides lighter than the others. Thine is deep enough, Freselde."

"The men are not shouting, however. That is a wonder, for broad shoals have been rare as gulls' scales this Summer."

"Lois does not care for that; she is rich, thou seest."

Lois tossed her fat chin complacently.

"That may or may not be, neighbor. My brother at Gooneaux Hole is not ill-to-do, however, and he has promised a thing or two."

"That is the reason, then, Noa goes thither so often by that wild cliff-path. Well, that is but right."

"What wouldst thou? Gold scales the greatest fish, and Noa is no fool."

"Are the baskets ready?"

"Yes; and here are the boats."

"How silent they are!" said Manon to Grandfather Perlivu.

The boats one after another skimmed to their anchorage. Jacques Pitou's was first, Vatot's last. Manon led Grandfather Perlivu down to the wet edge of the sand. He liked to see the mackerels, and share by the night in the bustle and turmoil.

"How full the boats are!" cried Lois, behind them.

Manon nodded. Some of the fishers, she thought, looked at her strangely.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "my seine broke, and they lost my mackerel."

"Where are thy tongues, my men?" cried Dame Lois, over her head. "Here is Manon waiting for news of her seine."

Jeanne Pitou was knee-deep in the water, clinging to her husband with one hand, with the other pulling his seine on shore.

She put her red mouth against his ear.

"I love thee better than before," she said.

He kissed her silently.

"Is that Manon on the beach there, my Jeanne?"

"Yes. Is her seine full? They will buy her bride's dress, those good little mackerel."

"Hush! Truly her seine is full."

Four men lifted over the side of Vatot's boat a seine. They waded in with it, a distance of a few feet. As they tramped through the uneasy water, the other fishers leaped from their boats, pulled off their woolen caps, and crossed themselves.

On the outer fringe of women a murmur ran.

"A what?"

"Hush!"

"I heard Pitou say that—"

They drew back as the four men advanced, waist-deep in the water. These carried the seine upon their shoulders. Their heads were bare.

The women cowered back.

"That is my seine!" cried Manon, smiling and nodding.

They carried the seine up the beach, and laid it down before Manon and Grandfather Perlivu. The women followed, running, exclaiming, mystified.

The fishers of "Yvonne's Hand" faced their special tragedies foot to foot. When a man was drowned, if they found the corpse, they wrung the water from his hair, and laid him at the feet of the woman who had loved him.

"Manon," said Vatot, an old man, short and broad, "thy seine has brought thee an evil draught, poor little one!"

They drew back the dripping wet, blackened cordage, and showed her what her seine had brought her. The face of the professor lay on its dark folds, serene and peaceful, the dead face of a good man. His temple slowly bled, his hands were plunged into his pockets.

"He must have fallen from the rocks; he drifted into her seine by the will of the saints," said Vatot, looking round upon the crowd.

Manon slipped on her knees beside the professor, then down, as when a sickle cuts the stem of a field-lily, across his chest.

"When men are dead!" cried Dame Lois, pointing to the trickling blood, "they do not bleed!"

A wild confusion instantly reigned.

When Noa returned from Gooneaux Hole the next day, Dame Lois met him at the door of their hut.

"Cease thy shouting, Noa. Art thou drunken, pig? I have a guest in thy bed."

"Who is that, mother? Faith, I tried a glass of absinthe on my way home, and I see three suns."

Manon suddenly glided out on him, and laid chill fingers on his burning wrist.

"Thou here, Manon?" he cried, recoiling a step from her; his paralytic locks seemed to rustle on his head, his jaw fell a little.

"Come in," said Manon; "there is one within wishes to see thee, Noa."

"Go in!" cried Lois, pushing him by his shoulders.

In the murky room there stood a carved bed. On it lay the professor, with a bandage round his temples.

"Thou seest!" cried Lois, proudly, "thy mother's skill and Manon's seine saved him!"

Dame Lois poured the story into Noa's stupid

ears, while the professor looked at him, Manon nestling by his pillow.

De Volfe stretched out his hand to the fisherman. Noa, impelled by some invisible power, advanced and took it; his face was covered with beads of perspiration, his chest seemed locked in bands of iron, the pupils of his eyes dilated fearfully.

De Volfe held Noa's hand in his firmly. Noa sobbed under the steady gaze of his brown eyes—he shuddered from head to foot.

"God be thanked," said the professor, "that I live to grasp thy hand to-day."

Noa said nothing. Great throes were shaking his soul. Nature had never molded him for a murderer.

De Volfe released his hand with a smile, which was a glorious revelation of certain things pertaining to the divine origin of man. He looked round. Dame Lois had gone out.

"I pardon and forget," he said, significantly.

But three persons ever knew the secret of the professor's fall from the cliffs—Monsieur and Madame de Volfe and "Uncle Noa," as Manon's children call the gray-eyed fisherman, who every Summer takes them sailing in his mackerel boat in the bay of "Yvonne's Hand."

On the wall of the Château de Volfe in Provence hangs "Manon's Seine"; but her children will never hear the entire story connected with its bronze meshes.

A Mexican Paul Clifford.

I was sitting smoking one evening on the broad, cool gallery that surrounds the principal *fonda*, or hotel, of Culiacan, in the province of Sinaloa, and about me were a number of Americans, Englishmen and "Dons," as the English-speaking people of that country call the Spanish-Americans, in contradistinction to the "greasers," or mixed bloods.

The killing of the noted outlaw Pedro Cavada was the all-absorbing topic of conversation. Of course there was no lack of kindred stories, and the citing of cases parallel to that of Pedro Cavada. One of these stories was told by a tall, handsome young Englishman, and though it had less of the marvelous in it than some other narratives, it was told in such a charming way, and with such a rich, full voice, that I cannot resist reproducing it from the pages of my well-filled journal for the year 1869.

I wish I could give an idea of Arthur Bell's manner, it was so delightfully cool, quiet and effective, and withal conveying a flavor of humor like the aroma of rich wine.

"I am very sure our combined experience with these rascals would make a very respectable volume of adventure, though its being so painfully true, I have no doubt, would work against its popularity. I have noticed that an inferior work of fiction is, as a rule, more popular than a volume of exact facts treating of the same subject."

Arthur Bell lit a cigar, and we all decided that this off-hand criticism was very correct. The young Englishman was settling himself into a good position—to listen. He felt not a little vain of his accomplishment as a listener, when one of his friends said:

"Bell, I have heard about your affair with Sancho Perez, during the French invasion, but as I never heard your own version, I am sure it would afford all pleasure if you would relate it."

We all agreed with this suggestion, and Arthur Bell blew a stream of smoke from his yellow-bearded lips, and laughed in a quiet way, as if his friend's words recalled some extraordinarily funny event indeed.

"Sancho Perez? Yes, that was something of an adventure. Denced odd fellow that Sancho was, and not devoid of courage. Pardon my laughing,

gentlemen, but I was so cleverly sold by this person, Sancho Perez, that I enjoy the thought of it to this day, though, to be candid, I never had more serious thoughts in my life than during the short time of my very intimate acquaintance with this Mexican Paul Clifford.

"You may remember that during the civil war in America, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, in the United States, a very large business was done in transporting cotton from Texas, and the States beyond, to Matamoras, on the Rio Grande. From Matamoras it was sent to some of the Mexican seaports, and so across the Atlantic, without running the risk of the blockading vessels. I came over to represent my uncle's house, in Manchester, and you may be sure I did not lack for novelty or excitement during the years from '62 to '65. I made five trips from East Texas and Louisiana to Tampico during this time, taking gold with me to pay for the cotton, as we had no banking facilities. We carried the cotton away in great wagons drawn by a dozen oxen, or the same number of mules, and as we were frequently joined by other trains, I have seen four hundred of these immense teams following one after the other through the arid wilds of Western Texas.

"It was a time of danger, you may be sure, for apart from the combatants in the civil war, whom we had to watch, there were the Indians, who cared more for our hair than our cotton, prowling along the Rio Grande. Then the Mexicans under Juarez, and the French under Maximilian, made things lively and interesting in Mexico. Added to which facts, deserters from the Emperor's army, independent Mexican bandits, fugitive slaves from Texas, and the wild adventurers of every country in Europe, served to complete the utter insecurity to life and property that prevailed on both sides of the Rio Bravo at that time.

"As I recall the camp scenes and rough life of the days when I was using my best efforts to stay the cotton famine in Manchester, I feel that I could, without effort to myself, succeed in exhausting the patience of my kindest friends, by talking about it for a week continually, and even then, I assure you, I would not have time to go into all the details. However, this is not at all to the point. I started out to tell you about Sancho Perez, so I will resist all further temptations to digress.

"I was at Tampico some months before the close of the civil war, and was preparing for my last cotton expedition into Texas, a fact that did not fill me with gloom, for the novelty of my surroundings having worn off, I became heartily tired of its coarser features and its constant dangers. I looked forward with pleasure to my return, when I could go home to England, and walk in safety without a pistol on each hip and a rifle over my shoulder, and sleep secure without having weapons within reach.

"My outfit consisted of two light, covered-wagons, each drawn by four mules. In one was an iron box containing seventy-five thousand dollars in gold, and all my own and my men's supplies for the trip; the other wagon was filled with articles I was commissioned to purchase by some lady friends in Houston. I might as well say here, I am, and have ever been, a great admirer and obedient servant of the sex of my mother, and my readiness to oblige, in this case, came near proving my ruin. It turned out my salvation.

"Mr. Hepworth, a large cotton dealer, and a resident of Houston, was a countryman of mine, though he had been for many years in Texas. His only daughter was at school in England when the war closed the gates of the country to her, and, after threesome years of waiting for peace, Mr. Hepworth wrote for her to come to Tampico with her uncle, who was captain of a ship, and the delightful duty of escorting her from Tampico to Houston devolved on me.

"Of course I said 'Yes' when Mr. Hepworth suggested it to me, and indeed I looked forward, with no little pleasure, to meeting the young beauty,

whose picture I had seen. When I did see her, I was more delighted still, for her fresh, girlish face seemed to me angelic in contrast with the dark-eyed, swarthy daughters of Tamaulipas, whom I saw every day.

"Of course Miss Hepworth was anxious to get home, and I was as anxious to start. I provided her with a cozy tent and a saddle-horse—indeed, everything I could think of that could add to her comfort, though I am now convinced I made a great many unnecessary purchases. One thing I was troubled about, and that was to get her a maid who would at once be an assistant and a companion. I had a young Mexican of some education in my employ as a clerk, and through him I was introduced to a very handsome gentleman, Don Sebastian Chavez. This man was so graceful in his address and so obliging that he quite won my heart, and learning what I desired, he kindly procured just the sort of maid I wanted for Miss Hepworth. Don Sebastian did everything he could for me, and so well-bred was he that I could not think of tendering him anything commensurate with my regard.

"The evening before my departure for Matamoras, he asked me:

"How many men does Señor Bell take with him to the Rio Grande?"

"The two teamsters, Philip, my clerk, and then I suppose I ought to count for one, and make four," I replied.

"Pardon me for asking; but I have just learned that the partisan chief Sancho Perez, with a number of reckless followers, is committing depredations between here and the river. If this be true, and I believe it," said Don Sebastian, earnestly, "I should certainly provide myself with a stronger escort, were I you. The cost will be little compared to the feeling of safety."

"I can keep along with the returning wagons if, on investigation, there is actual danger," I replied, of course taking care to thank my good friend for his kindness.

"That is a slow way to travel, and I question if it would add to your safety, except at night. This fellow Perez, however, attacks when he can win, night or day, and a long, slow train of lumbering oxen is a hard thing to rally on a point of danger."

"I soon learned that the proximity of the bandit was well known in Tampico, and the consequent alarm was very great. I could afford to take no risks, for of more account than my gold was Miss Hepworth.

"I sought out my good friend Don Sebastian, and, telling him I would accept his offer, he congratulated me on the decision, and at once introduced me to four fine-looking, soldierly fellows, who agreed to escort me to the Rio Grande, I to pay them the very moderate sum of sixty dollars each, and their provisions during the seven days' trip.

"All being ready, I bade Tampico and my friend Don Sebastian adieu, and our cavalcade moved out. Right royal was our style, I assure you, and as I rode in the advance, with the beautiful Miss Hepworth by my side, and my clerk and gayly mounted escort behind me, and the wagons bringing up the rear, I felt as if my outfit looked nothing less than princely, with a little dash of the medieval in it, suggested by the gorgeous cavaliers behind and the lady to the right.

"Miss Hepworth was in splendid spirits—of course at the thought of so soon seeing her dear ones—and she chatted delightfully, and laughed—well, I never heard a prima donna whose best efforts had in them one-half the music of her lightest laugh. I could have sung, as an escape for my exuberant feelings, but that laugh effectually prevented any such action on my part. But the escort sang; the clerk sang; the teamsters sang; the maid in the front wagon sang; and the contagion of overflowing spirits even spread to the mules—not that they sang exactly, but I am satisfied the sounds they put forth were their very choicest efforts at music. If ever a

happier party left Tampico, it must have been with the certainty of marching straight on to glory.

"Like every other road I have driven over in this country, that from Tampico to the Rio Grande is heavy, rough, and very uninteresting; but I assure you the time did not hang heavy on our hands.

"We started early every morning, and pushed ahead till the sun got very hot, when we rested a few hours and lunched; then on till sunset, our animals still in good order, and our spirits still buoyant, though of course less demonstrative than when we started.

"So far we had not seen the dreaded Sancho Perez, and two days more would see us to the river. My escort were good fellows, and, after we became acquainted, I did not regret the expense their protection, which was nominal, cost me, for they were obliging, happy-hearted men, and perfect cavaliers in their bearing toward Miss Hepworth and her maid.

"We encamped one noon at a beautiful spring called Agua Fria, about a mile from the road, and where I decided to remain for the day, as it was the last place where our animals could get an abundant supply of grass before reaching Matamoros. We had just ate our dinner, when a finely mounted Mexican, with a heavy black beard and a slouched hat, rode up and saluted us in the most courtly style. He was well armed, and he needed to be to travel alone in that country.

"I asked him to have some dinner, and, thanking me, he said he would when he had attended to his horse. The escort volunteered to help him to a man, and in the meantime I lay down for a smoke and a possible siesta in the shade of the wagon in which were Miss Hepworth and her maid. I am very sure I went to sleep. All the surroundings I felt were conducive to slumber.

"When I woke, my cigar was out, and my escort, whom I had paid sixty dollars apiece for the greater security of myself and charge, were securing me with ropes.

"When I tell you I was astounded for the moment, you will believe that I do not exaggerate. I tried to leap to my feet, but it was useless. I was soon bound strong and fast, and the bearded stranger, stooping over me, took out my keys, and said:

"Pardon me, señor, for this familiarity; my name is Sancho Perez, and the men whom you employed cannot disobey me; indeed, they are my own men."

"Señor Perez had a soft, musical voice, and a very taking way about him. Looking about me as well as I could, I saw my two drivers bound, like myself, while my clerk was walking about on the very best terms with the robbers.

"My first thought was for Miss Hepworth, the next for my treasure, and never in my life did I endure such agony. I forgot all about myself, and would gladly have given up my own life were my charges safe.

"Miss Hepworth was deterred from leaving the wagon, but the maid came down, and seemed to be a great friend of the new arrival.

"The beautiful señorita has *agua dulce* in that wagon; will she kindly hand us down some?" asked Señor Perez.

"I could see the scoundrel bowing in his graceful way, and I heard Miss Hepworth say:

"Yes, if the señor will wait a moment."

"Then I could hear her opening the camp-chest which contained two decanters of brandy, and a glass stand and sugar-bowl, and these she handed down to the robbers.

"Your health, fair lady!"

"Sancho Perez filled his glass and sweetened it, as did his companions, including the clerk and the maid; and as they drank to their own success, they were even happier than when we left Tampico.

"Now, my lady, come down from your chariot and help Maria to get us up a regular family feast."

"Señor Perez bowed gracefully, and helped Miss Hepworth down.

"He was about to ascend to the place where my treasure-box was, when he stooped over me, and said:

"I will take your little cash, with the señorita and her maid, and then you can go on. I will put you and the drivers where some one coming along the road will find and free you."

"Miss Hepworth looked at me, pale of face, but with a resolute expression in her blue eyes that meant more than I could then comprehend. She went on helping the maid, and the men, having finished the brandy, went on examining the gold-box.

"It might have been twenty minutes after this that I heard a man fall in the wagon, and, looking up, he fell to the ground. His companions fell over like dead men; the clerk dropped down by the wagon-tongue; and, had not Miss Hepworth dragged the maid to one side she would have fallen in the fire.

"I saw all this, and imagined I was losing my reason, and I felt sure of it when Miss Hepworth, with a gleaming knife, ran at me, bent over me, and severed—my bonds.

"Up! They are drugged; now let us secure them!"

"I heard this, and, freeing my drivers, we at once set to work and tied the whole party hand and foot.

"Miss Hepworth had seen, in a little medicine-chest, a phial marked morphine, and this she had emptied into the sugar-bowl when handing Señor Perez the brandy. The whole thing must have been thought of and carried out with marvelous quickness, and these fellows sleeping like the knights in the fairy story were the result.

"After I felt safe, I forced such remedies down their throats as I thought would restore them, and I succeeded; but great was my surprise to find, when I removed the hat, wig and beard of Sancho Perez, that Don Sebastian Chavez was underneath.

"That night a number of wagons stopped to camp at Agua Fria, and in these we carried our prisoners to Matamoros. You may remember Sancho Perez was killed, by the guards, trying to escape from there."

Mr. Bell was about to relight his cigar when some one asked:

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

"But what of the beautiful heroine—Miss Hepworth?"

"Well, that, of course, has nothing to do with Perez; however, I will gratify you by saying she is traveling with me, and is here in Callesan; she was prevailed on to change her name, and is now Mrs. Arthur Bell."

Of course we all congratulated the gallant young Englishman.

A Day in Nuremburg.

FROM A LADY TRAVELER'S JOURNAL.

We drove around the *Burg*, or "rock-throned castle," where the old electors used to live, and which the king of Bavaria visits occasionally even now. We had a fine drive around it. Then we visited the *Jung Frau Prison*, which contains the torturous instruments used to put to death those who were so sentenced in olden times. It was a dismal place to visit, and it makes me shudder, even now, to think of it.

We first descended a dozen or more crumbling steps, down into a dark, damp place underground, the guide carrying a torch which threw an uncertain sort of light about us and gave all distant objects an indistinct and mysterious appearance—as if they might start forth from the shadow. The first thing pointed out to our dismayed vision was the rack—

a machine for stretching people until every joint was dislocated; then an iron cradle, full of sharp spikes, in which they used to rock thieves. The last time it was used was in 1803, when an old man and his wife were sentenced to be rocked in it a certain length of time—usually more than requisite for death—and the old woman died; but, strangely enough, *the old man didn't die in the cradle*. Consequently, he was sentenced to solitary confinement for the remainder of his life, which lasted eight years; and it was afterward discovered that they had both been unjustly condemned! There were numbers of other things that it tortures me only to think of; but the most dreadful of all was the iron *Jung Frau*. The sight of it, I fear, prepared a chronic nightmare for me, and nearly gave the rest of the party the hysterics.

This we found to be the iron statue of a woman, enveloped in a cloak which covered her head and hung down to the floor, leaving only her face exposed; a fine-featured, handsome face. The whole figure was covered with rust and glistened with water, which came oozing out of every crevice in the cell. A large drop fell on Miss M—'s shoulder, and I thought she was going directly up through the ceiling, she gave such a start. She said she didn't know but the *Jung Frau* herself had laid her clammy finger on her, marking her as a victim! But, as the guide went on with the exposition, we began to feel more accustomed to it all. He marched up to the figure, and pulling open the two sides of the cloak, which proved to be two doors, disclosed the inside of this immense statue.

It would just hold a person, and was lined with iron spikes which bristled from the doors and back in terrifying numbers. The doors shut upon the miserable victim, who was run through in every part of his body. Under the figure was a trap-door which opened and let the body down upon a dozen or more sharp knives, which revolved and cut the already mutilated remains into atoms. The guide raised the trap and threw down a piece of lighted paper to show us that this horror was really there.

You can imagine with what alacrity we ran up the old, worn stone steps leading to daylight, and what a long breath of fresh air we took upon reaching it once more.

My Pet Sparrow—An Authentic Tale.

SOME little time ago I read with pleasure a letter from the pen of Mr. Morris, affording interesting information on the affection and social habits of birds—such as the kingfisher, the golden-crested wren and the wood-pigeon. I, too, have a tale to tell of the sparrow, which, perhaps, you will favor me by inserting in your valuable paper, as an additional evidence of the instinct and attachment of birds. My sparrow's love continued unbroken for years, and this is the unvarnished history of the affectionate creature.

The rectory of Christ Church, in the island of Barbadoes, West Indies, where I resided, is prettily situated, amidst trees, on a hill overlooking a fishing-village, where the waters of the sea, on a clear Summer day, are of all colors of green, and where the tropical heat is softened down by a constant land breeze.

This is just the abode suited to birds, and consequently the neighborhood abounds in sparrows. Being alone at the time, many of the sparrows soon struck up an acquaintance with me, and were among the first to make their appearance in the most unceremonious manner at the breakfast-table. One of them, however, more familiar than the rest, seemed determined that I should adopt it as a pet. By degrees I induced it to pick bread-crumbs out of my hand. Our acquaintance gradually matured into unsuspecting friendship, and ended at last in positive love, as the sequel will show.

Lengthened time rolled on, and every day the

sparrow was my constant companion. If I was in my study, it was there. If I was reading in the drawing-room, it was perched on the tip of my boot. If I did not rise by daylight, it would come in at the window—left open purposely for its convenience—and flutter upon my body, begging, as it were, that I would attend to its early wants. And more than this. I missed the bird for a while, and grieved, thinking that it had fallen a prey to some voracious cat or to the gunshot of some wayfaring traveler.

Every day I went to the accustomed window and called it by name (for I had given it the name of "Dick"); but no Dick appeared. I persevered, however, in loudly calling for it, as it knew my voice well; and, after an absence of some weeks, I one morning observed three sparrows flying directly toward me. I held out my hand as usual, and they alighted on the palm of it. To my agreeable surprise, there was Mr. or Mrs. Dick (I know not which), with two well-fledged olive-branches, which were handed over to me for adoption. This is not all. Mrs. Dick—for from her affection I shall assume it was the mother-bird—resolved to build her nest another time nearer home, and repeatedly came to me with a straw in her beak, evidently hoping that I would be her assistant-architect. Finding that I declined the task, she selected a rose-tree, which I could easily touch from my bedroom window, and there entwining three of the tallest branches, she built (as birds only can build) a beautiful nest. From this time she continued to commit her fledglings, as a matter of course, to my care.

But here comes the climax. The time drew near for me to leave the West and to join my family in England, where I am now. It seemed as if my sparrow, by instinct, amounting almost to reason, suspected my movements. Perhaps there was something lonely and strange in the appearance of the rectory, the greater portion of the furniture having been removed; but be it what it may, Mrs. Dick, although she lived unfettered in the trees, and had the range of the atmosphere, would scarce quit my presence, and *miserable dicta*, on returning home one moonlight night, I found the loving bird sleeping like a peaceful infant on my pillow. I could scarcely believe my own eyes, but so it was. On approaching to see if it was really a sparrow, it flew upon the top of the wardrobe, and there it remained all the night.

The character of Mrs. Dick was well known, and numerous visitors (among whom I may mention the name of Bishop Mitchinson) often witnessed the influence I had over the sparrow tribe, especially over the one that appeared to sorrow most of all at my departure. I won them by gentleness and kindness, and my reward was ample.

What an example for the cultivation of domestic love and affection do we find in these tiny creatures of the feathered race, not one of which falls to the ground without the knowledge of our Heavenly Father! It is time, however, to draw my narrative to a close, wondering if my petted sparrow is yet alive.

The Preacher's Practice.

CURRY had played the unfortunate Mr. Mayhew a most unmannerly trick. To the young clergyman, as yet unordained, it had seemed a very pleasant thing to be invited to an elderly gentleman's luxurious home and a vacant pulpit during a season which would otherwise have been spent in dreary and unprofitable solitude; and how could the most prudent of young men have foreseen that the hospitable mansion contained a dangerously fascinating woman, or that a heart which had hitherto resisted all feminine charms would succumb to the first glance of a pair of laughing eyes?

Horace Mayhew would as soon have thought of

cutting off his hand as of offering it to his host's daughter under then existing circumstances, and a week's observation convinced him that the young lady in question, like time and tide, would wait for no man, least of all for a poor young clergyman whose prospects at the best were doubtful; so, whatever his suffering, there was no remedy but to groan and bear them, which this exemplary young man proceeded to do.

To say that he cherished the green-eyed monster in his bosom would be nothing short of defamation, but it must be admitted that a very well-tamed, much-belectured animal of the same species crept in under his vest, and awoke to uncomfortable activity whenever Miss Rosa Wilding smiled upon any masculine creature. As smiles and dimples were her natural language, and gentlemen visitors were by no means scarce, his life was made a torment to him; and when it became evident that one among the many was especially favored, the climax of Horace Mayhew's woes was reached.

"A fashionable dandy!" said he in supreme disgust, a person who descended to the merest trivialities in conversation, whose mind was absorbed in questions of dress; yet, in spite of his disgust, he could not help wondering if he himself might not have made a more favorable impression on Miss Rosa had he listened to the tailor's suggestion of a little padding just about the shoulders; had he not so nobly denied the assistance of art to those straight and drooping locks which Nature had refused to adorn.

After a week or two of stern self-discipline, it happened that the miserable man was one evening retiring to his apartment when Satan—or was it that little heathen Cupid again?—beset him with a terrible temptation.

A door ajar—a low burning jet of gaslight revealing a table spread with dainty bits of ribbon and lace, gilded boxes, and bottles of perfumery, and shining jewels in cosy nests of cotton; and, instead of turning his eyes modestly aside and pursuing the even tenor of his way as a well-principled person should, Horace Mayhew paused and hesitated. He looked over the stair-head to reassure himself that all was quiet in the parlors below. He raised his eyes to the great central skylight above, and crept in to feast upon the sight.

A fatal step, indeed! In another moment he had made a snatch at the heap of suggestive loveliness that lay before him, and gathered in his palm a tiny, flimsy handkerchief which had fluttered from Rosa's taper fingers, and played about her smiling lips only the night before. How he reconciled his conscience to the act no one but he can ever know, for the maxim "that all's fair in love and war," smacks far too much of feudal barbarism for a modern clergyman's use; but certain it is, that he was happier in his new possession than he had been for many a day.

He carried it about with him, he slept with it clasped to his heart, he uttered words to it that he could never hope to utter to its owner, he showered kisses and tears upon it, and when Rosa nonchalantly mentioned in his presence that she had lost a handkerchief, he inwardly exulted in his own gain—to her but a bit of flimsy finery, to him a dear memento to be cherished to the latest hour of his life; yet, though he made the most of it, it was a sorry compensation for the lost Eldorado of his dreams, and, day by day, his spirits sank as he saw the creature he despised triumphant in the field which he himself dared not enter, greeted with smiles and merry glances, a favored coquet, a confidant, and doubtless soon to reach the height of human bliss.

Another week had passed. The morrow was a Sabbath day, last to which his invitation extended. His sermon had received its finishing touches, and Horace Mayhew sauntered out in the early twilight for a solitary walk, hugging his hidden treasure to his breast, and that other, at once a sorrow and a

treasure—his hidden love—beneath it. To-morrow must be the last of it. He must never trust himself to look upon her face again.

Such was his thought as he stumbled against some one leaving the house he was about to re-enter. A girl it proved to be, scarcely more than a child, and in tears.

Naturally tender-hearted, he was shocked and grieved at the sight. He almost feared, for a moment, that he had hurt her in his awkwardness.

Hurt her he had, indeed, yet not in the way that he suspected. She would have gone her way down the street, but he arrested her steps and elicited from her a tale in many cantos.

Canto first. Miss Rosa was the sweetest and kindest and best lady that ever lived, and Miss Rosa had got Mr. Wilding to take her, the weeping damsel, out of the place where she had sojourned, and the name of which she had rather not mention to the gentleman, as she had been put there because she did once be a wicked girl and did be taking something that didn't belong to her, but she wasn't a wicked girl any more, and oh, dear! what should she do?

Canto second. The weeping damsel's father was out of work, and was very much given to drink. If it had not been for that it would not have happened, and he was at home sick, and she was quite sure he would kill her, and, oh, dear! what should she do?

Canto third. The weeping damsel did be pawning a shawl for her mother, also a handkerchief which Miss Rosa had given her for her Sunday best, and did be putting the pawn-tickets in her pockets, and Miss Rosa had lost her fine lace handkerchief worth fifty dollars, and had found the pawn-tickets and thought she was a thief, and the pawnbroker had sold the handkerchief, and it wasn't the one, but Miss Rosa thought it was, and, oh, dear! what should she do?

There were several additional cantos to the tale, but after the episode of the fifty-dollar handkerchief, Horace Mayhew heard no more.

It had never occurred to him that he was a thief until that moment. He felt the blood rush to his temples in a hot flood; his heart stood still. He gasped in dismay. He grasped at the girl's shoulder wildly.

"Come back!" he said, as he turned his latch-key in the door, and, striding through the hall, dragged the frightened child with him and seated her in solitary state upon a velvet sofa in the elegant drawing-room, where, between the shock of this unexpected occurrence and the dread of being found by some member of the family from which she had been dismissed, she shivered as if with an ague.

From thence he went to Miss Wilding's music-room, led by the liquid notes of her piano. She lifted her face, with the bright smile upon it he had learned to love so well, and, as her eyes met his, he felt the full shame of the confession he was about to make—a thing for her and her lover to laugh over in future years; but he put that aside with a brave effort.

There was now no other course to take, and when, seeing that he had come to speak with her, she seated herself upon a *lûte-à-lûte*, he took his place beside her and essayed an explanation.

Once, twice he moistened his parched lips. The words would not come. He looked down at the pretty head bent forward in an attentive attitude; at the little white hand resting upon the music-stand before them so tantalizingly within his reach; at the dewy, parted lips; at the sweet brown eyes. At length he stammered out:

"I met your maid going out, Miss Rosa, and I brought her back. I stole your handkerchief!"

Rosa's eyebrows lifted in a very sweet and innocent surprise, and two dimples danced out on her cheeks; but she made no remark, only remained leaning forward in the same bewitching attitude, with her brown eyes lifted to his face.

"The fact is, Miss Rosa, I love you. Don't speak, please! I only mention it because it is necessary to my explanation; but you are aware that no one could see you and do otherwise, and when I saw another—but that is not what I meant to say—when I saw how hopeless it was, how unfit in every respect, I also felt that I must have something to carry away with me. I had no idea that it was valuable—it is so very thin and small, you know."

Here Mr. Mayhew produced the stolen article from an inner pocket and laid it upon Rosa's lap, and all in a moment he saw that the sweet brown eyes were glistening and dewy, that the parted lips trembled with something sweeter than laughter, and somehow neither of them could ever remember how it happened, but the little fluttering hand was closely locked within his own.

It cannot be denied that Horace Mayhew's form was ungainly—that his manners were awkward at times; but now he felt that the girl beside him had seen down into his loving heart as warm as any Romeo's, and his very being was transformed by the knowledge.

His causeless jealousy fled before the revelation of a moment.

He clasped her in his arms; he pressed warm kisses on her peachy cheek. The old, old story poured more freely from his lips than ever his most eloquent sermon, and—the tale is told.

It may have been that Rosa Wilding would have waited for brighter prospects, but Providence disposed affairs so kindly, that there was little waiting in the case. The vacant pulpit to which Horace Mayhew had been invited soon became his very own—that and a pretty parsonage—a fitting bower for his darling Rose.

A Wonderful Leap by a Cat.

THAT birds, however apparently safely hung in cages, are unsafe from the skill and cunning of a cat, may be gathered from many instances of the extraordinary leaps they are capable of making to attain their prey. We are told by a reliable authority that when his cat was a year old, he was seen several days in succession to take his position on a show-case four feet high, licking his chops, while watching a canary in a cage suspended from the ceiling eight feet from the case. The ceiling was eleven feet high from the floor, and the cage an ordinary cylindrical one.

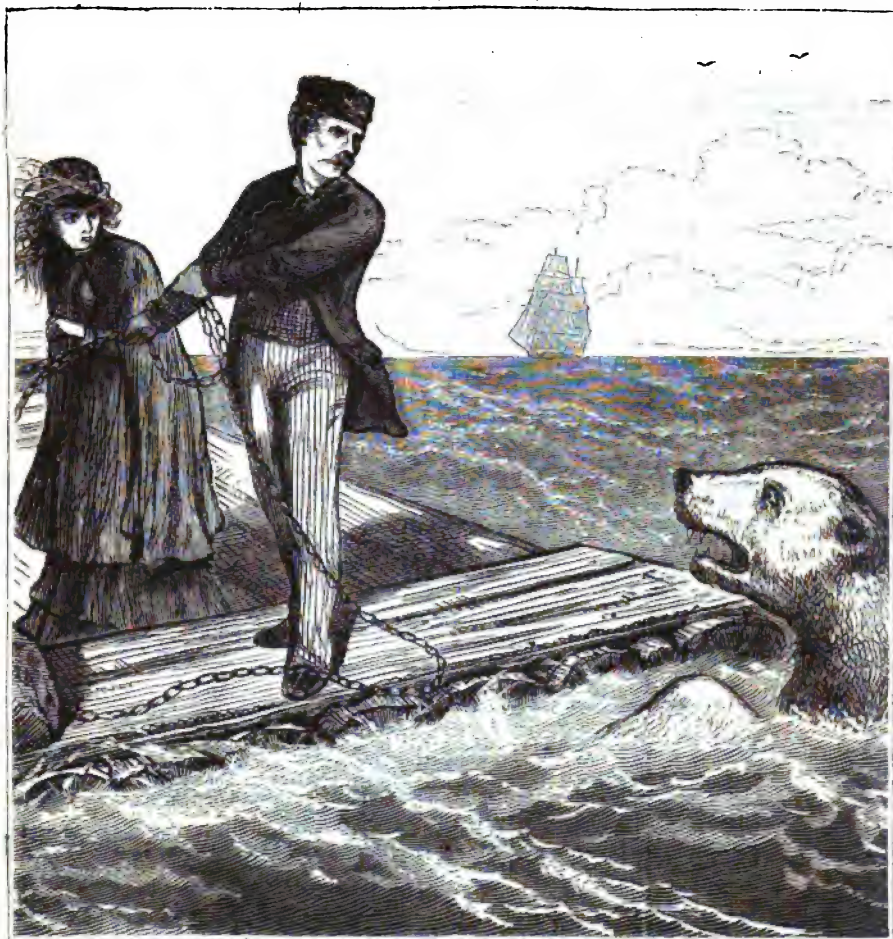
While thus observing the cat, and thinking how remote was his chance of plunder, the animal suddenly sprang at the cage, and caught his claws in it. His weight swung the cage up against the ceiling, spilling seed and water, and terrifying the canary. After swinging to and fro for several times, the cat dropped to the floor uninjured. Our informant measured the distance from the top of the case, and found it to be ten feet; so that the cat made an ascent of six feet in eight, or upon an incline of nearly thirty-five degrees.

The surprise here is that the bird escaped; for it is during its terror, and while beating itself from side to side of the cage, that the hooked claws of the cat are prepared to receive it; and if any portion of the bird is caught, it is rapidly pulled through the wires, and the cat and bird disappear before the spectator can recover his astonishment.

Unless a Tree has borne blossoms in Spring,
you will vainly look for fruit on it in Autumn.



THE PREACHER'S PRACTICE.—"I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS VALUABLE—IT IS VERY THIN AND SMALL, YOU KNOW." HERE MR. MAYHEW PRODUCED THE STOLEN ARTICLE."



ANCHORING A BEAR.—“HE MADE A NOOSE WITH A LOOSE SLIP-KNOT ON THE END OF THE IRON LINES. HE THREW THE NOOSE WITH UNERRING AIM.”

Anchoring a Bear.

ONE clear morning in July the English sloop-of-war *Dover* was passing within a league of a certain part of the Arctic Coast, upon which were a number of broken-down log-huts, evidently the remains of an old Dutch whaling-station.

The captain, backing his main yard, lowered his cutter to take a look at the place.

His daughter Bertha, a beautiful girl, who had accompanied her father for the voyage, was, at her request, permitted to go with him.

His first lieutenant, William Grayson, to whom Bertha was engaged, made one of the party.

The cutter soon reached the shore.

While the captain and his lieutenant—the latter with his betrothed leaning on his arm—were walking about the station, they noticed that the officer left in charge of the ship was too closely “hugging” a field of ice between him and the land.

“Confound it!” said the captain, angrily. “He’ll have the craft fast in the ice. I must go and see to it. You, Grayson, can remain here with Bertha until I come back.”

“Don’t be gone long, papa,” said the young girl.

“Oh, no; it is only a mile to the ship. I will soon be back.”

A few minutes later, away went the boat with its occupants, while the lieutenant and Bertha remained on the shore.

Scarcely had the cutter touched the sloop’s side, when a sudden terrific gale pounced on the vessel, driving her dead before it, far away from the vicinity of the station.

The craft, in such a blow, could not be brought round; nor could any boat be headed for the land against the wind and sea now raging.

As a consequence, the girl and her companion were left there on that wild Arctic Coast, while the ship, receding further and further from them every moment, at length faded from their sight in the rack and mist.

“Do not be afraid,” said Grayson to his trembling companion, clinging to him. “As soon as the gale subsides, the ship will return for us.”

He found a shelter for her in one of the huts, and, in spite of her remonstrances, put his own cloak about her to keep her warm.

The gale raged all day long.

As night approached, the lieutenant contrived to kindle a fire with some of the wood he found, and

which he lighted with matches taken from a box in his pocket.

Hours passed, and at last, with her head on her lover's breast, the girl fell asleep.

At dawn Grayson, who had remained awake all night, saw her eyes open.

"Oh, William!" she said, "is the gale over yet?"

"Yes," was his reply. "And I can see the ship far in the distance. She is coming this way, under full sail, but the tide is running strong against her, and she will not arrive for many hours."

"Hark! What noise is that?"

A barking sound, and now and then a growl, were heard in the distance.

"They are wolves and bears," answered Grayson, quietly, while he regretted that he had brought no arms with him. "But fear not; I can keep them off, if they come here, with the fire."

"No, no!" gasped Bertha; "I would not trust to that. Is there no way we can leave this coast and go to meet the ship?"

The young man rose and looked about him.

Alongside the beach he beheld an old but a strong raft, which had evidently been used by the Dutch whalers to carry heavy goods.

Attached to the raft there was a rusty chain, one end of which, fastened to a heavy stone on the beach, kept the floating platform from drifting away.

Grayson led Bertha to the raft; helped her upon it; then, standing on the edge, he succeeded, by a great effort of strength, in drawing the stone upon the rough support of logs.

The chain was a long one, and he resolved to keep it with him, as he might possibly be obliged to anchor before he should have finished his voyage.

The moment he hauled in the stone the raft drifted from the beach some distance, and then, caught by the full force of the current, it was whirled along toward the ship, then visible about five miles off.

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Bertha, clapping her little hands.

On went the raft, the two voyagers in high spirits, until suddenly they were startled by a deep growl behind them.

Turning, they then beheld a white bear standing on the edge of a broad cake of ice about fifteen feet distant, and in the centre of which rose a fantastic-looking crystal mass, having a deep hollow, from which it was evident the creature had first emerged.

The animal was one of the largest of its kind, with a thick, shaggy skin, broad legs and paws, fierce, bloodshot eyes, a wide head, and sharp, "hungry-looking" jaws.

Covered with glittering icicles, some of which hung down from his heavy brows, and with patches of dirt and pieces of shells and gravel adhering to his body, he presented such a wild, formidable appearance that Bertha, shrieking with terror, clung closely to her lover.

"Don't be alarmed," said Grayson, although he felt uneasy enough as he reflected that he had not a single weapon of defense with him—not even a pen-knife!

He watched the bear, which was now glaring at him and his companion, occasionally tossing its head, uttering ferocious growls, and opening and shutting its jaws, in which were its red, fiery tongue and long, sharp teeth.

The savage beast, however, had as yet shown no intention of leaving its position, and Grayson knew that as long as it remained where it was there could be no danger: for, as the ice-cake did not drift along any faster than the raft, the distance between the two floating masses must continue the same.

But, should the bear swim to the raft, the lieutenant felt convinced that his companion and himself would fall victims to the ferocity of the creature, which, judging by the lean appearance of its flanks, was half famished.

No assistance could be expected from the ship, which was still a league distant, beating up against wind and current. It would take two hours, at least, to meet her, and, long before that time, the bear could, of course, accomplish its horrid purpose.

"Oh, William!" gasped the girl, "if we could only keep it where it is until the ship reaches us!"

"I can think of no way of doing that," he replied.

Women are fertile in expedients. Bertha suddenly remembered that she had in her pocket a little box, in which were some pieces of cake, with a portion of which she had fed, on the day before, a pet bird aboard the ship.

She produced the box, and stood ready to throw a piece of cake to the bear the moment the animal should seem on the point of swimming for the raft.

Suddenly the animal raised itself as if to plunge in the water.

Then Bertha threw toward it a morsel of cake, which, falling on the ice, diverted its attention.

It snapped up the crumb at once, then again turned toward the water with a dissatisfied growl.

Bertha tossed it another piece, which the creature drew into its capacious jaw.

Then it seemed more enraged than ever, such a small allowance having evidently proved a terrible aggravation.

When the girl threw to it another bit of the cake it disdained to look at it, but, with its bloodshot eyes rolling like circles of living fire, and its jaw wide open, it gave utterance to a loud, sharp snarl, meanwhile shaking its head vindictively at the two persons before it.

All at once advancing to the very edge of the ice, it made an awkward plunge into the water and swam swiftly toward the raft!

Now the dreaded time had come! There was the huge bear breasting the waves on its way toward Grayson and his companion, who had no weapons with which to oppose it!

"We are lost!" gasped the young girl. "Oh, what shall we do?"

The lieutenant could only respond by holding Bertha on one side of him, to be ready to sacrifice himself first. In fact he hoped that, after the animal should have destroyed him, it would not molest his companion.

Nearer drew the beast every moment! Its ugly eyes, gleaming with a baleful light, were turned full upon Grayson.

Already it was within six feet of the raft. There seemed not a ray of hope for the young couple.

Suddenly the lieutenant's glance fell on the stone with the chain attached, lying in front of him.

His face lighted up.

A bright idea flashed on his mind. It was one of those thoughts born of desperation!

He quickly took the chain from the ring to which it had been hooked on the raft, and made a noose with a loose slip-knot on the end of the iron links. Just as the bear arrived within four feet of the raft, he threw the noose with unerring aim, so that it caught over the fore-legs and a foot back of the head of the animal, when he quickly drew the chain taut!

Then, with both hands, he rolled the heavy stone over into the water!

It went down quickly, the chain tightened, and the heavy weight drew the head and the whole fore part of the bear under the sea!

For several minutes a horrid gurgling sound was heard, and many bubbles rose to the surface, while that part of the huge beast visible was seen to quiver and roll in fearful spasms as the animal struggled!

Gradually the struggles became fainter, the gurgling noise was no longer heard. There was one, quick jerk, and the bear was dead!

"We are saved!" cried the girl, throwing herself on her lover's bosom.

"Yes," answered Grayson, calmly. "But if I had thought of thus using that stone a moment later than I did, I would not have had time to accomplish my purpose."

An hour after the two were aboard the ship, and Bertha was in her father's arms, relating what had happened on the raft.

The dead bear was finally hoisted on deck. A skilled old seaman took off the skin, which was, years after, converted into a comfortable sleigh-robe for Grayson and his pretty wife, Bertha.

Miss Prescott's Three Lovers, And How their Wooing Sped.

It was Friday evening, and Thirza Prescott had put her last box of laces in order, laid the rolls of ribbon attractively in the showcase, and was wondering if there was anything more that could be done. Mr. Bennet, her employer, walked down to where she stood, and leaned his elbows on the counter.

"Business is fearfully dull," he said.

She was sorry for the little man, and yet she felt like laughing. He had told her that at least fifty times in the last five days. But she was so tired of her one affirmative that she made no answer.

"Yes, fearfully dull."

She made a desperate effort then. "But one never can expect much business in midsummer," she said, glad to have achieved a respectable remark.

He rubbed his yellow whiskers thoughtfully.

"Miss Prescott!"

"Well?"

And now he looked as if he had something important on his mind. Could it be there was another fact in the universe beside the stagnation of business?

"Miss Prescott, I was thinking—that is, I wanted to speak to you about business being so fearfully dull—about—your vacation. Would you mind taking it a month earlier?"

"Having two months? Is that what you mean?" she asked, sharply.

"Yes. I must keep my niece, and—it would be a favor to me."

He had been kind to her many a time, this little sandy-haired Mr. Bennet. He had only allowed her two vacations a year, of a month each, when they made their bargain, but it would be hard to keep him to his word now.

"Well," she made answer, "of course, if you wish me."

"Then it is all settled," he returned, with joyful alacrity. "Monday will be the first of July."

"Very well," and she bowed. Then she took from a closet her black Neapolitan hat, with its cluster of field-flowers, put it on before a little mirror, wound a lace-scarf around her neck, and wished her employer good-night.

Two months! What in the world was she to do with such a vacation? Eight weeks' board to pay if she remained at home, and no intimate friend or relative to invite her countryward. She wondered if she could not apply for a situation as waitress in some seaside boarding-house. Life was beginning to grow very dull. She might have been forty-two, instead of twenty-two, for all the fun that came to her. And then she considered.

Just one incident in her whole life had been peculiar. A queer, whimsical, maiden aunt had reared and educated her, and proposed to marry her out-of-hand to Reese Donovan, a distant cousin. Reese Donovan's father had been Miss Prescott's early love. She hated to divide her fortune, and she wanted the two to share it. But Thirza Prescott walked off angrily the morning young Donovan was expected. That was three years before. She

had come to Woodford, where she had a school-friend residing, and taken a situation in a store. Aunt Prescott had never written, not even in answer to the epistle that set forth her perseverance and independence.

She was not exactly the woman for commonplace admiration, or she might have gained a lover or two. She had a fashion of keeping men at a respectful distance; she did not mean to be made common because, in a moment of vexation, she had gone in a store. She was a tall, slender, stylish girl, with blonde hair and very dark gray eyes, piquant, but mismatched features, and a very winsome voice when she was not in a haughty mood.

What was she to do all this time?

"Here are two letters for you," said Mrs. Lee as she sat down to her solitary supper, though there were fresh berries and hot, fragrant tea.

She did not open them until she went to her room. One was from Aunt Prescott, she knew the cramped hand-writing. Wonder of wonders! It was very brief. Mr. Donovan proposed to spend a fortnight with her. If Thirza would return and make herself agreeable, for he was quite willing to marry her even after her foolish escapade, well and good. She would be received with proper affection, and they would forget the past. But if she persisted in her unkind and ungrateful conduct, this was the last overture.

"The man is a fool!" she said to herself, passionately.

Then she opened the other.

It was from a shallow little schoolmate, who had managed to marry fortunately. This was part of it.

"You may wonder how I learned your whereabouts! Julia Graham was in Woodford last April, and heard that you were in a store—saw you, I believe. Then I had the temerity to write to your aunt, for something had happened. Isn't she an abominable old wretch! And now I'll tell you my good fortune. I'm rid of Robert's two old-maid sisters, who were the bane of my life. One has married, and the other has gone to reside with her, thank the Lord! We have had the house altered, for Robert is like a new man, and I'm going to have a good gay time this Summer. I want you to come and make me a nice long visit, for I suppose you have some vacation during the Summer. I always did like you, you know. Could you come to New York and let me meet you there?"

There was much more in a jerky, rambling style, but she knew Clara Hyde was a warm-hearted, volatile woman. Why should she not go and have a good gay time also? Her youth and her few attractions would vanish presently. Mr. Donovan might take the fortune, and Aunt Prescott as well. It was very mean of him, and she hated him—yes, she did. A stupid old foggy, no doubt. Go and exhibit herself before him, indeed!

Still, she wrote a somewhat dutiful reply. She would come back any time and care for her aunt, but she would not marry Mr. Donovan.

Then she answered Mrs. Hyde's letter, and accepted, asking her to name the day for the meeting. Two months' idleness was no bugbear to her now.

Why, she felt quite light at heart, and on Saturday evening she wished Mr. Bennet a gay good-by.

"But you will come back, Miss Prescott? I cannot think of losing you."

"Oh, I shall come back."

She devoted the next week to her wardrobe. Clara's answer came.

Would Tuesday of the following week give her sufficient time?

Mrs. Hyde was on the mark as to time and place. A pretty, fair, matronly-looking body, with an abundance of pink and white in herself, and pink and gray in her dress, gushing and demonstrative; but Thirza had resolved not to be over critical. She wondered, indeed, if she were not a little prim

and old-maidish. They had only to take a short railroad journey, and at the station Mrs. Hyde's carriage was awaiting them.

"You'll like it ever so much, I know. The boarding-houses up here are always crowded with gentlemen in the Summer, who cannot leave business for good and all. And what is the use of being young and good-looking if it doesn't do something for you?"

"To be sure," says Thirza, opening her great gray eyes and thinking of Aunt Prescott's plans. Was the whole world in a conspiracy about getting her married?

But if the look and the smile had been in Greek, Clara would have understood it as well.

She was not the one to distress herself over hidden meanings. It would have been difficult to tell just why she loved Thirza Prescott, but I think the greatest charm was because Thirza never preached to her, or tried to summon her to impossible heights, or to impress her with a sense of moral superiority.

They took a fine long drive before they went home. It was a rather old-fashioned, romantic village, modernized into a town, and standing on a somewhat high bluff, with the Sound below, and the ocean not far off. How crisp and sweet the air was! so different from the smoky manufacturing place she had left behind.

They stopped before a roomy, old-fashioned house—that is, it made no pretensions to being a villa, had no angles, turrets and hanging balconies. A long porch across the southern exposure, a wide hall, large parlors on the one side and plenty of lounging room.

Mrs. Hyde meanwhile regaled her visitor with a story of the martyrdom she had experienced at the hands of these spinsters, who had tried to train her into a proper helpmeet for their dear brother Robert, who had so unwisely married her.

Thirza was escorted to her room. The furniture was rather antique, but rich and good, the carpet soft, the bed and windows positively lovely in their saowy drapery, and fanciful little brackets put up here and there as an afterthought.

"Now, I want you to feel quite at home. Curl your hair, and make yourself pretty, for Mr. Hyde is to bring up a friend, and some one always drops in during the evening. I want you to have a grand good time."

Clara left her at length, but for some time Miss Prescott drowsed in her easy-chair. How comfortable it was! Seven weeks of rest and refreshing. It was better than going to her aunt's, being fretted at, and refusing to marry Mr. Donovan.

She felt so free and glad some that she made a charming toilet. Its chief colors were black and pale tea-rose. Looking at herself in the large mirror, she was much pleased at the transformation. Her three years of business had not been very inspiring, neither the nineteen years with Aunt Prescott, but they had not taken all the life and brilliancy out of her face.

Mr. Hyde was a middle-aged, commonplace man, who adored his young wife, and treated her as if she were a spoiled, willful daughter.

There was Mr. Gilbert, a solid-looking person of five-and-thirty, with whom Miss Prescott did not fall in love at first sight, though an hour afterward Clara told her he was rich and single, and contemplating matrimony.

The evening was very lively. Some friends and neighbors dropped in. They had billiard-playing and music, the latter falling to Miss Prescott's share. She was thankful she had kept in a little practice on Mrs. Lee's weak piano.

Mr. Romaine came and talked to her afterward. A stylish, gentlemanly fellow of eight-and-twenty, with a voice that was rich and flexible—rather dangerous, too, if womankind listened too long to such a charmer.

They were having a very gay time over in the billiard-hall.

"Do you not play?" he asked.

She laughed lightly.

"Cues and carroms and pockets are like unknown tongues to me. But it must be enchanting when one understands it."

"Ah, then you have no scruples. May I come over and teach you?"

"I am afraid you will find a dull pupil." And yet her eyes said she would like it.

"Didn't Mrs. Hyde say she was going to keep you all Summer? And do you ride?"

"I used to."

Her face warmed a little at the thought. With this soft flush, like a tint of dawn, she was really handsome.

"When, may I ask? Your tone suggests some other sphere, or bygone age."

She laughed genially.

"I have spent three years in a dull manufacturing town, going into no society. Pardon me if I am behind the age."

"Then we must help you to make up the lost time. Strange how much one lives in a week or a month sometimes when the years before have been utterly barren!"

She gave him a quick glance.

"Like the poet, courting time by heart-throbs."

With that they made a tempting plunge into the realm of poetry. Thirza was vexed when Mrs. Hyde came around, leading Mr. Gilbert in her train, and finally carrying off Mr. Romaine.

But when people have sung love-songs and talked poetry, the ice may fairly be considered broken. So the next afternoon Mr. Romaine dropped in, and they had a very amusing game of billiards. Mrs. Hyde kept him to dinner, and in the evening they planned a ride for the following morning.

"But I cannot go," Thirza said, regretfully. "I have no habit. And then I may have forgotten—"

"Mrs. Hyde can furnish up something, I know—can you not?" glancing at the lady. "And please assure Miss Prescott that I am a perfectly reliable escort."

He went away with a promise. The two women set about a presentable attire. Thirza had a black cloth blouse that fitted her like a glove, and they soon manufactured a skirt. A stylish and elegant woman she looked when seated on her horse.

"Though I wish it were Gilbert," little Mrs. Hyde commented, internally.

They had a very delightful morning, it must be confessed. The glowing sunshine, the balmy air, the picturesque ways he led her through, and the agreeable conversation, stirred and inspirited her, and roused her companion into admiration.

It was nearly noon when they returned, she bright and radiant as this Summer-day. Some latent beauty had risen to the surface, fluttering warily in the depth of the luminous eye, and blossoming in the rose of life and cheek. The kind of woman that Mr. Romaine most admired. And then he thought of another. What a hasty fool he had been! A six-months' engaged man he was, with no right to fall in love with this girl. But then Miss Conover's fortune had looked so tempting, and besides, she had shown her preference so plainly. But his five months here had been spent in real-estate speculations, and proved one continual rush of success. If he were free to win this woman, and live his own life!

With that he gave an impatient jerk at the reins. A very slight thing to lead to such an incident. A light-wagon was coming down the street, and Mr. Romaine's horse reared in the very face of the other animal, which shied violently, and made a plunge toward Miss Prescott. Mr. Romaine reached over; Thirza uttered a cry. It seemed to her that both men had been thrown.

The driver of the wagon had sprung out as he saw the other going down. Romaine struck the ground with a force that rendered him senseless.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, in a voice that electrified Miss Prescott. "Shall I take him—to the nearest druggist?"

"Oh, he is not dead, surely!" she cried.

"No; only stunned, I think."

"We are at home—this house——"

Mrs. Hyde opened the door at that moment and uttered a shriek. Thirza dismounted and led the way.

Romaine was raised in strong arms, carried up the steps, through the hall, and deposited on a couch in the billiard-room.

"No, he is not dead. Bring me some water."

Then he took a small vial out of a pocket-case and gave him a few drops. With a convulsive shiver George Romaine opened his eyes.

"Now, where shall I find a physician?"

Mrs. Hyde stood wringing her hands.

Something in the man's strength and presence of mind quite restored Thirza, and she managed to get out of Clara that Doctor Lewis lived two blocks below. With that the stranger was off like a shot.

"Oh, I hope he will not die on our hands!" moaned Mrs. Hyde. "It is so dreadful! How did it all happen?"

"I did not know what to do. I thought it best to have him brought in," commenced Thirza, deprecatingly.

"Of course! You don't think me a heathen, do you? It would have looked scandalous to send him to his hotel. But I've no nerves at all. I am not worth a penny in sickness, so you'll have to take care of him. Do you suppose any bones are broken?"

The doctor came and answered the question. His shoulder was dislocated, his wrist sprained, and his head had suffered a severe contusion.

"There is nothing dangerous, only he must be kept very quiet for several days. We had better remove him to his room at once."

Mrs. Hyde led the way up-stairs, very much dazed in her mind. The doctor gave his orders to Miss Prescott, and bowed himself out, promising to look in again before night.

"I cannot tell you how deeply I regret this sad accident," said the stranger, turning to her also.

Miss Prescott took a survey of him. A brown, foreign-looking face, with a wealth of bronze beard, and clustering curls a few shades deeper; eyes of a frank blue, with little gleams of steel-gray.

It had an oddly familiar look. Where had she seen it before? And what did this little glimpse of mischief mean?

"It was not wholly your fault. Mr. Romaine's horse made the first unmanageable movement."

"But I am most thankful you were not hurt."

"I fancy Mr. Romaine thought I was in some danger, and reached over to save me. I am sorry."

"We must all regret it. I hope your friend will not suffer seriously. Will you allow me to call and inquire, Miss——?"

"Miss Prescott," and she bowed. "I am staying with Mrs. Hyde," and she made a gesture toward Clara.

"And my name is Philip Carew."

If the brown cheek was a little redder as he spoke, it did not rouse Miss Prescott's curiosity.

He bade her good-day. Then Mrs. Hyde indulged in a small hysteric, and as soon as Thirza could leave her she went to change her dress.

When Mr. Hyde returned home his hospitable soul approved of all that had been done.

"It is wretched work to be ill at a hotel, and Romaine has no relatives at hand. But will you not need a nurse?"

"I am to be nurse," responded Thirza, quickly; "since I was the cause of the accident."

"And I meant you to have such a nice time! It is rather romantic," and Clara gave a little sigh, "but I hope he won't be ill very long."

Mr. Carew called the next morning, and saw Thirza for a few moments.

"How odd that he should have asked for you," said Mrs. Hyde.

Thirza flushed. Somehow she seemed so well acquainted with him already.

The nursing did not prove tiresome. Mr. Romaine was a very agreeable patient. No fever set in, and in ten days he was able to come down-stairs.

He was very grateful and gentlemanly, and Mr. Hyde insisted upon his remaining another week at least.

Mr. Carew had called several times, and sent both fruit and flowers. Something in his exquisite taste attracted Miss Prescott strongly. Mr. Gilbert came up again, and was very attentive to her, certainly.

"I'm sure she ought to get a husband among the three," said anxious little Mrs. Hyde. "If she doesn't, I shall despair of her."

"Gilbert would be the best match," responded her husband, actually infected with her love of match-making. "He is one of your slow-going but solid men. And he seems wonderfully taken with her."

Miss Prescott enjoyed it all. She learned that she possessed no small spice of coquetry, although trained in the severe simplicity of spinsterhood. To-day she smiled upon Mr. Carew, to-morrow she made light of Mr. Romaine's gloomy and desponding glance, and then she was demure as a nun for Mr. Gilbert.

Mr. Carew had taken lodgings at a hotel in the vicinity, though he was generally absent one or two days in a week. But then he had the pleasure of driving out with her, which Romaine's disabled right arm would forbid for weeks to come.

As an offset the latter had all an invalid's privileges. But there was something about him she could not quite understand. That he cared for her was evident, and could be most piquantly jealous, but he often checked himself in the midst of a sudden impulse, flushed, and bit his lip as if strangling some longing or resolve in its very inception.

Why? Thirza would mentally ask. Was he afraid to love her? Was she too poor, or lacking in any material point?

Carew puzzled her also. He was more of a gentleman by birth and breeding than Romaine, yet he had a way of watching and studying her, as if, somehow, he was balancing her faults and virtues. The odd familiarity grew upon her. One day she spoke of it.

"I have been out of the country most of the time for seven years," he said, carelessly.

"I did not really suppose that I had met you before," and she flushed under his scrutiny. "Yet I feel sometimes as if I were very well acquainted with your eyes at least."

He smiled at that.

"You would be a very foolish girl to go back to shopkeeping," said Clara Hyde. "I would bring it to a serious point."

"How much faith could you put in a six-weeks' love? And we know so little about them, after all," commented Miss Prescott.

"But Robert could learn easily. Give them a chance to speak, Thirza."

Miss Prescott fell into a musing mood. This had been the first real gala-time of her life. How should she end it? If either of these men wanted to marry her, and some intuition told her that both were in love, why try to wear out Aunt Prescott's patience? Why not be happy in her own way? Mr. Romaine had youth, warmth, would be tender, exacting and very fond. Mr. Carew, with his ripper years and the fascinating touch of imperiousness, was a man that a woman might worship if she once gave way to her heart—her emotions. And Mr. Gilbert she rarely thought about, though she knew she could bring him to her feet with less effort than she should have to make for the others.

She never dreamed how much of it was to be decided this August evening when she came down in

her flowing white robes, without a bit of color save her breast-knot of carnation and heliotrope, and the same in her hair. Romaine was waiting on the porch. There were numerous visitors within, but he signaled her, and she came.

"How lovely you look to-night! as if you were in a peculiar mood;" and he took her hand.

"Your prescience is at fault. I am in no mood at all. I feel as indolent as this soft south wind—as if I might be swayed hither and thither by the breath of a rose."

"Do you?" with a sudden reckless vehemence. "Then I wish to heaven that I could away you to my liking—to my love."

She throbbed in every pulse.

"Mr. Romaine, this is nonsense—mere bagatelle." But her voice was tremulous. "You gentlemen are not obliged to make love to every woman who crosses your path."

He glanced steadily into her eyes, and her cheeks flushed to tempting bloom. His eyes were like points of flame.

"Do you understand that it may be a luxury when a man meets the one woman whom he worships madly? I love you! The knowledge cost me all my pain and suffering—my awkward blunder the morning of our ride. I never felt quite free to speak until to-day."

"Why?" she gasped, in quick apprehension. "Why should he not be free to confess his love to its object?"

Fate answered her almost before he could speak. The gate opened, and three women came up the path, the light shining full upon them. One was a rather faded blonde, with an abundance of fluffy hair, and an artistic pink in her cheek.

He turned with a groan, which, light as it was, caught her ear.

"Oh, Mr. Romaine!" they exclaimed.

Two were neighbors, but the third a stranger. This one went straight to him, and took his hand.

"You did not get my letter?" he asked, hoarsely.

"What letter, George? No, I have not heard in three weeks, and I was getting so anxious! How terrible the accident was! Why did you not send for me? Cousin Jennie knew Mrs. Langdon, so we came—"

Thirza turned away. They were dancing in the drawing-room, and she accepted the first invitation.

George Romaine simply cursed his unlucky star. In another day Miss Conover would have known—why had the marplot Fate sent her along to-night? For the last three weeks he had been summoning courage for a rupture. No doubt she had heard some gossip through Mrs. Langdon.

She loved him, however, and she was one of the women who love through evil as well as good report, from a habit of selfish persistency. She did not mean to give him up—even his letter would not have been final in her eyes.

Mrs. Langdon, having some news, aired it. In less than half an hour every one in the room knew that Mr. Romaine had been engaged for the last seven months, and that Miss Conover was wealthy.

Miss Prescott passed him once with superb disdain.

"If you will let me explain," he gasped.

"There is nothing to explain. You shall break no woman's heart for me, or my trifling."

"But, my God! I love you!"

"Go your way, Mr. Romaine."

There was no mercy for him in her pitiless eyes, and in a passion of anger he took up his old allegiance.

In the hall she met Mr. Carew.

"I was coming in for a quiet hour," he said, "but you have quite a party."

"An impromptu one."

"Some new people. Who is that with the cur-

ous yellow hair, standing just under the chandelier?"

"That? Oh, that is Miss Conover, Mr. Romaine's fiancée, I believe."

Her voice had a hollow, scornful sound. He glanced at her sharply. The brave face never struck a color, but he knew that she had been wounded, nevertheless.

He drew the soft hand through his arm and led her down the steps to the lawn, saying that the room was very warm, and she looked tired.

How gentle and protecting he was! Strength had never appeared so tempting as at this moment, though she told herself it had been nothing more than a flirtation.

"I declare I was thunderstruck!" said Clara Hyde, after the guests were all gone, and the lights lowered. "Well, if that is the way he means to go on out of her sight, I wish Miss Conover joy of him, I am sure. But, Thirza, I'll venture anything that he does love you."

"That would be folly," and Miss Prescott laughed gayly.

"My dear, I'm glad you're not hard hit. I liked him so much, but I think I have a quick, impressionable nature. However, Mr. Carew and Mr. Gilbert are left," she ended, brightly.

Thirza kissed her good-night and went to bed, very angry and sore at heart. She had not been well treated, although she knew George Romaine loved her. She could have separated him from his betrothed.

I have not exalted my heroine in the slightest degree, as you will bear me witness. She might have been much nobler, but she might also have been more selfish and unprincipled. It was as she had said, she did not want any woman's heart broken by her, neither did she mean to sigh hers out in regret for this young man. And so she was bright as usual the next morning.

Mr. Gilbert came up in the afternoon, and took her out driving in a dainty phaeton. There could be no question of extending the invitation.

A lovely drive it was through country ways. She had to make no effort—he was a man you could be silent with, he had such an old-fashioned, fatherly way of putting you at your ease. And somehow, coming back, she was drawn to tell him about Aunt Prescott and her whim.

"My dear young lady, I think you are quite right not to be forced into a marriage with a perfect stranger. But, if your aunt loved you, you must find it hard to stay away."

"She does not love me," and Thirza's heart swelled. "She has a maid who does everything for her—reads to and amuses her, and a housekeeper who is as rigid as iron. After I left school I thought I should be chilled to death in that house. No. All the use I have in her estimation is to become Beesee Donovan's wife. I would rather be a clerk in Mr. Bennett's store all my days."

"There is no need of that, either, Miss Prescott. I may surprise you by this avowal, but I have been strongly attracted toward you. The very points that in the eyes of the world would render a marriage between us unsuitable, are what have drawn me to you. I like youth and brightness and cheerful spirits. I should have married years ago, and have daughters growing up now, who would not be ashamed to be fond of their father. But it is not so. Am I very foolish to want a young wife? If you could like me well enough, I would be very kind and indulgent to you. I would give you a pretty house, and would take you anywhere that would afford you pleasure, and I think I could make you happy."

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert—"

"There, my dear," he interrupted, raising one gloved hand to his lips, "you shall not answer me now. Take a week to consider. I will not come up till then, and you must be quite frank. If you would not marry Mr. Donovan for the sake of a for-

tune, I can trust you not to accept me for mere worldly advancement."

"How kind and generous you are!" she returned, her face in a beautiful glow.

He remained to tea, and made himself quite charming in his quaint and somewhat old-fashioned way. He was so good—why could she not love him? These young men were but vexation of spirit, after all!

"A week," he said, at parting. "Try to think kindly of me, my dear young lady."

A peculiar week it was, rather quiet, but with Mr. Carew dropping in every day or evening. Mr. Romaine had gone to Newport with the party of his betrothed.

One afternoon Thirza found herself left quite alone to entertain Mr. Carew. She was doing some floss embroidery, and he read aloud from "Idylls of the King"—passages here and there that pleased him—love passages you may be sure. He made a lengthy pause presently, and glancing up, she saw his eyes fixed upon her. She colored hastily, and all her pulses throbbed under the eager scrutiny.

"If I said it instead of the poet, Thirza, you must have thought—have seen—that I loved you."

Some perverse spirit seized her.

"Mr. Carew," she began, "I am not much in the habit of taking such matters for granted."

"But I tell you now that I love you with a man's sincere, ardent love. I came here weeks ago resolved to win you, when a fortunate accident threw you in my way. I think you are not quite—"

A sudden revelation flashed over her, and she drew herself up haughtily. "Mr. Carew!" she cried, "I think, in all honesty, you have another story to tell me."

"Yes; I have. I will not woo you under false pretenses. I am Reese Donovan."

He stood up so straight and handsome and manly, then he looked out of his fearlessly honest eyes, and smiled with his proudly curved lips. Could she throw away such a love?

"And this was my aunt's plot? You lent yourself to the childish deception?"

Her eyes sparkled with indignation, her chest throbbed with the anger that was mastering her.

"Thirza, no. Be a little reasonable, child. I never knew until this Summer that your aunt had set such a hard condition before you. I went to Woodford to find you, to see what this high-spirited girl was like. You had just left, and I learned from Mrs. Lee where you had gone. I reached here in the morning, took a livery wagon for a drive, and fortune threw me into the very hands I most desired. And now—I love you, I think you *can* love me. What stands between?"

"This, Mr. Donovan: I will not marry you;" and she stood up, tall, slender and haughty.

"Thirza, you cannot be so foolish, surely, for the sake of an idle whim! Because your old aunt planned it out before!"

"I do not want you or the fortune," she said, firmly.

"Are you quite sure you cannot love me?"

There was a scarlet heat in her face, and a great throbbing at her heart, but she only answered with a look of scorn. She might have loved him or Romaine, but both thought it no sin to deceive her. In her irritable state she could hardly distinguish between that willful, selfish deception, which made her sad and sore at heart, or this more simple matter, that so wounded her pride. Then she remembered how she could sting him, and triumph over Aunt Prescott.

"Mr. Donovan," she said, icily, "I have a proposal of marriage under consideration already. A man of loyal, kindly heart and in prosperous standing, has asked me to become his wife. I am almost certain to accept. Please say to my aunt that I do not need to marry you for the sake of the fortune."

"Thirza!"

The look and tone electrified her. For a moment her heart wavered. How a woman could love this attractive Reese Donovan, and be loved in return! But she would not listen. She turned away with an effort.

"There is no need of discussing the subject further. Allow me to wish you good-day."

With that she swept proudly from the room, went straight to her own apartment, and indulged in a good cry.

She would marry Mr. Gilbert, of course; yet she wished there was no such thing as marrying, and that she was safe back in Mr. Bennet's store.

Yet she was very frank and honest with Mr. Gilbert the next day.

"You are worthy of the true and fervent love of any woman," she said, with emotion; "and since you have chosen me, I cannot accept you entirely until I am sure I can give you my whole heart. Is it too much to ask simply friendship for the present?"

He shortened the probation from six months to three.

Mrs. Hyde took it for an engagement, and would look at it in no other light. She would fain have kept Thirza for the Winter, but the girl insisted upon her own independence, and went back to Mr. Bennet's laces and notions.

Mr. Romaine was married that Autumn.

Of Mr. Donovan she heard not a word. Of course he would forget her. She had shown herself foolish, spiteful and unreasonable. And about the holidays she received a severely upbraiding letter from Clara Hyde. How could she let Mr. Gilbert slip through her fingers? She was surely fated to be an old maid.

"I think I am," she said to herself, with a dreary sigh, starting four more holiday weeks in the face.

But Mr. Donovan dropped in the store one day, rather grave-looking, and in most brotherly tone announced his sad tidings.

Aunt Prescott had died very suddenly. She had been well enough to take her accustomed drive through the day, but just at twilight had expired sitting in her chair. She had quite softened to Thirza, and was meaning to ask her to the Elms on a visit. She would come to the funeral, certainly.

Aunt Prescott had never professed any love for her; indeed, she had always been vexed that the last Prescott should have been a girl.

Thirza could not simulate any overwhelming grief, and yet she understood how much more endearing this hard, selfish life could have been.

"I wonder if I am growing like her?" she thought.

The funeral was a very quiet one, for Mrs. Prescott had lived most unsocially.

At two the lawyer came to read the will. The Elms, with furniture, plate and horses, was to go to the son of her cousin, Reese Donovan, and then, as a codicil, he was instructed to pay to her grand-niece, Thirza Prescott, the sum of five thousand dollars on her marriage with Mr. Gilbert, and also to present her with the Prescott diamonds, which were worth as much more.

The lawyer made a few explanations, and then went his way.

Night closed in early. There was a cheerful fire in the sitting-room grate, and by common consent the heirs took their place beside it.

Were they enemies? Certainly there was much coolness and distance between them. Thirza summoned courage at length to perform a duty she owed him.

"Mr. Donovan," she began, tremulously, "I may as well say now that I have no right to Aunt Prescott's bequest. I shall never marry Mr. Gilbert. I think this came through your generosity, and I am much obliged."

He bowed politely, and studied her for some minutes. The proud face drooped, the lips quivered, and a wavering flush deepened the cheek. Presently he cleared his voice.

"I heard something to this effect," he returned, "and I have made provision for it. I have an offer to go on an exploring expedition, which may keep me for the next seven years. Meanwhile, I want you to live here and keep up the place. I have made arrangements with the servants, who have consented to stay. I desire you to enjoy everything to the uttermost and be happy. You need not fear that I shall trouble you in any way."

She sprang up, her face pale at first, then a vivid crimson.

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot!" she cried, as she stood there before him.

"Why? I can surely pay you as well as Mr. Bennet. I should think the labor would be fully as agreeable."

"The place is yours!" she rejoined, vehemently. "I will not deprive you of a home—of everything."

"Well," he said, still gravely, "you can bestow upon me all things."

She came around behind his chair, that he might not see her blushing face.

"I ask you to stay."

Her voice was very low and tremulous, and her hands dropped by her side.

"Is that all?"

"I have been very foolish and unreasonable, and I have learned to love you."

He drew her down to him and kissed the sweet lips, the hot, crimson cheeks.

"Can you forgive it all?" she whispered.

"Why, I rather enjoy the love," and he smiled.



THE CAT "PATCH."—"THE CURTAIN BEING SHAKEN, OUT DROPPED A MOUSE."—SEE PAGE 235.



A ROYAL WOMAN.—“‘FOR GOD’S SAKE, ANNA DALE, ARE YOU PLAYING A PART, OR ARE YOU NOT? IS THIS INDIFFERENCE ASSUMED, OR ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE FATE OF HUGH CLAVEIRICK?’”

“But I felt quite sure of you last Summer. I am a patient and long-suffering man, Thirza Prescott.”

She behaved herself meekly and beautifully, and in the Spring wore the Prescott diamonds; but it was as Mrs. Reese Donovan.

Mrs. Hyde was in an ecstasy of delight.

And so Aunt Prescott had her wish.

A Royal Woman.

She was forty that day, and that day was the 1st of January. Why she should have been born at this time was a standing conundrum to Miss Dale—

scarcely less difficult to solve than why she should have been born at all. And then, too, this very day was the anniversary of her engagement, and the date of her loss.

Sixteen years ago betrothed to the man of her choice, fifteen years ago parted, not by death—that would have been light in comparison—but by—Well, she never let the words escape her lips, so we will pass them over also.

He had loved another; he never could have loved her; so it was all right in the largest sense, and Miss Dale felt like a reprobate whenever bitter thoughts of her old lover crowded into her mind. True, a man who had professed so much might have manfully explained his change of feeling, in-

stead of abruptly ceasing to visit her and marrying another; but the mantle of Miss Dale's charity was large enough to cover even this delinquency, and the noble, large-hearted woman went her way as bravely as she could.

Everybody said that Doctor Leigh had forsaken Miss Dale from motives of expediency. Miss Clarendon, the young lady he had married, was the only daughter of a very wealthy and popular physician, and besides the money his daughter would inherit, was the practice, which must necessarily fall into the hands of his son-in-law.

That Doctor Leigh was ambitious Miss Dale knew, but somehow she could never bring herself to believe that he had thus sold himself. Had he not on innumerable occasions expressed his horror of marriages of convenience? And yet, while Miss Dale did not overrate her own character, she could not help compare most unfavorably the woman he had married with the woman he had deserted; and for this there was good reason.

Miss Clarendon was a recognized belle at the time of her marriage. She cared for nothing under heaven but society, and this fact everybody who knew her at all was acquainted with. She was *petite*, graceful, coquettish, possessed of excellent taste in dressing—in short, a social butterfly, with not a single domestic proclivity.

The first time Doctor Leigh and Miss Dale had met since the doctor's marriage was precisely a year after their most singular parting, and on the 1st of January. She had dressed herself to receive calls as usual, for Miss Dale was one of the women who could suffer and not struggle—could die, and make no sign.

Her elegant parlors never looked more cheerful, and the hostess was never so charming to her guests as on this to her the saddest day of the year.

Of course Doctor Leigh would not call upon her, she said to herself at every new ring of the bell; and yet understand it she could not. Something kept whispering to her that he would come, in spite of the constant protest of her reason.

That something was love's true intuition, as stable and unerring in its rule over the heart as the law of gravitation to the world.

When at last he did arrive, Miss Dale knew he was approaching before his hand touched the bell, and, while she waited his entrance, schooled her heart to meet him with the indifference their changed positions demanded.

"Miss Dale!"

"Doctor Leigh!"

That was all. Their hands met, and their eyes searched each other's faces. Miss Dale's was smiling, courteous, apparently happy. With the most profound politeness and most thorough indifference she pointed to a seat.

Doctor Leigh was pale and careworn, almost haggard. For an instant Miss Dale's heart was filled with joy—but only for an instant. He had suffered—was suffering. She had not borne all the sorrow. But this feeling was short-lived. It died almost at its birth, and the next sentiment was one of such tender pity, that it required all her self-possession to keep from showing him that in no respect had she swerved from her first allegiance; but pride and principle did its work, and the most critical observer would never have guessed, as Miss Dale sat by her old lover, that she had ever cared a whit more for him than any other man in the room. It was evident at once that Doctor Leigh's visit was not of the usual New Year's type.

"I trust you will excuse me for calling to-day," he at last remarked, when his companion was quite at liberty to listen.

"Doctor Leigh will always be welcome," she replied, as the gentleman hesitated.

"Let us have no commonplaces, please," he answered. "I have come on a very sad errand. Pardon me if I ask you to go with me to another room."

"I cannot leave my guests, Doctor Leigh," she said, with dignity. "If your message is important, let me hear it now. We shall not be overheard."

"Then you think you are strong enough to hear what I have to tell you in this crowd?"

"I am strong enough for anything," she replied, looking straight into her companion's eyes.

"Very well, then. I was summoned an hour ago to the bedside of your friend Hugh Claverick."

"He is ill?" Miss Dale inquired, without emotion.

"He is dying!" was the quick response. "Dying, Miss Dale, and he wants you."

"Poor Hugh! I feared as much when I saw him last. I will change my dress and go at once, if you will be kind enough to take me there."

As Miss Dale excused herself to her guests, and made ready to accompany him, the doctor asked himself over and over again what this could mean. She had received this announcement with perfect self-possession, which, the doctor felt confident, was not the result of an effort.

When she returned to the parlor, they were quite alone. She drew on her gloves coolly, saying, as she did so:

"You have not told me anything of the circumstances, Doctor Leigh. This last trouble is the result of another imprudence, I suppose?"

Doctor Leigh could bear this no longer. He rose suddenly, and, with a face from which every particle of color had fled, said:

"For God's sake, Anna Dale, are you playing a part now, or are you not? Is this indifference assumed, or are you not specially interested in the fate of Hugh Claverick?"

A light broke in upon the darkness at that moment.

"As a true friend, I am sorry for Hugh, and willing and anxious to be of service to him; and, as a true friend, Doctor Leigh, I certainly feel that this man's life is a miserable mistake, which can only be rectified there"—pointing upward with almost angelic grace, the poor fellow thought, as he silently regarded her.

"I am quite ready," she said, at last, as her companion did not speak.

Then it was that Doctor Leigh forgot everything but his great love for the woman who stood before him, and buried his head in his hands and wept as only a strong, large-hearted man can weep.

Miss Dale stretched out her arms, and made a step toward him, but the thought of another, of the duty, the lifelong allegiance this man bore to the woman called by his name, brought her to her senses at once, and so, as many another good woman has done before, and will do again, she waited in silent agony for the storm to pass, praying with her whole soul to be delivered from temptation.

"Have you no word to say to me, Anna?" he asked, at last. "No word that will bring me at least a little comfort—one single ray of light?"

"Only this, Doctor Leigh," Miss Dale's voice was gentle, but as firm as true womanliness and self-respect could make it. "Only this: You must do your work with firmness, and your duty with principle. Although after to-day we may never meet again, I want you to remember that my chief interest in life will be to know how much of true loyalty you have in your heart, and how much of a man you can make yourself. There is another life, Doctor Leigh, to which this is only the primary-school, the little *kindergarten*. Let us learn our lessons well, and neglect none of the tasks set before us. Doctor Leigh, I am ready."

During the two-mile drive to the house of death not a word was spoken, and when they approached the bedside of the dying man it was plain that there were but a few moments left.

"I am so sorry, Hugh," was all Miss Dale said, as she bent over the sufferer.

"Don't say you are sorry," he groaned. "Don't pity me, but blame me—curse me! that is what I wanted you for."

"Let us hear all that you have to say, Hugh," she answered. "Come and sit down here, doctor," drawing a chair to the bedside. "He will feel better after he has told all."

Doctor Leigh approached the couch with a look of indescribable disgust upon his pale face.

With angelic pity Miss Dale pushed the chair back, and shielded the sufferer from the harrowing sight.

"I lied to the doctor," whispered the miserable man. "I told him you loved me. I forged a letter, and showed it to him as coming from you—that you were wise in heart, and was only betrothed to him because your father desired it. And he believed me—and oh, merciful heaven, will you forgive me?"

"As I hope to be forgiven, Hugh!" said Miss Dale, tenderly wiping the poor face, already damp with the dews of death.

"And the doctor—will he not speak to me?"

Doctor Leigh shook his head.

For a second Miss Dale's hand rested in his as of old; then, drawing it toward her, placed it upon the sufferer, saying, as she did so:

"As he hopes to be forgiven, Hugh."

With a mighty effort the dying man turned his head and looked into the eyes of the man he had defrauded.

"He does not forgive me!" he almost shrieked. "And God will not forgive me! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

A look from Miss Dale, that Doctor Leigh will never forget, compelled him, and, bending his head low, he said, kindly:

"I forgive you, Hugh. Think not of me, but of yourself."

Five minutes after, the spirit had fled, and the strangely separated pair were once more alone together.

This tragedy had consumed only about two hours, and Miss Dale dressed again to receive her New Year's callers.

Notwithstanding all she had passed through, her heart was lighter than when she dressed in the morning. John Leigh had not left her without cause, and life was not so utterly void and hopeless as it had been.

Fourteen years ago since all this happened—and to-day she is forty.

She has met Doctor Leigh in society several times since then, and all the allusion ever made by either to their peculiar positions has been the earnest query, and the quick, hearty answer, as to "How has it been with you?" And the beautiful woman's eyes always added: "Are you growing to be more of a man? Are you more constant to your duty? Are your lessons well learned?"

To which his eyes always answered: "It is hard, but I am doing the best I can."

Now on this fortieth birthday Miss Dale had just arrived in New York after a three-year's sojourn in Europe. During all this time not one word had been heard from Doctor Leigh. For all Miss Dale knew, he might be dead, and as she dressed again to receive her callers, the lovely old maid looked into the glass and soliloquized. She saw a beautiful pair of gray eyes, a brilliant complexion, a face from whose delicate oval age had not snatched a single charm, and she knew that she had not changed as much as most women at forty.

"Oh, dear! what are looks, after all?" she murmured. "There is nobody to care about it if I do look well—if I do carry my years with grace and dignity!" and she sighed, as what woman would not, at the vision of her loneliness—a loneliness which must last as long as life, and life bade fair to hold out well. Miss Dale had never been ill a day in her life.

"Miss Dale at home" spread about quickly, and the elegant parlors were again filled with appreciative guests. A good many New Years had passed since the last call of Doctor Leigh, and on none of these anniversaries had Miss Dale expected him:

but to-day he was ever before her. At noon her father dropped in, and a lull of visitors enabled her to sit with him at dinner.

"I called on Doctor Leigh's family to-day"—Mr. Dale had been in Europe with his daughter—"and I was perfectly horrified at the changes that had come to them."

Miss Dale could not speak, but waited in a sort of dumb patience that had become habitual, for her father to proceed.

"We hadn't been gone a month when his mother died, very suddenly, I believe; and a very few weeks after that he lost his wife and only child, and the servant told me as I entered that the doctor was very sick, and didn't see any visitors. I persisted, however, and when I did enter his chamber I found him very glad to see me. He looks to me as if he was in a decline—may live till Spring, though it don't seem at all likely."

Miss Dale clinched her hands under the table, and Mr. Dale poured himself another glass of wine.

"Did he speak of me, father," she inquired, at last.

"Well, yes, he did," was the deliberate answer; "he asked me to say to you that, if you felt like it, he wished you would make him a New Year's call. I half promised that you should go—he looked so dreadfully low and pitiful—but I don't suppose you can leave your guests."

The only answer Miss Dale made was to leave the room, and when the old gentleman went back to the parlor his daughter was not in the house, and a card-basket hung on the bell-knob.

None but a woman who has loved as purely, as sincerely as Miss Dale can understand her feelings as she is driven to the house of the man from whom she has been so long parted. Why had she remained abroad so long? Why had not some one written her? She might have saved him had she known it earlier, but now, perhaps, it was too late. Did her father not say it was doubtful if he lived till Spring?

She gave her card to the servant, and ordered the coachman to wait a few moments. No human being—heaven be praised!—can suffer but once what this noble woman suffered in this agony of suspense.

"Doctor Leigh says will you please to excuse him? He is not able to come to the parlor, and will you please come up to his room? First door at the head of the stairs!"

Miss Dale stammered some words of thanks—what, she never knew—and slowly, very slowly, ascended the long flight of steps. If there was a gate to be opened before entering the Celestial City, Miss Dale wondered if she should be so timid about asking admittance. She thought not.

An attendant opened the door to her nervous rap, and then, with a bow, invited her to enter, and passed down the stairs.

"Have you come at last, Anna?" said the well-known voice, but oh, how altered!

Not able to sit up, not able to walk across the room to meet her! and Miss Dale's heart went down to low-water mark; but the experience of the past years had so developed the richness of her womanhood, that she composed herself to a quiet answer, and drove back the tears to their source, where sometimes, when all was over, and nobody to be disturbed by them, they would have their revenge!

She removed her bonnet and gloves, and then seated herself by the sufferer. It was difficult to keep her lip from quivering and her hand steady as she noted the hollow cheeks and cavernous eyes—the awful, awful change that had taken place! But she conquered them all.

"I came, my darling," she answered, with a smile, stooping and kissing his pale lips, "just as soon as I heard. I have known nothing about you or your family for three years."

"And now—"

That was all he could say.

"And now, John Leigh, if you want me, I have come to stay."

"As my wife?"

"As your wife."

"But, Anna, I suppose I shall have to die."

For three months Doctor Leigh had been positive that this was his last sickness; now he only "supposed" he should die. So much had love instantly accomplished.

"You will not die," she said. "I am sure you will get well, now that I have come; but if this were not so, John, and I was compelled to live on sixty or seventy years longer, as doubtless I shall."

—Miss Dale smiled audibly here, and the doctor joined her, though at what it is doubtful if either of them could have told—"I should live out my days much more happily to feel that you had called me wife. I should be of more service in the world—much better prepared to meet you."

The tears almost fell here, but the doctor gathered her to his breast, and they were quite hidden. From that moment he began to mend.

Folks called it a miracle; but the love that tears down can always build up again, and the superstructure thus raised is always of better quality than the original one.

Suspicion.

CHAPTER I.—GEORGE NEWBELL'S LOVE STORY.

EVELYN—so pallid and beautiful—sat at the window, dreamily looking out upon the landscape, but evidently seeing nothing there. Seeing nothing of those high wooded hills against the gray morning sky; nothing of those pretty farmhouses scattered here and there in the hollows below; nothing of the river as it wound along so quickly that it seemed quite at rest. She had returned to the old homestead; but why was it no longer home? She was George Newbell's wife—the long, hopeful dream a reality—and yet her heart ached.

A strange shuffling sound disturbed this pretty girl's melancholy reverie, and the next moment a very singular apparition presented itself, entering from the corridor; nothing less, indeed, than the weird figure of old Aunt Mabel, the black nurse. This withered witch, with her crippled limbs and white hair, and bowed under the weight of seventy years, hobbled upon her crutches slowly to the window.

"Bress de chille! what you doin' dar?" she said, sharply. "Old Mabel heard you wasn't down to git no breakfast, and dragged herself up heah to see what's de matter wid you! Whar's dat husband ob yours?"

"Sh! Mabel, you must not speak so," returned Evelyn, with a pallid smile. "Mr. Newbell has gone out for a ride; I am quite well, aunty, but—but you know I never have any appetite for breakfast. You shouldn't have come up those long stairs, and now you must sit down and rest."

"I dan come if I dropped," said the nurse, breathing heavily as she, with great difficulty, managed to occupy a chair, placing the two stout crutches on either side of her, like arms at rest. "Purty way to treat de chille I nussed and brung up! Honey, ain't you got no sense yit? Dat man don't care no more for you dan he do for me! I dun tole you so long ago, from de fust: but you wouldn't listen to my old nigger-talk, and now you dun married him."

"Mabel, I certainly cannot listen to—to this impertinence," retorted the young lady, with rising color and real anger. "You are privileged, I know; but you must be more respectful in speaking of my husband. If Mr. Newbell heard you, I don't know what he would think."

"Umph!" grunted Mabel, taking a chew of sweet tobacco with all the relish and *sang-froid* of a sailor. "Tain't right, nor never will be, fur

parents to marry two young people by will dat don't care for each oder, jist to keep property in de family; and de bressin' ob de Lord nebber comes on no sich match," she continued, promulgating her valuable opinion with great dignity.

"Now, Mabel, you know I loved my cousin George from the time I first saw him, and the greatest happiness I looked forward to was to become his wife. But let us change the subject. What is all the news of the neighborhood? Remember, I have been away four months!"

"Nuffin'—jist nuffin' at all, 'cept dat one ob dem Slater gals runned off wid de sarcus; but she nebber wasn't no account; and ole Mammy Tyler had four turkeys stole, and dey was traced to de preacher ob de culled church down yander; but dey didn't fling de case into cote; and I suppose you heard ole Doctor Hillyard's dead, and dey got two new doctors now?"

"Indeed!"

"Yah! yah!" laughed Mabel, uproariously, showing her yellow tusks. "Yes, indeed, honey; and one ob 'em's a woman!"

Evelyn smiled, perplexed. Had old aunty's wife fallen her at last? But Mabel was nodding and smiling comfortably.

"I ain't seen her myself, but she lves in de village and tries to git patients; but nobody won't have her 'cept dem dat can't pay, and dey do say she's poor as Job's turkey; and saves her right fur dein' man's work 'stead ob her own."

"Poor thing!" sighed Evelyn; "quite alone, I dare say, without a friend on earth! And is she young?"

"Dunno, honey; but I specs not. Dar's a fine young man in Doctor Hillyard's place—Doctor Crofton—and I hear de young ladies is all wild about him; and how dey do larf at de woman-doctor! She ain't had but two or free cases of fevern' aguer eber since she come der, case ebrybody goes to dis yere young Doctor Crofton. I don't look for nuffin' but to hear ob her foun' dead one of dese fine mornins, and dat's trufe."

"How I pity her! If I were ill I should send for her, poor thing—and, hark, old Mabel! Isn't that my husband's step?"

A most beautiful glow had mounted the young lady's cheeks; and now, booted and spurred, very tall, very dark, very handsome, and very much fatigued with his mad ride this morning, in marched George Newbell.

He cast a sour and rather fierce look at old Mabel, and, tossing his whip and hat on a chair, went over and kissed his wife, who was thrilled and rosy as she put up her arms and drew his stern face down to hers.

The nurse, with a sinister frown, had risen, and, with a slight courtesy, and the "Sarvint, master!" which many of the old slaves to this day still use, she hobbled out of the room.

"Curse that hag!" said George, through his white teeth—white as a hound's under his black mustache. "How I do hate her! Why do you allow her to come about you, dear?"

"Why, she nursed me, George, as you well know, and loves me as if I were her own child—probably more. You wouldn't have me turn against my old aunty?"

"They tell some bad stories about her, Eve. I have been assured by those who know beyond doubt that she practices those Youdoo sorceries, or whatever they are, and deals in every kind of mischief. Every negro on the place is afraid of her, and I really believe she is a kind of female fiend!"

"Well, George, I did not think you were goose enough to be scared by a crippled old creature like that, who can't lift her hand to her head or walk a step without the aid of her crutches," laughed Evelyn. "You never say a kind word to her, and that is why she is shy of you."

"Ah, well, she is gone," sighed George, seated by his pretty wife, taking her hand. "What a

fragile little object you are, darling, delicate, transparent almost; and how much do you love me to-day?"

"As much as you loved that beautiful orphan girl you once knew," smiled Evelyn, a little painfully; "and you adored her, George. I wish you would tell me the story—you have promised so many times."

"Nonsense. It would only make you feel jealous and worried. Better remain in ignorance."

"No; you must and shall tell me all."

"Very well," said George, coolly, raising his eyebrows and leaning back to nurse his knee, "if you insist, here goes."

And he told the story of the only real love of his life:

"Some years ago, while I was in New York, I one afternoon paid a visit to the rooms of a friend, a *littérateur*—rooms away up, touching the sky almost; but where one would never expect to find an angel. It was toward seven o'clock when I rose to go away—the sun setting and all the windows of the city on fire—and I stopped on the stair-landing to enjoy the prospect. I shall never forget that Summer evening. A door opened at my right, and a young lady appeared, pale and sad, but very beautiful. She was very plainly dressed, and had some books and papers under her arm. My literary friend and I had held our *sedesunt* over various decanters, and consequently I had no scruple in beginning a conversation with the lovely phantom which had so unexpectedly appeared. She was very shy; but I won her confidence, and we parted to meet again. As time wore on, we became better acquainted, and I learned she was quite alone in the world, and supported herself by her pen and pencil. Before we knew it we were in love. I confess to you frankly, Evelyn, that I adored this poor girl; and then one day I recollected myself. Dearly as I loved her, I loved myself more, and I adopted the only course left me—the course of the dastard—and deserted her. The fever of the *amourette* has passed away since that time; but I often think of poor Helen, and wonder how she has progressed since. Married some other fellow, I presume, and surrounded with rosy cheeks and home-happiness. I, too, have married, and so happily—Good heavens! what is the matter, child?"

Evelyn had fainted. He sprang to his feet and pulled sharply at the bell-rope, and a minute after the scared servants were in the room.

"Call more help!" shouted George. "My wife has fainted! One of you go to the village for a physician."

"Which, sir?"

"Anybody—the first one you come to! Don't stand staring, but fly!"

"Jealous, poor child," murmured George, with a faint smile, as he laid the white forehead of his wife in water brought by the domestic. "She'll be all right presently."

CHAPTER II.—SAVESDROPPERS.

WHEN Evelyn opened her eyes she saw two faces bending over hers—the withered and wrinkled countenance of Aunt Mabel, and the beautiful features of a stranger.

"You must rest quietly, and you will soon be better," said the latter, gently. "I am Miss Garside, from the village—a physician," she added, in a low voice, and a little shyly.

Evelyn took her hand instantly.

"I am ever so much better already," she replied, smiling; "and am so glad they sent for you. My old nurse here spoke to me about you only this morning."

Mabel had already drawn away from the bed, rather huffed and indignant. She had expected the arrival of Dr. Crofton; but at the appearance of the quiet gray figure of the lady-doctor her dissatisfaction was unconcealed. And now to find her "bressed

chile" taking this strange woman so readily by the hand was particularly galling.

So away to the armchair hobbled the negro, while Miss Garside actively administered such remedies as this not uncommon case needed.

In a little while Evelyn was quite herself, and chatting brightly with her medical attendant. Miss Garside had suffered enough to make her reserved, particularly about herself; but she quickly perceived that Evelyn's interest was not that of idle curiosity, and soon she spoke as freely as she might have done to a sister.

"You would not believe the prejudice that exists against me," she said, with a melancholy smile; "particularly among my own sex. They behave as if I had committed some dreadful crime in studying medicine, and trying to earn my bread by its conscientious practice. So far as Sheldrake is concerned, I have simply outlived myself. Society ignores me entirely, and I could only wish the vulgar herd would do the same. It is not pleasant to be jeered at and hooted in one's walks."

"Is it possible you suffer that, too?" said Evelyn, shocked. "You, so delicate, so refined, and—pardon me—so beautiful!"

"I bear it as patiently as I can; but I shall probably remove to a more enlightened locality before long, if I can find it. But I am tiring you. If you take this you will sleep, and, after a while, when you wake, you will be quite well."

So Evelyn obediently took the draught, and speedily fell into a gentle slumber. A moment afterward the door opened from the corridor and George Newbell entered. When he saw Miss Garside he stood still, petrified. She turned white as death, and pressed her hand to her heart, and then, with a low cry, tottered toward him and fell on his bosom.

"Oh, George, George! my darling!—my darling!"

Old Mabel gasped with lurid astonishment.

George Newbell recovered himself first, and drew Miss Garside into the adjoining room, and partly closed the door.

"Helen, calm yourself," he whispered, hoarsely.

"How came you here? Do you know that girl in the next chamber is my wife?"

"Your wife! Oh, George—your wife, and after all your vows to me! My love, how could you treat me so after—after all—"

"Don't be a fool!" he cried, interrupting her hysterical sobs. "It was an infernal fatality, and I could not help myself. A marriage by will, don't you see, and I should not have inherited a penny otherwise. Pray be calm, or we shall have all the house about us."

"I cannot give you up, George. I have waited so long and so patiently, firm in the belief that I should see you again. You don't know what I have endured—hunger, George, and insults harder to bear, and shame—and I have toiled to keep myself alive, for I felt I should meet my darling again, and be his wife. Indeed, I can't part from you again, George—no one shall tear me away!"

Her arms were round his neck, and her storm-beaten face, wild and wet with its rain of tears, close to his.

"Hush!" he said, in a desperate whisper. "Who can tell what may happen? I always loved you, Helen, and most of all when I tore myself from you, and now that I see you again your beauty maddens me as of old. My wife is delicate—frail as a lily—and if she should die—" he hissed, looking down upon Helen Garside's face.

"If she should die you would marry me!" said Miss Garside, meeting his gaze unflinchingly.

"Wake up, honey—is you lisenin' to what I say? I dun tote you dat man nebber cared nuffin fur you," cried old Mabel in the next room, holding the affrighted Evelyn by the wrist. "Wha's dat woman-doctor, I say? Whar she cum from befo' she cum

beah? What right she got to hug him and call him her own George? I seed it all wid dese bressed eyes."

"You have lost your senses, aunty."

"Has I? Come to de do' and listen and look for yourself!"

She dragged Evelyn to the door of the adjoining chamber, and peeping through the crevice, Evelyn saw her husband holding the strange woman in his arms, and heard Miss Garside say:

"If she should die you would marry me?"

Evelyn was very pale, and she turned to the nurse and murmured sadly: "Take me back to bed, aunty, I am so tired, dear."

CHAPTER III.—SUSPICION.

A WEEK had passed.

George Newbell was seated in his study with young Doctor Crofton, and the two men conversed in whispers.

"Certainly the most mysterious case I ever heard of," said the physician, and she gradually gets worse and worse?"

"She cannot last a day longer, I fear. She is nearly always delirious, and cannot recognize those who come about her. Yet she insists on having no other medical attendant than Miss Garside. I have sent for you at this late hour because I did not wish any one to see you as you entered the house. My mind is terribly troubled, doctor. I would give the world to have some one to confide in."

"You may tell me what you please, Mr. Newbell," returned the physician, firmly; and it shall be held as sacredly as a secret of the Roman confessional. From what you have confided already, I perceive that you believe your wife is dying of poison!"

"I do. She thinks if she were dead I should be happier with one whom I loved before I married her, and, as heaven is my judge, I believe she is mad enough in her affection for me to remove herself from my path to freedom. There is but one way by which I can make suspicion certainty. I have brought this."

He produced a goblet containing a white liquid.

"It contains," he went on, with terrible intensity, "the draught that stands at my wife's bedside constantly. This evening I stole it away and substituted something else. I requested you to bring the means to make analysis—have you done so?"

"I have," replied Doctor Crofton, taking a phial from his pocket. He poured the contents into the glass. The white liquid instantly turned black.

"Be calm, Mr. Newbell. The draught is deadly poison of the most subtle kind."

George Newbell became pale as death, and hid his face in his hands. In a few moments he rose.

"Stay here, doctor, till I return. It is now eleven o'clock, and I must see my wife before she sleeps, and afterward we will discuss what steps are to be taken."

He left the study and ascended to the chamber where his wife lay. At his appearance Helen Garside, who was sitting by the bed, instantly rose and went out.

"Evelyn, are you in pain?" he said, taking her hand.

"In torture, George," she whispered. "I shall soon be free, darling—soon at rest."

"My poor child, I know everything. Further concealment is useless. You are dying by poison!"

She started from the pillow, then fell back.

"Yes, it is true."

"Are you mad? Can you meet the hereafter with this monstrous crime on your soul?"

"Crime! It is not I who am the criminal, but the victim. I suffer myself to die for your sake, George, for you will be so happy with her when I am gone."

"With her! With whom?"

"With Helen Garside. She is my murderess."

"Good heaven! what do you mean? You are still delirious, child. Speak plainly, for God's sake!"

Cold drops of perspiration stood on his white forehead, but Evelyn was still calm.

"Last night I lay here in a kind of trance. I could not stir or speak, but I could see; and I saw a woman enter the room and approach my bed. She kissed me, and then poured something from a vial into the goblet which always stands at my bedside. Then she faded away. It was like a dream, George—all in a mist, and seemingly ever so far away—and yet it all took place in this chamber just as I have told you."

"And you are sure that woman was Helen Garside?"

"Who else would profit by my death, George? When I die she will marry you."

He stood there, transfixed with horror.

CHAPTER IV.—CERTAINTY.

DOCTOR CROFTON had smoked his cigar out when George returned. The physician read his face attentively for a moment, and saw fresh agitation there; but there was nothing said till George himself spoke.

"Doctor, this is a time when there can be no half-confidences. There is a terrible shadow upon this house which my eyes cannot pierce. I shall be frank with you."

And now he told him all the dismal story of his former love for Helen Garside, and of the terrible drama which had been set in motion since their second meeting.

Doctor Crofton listened in astonishment.

"Strange!" he mused. "I felt assured there was some mystery about Miss Garside—that she was a woman with a past—but I dreamed nothing of this, you may well believe."

"Understand me, I do not believe her guilty, Doctor Crofton," said George, resolutely, although his face was contorted at that very moment with the agitation of dread and doubt. "I believe her innocent soul is as clear of stain as my own."

The physician's professional calmness stood him in good stead while he settled the details of the ambulance he proposed for that very night, and in an hour.

"Of one thing I am certain," said he. "The woman your wife saw enter the room was not the creature of a dream."

And now for a while they fell to chatting upon other subjects. The study was bright and pleasant, and there was just enough fire in the grate to take off the chilliness of the night; and so they sat over fresh relays of cigars, and something else as comforting, and the doctor told some strange stories of trances and resurrections, and like marvels, and speedily it was past midnight.

Then George rose, and went over to the door and listened. The house was still as death. Out of doors the wind sighed mournfully, and a cock was crowing.

"It is time," said he, with his dimly dark gaze over his shoulder at his friend in the armchair.

They took off their shoes and put out the light, and then stole noiselessly up the stairs to the room adjoining that in which Evelyn slept.

Here they sat in dreary silence.

How long this inaction lasted neither could have told; but George was aroused by a touch upon his elbow, and the sharply whispered admonition to listen. All his senses were awake instantly. He distinctly heard a light footstep in the next chamber! Some one crossed the apartment to the bed, and then as swiftly recrossed it to where the shaded lamp stood burning. There was the delicate tinkle of glass striking against glass.

"The poisoner is at work," said Doctor Crofton, in an intense whisper. "Let us enter together now."

Both burst into the room at the same moment, and the physician turned up the light.

In the middle of the floor stood a woman, with a vial in one hand and a goblet in the other. At sight of the intruders she uttered a dreadful scream, and sprang away; but George Newbell seized her with a grip of iron.

"Hag! Murderess!" he cried, livid with passion. "We have found you in the very act!"

The woman was the old nurse—black Mabel!

She was without her crutches, and stood erect. For a second she seemed paralyzed. Then, all of a sudden, she collapsed and dropped in a heap on the floor, writhing there with her arms entwined around George's feet.

"Oh, marster, marster, spare me!" she groaned, hysterically. "I was mad, marster, to see de way you treated dat poor chile—dat bressed chile I nussed in dese ole arms! I didn't want fur to harm her, marster—only to let her die easy, and go to de good Lord's bosom and hab no more sorrow or care."

Evelyn was awake.

"George, George!" she called. "I am so terrified! What is it, George? Come to me, darling."

Mabel crawled over to the bed, and knelt at its side, tremulously holding up her clasped hands in the attitude of prayer.

"Hab mercy on me, my darlin' mistis! I thought I was doin' it for de best. Don't be hard on poor old Mabel—sebenty year—worked hard and a faithful sarvint since a chile. I brung you up, honey—I watched you, sleepin' and wakin'—and I nebber had nuffin to lub but you, Miss Eve."

"Drag her from the room," said George.

Doctor Crofton crossed to her, and bade her rise, in a gentle voice. She looked at him, scared and tremulous, and then staggered to her feet.

Dazed and still quivering, but without a word more, she leaned upon his arm and tottered from the room, doubtless supposing she was on her way to immediate execution.

It was afterward discovered that the wretched old creature had told the truth. She certainly loved Evelyn with passionate ardor, and from the hour of the marriage she felt a jealousy of George Newbell.

When it seemed that he neglected his young and lovely wife, the old nurse's compassion for her and hatred of him knew no bounds. The episode of Miss Garside's reappearance intensified these feelings, and old Mabel in her blind anguish resolved to free her young mistress from further sorrow by the one desperate resource of poisoning her.

The nurse's acquaintance with evil herbs employed in the Voodoo incantations here came into terrible use, and the subtle drugs did their work speedily and well.

Nothing but the miserable woman's iron will enabled her to visit the sick-chamber at night without the aid of her crutches, which would of course have made a noise and aroused the sleeper.

As it was, the mischief was already accomplished beyond remedy; for on the evening of the following day Evelyn died, and George Newbell was left a widower.

Old Mabel took to her bed after the discovery of her crime, and lay there for a few days, almost white with terror, momentarily expecting to be seized and taken away for some awful punishment, the nature of which she had no idea of. But gradually she failed, and one morning, when a little darkey timidly entered the room to ask if old aunty wished anything, he saw the nurse lying rigid, her eyes wide open and staring fixedly at the ceiling, and with a scream the boy fled to alarm the house. So they laid her away in a lonely grave on the old farm where she was "borned and raised," as she often said, and after nightfall none of the colored servants passed that wicked spot. Some very diabolic doings have taken place there about mid-

night at certain seasons—as I have been assured—but of this I know nothing personally.

After a year, George Newbell married Helen Garside.

The Cat "Patch."

THE capability of cats for opening doors, ringing bells, etc., is perfectly well known. There was a cat named "Patch," who was a great adept in these arts. One evening, she came out of a bedroom in a state of great excitement as the occupant went in, mewed and fidgeted about, went up to an unlighted candle, though there was a fire in the room, back to the lady, and then again to the candle, and would not be contented until it was lighted. Then she drew particular attention to the window-curtain, reaching up with her paw as far as she could, and touching it.

The curtain being shaken, out dropped a mouse, which Patch immediately seized and carried off. She had, probably, previously brought it into the room, as she was in the habit of doing so with her prey, and on two or three occasions dead mice were found deposited in the bed.

Mrs. Jeremiah Judkins.

JEREMIAH JUDKINS sat in his office, with his feet on the table and his pipe in his mouth. Jeremiah was a widower. His better-half had been dead six months, and Sadie, his eldest, a child of twelve years, had been keeping house—but such house-keeping. It might suit some folks, but Jeremiah was getting tired of it.

He didn't fancy going home at night to light the fire and get supper. And then, too, Sadie was losing her schooling, and Tommy and Johnny were running wild.

Something must be done, and Jeremiah sat there, with his feet on the table, thinking.

He hit on a plan at last—he must have a house-keeper. Yes, he must; why hadn't he thought of it before?

His friend Jones kept an intelligence-office; perhaps he could help him.

He put on his hat and coat, and started off to see Jones. He found him in the same position he (Jeremiah) had occupied a few minutes before, i. e., with his feet on the table. Jones jumped up at the sight of Jeremiah.

"Ah, Judkins, glad to see you. Sit down and have a talk."

"Can't stop to talk. I should be at home now. I only came round to see—"

"To see me, didn't you?"

"No. I want some one to look after my house."

"I thought your daughter did that."

"Well, she's only twelve, and don't know much about such things. Besides, she ought to be at school."

"That's so. Well, there's a woman in the other room as wants a place. I don't know anything about her; she's only come in to-day."

"Just tell her to come in here."

Jones stepped to the door and called Miss Perkins.

A tall, slim woman appeared. Jeremiah eyed her from head to foot. She wasn't exactly the woman he had fancied he would like. She was too tall and masculine, and there was a look in her small gray eyes that showed she had a temper stowed away somewhere. But then he might try her. If she didn't suit him, he could easily get another.

He did try her, and she did suit. No need now for him to worry and fret about house-affairs. No need for hurrying home to see if the house wasn't on fire, and sending Tommy to the store for a pound

of butter or sugar, and helping Sadie set the table, and stopping every now and then to box Johnny's ears, and tell him to keep out of the way.

Those days were over. Jeremiah drew a long sigh when he thought of it, and buttoned his coat tighter, and walked leisurely home to find the table set, and everything in readiness. The children washed their hands and faces, and combed their hair, before sitting down, and as Jeremiah glanced around the table, he drew another sigh of relief as he thought of the little savages of a month before.

The second month passed, and the third and fourth, and still Miss Perkins occupied her seat at the head of Jeremiah's table. He was perfectly willing she should sit there, as we will see if we listen to what he is saying.

He is alone in his office, his feet on the table as usual, and, for want of better company, he is talking to himself.

"Yes," he says, as he lifts one foot over the other, "I think I had better do it. She's a capital house-keeper—knows how to do everything. Makes the children mind, and keeps them neat. They must all need rigging out, and, if she can do it herself, 'twill save me quite a penny. I don't like to ask her to do it now—perhaps she'll make a fuss—but I guess I can manage her. Then there are her own wages; that'll be another save."

And, having thought it all over to his entire satisfaction, he lights his pipe, smokes for an hour, then goes home to supper; and in the evening, when the children are in bed, and he and Miss Perkins have the room to themselves, he pops the question, and is accepted.

Miss Perkins has no elaborate outfit to make up, and, as there is no reason for waiting, they are married at once.

Jeremiah laughs to himself as the weeks go by, and he has no bill to pay for housekeeping. But he opens his eyes in surprise when he receives a bill for drygoods, and, shortly after, another from the dressmaker, and then one from the tailor.

"What does this mean, Mrs. Judkins?" he demanded.

"Mean? Why, just what you see."

Jeremiah took up the tailor's bill, and glanced it over.

"It seems to me that is a great deal to pay for clothes for such little fellows."

"You can't expect to get them for nothing," remarked his wife.

"But 'twould be cheaper if you bought the stuff and made them yourself."

"I'm not a tailoress."

"Neither was my first wife, but she always did it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and she made her own clothes too." And he counted the dressmaker's bill to see if it was right. "It seems to me you might at least have made Sadie's things," he added.

"I'm not a dressmaker."

"Neither was my first wife, but she did it."

"I'm not your first wife."

"This bill tells me that," said he, as he took it up a second time. "My first wife never thought of such a thing as buying a silk dress and velvet cloak. And what is that? I can't make it out."

"That, sir, is a set of furs."

"Furs! What kind are they?"

"Mink, of course."

"They're imitation, ain't they?"

"No, they are not."

"They're not the real mink?"

"Certainly."

Jeremiah groaned. "My first wife never did that; she was satisfied if she got a calico dress and a five-dollar shawl, and when it was cold she wrapped a scarf around her neck."

"Your first wife was a simpleton."

"Take care! We may have a fuss if you're not careful!"

"I think you would get the worst of it if we did," said she, as she stood looking down at him.

Jeremiah thought so too, so he wisely said nothing.

"There is something else I'm going to have," she said, after a pause; "that is, a servant."

"What do you want with a servant?"

"To do my work."

"What will you do?"

"That is my business."

"If you get a servant, you will have to pay her."

"Then you will have to give me the money."

"I don't know about that," said Jeremiah.

"Don't you? Well, I do. Jeremiah Judkins," she added, "you thought you did a great thing when you married me, didn't you? You thought you'd get the children's clothes made for nothing; you thought I'd be contented to wear a calico dress and a five-dollar shawl, and wrap a scarf round my neck; you thought I'd be Mrs. Judkins, house-keeper and servant, all in one! I can tell you, Jeremiah Judkins, you made one grand mistake. I'll tell you another thing: You need never mention your first wife to me again; but remember you have your second wife to deal with now, and that she is neither housekeeper nor servant, but Mrs. Judkins."

Jeremiah sat for some time gazing into vacancy, then pocketed the three bills and went to his office, where he consoled himself by elevating his feet and lighting his pipe.

Several years have passed since then, but Jeremiah never ventures to interfere with his wife's arrangements. He has learned by this time that he has his second wife, and that she is neither housekeeper nor servant, but Mrs. Judkins.

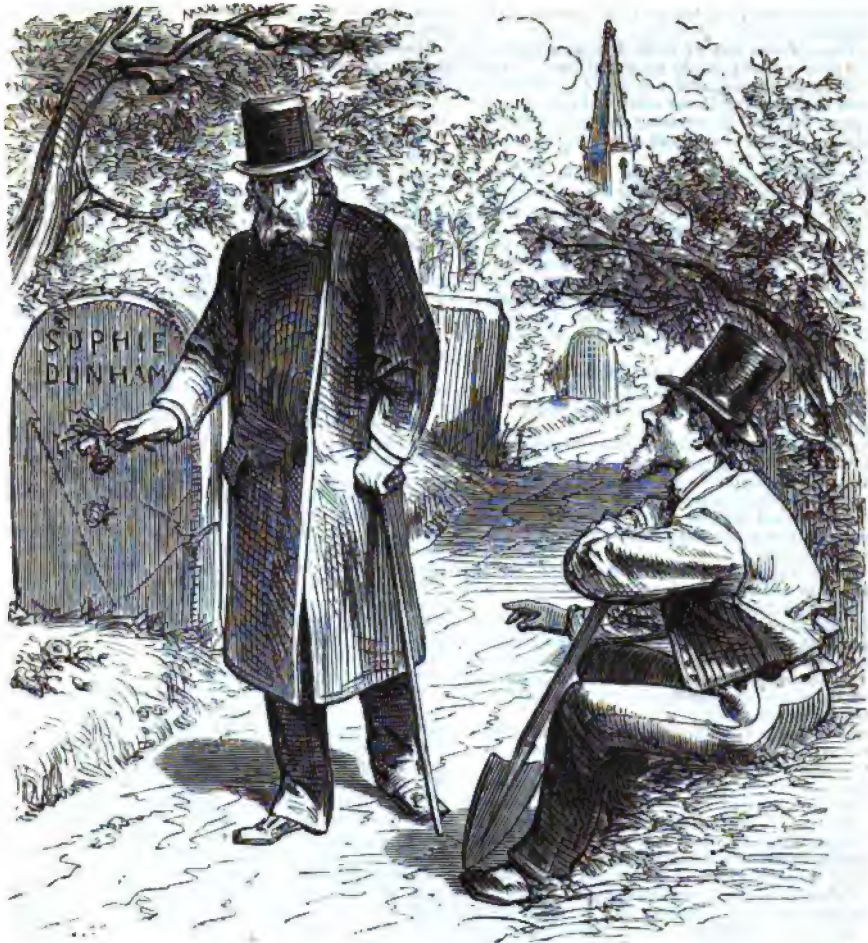
The Baby Monkey.

He was a little bit of a fellow, about as large as a kitten, and had a tail as long as his mother's, but he looked very old in the face. When we first went to see him, the mother was holding him in her arms, but presently he crawled to the floor, then out through the bars and upon me. I thought it strange that the mother was not afraid of losing it, but when we moved our hand to stroke it, back went the little monkey, quick as a dart, into his mother's arms.

Pretty soon he crawled away again, and then we saw that the mother monkey had hold of the tip of his tail with her fingers, and as the little one crawled away from her she let him go as far as she could reach, but never let go his tail; and when anybody moved a hand to touch him, she pulled him back into the cage.

She never seemed to relax this hold by day or by night, till the little fellow was two months old. Then she let him go. But her mother instincts were very marked even then. The cage contained a "happy family" of dogs, cats, monkeys and guinea-pigs, sleeping in one box together; so when the little monkey crept out of his mother's arms, she would reach down into the box and take up a little puppy, or kitten, or guinea-pig, and nurse and fondle it just as though it were her own. She did not seem quite contented without some sort of a young thing in her motherly arms.

An Ingenious Device.—According to a Japanese story, a child was brought before a humane magistrate, charged with the capital crime of killing a wild duck in the immense preserves of the Shogun. The magistrate expressed the opinion that the duck was only stunned, and gave the parents a day to cure it—in which case the child would be acquitted. This comforted the father but little, but the mother sensibly went and bought the finest live duck she could find, which the magistrate accepted with a smile.



COUSIN SOPHIE DUNHAM.—"A STRANGER IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF WHEELLOOK CAME AND STOOD BESIDE THE GRAVE, AND LEFT SOME FRESH FLOWERS THERE."

Cousin Sophie Dunham.

CHAPTER I.

THIS is the simple story of an old maid. But her spinster life was no ground for sneer or reproach. Odd and eccentric she may have been, loving and true and womanly she was, even when grievously sinned against. She was only a woman, and bore a woman's part in life. And whilst the instincts of humanity are nearly similar and identical the world over, the sunlight and shadow as they daily and hourly fall upon them tinge and color them anew, thus giving a variety which pleases and attracts even the cynical observer.

The sun was struggling to show itself above a dark line of timber that skirted the great prairie as the stage that morning, with four sleepy passengers inside, whisked around the bends of the road that led down the bluff to the sleepy-looking village below.

The village consisted of one street stretched at its utmost length along the river beside it. The river was the sluggish Illinois, and the village was Hennepin.

At this early hour only two or three of the small

dwellings showed signs of life. They sent up wreaths of smoke that hesitated over the chimney tops, uncertain whether to go or stay, until the question was settled in dissolution and disappearance.

The air was hazy and half-opaque from that peculiar blue vapor one sees along the Western valleys and streams in the early morning.

The rapid descent of the vehicle aroused the sleepy passengers into a readiness for emergencies. The driver, pulling aside the canvas curtain that separated him from his passengers, gave them a cursory survey, and seeing that they were all awake, remarked, in the half-deprecatory tone of a man who is telling something he is not quite willing to vouch for:

"You get breakfast here at Hennepin."

A little woman in one of the back corners of the stage sprang suddenly into life and being at this announcement, and endeavored to arrange her hair and dress in a more presentable manner. Her nervous, fidgety anxiety to produce a cleanly appearance when the thing was next to impossible served at first to arouse her fellow-passengers to a sense of their own exceedingly dirty condition; but, finally, they were too much amused at her determined cleanly efforts to attempt anything toward

cleanliness themselves, but sat staring at her funny movements.

As I myself was one of these four passengers, it is only proper that I should state that fact. I am a lawyer by profession, and not all of us in Illinois are rich enough to sit in our office and only practice at home. So I find it necessary to travel from one county to another to attend the sessions of the circuit and other courts.

Sometimes during these trips I meet with new clients and desirable fees, at other times I only meet with curious people, and derive such profit and amusement as I can from their peculiarities and eccentricities. Now and then, at rare intervals, I meet with odd, quaint passages of human life, so tender or so sad that they will perforce touch a sympathetic chord in my own old-fashioned bachelor heart, and produce a vibration that belongs to youth and sentiment, and not to middle-age and the law.

"Do I look so dreadful bad?" this lady inquired of me; "because it's the dirtiest traveling I ever saw, and—and I wouldn't like *him* to think I was as dirty as I look."

She blushed at this reference to an unknown him. I don't think I laughed, yet my manner must have shown plainly that I was amused, as I said:

"No, madame, you look almost as fresh as when you first stepped into the stage. I have been wondering how you could keep so clean when the rest of us are so dirty."

"Thank you, sir," she answered, but without stopping at all in her endeavors to put on a still fresher appearance.

By this time the stage had entered the little village, and the cloud of dust it raised was promptly saluted by all the dogs along the street. They all rushed out, barking vehemently, only retiring when there was an opportunity for a skiffish with some smaller neighbor dog.

Dogs and men seem to have this one sentiment in common: It is a pleasure, when you have been disturbed, to feel that another can be made to swallow down his bark, and run at your approach.

The stage stopped before a plain frame house of two stories. In front of the door was a wide plank platform. Over the door was the simplest of signs—a white board with black letters—that said, in the shortest manner, *HOTEL*. It was not Eagle Hotel, nor Columbian Hotel, nor Washington House, nor even Smith's Hotel; nothing like an adjective or a possessive case about it. That was what seemed singular in a region where possession is the whole of the law, and where adjectives are indigenous and native.

But only the little woman, who had occupied the back corner seat, gave expression to her feelings in regard to this sign. She had taken in the whole house at the first glance, but she stopped short at the sign.

"Did you ever? Such a little sign! What made him do it, I wonder? It would look better with his name on it. Why, certainly he must put his name on it."

So much of this rapid dialogue to herself and her companions indiscriminately. Then she suddenly fell to fixing and arranging herself as if about to enter some presence-chamber where every fold and ruffle must do its utmost.

No one of her fellow-travelers had the faintest idea who or what the landlord of this hotel was; nor did they suppose that she knew any more of the person than they did themselves. But they were mistaken. For now, as they were about to enter the house, a short, stoutly built man, in his shirt-sleeves and bare-headed, made his appearance and invited them to walk in. The little woman stepped briskly forward, extending her hand with that pleasing air that an earnest, energetic person wears when intent upon a pleasant mission.

"Ah! Cousin John," she said, "how do you do? You don't recognize me, do you? Sophie Dunham,

from Wheelock. My, how you've changed since you left the East!"

He shook hands with her in a quiet, shy way, at the same time bidding us all to walk in and have breakfast. He did not show us into the little sitting-room, but went to assist the driver to unload the heavy trunks of the lady passenger.

When this had been accomplished, this shy, silent landlord joined us. This lady, who had introduced herself as Cousin Sophie Dunham, was evidently disappointed in her reception. Perhaps her claim of relationship entitled her to more attention and consideration. Perhaps she was disappointed at being scarcely recognized after a long separation and a tedious journey to renew old acquaintance. But it was not her fault, evidently; it was the fault of the landlord; for when he again made his appearance to inquire how many of his guests wanted breakfast, she met him eagerly and wellnigh overwhelmed him with questions.

But he seemed either not equal to the occasion or perhaps annoyed; for, as soon as he had learned our wants, he speedily retired to the kitchen.

This landlord wasn't much of a man. That, I believe, was the unanimous conclusion of the three gentlemen passengers, whatever the lady may have thought of him.

But Cousin Sophie Dunham was not idle. She was immediately shown, at her request, to a room. Here she continued the preparations heretofore mentioned for a cleanly, perhaps radiant, appearance whenever breakfast should be announced.

She poured a constant volley of small-talk into the broad, wondering face of the chambermaid, who, having shown her to a room, was unable to move away from the door, being riveted there by the rapid questions, answers and comments that came in an unceasing volume.

This strange conversation wholly occupied and half confused the stolid handmaiden of the chambers until the rapid questions suddenly became personal. "How long have you been here? How long are you going to stay? How much does he pay you?" Then it slowly occurred to the chambermaid that she had better attend to her duties elsewhere and not submit to an interminable cross-examination; so, closing the door gently, she went away.

Cousin Sophie Dunham might or might not have resented this abrupt departure, but she made no sign of displeasure, only proceeding vigorously with her toilet; and when a raspy-toned bell rang through the house announcing breakfast, she descended to meet her fellow-travelers without any perceptible trace of travel or speck of dust upon her immaculate garments.

The lady wished to be communicative and talkative with Cousin John, but he seemed to be too busy with the wants of his guests, and the work of supplying those wants from the kitchen, to give his relative much attention.

She would have commented freely to him upon the unusual strength of the coffee; she desired to tell him that, as a rule, eggs are best fried upon both sides; and some other things occurred to her concerning his table which she had no opportunity to discuss because he ran away to the kitchen the moment she ceased eating to tell him her views.

It is an unhappy thing to see wrongs that should be righted remain so, simply because you are powerless to speak, to have excellent conclusions at your tongue's end without a chance to deliver them.

No one feels the misery of such repression more keenly than a talkative woman. Yet when you have traveled a whole night in an Illinois stage-coach and live to see the sun rise again, and finally sit down at breakfast to a cup of hot, strong coffee and a good substantial meal, it is doubtless best to enjoy present blessings with thankfulness, forgetting, if you can, the happiness of talking in the pleasure of eating.

Hennepin was not a county-town. No courts

were held there, and my stay was very brief. Yet when I went out to take stage again for my journey, it was somewhat with a feeling of regret. I would like to have seen and known the purpose and result of Miss or Mrs. Sophie Dunham's visit to her cousin John. *

As it was, when we started to go down the plank-platform toward the stage, she came to the door, and, extending her hand, bid us all good-by, and wished us a pleasant journey; which certainly was all that our brief acquaintance made proper.

In the two weeks of court work that followed—not made easier by absence from proper office facilities—I had wholly forgotten this strange little woman and all of her belongings. It was after just such another night-ride that I awoke and saw the stage approaching Hennepin again.

The morning was almost identical with the first one already described. There was the same blue vapor pervading the morning air, the same pungent, half-sickening odor of the dog-fennel and its roadside associates, and a similar cloud of dust distressed all the dogs, who, failing to reap anything substantial from their dislike to it, made it up as before in personal satisfaction, which was, no doubt, the best thing for them under the circumstances.

The stage drove up to the little hotel as before, only now we were surprised at seeing a radical change. That scant, brief, little sign had disappeared, and another had taken its place, longer, better-looking, and this time possessive. It read: SWAN'S HOTEL.

That was better.

When the landlord appeared, he too seemed to have had a general polishing. He was very nearly clean in appearance—he might have been quite so in reality, only he never looked so—and there was a brisquer, more decided air about the man that showed he had been spurred up, as only a woman can spur a man, to better things.

And when the cousin, Sophie Dunham, appeared at the breakfast-table looking as fresh and immaculate as if she had spent the whole time since her first arrival in the mysteries of the toilet, the correct solution of the problem was given: It was her hand that had wrought the changes.

A woman's hand is nowhere more noticeable than in the multitudinous little nothings that a man will overlook in his attempts at housekeeping. He knows that something is wanting, he detects the error, but is utterly powerless to correct it. Swan's Hotel was no longer the shabby little country inn of two weeks before; there was the presence of woman perceptible everywhere and in everything. On entering the house, although as yet the woman was invisible, there was that instinctive, indefinable aroma of neatness and true womanhood that no one could mistake; it was as plain and possessive as that new sign, "Swan's Hotel."

My stay at Hennepin was as brief as before; the place was simply a station on the stage-route where they stopped long enough to change horses and give passengers time to eat their breakfasts. Even in its new glory and cleanliness, Swan's Hotel was not so attractive as to cause the traveler to linger over it with any degree of pleasure, or to wait over for subsequent stages in order to enjoy at more leisure its table, its beds, or the society frequenting its public room. But during the brief time we were at breakfast, it was easy to see that this lady-cousin had succeeded in working her male relative up to a state of wonderful activity. He was flying back and forth between his guests and the kitchen, for his one servant could not readily appease the appetites of so many hungry people. Yet, through it all there seemed to be on his part a sort of fear, a dread of his lady-cousin, harmless as she appeared. And she—plainly the head and front of the household—evidently wished to defer to his judgment; only it was of so little value that she couldn't do it, but used her own instead. There was a chapter of human life here not quite in the ordinary course; it

might be dull and commonplace enough, after all; yet there was something concealed, a leaf in the chapter was missing. That was the conclusion of more than one of those hungry travelers that morning.

It was not until we were being dragged slowly up the bluffs again that any one gave expression to his thoughts concerning the landlord and his cousin. It appeared then like if the conclusion was general, that the lady intended to marry her cousin John, and that henceforth all itinerant lawyers, and travelers in general, would have the certainty of a "square meal" and cleanly accommodations at one station, at least, on that stage-route.

CHAPTER II.

THE scenery of a prairie country is tame enough, as most travelers know; yet, along the rivers which divide the prairies, it is often picturesque, and sometimes beautiful. The Illinois is the most sluggish of rivers, yet there is something attractive and fascinating in this broad, placid river that flows on for ever and makes no sign. The high bluffs on one hand or both are crowned with the deep green of the forest, notched here and there by great ravines down which wind the long white beds of dried-up streams, with often a broad waist of open bottom-land between the river and forest. While viewing this scene one may in part forget the tedious, weary journey in a stage-coach.

In the early morning little tufts of vapor hang motionless over the water until the light south wind catches them up and hurries them away. The rising sun lights up long miles of forest and grassy bottom on one hand, and leaves other miles dim and dark and shadowy on the other. Giant creepers have mounted to the tops of the great trees, and have passed their tendrils from bough to bough and from tree to tree, until overhead is a roof of nature's own handiwork, with abundant living columns to support it. Busy woodpeckers and bluejays rest a little and sit watching with inquiring air the slow-moving stage. Saucy gray squirrels chatter from the boughs overhead, and finally come down to race along the roadside, curious to know why human animals are not at home, enjoying their breakfasts like all the rest of creation. The insect world has not commenced its drowsy music—it is too early yet, and sleep is sweet to all.

All this is pleasant and enjoyable, but when the stage reaches the top of the bluff and the vast open prairie commences, and the tired traveler sees the ripples of the heated air rising up in the distance, then he remembers with dread the long miles of hot, thirsty misery that lay between him and his destination. And that is traveling in an Illinois stage-coach.

Among our old lawyers practicing at the Peoria bar was one Burnside, an odd, eccentric old bachelor. His long practice at the bar and his perfect candor and honesty in dealing with his clients gave him a reputation which he well deserved, but which some lawyers never acquire. But his obstinacy and self-will sometimes caused him to abandon or refuse cases which another lawyer would have retained. One day he came into my office with a great bundle of papers, which he threw down on a table, exclaiming, in his petulant way:

"There! If there ever was a fool, that woman is one, certain!" Seeing my astonishment at his conduct, he explained. "It's the matter of that woman Dunham. I wouldn't be a party to any such miserable nonsense! No, sir! If she will throw herself and her property away upon such a wretch, let her do it upon her own responsibility; I will not sanction it nor countenance it. There are all the papers, including my power of attorney and a statement of money in bank, which I want a receipt for when you have examined and found everything correct. Good-morning!" And he whisked out of the door before I could open my mouth to say a word.

"That woman Dunham"—could it be my late travelling companion, Cousin Sophie Dunham, the visitor at Hennepin? Perhaps the papers will show.

The bundle of papers consisted chiefly of deeds to real-estate in Illinois, with probate proceedings attached, showing that Sophie Dunham inherited this property as sole heir-at-law of Jacob Dunham, deceased, late of Wheelock, Massachusetts. Some of this property was quite valuable, while a part of it was yet unimproved land.

There was a balance of over eight thousand dollars on deposit at the Peoria Bank, which money had been collected by Burnside from rents of the property.

Truly Sophie Dunham was not a beggar, nor in any way to be considered other than a fortunate woman.

There was also a power-of-attorney, executed in my favor, and a brief note from Miss Dunham asking me to accept the management of her affairs in Illinois. There was no explanation or reason why Burnside resigned his trust, nor was there any course named for me to follow.

It was a singular proceeding, and my judgment prompted me to decline the proffered trust. As yet there was no clue to any unusual disposition or conversion of the property, nor to any man who could be construed into "that wretch" of Burnside.

About this time I was surprised one day by a visit from Mr. John Swan, the "Cousin John" of my client. He was quite talkative, but not at all communicative, and finally ended by presenting Miss Dunham's check, drawn payable to his order, for two hundred dollars.

The check was paid. The next day came a letter from Miss Dunham advising me that she had drawn such a check. But two days later another check, bearing the same date, and for the same amount, was presented for account of a Chicago bank.

This check also was paid, but the transaction was suspicious. What did this man Swan want with so much of her money? and why did she not draw one check for the amount instead of two?

On comparing the two checks together carefully, to my horror the last one appeared to be a skillful forgery. The sum of money obtained was too trifling to make much noise about it, but it would be my loss; so I determined to keep a sharp eye upon John Swan in future.

The employment of a shrewd detective resulted in tracing the money received for both checks into the hands of Swan. He was "that wretch," and this was probably not his first sin.

As luck would have it, the next day after this discovery Swan called again with another small draft from Miss Dunham. He volunteered the information that he was about to build an addition to his house, and that his cousin was helping him with money to do it.

Before he was through with his story, a messenger had brought in the detective, and the evidence of his crime was brought clearly before him. We helped in this way, and without publicity, to teach him a lesson that would be of more service to him than the penalty of the law.

When first confronted with the duplicate checks, he stoutly denied any knowledge of the crime; but the evidence was too plain and positive, and he speedily confessed and begged for mercy. He was permitted to go.

That night I wrote Miss Dunham a simple statement of there having been two checks—one a forgery—presented and paid. Imagine my utter bewilderment when she wrote declaring that "both checks were genuine; that it was her carelessness that made the trouble; that she had forgotten to advise me of the second check; and would I please let the matter drop and not mention it to any one?"

But the check was forged, and the man Swan did it, for all that. Now I began to understand why

Burnside abandoned the management of Miss Dunham's estate.

It was about this time that ill-health caused Miss Dunham to go to Minnesota. Not many days afterward a dispatch came from her physician requesting me to come at once to her at St. Paul. She was very sick, and might not recover.

I started at once to comply with that request. Some persons never sleep soundly in a sleeping-car, and when one dreams of being throttled by a scamp like John Swan, it is enough to disturb their sleep. Such a dream occurred to me; and, when suddenly becoming awake, the curtains beside my berth were moving, it startled me so that my head was involuntarily thrust out in time to see what appeared to be the back of that identical John Swan getting into another berth further down the car.

There was no more sleep for me that night. In the morning, if John Swan had indeed passed the night there, he was not visible.

I found Miss Dunham at St. Paul, very ill, in the last stages of consumption. Her delicate, nervous organization had been overtaxed for a long time, and now when disease was developed in her lungs, there was little of vitality left to combat with it. That was her physician's explanation to me, and she was well aware of the truth herself.

She desired my presence in order to arrange her affairs, and also to make her will. She had no near relatives, and that made a will more necessary. She desired that a draft of the will might be drawn first. She wished to leave her entire property to John Swan, her cousin.

She noticed my look of abhorrence when she mentioned his name, and closing her eyes for a moment, as if from a spasm of pain, she said, softly:

Poor Cousin John! We were children together, and we loved each other very dearly in those old days. You may not care to hear my little love-story; but it is still such a pleasure to remember those happy days and to talk about them! We grew up together, John and I. He was poor, while I had abundance, as you know; so it was little enough for me to pay his bills at school and at college. It would have been wiser, perhaps, if he had never left me to go to college, for it was there that he became acquainted with the girl who afterward became his wife. It was a very bitter stroke for me to bear when I found he had married her so long before without telling me. And I am afraid, poor girl! she was not as happy with John as I could have been. But she was very pretty then, whilst I was always plain; and John was a great admirer of beauty in those days. Somehow John never could manage well. I bought that hotel at Hennepin for him, but he couldn't keep out of debt. He needs money now, poor fellow! and my little property will set him up nicely, I hope."

She was weary, and closed her eyes for a little. For myself, I was fairly boiling, and only a strong effort kept it down. How could she speak so lovingly of this scoundrel who had so persistently wronged her! But it must be woman's nature to forgive and still love as she did; no man could do it.

When these thoughts were passing, she opened her eyes again and said, with a sigh:

"Poor John! I would have made him happy if I could, but it was ordered otherwise, and His will be done. I wonder if he will think of me and remember me when I am gone. It seems almost cruel that, after so many weary years of waiting—for the truth needs no concealment—after loving poor John so long, that I must be taken away. I don't think John feels it so keenly as I do. Men never do."

And the tears were now slowly trickling down her thin cheeks. Lawyer that I was, and well accustomed to the stony, hard side of human nature, I could not sit by in silence and see this poor woman's childish love and trust displayed for so worthless an object.

It was too much; so, gathering up my papers, I

pleaded the necessity of time and care in preparing the documents desired, and so excused myself.

Miss Dunham sank rapidly. The frail body, so long sustained by sheer nervous force, was now completely exhausted, and past all human succor. The legal documents were prepared none too soon, and when I went up to her in the afternoon of the next day, the pinched lips and sunken eyes, and the weak fingers picking vacantly at nothing, proclaimed the immediate presence of death.

She was quite conscious, but her voice was gone to a bare whisper. She was looking up as if into the world beyond, and her lips were repeating, "Dear John! dear John!" and there in the corner by the window sat John Swan himself.

He had come in obedience to her summons. A little of the soft sunlight shone upon his face, and gave it a better, almost an honest, look. For this woman's sake, why could he not have been an honest man? Perhaps, after all, it is chiefly the fault of nature that some of us will be scoundrels in spite of rare inducements to be honest. Let us hope so for charity's sake.

The room was filled with the odor of flowers, rare, too, for that northern region. There were vases of water-lilies and tube-roses and geraniums on the mantel, and a great cluster of magnolia-blossoms on the table, exhaling their fragrance as if to stifle the dread thought of death in the consciousness of beauty and living perfume.

Suddenly the voice of the dying woman came out of the silence, sweet and clear:

"John, dear, come—come with me!"

And the eyes still beamed upward, but the firm mouth relaxed, and a little shudder passing over her told us that the spirit was bidding adieu to its earthly home.

Miss Dunham was dead!

It was her request that she be buried in her own family burying-place at Wheelock. "For," she had said, "I cannot bear the thought of being buried here in this bustling West. But there, in quiet old Wheelock, some one may remember to visit my grave, while here I fear even Cousin John would forget me."

So we buried her underneath the old willows and Norway pines in Wheelock, and went our ways again.

That was not quite a year ago. Poor woman! she is at rest and wellnigh forgotten already. She did not misjudge Cousin John, either. Four weeks after her death, I resigned the "Dunham Trust" to Mr. John Swan, the heir-at-law, in person, at my office in Peoria.

John Swan wore no trace of mourning or sorrow. I did not expect it. He was accompanied by a stout, ill-dressed young woman, whom he introduced to me as his wife, and in whom I recognized the stolid-faced chambermaid of Swan's Hotel.

Shall I say more? Enough has been told. Only this may be added to the story of this loving, wronged woman:

This Summer, just when nature was arrayed in her brightest and best, a stranger in the little village of Wheelock came and stood beside the grave of poor Sophie Dunham. He left some fresh flowers there, and brushed away some tears, for he was a foolish old man.

The old sexton saw him, and sat down upon an old grave and waited until the stranger had turned away and was about to leave; then, in his blight New England way, he addressed him:

"You knew Miss Dunham?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've just got orders to dig another grave here alongside of hers, and it's for the man who ought to have been her man—it's for John Swan, her cousin. They say she called him to go too when she went, and he held back and married again; but he's gone to her now. Most folks would think she'd had enough of him here when livin', but she hadn't,

poor soul! I was a-wondering if they would meet agin' yonder. Do you think they will?"

Who knows? Let them rest in peace.

And that is the story of a woman's love as a lawyer saw it.

Hafiz the Bedouin.

THE sunlight ran in level rays along the desert, and the white sand glowed and sparkled in the rich glory of morn. There was not a spot of green to cheer the eye, unless the dark and far-off skeleton forms of some palms could be called so. These were in the west, and told of water and verdure, thrilling the soul with the promise of better things. Eastward lay one unbroken stretch of sand, and above this the sun was rising, starting forth on his tireless journey with no cloud in the sky to mitigate the fervor of his rays.

It was a dreary scene, this desert of Arabia, and so thought the lonely traveler who had camped where some rocks rose abrupt and isolated amid the sand, the strangeness of their situation making one of those wonders that the mind of man cannot unravel.

As he threw his blanket from him, and, turning toward Mecca, muttered the morning prayer, his eye could not fail to run over the cheerless expanse, and he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. When the prayer was finished, he went to the place where his horse was patiently standing, and, as is the fashion of his race, commenced talking to it.

"A desolate place, my Kaled, and a sad; but we will be up and away ere long, for we must travel many miles before set of sun. Yonder, if I mistake not, lie the wells of Ephra, and, if so, we can get some fresh water there—and by my soul, this sand makes the mouth crave it."

Whilst he was talking, he took some cakes of bread from a pack lying in the sand, and, soaking them in water, gave them to his steed.

"Eat, good Kaled," he said, "for your toil is heavier than mine, and you need food more."

Then he partook frugally of some dried fruit, and, having moistened his lips with water, mounted and turned his horse toward the west.

The level waste grew hotter every minute, for the sun was rising higher, and its rays increased in power as they grew more perpendicular; still Kaled sped on, and soon the palms grew more distinct, and stray shrubs, stunted and forlorn in look, would rise amid the sand and tell of the wells giving sustenance to the trees now growing nearer.

The shrubs became fresher and stronger, and were the centres of little green spaces, and now the trees were in full view, the grass running away from their shade, and fighting bravely with the encroaching sand.

As he advanced toward the palms, the horseman slackened speed, and cautiously looked at the green space which ran off westward, partly hid by shrubs and trees.

"It will not do to be too confident," he murmured, "for there may be some of Al Hamet's tribe encamped here, and I would stand but a sorry chance for welcome then; in fact, it would be a race for life."

Thus soliloquizing, he rode slowly on, bringing his horse to a full stop when the whiteness of tents broke through the leaves of the shrubs that clustered round the nearest well.

"They are too fresh and clean for those of Al Hamet's," he said; and then he sprang to the ground, and, speaking to his horse, stole cautiously and silently toward the bushes, and after peering through these, appeared to become satisfied as to the character of the people owning the tents.

"Persian merchants," he muttered, returning to his steed. "They are going to Egypt, doubtless, and have a rich caravan. If I only had my com-

panlons with me, they would go lighter ladened than they might desire. However, Kaled and I need water, and the well is a gift of God."

Springing lightly into the saddle, he gave a low chirrup, at which Kaled started rapidly forward, and in a moment he dashed into full view of the tents, and his presence became known to the people who owned them.

They looked curiously at him as he approached, and one or two started to their feet and looked inquiringly toward the direction from whence he had come. Seeing that he was alone, they became reassured, and advanced toward him.

"Peace, and the love of the Prophet be with you," he said, alighting.

"The same attend you," answered one of the people from the tents.

"I seek water for myself and steed, and the rest the shade affords," continued the horseman, "for I have journeyed far, and have still a long distance to go."

"Surely both are the free gifts of God, and we would not be servants of the Prophet if we denied them to you. Will you tell us your name, and from whence you come, and whither you go?"

"My name is Hafiz, and I come from the Euphrates, where I have been to visit some of my kin. I go to the west, to Mere Ali, where dwell my tribe, the men of Al Akbar."

"You are a Bedouin then?"

"I am; and now, who are you, and from whence, and where bound?"

"Take you of our bread and salt, O Hafiz, ere we reply."

"Were you enemies, you would not answer thus, so why refuse? And, seeing that I am but one, why ask the bond?"

"True, we are not enemies, nor need we fear your numbers. We are Persian merchants, bound to Cairo to find market for our goods."

"I thought as much. May the Prophet give you success. And now, as my horse is weary, I will to the well." And, saying this, Hafiz led Kaled to a place where some camels and other beasts were grouped.

An attendant of the merchants drew water and poured it into a large stone basin that stood near the well, and of this Kaled drank greedily, whilst Hafiz removed his saddle and laid it on the ground.

But though he appeared busy with his steed, he was not unobservant of all that was in view, for his refusal, or, rather, his subterfuge, to avoid partaking of the merchants' bread and salt, which would have made him their friend, was the result of purpose, and not a whim: the purpose to be able, should opportunity offer and the prize be worth a struggle, to deprive them of a part of their store.

His sharp glance noted the packs of goods, the camels and horses, and the countenances of the merchants and their attendants; but his curiosity was most aroused by a closed litter formed so that a camel could carry it, and a tent whose entrance was not drawn.

All the time that he was attending to his steed he had closely scanned these, and at last came to the conclusion that there was a woman in the party. Who this woman was, where she was going, and what she was intended for, he determined to find out.

Having led Kaled to a shady spot where there was some herbage for him to crop, he patted the animal's neck, and then returning to the well, performed his ablutions.

The attendant of the merchants was still there, and Hafiz addressed him.

"You are traveling a long and weary way, my friend: surely your masters must carry valuable goods to make such a journey to sell them."

"Truly you say right; it is a long and weary way, but I think it will pay."

"Ah!"

"Yes; for we have such goods as delight the

Egyptians, and they pay liberally. Then," and the man bent forward confidentially, "we have a present for the pasha, and you know that, to those who bestow gifts he fancies, he is a generous patron."

"And you have a gift he will fancy?"

"Did you ever meet the man who did not fancy a beautiful woman?"

"Never."

"Well, in that tent is one of the most beautiful Georgian women that I have ever seen; and in the markets north of Teheran I have seen many."

"Say you so! And how likes she the idea of being a pasha's favorite?"

"She likes it not, but longs for some brave soul to rescue her, that she may give him her love and duty."

"Is she so very beautiful?"

"Beautiful as Ashtaroth, or the fabled Grecian goddess of love!"

Hafiz bowed his thanks, and seeking a shady spot, lay down to rest, but not to sleep, though he closed his eyes. The picture of a beautiful face arose in his mind's vision, and he was determined to see the gift that was destined to awaken the generosity of the pasha.

Thus waiting until the sun was well up, he at last saw the merchants prepare to depart. The camels were loaded, the litter put in place on one of the largest of these, and the tents struck.

All this being accomplished, the chief of the party approached the closed tent and bade the occupant come forth. Instantly Hafiz was all attention, and his eyes, though apparently closed, were observant of all about him.

It was soon evident that the gift destined for the pasha had not let his presence escape her, for, when she came forth from the tent, she turned toward where he was lying, and, with a quick movement, drew aside her veil, flashing a look of supplication into his soul that made it thrill as it had never done before.

The look and the vision of a face so lovely that he thought it that of a houri were gone in an instant, but Hafiz fully understood them, and placed his hand on his heart for a reply.

He was young and good-looking, and his soul was full of a daring that the desert life begets; so that, to rescue the maiden was an adventure well suited to his wild and reckless spirit.

"By the Prophet!" said he, softly, "that is a present fit for a sultan, and one that it ill befits a pasha to possess. He shall not, either, for the tent of Hafiz needs a mistress, and where could one more beautiful be found?"

He waited, however, until the merchants had taken their departure before he arose and went to his steed; but his thoughts had not been idle; he had run over every chance that seemed opened for a rescue, and none suited him.

"Oh, that I had a few of the tribe with me! then I could easily do it; but now——" And his face assumed a puzzled and disappointed look. Suddenly it brightened, and a smile of conscious triumph and hope stole over it.

"Ah, why did I not think of it before? They must pass through the vale of Elom, and there I can make a dash, and if I can but start the litter-camel off from the rest, all will be well. True, they are twenty to one, but half will be in the rear, and perhaps I can turn the camel down the dark ravine that runs to the south. There is a rock at its mouth that I can hide behind, and a stroke of my scimitar will slay the only horseman that can ride near. By the soul of my father, I shall gain her yet."

He did not mount and follow the path the merchants had taken, but watched them as they slowly traveled westward.

When they were out of sight, he started off at a good pace, keeping to the south of the path they had made.

All day he sped on, stopping at the small spots of green that now and then dotted the way, but never

remaining long at any of them. When the evening drew near, he saw, far to the west, the dark outline of low hills rise above the sandy plain, and then headed northward again.

"I will be before them, I know," he muttered; "and the Pasha of Egypt will miss his new favorite, and the Persian merchants will wish they had insisted on Hafiz eating salt."

As the sun sank, it hid behind the hills that Hafiz had seen, and just as their long shadows faded off into the dusk of the on-coming night, Hafiz rode into the mouth of a narrow valley, and dismounting, closely scanned the ground.

It was a path leading into the gloom of the hills, and there was just light enough to see it.

"There has no one passed since the morning," said he, "so I am in time. The moon will be up in an hour, and the merchants will most likely rest at the spring of Elom. I can stop at the ravine, for there is water in it, and can there be sure of them when morning comes."

Having satisfied himself that his prey was still behind him, he rode leisurely on, and soon came to an open space in which a spring bubbled musically. Here he stopped to let Kaled refresh himself with a drink, and then went on, feeling that the morrow would prove to be a day of joy or sorrow.

I am wrong. He felt that it would be a day of joy, and the thought that he might be slain or defeated never entered the mind of this child of the desert. He had determined to rescue the fair Georgian, and in his thought the deed was done.

What if the foe were twenty to one, was not he a Bedouin? And were not his foes merchants and Persians? Truly, the deed was a bold one, but the soul of Hafiz delighted in such, and when he threw himself on the earth to sleep, there was not a more contented mind than his in all the desert waste.

The first gray light of morning found him awake and stirring. Kaled had been busy cropping the stunted herbage of the valley, and came obedient to the low whistle of his master.

To fit him for the task before him was the work of a few moments only, and then Hafiz led the dear companion of his wanderings to a recess that was completely hid from the path by a sharply-jutting rock. Facing this rock was a dark and narrow ravine, barely wide enough for two horsemen to ride abreast, and this ravine ran off at right angles to the valley.

Having stationed Kaled behind the rock, Hafiz cautiously ascended a peak that rose beside the ravine, and made a careful survey of the valley. This caused him to descend hastily, and seek the place where Kaled stood.

The sun was up, but still his light lay only on the higher hills, leaving the valley and ravine hid in shadow; and in this shadow Hafiz had seen a string of moving horsemen and camels, and knew that his prize was drawing near.

"They fear an ambush if in the valley at night," he said, mounting his steed, "and are pushing on to get out to the open country before dark."

He smiled grimly, as he thought of how he would surprise them, and then whispered some words of endearment to his horse.

"We must be swift and bold, my Kaled, for the maiden is as beautiful as a houri; but you never failed me yet, good steed, and you will not do so now. I wonder why the fools placed the litter on their swiftest camel? Sure it was for our benefit, my Kaled, and we will show them what a Bedouin's soul will dare, and what a Bedouin's steed can do."

Then he patted Kaled's neck fondly, and silently waited for the merchants' caravan to approach.

He had not long to wait, for soon the beating tramp of horsemen drew near, falling like joyful pulses on the heart of Hafiz. Looking out from his place of ambush, he saw the leading part of the Persian cavalcade file past; then came the pack-camels, and, grasping his bridle firmly, he drew his scimitar and spoke a few words to Kaled. Looking

again at the caravan, he saw an armed horseman appear in view, leading the camel bearing the litter. Now was the time to act, and, not stopping to see whether there was more than one foe for him to encounter or not, Hafiz uttered a loud cry, and, swift as a flash, Kaled darted from the shadow of the rock and sprang forward.

With a sweep of his scimitar Hafiz tumbled the horseman leading the camel from his saddle, and turning that animal's head down the ravine, gave it a sharp prick with his weapon. This, and the fright caused by his cry, made it rush off at a fearful pace, and Kaled followed swiftly in its path.

The surprise, and the fear that there were many instead of only one foe, kept the merchants inactive for a time, and ere they had recovered their wits and extricated themselves from the confusion that the sudden onset of Hafiz had thrown the caravan in, that bold desert rover was far away in the ravine, urging his steed forward at breakneck speed.

To pursue, when the steed of Hafiz was fresh and the camel bearing the litter the fleetest and strongest in the caravan, was simply a useless struggle against fate; yet the merchants had expected so much from the present they were bearing the pasha, that they could not give her up without an effort to recapture the prize, and half of their party started off down the ravine Hafiz had fled through.

By great exertion Kaled had been able to come up with the camel, and so they sped on, soon reaching a place where another and narrower ravine intersected the one they were in.

Into this Hafiz succeeded in turning his prize; and now the path began to ascend, leading at last to an elevated plain which swept southward to a higher range of hills. Here the camel slackened speed, and Hafiz rode back along the edge of the ravine, listening attentively.

A clattering sound to the west seemed to reassure him, for he smiled merrily.

"They will feel like fools when they reach the western desert and see it bare," he muttered; "but still I must hasten and get my prize to the tribe as soon as possible. How some of them will envy me my luck! but Hafiz always was a favorite of the Prophet."

So saying, he rode back and overtook the camel, which had been jogging comfortably along a beaten track leading toward the south.

As he came up, the door of the litter was opened, and the beautiful face that Hafiz had seen at the well again showed its loveliness to him.

A sweet smile saluted the young Arab, and made his heart throb fast and hard, and then a low, soft voice said:

"How can I thank you for rescuing me from such a degrading fate? Or how repay your brave act?"

"By making me your slave for ever. But why do you call being the pasha's favorite a degrading fate? 'Twould be an easy and peaceful life, I think."

She smiled scornfully.

"Do you think a woman wishes to be one of a hundred favorites? No; give me a humble home, where I rule by love's might, but rule alone, and I care not for the toil that may come. It will be easier far than to live amid the ease and luxury of the pasha's palace."

"Say you so? Then, by the grace of the Prophet, my home is open to you, and never shall another rule it, if you will but make it your own only," and his voice grew troubled. "Do not let the act I have done rule you. If you have given your love to another, cast all thought of me aside and cling to the one your soul has chosen."

Her ready woman wit saw through his thoughts, and she smiled a provoking yet bewitching smile.

"I shall always cling to the one my soul has chosen," she said. "Would you know his name?"

For a moment he did not speak, but the stolidism

of his race soon came to his aid, and he said, steadily :

"Yes, I should like to know."

"Will you tell me your name?" she asked.

"Certainly. I am called Hafiz, and my people are Bedouins of the tribe of Al Akbar."

"Ah, well, he my heart has chosen is called Hafiz, and his people belong to the tribe of Al Akbar," she said, naively, looking at him with a demure and provoking look.

"Do my ears deceive me, or are you playing with me?" he questioned, eagerly.

"Your ears hear aright. Am I welcome?"

"Welcome as would be the presence and blessing of the Prophet, who has given me this joy," and he bent toward her, a look of great happiness lighting his fine and swarthy face.

"Is it far to your home?"

"A short day's journey—we will be there ere moonrise. But here we are at the well of the hill. We can rest, for we are safe now, and our animals will travel better having drank."

Saying this, he sprang to the ground, and the camel having drawn up beside the well, Hafiz assisted his companion to alight. When her feet

touched the earth, she still clung to him, and a long embrace sealed their betrothal—a betrothal that death alone could sever.

Is there need to say more? No, for it would only be repeating many life histories. Joy and love were ever in their home, and Hafiz always blessed the day he rested by the well of Ebra.

Fattening Young Ladies in Tunis.—A girl after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room with shackles of gold and silver upon her wrists. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dispatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore are put upon the new bride's limbs, and she is filled to the proper thickness. The food used for this custom worthy of barbarians, is a seed called *drough*, which is of extraordinary fattening qualities. With this seed, and their national dish, *cuscusoo*, the bride is literally crammed, and many actually die under the spoon.

It Is Better to Labor under aberration of mind than aberration of morals.



HAFIZ, THE BEDOUIN.—"THE CAMEL HAVING BEEN DRAWN UP BESIDE THE WELL, HAFIZ ASSISTED HIS COMPANION TO ALIGHT. WHEN HER FEET TOUCHED THE EARTH, SHE STILL CLUNG TO HIM, AND A LONG EMBRACE SEALED THEIR BETROTHAL."



"OUR FAILURES."

HUSBAND—"Terry, Lizzie, what on earth did you make this mint-sauce of?"
YOUNG WIFE (who has been "helping" cook)—"Pawsey, to be sure!"

Sympathy.—There are moments when even the tender language of sympathy is mockery to the sorrow-stricken heart. What consolation is it to a man who has slipped down on the pavement and broken through a cellar-grating to be told by Christian men on the other side of the street to "Sare up, and hit harder the next time?"

Lawyer (to female witness).—"What would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?" **Witness**.—"What would you do if you were one, sir?"

A Chinese Clothes-cleaner in Chicago "absorbed" a suit belonging to a citizen, and then declared that Satan had stolen them. They are not afraid of that personage in Chicago, and the Chinaman was arrested.

Statistics as to causes of insanity are made frequently, but no one, we believe, has ever computed the number of people driven into madness every year by the utter impossibility of getting an over-shoe that won't make a foot like an overgrown flour-barrel in a waterproof mantle.

A Sharp Little Girl got out of patience with her bashful lover's backwardness, and so brought matters to a favorable climax by saying to him, "I really believe you are afraid to ask me to marry you, for you know I would say 'Yes.'"

An Experienced Lady observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently the man waits for dinner when it is behind-time. Her husband remarks that a good way to pick out a wife is to see whether the woman has dinner ready in time.

Define and Spell.—An exasperated politician, who had been called upon to define his position once more than patience could endure, exclaimed: "Define my position? Never! If I define it, the next thing I'll be called upon to spell it."

Beautiful Rain.—Two acquaintances meeting on a wet day, one greeted the other with: "Beautiful rain this. Fetching things out of the ground." **Second Friend** (disconsolately).—"Hope not, sir; hope not. Got two wives there, sir!"

"O Wad some Power".—Etc.—**Adonis**.—"Miss Jones, do you think Brown so?" **Miss J.**.—"Ugly! No, indeed! Why, we all think him extremely nice-looking?" **Adonis**.—"Well, I was talking to him on the stair just now, and a lady passed, and I heard her say, 'That's the ugliest man I ever saw!' And there was nobody there but him and me!"

Remittent.—A Yankee editor wishes no bodily harm to his subscribers, but he hopes that some of them in arrears will be seized with a remittent fever.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.—CHARADE.

Susie's my first, and my uncle's dear lass;
Second I bought for her to wear;
And now, in my whole, behind doors of glass,
She keeps it with neat, loving care.

2.—CROSS PUZZLE.

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      C C C
      L   L
    E S P   P S E
    N       K
  E D A   A D H
      R   D
      O   H
      F   V
      D   R
      I I I
  
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The letters in this cross name a great novelist, and a work he wrote.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primals and finals denote a harbinger of Spring.
1. Aforesaid, declared. 2. Indifferent. 3. A Mix-
ture, medley. 4. An instrument of correction.

4.—ENIGMA. • •

True, I succeed each fleeting day,
Nor can mortal my course allay,
Till dissipated by the sway
Of Sol's bright-shining light.

I may be torrid, temperate, cold,
Or pitchy dark, or bright as gold—
No doubt my name you know of old:
If so, give it aright.

• With things inanimate I am classed,
Yet oft before you have I passed
In grand review, whilst you, unasked,
Criticism me rudely.

But if you're faint from study hard,
Or sighing for that blessed reward—
Sleep—with your wishes I will accord;
For I bring respite surely.

5.—CHARADE.

My first is often thought my last,
Without sufficient cause.
And ere you such a censure cast,
A moment you should pause.
For first is useful divers ways,
For food and comfort, too,
And learning e'en, in gone-by days,
Its uses brought to view.
My next, in sultry Summer-time,
A welcome always meets;
And field or garden in its prime
Its grateful presence greets.
My third is oft misnamed my first,
Though why 'tis hard to reach;
For surely third is far the worst,
As Scripture readings teach.
For third no use on earth have we,
'Tis a vexatious thing,
And from its presence all agree
It can but trouble bring.
Now, just unite my one, two, three,
And then you'll surely find,
A luscious compound certainly—
An acid-sweet combined.

6.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A patriot of our native land,
Doom'd to fall by felon's hand;
While weeping friends stand by his grave,
His knell sounds freedom to the slave.

1. The prisoner stood, and hung his head,
Until "Not guilty!" the foreman said.
2. A band of wicked men are here,
Armed with musket, sword and spear.
3. A poem, this, by Allan Poe;
'Tis of a bird as black as sloe.
4. A foreign language this will be,
Of not much use to you or me.
5. Far from his home, in battle fell;
He always did his duty well.
6. A willing sprite; would come and go,
Whenever bid by Prospero.
7. Immortal muse, thy theme sublime
Shall aye be read till end of time!

7.—SQUARE WORDS.

To divide; a kind of dish; a washing-vessel; hints;
neat.

8.—CHARADE.

Letters two my first contains,
Out of one a plant remains;
My second is one-tenth of C;
My third I will let you be.
Three separate times yesterday
My fourth I did without delay.
My whole to lessen is, I ween,
And to make thin 't may also mean.

9.—HEAD CHANGE.

I am big and I hold beer; change my head, and
I am a tamed tiger; again, I am a flying mouse;
once more, and I am a nibbling nuisance; again,
and I am the great characteristic of bacon; again,
and I am a head-covering; again, and I am a foot-
brusher; again, and I am a single member of the
best food for horses; again, and I am an Irishman;
once more, and lastly, and I show what you did
when you had your photograph taken, and most
probably did when you dined at home.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN JUNE NUMBER.

1. Warfare. 2. Metage, exiles, tipton, alteri,
George, espied. 3. Bare, care, dare, fare, hare,
mare, pare, rare, tare, ware. 4. Bricks, mortar,
thus—Birmingham, RomeO, Interpretet, ContentT,
Krisna, Soliloquio. 5. Interest—inter-rest. 6. Idols,
dozen, ozone, lente, sneer. 7. Iliad, unegi, India,
agist, death. 8. The letter A. 9. Table, tale;
bleat, blate; beat, beal; belt, bate, Abel, bale,
able, teal, late, bat, let, bet. 10. I, I, L—III.
11. Nondescript. 12. Capellane, Dependunt, thus
—Cold, AbsolinE, Pulp, EncrinitE, LineN, Load,
Aroma, Northman, Event. 13. Par-en-thesis.
14. Bible. 15. Old Dog Tray. 16. Richard, Blondel,
Saladin, thus—ReBuS, I-f-LeA, ColOneL, HeNna,
AiDeD, REI(n), DissolutioN. 17. Alert, lever,
evade, redan, Trent. 18. Sparta, ponies, animal,
rimose tease-e, asleep. 19. Macduff, in "Macbeth,"
thus—Marcus, Alendon, Celia, Desdemona, Ulysses,
Falstaff, Fortinbras. 20. Bon-net. 21. Bible, Koran,
thus—Basilisk, Iago, BalusteR, LariseA, EdeN.
22. Lever, Lover, thus—LoseL, IEmOn, hoVel,
rEvEl, RazorR. 23. Carotael, adorable, roan-cloot,
ornament, taam(mast), sage, e-ba-mar, elongate,
lettered.

24.— P
A T H
A B O V E
P T O L E M Y
E V E N U
E M U
Y

25. Attar, trure, tunes, arise, roses.

"Have you any old clothes, mum, as you could give a poor man who has a sick wife and six small children to support?" inquired a dilapidated person at the door of an up-town residence. "I've got a coat with but three buttons gone, and a pair of pantaloons that have had but a small patch behind, which I guess you can have," said the good woman, after she had examined her closet. "Is the coat double-breasted, with a velvet collar?" inquired the poor man. "Are the pantaloons of a plaid pattern, and out with spring-bottoms of twenty-two inches?" "No, sir." "Then I guess you needn't trot 'em out," said the poor man; "they ain't my style, and I don't want them."

Editorial Bait.—A paper "out West" has the following notice: "All notices of marriages, where no bride-cake is sent, will be set up in small type, and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, the notice will be put conspicuously in large letters; where gloves or other bride-favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have an especial notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen!"

Living within his Salary.—A conductor on an Eastern Road was approached by a seedy-looking individual, who wanted to get a free ride, as he didn't have any money. "All right," said the conductor; "go forward into the smoking-car, and I'll fix you all right." Soon afterward the conductor appeared in the smoking-car to collect fare from the passengers. He took fare from every one except the dead-beat and another man, who happened to be the superintendent of the road. The superintendent noticed that he had overlooked this man, and asked him why he had done it. "Why, that's a conductor," was the reply. "His appearance does not indicate it. Look at his clothes," said the superintendent. "Well," said the conductor, "he can't help that. He's a conductor on a Western road, and he is one of those fellows who are trying to live within their salary, and that's what he has come to." This was satisfactory to the superintendent, and the man obtained his ride without further inquiry.

Colman was Once out dining where the only lady of the company was the Dowager Lady Cork. Puns, as may be imagined, were the staple of the entertainment. "Mr. Colman," said Lady Cork, "you are so agreeable that you shall drink a glass of champagne with me." "Your ladyship's wishes are laws to me," returned Colman; "but really champagne does not agree with me." Whereupon Jekyll, who was present, called out: "Faith, Colman, you seem more attached to the cork than the bottle!"

"I Shall Follow her soon," said a sad-eyed man at his wife's grave. He did follow her soon; she was his deceased wife's cousin, and they now live happily in the home of his first love.

There is One Class of men who are always open to conviction—those who have violated the law.

A Man being asked why he paid one thousand dollars for a dress for a questionable lady, replied, "Charity covers a multitude of sins." A Christian man that."

The Feast of Imagination.—When your stomach is empty, and your pocket ditto, sit down and read a cookery-book.

A Texas Man returned a napkin to a hotel-waiter with thanks, saying that his cold was not very bad.

They Say that a publican residing in the South hangs out the tempting sign, "Pure Alderney Milk-Punch."

A Bad Time.—An old miser, saying he never felt so mean as he did just after his last fit of illness, was asked, "Why so?" "Because," said he, "thinking I was going to die, I paid several bills, when, if I'd waited, I might have kept the money, nobody knows how long."

An Enthusiastic but rather tiresome member of a Danbury church started into a prayer at a recent meeting. He prayed with great fervor for the brethren. Finally he paused, and the congregation, thinking he had done, indiscreetly started a hymn. "Hold on, there, for heaven's sake!" screamed the excited brother. "I ain't prayed for the sisters yet!" The hymn gave place, to handkerchiefs immediately.

At the Battle of Mechanics, an officer of engineers, who had been doing good service, came up to Sir Charles Napier, and said, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard." The general looked at him, but made no reply, and, turning round, began, speaking to some one else, upon which the engineer, thinking that he had not been heard, repeated, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard." Sir Charles turned sharp round upon him, with a loud expletive, and said: "Then go and take another!"

The Intelligent British Peasant.—*Tourist*—"Can you tell me where Shakespeare's house is? You know Shakespeare?" *Peasant*—"Oh! ay! be you he?"

Of what Beverage did Julius Caesar die? Of Roman punches, administered by Brutus and his heelers.

Women Think, like historians, that no age so barbarous as the middle ages.

Gold is the Only Idol that is worshiped in all lands without a temple, and by all sects without hypocrisy.

A Genius out West has just patented a machine for making sweet potatoes. He is a brother of an old gentleman who put handles on prickly pears and sold them for currycombs.

There was no Preaching in one town last Sunday, and all in consequence of a young girl, who, inspired by the world, the flesh, and a little of some one mixed, sat down late on Saturday evening, and sent a note to the pastors. Each contained these words: "All is discovered—fly!" Every one of the four flew.

A Western Editor did not wish to hurt the feelings of a gentle poet, but apologized for the non-appearance of a long and tender poem by saying: "'Beautiful Spring' was crowded out of our Sunday edition to make room for an account of the great snow-storm."

Snappish.—If you are going where there is a snarling dog, take a pistol, so that when he snaps at you, you can snap at him.

"Why do you Sleep in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you're all attention to every stranger whom I invite to preach for me?" said a country clergyman to his clerk. "Because, sir," replied the clerk, "when you preach, I am sure all is right; but I cannot trust a stranger without keeping a good look-out."

Not Long Ago, a man was tried for murder in the usual course. In the usual course he was found guilty and condemned, and in the usual course the jurors were applied to to sign the petition for a commutation of his sentence. One, wiser than his fellows, did so, with the postscript: "On condition that he hangs himself."

A Love-sick young gentleman, who has taken very much of late to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his own lines!

The Only Men who have a right to talk of their extra. tion—Dentists.



WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

Why, Jones, who is in Paris, with but a limited supply of the French tongue, came to this restaurant to breakfast, resolved on mushrooms. And this passed:

JONES—"Garçon! Voyay dong: donnay mor der—der mushrooms."

GARÇON—"Pardon, m'sieu: je ne comprends pas bien."

JONES—"Donnay mon der—der—" (and Jones drew a mushroom on the carte.)

GARÇON—"Ah, je vois, m'sieu!"

And he has brought what he supposed the drawing represented—an umbrella,]

As Others See Us.—They are telling some funny stories about the Esquimaux chief, who has been visiting England. When asked what sight had amused him the most, he said: "The monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens." But he was surprised, as he informed his friends, by nothing more than by being told that the Houses of Parliament were meant for the debate of some thousand gentlemen on the affairs of the country. "Why did the Queen, their chief," he asked, "allow them so to waste their time? Why did she not send them to catch seals, or to shoot bears, or do something else that was useful?"

New Title.—A certain widow who flourished in the city of Cork, and who did a little banking business on her own account, cashing bills for gentlemen in distress, made her appearance at Bath in the height of the season, and her stylish dress and impressive manners made her an object of interest. "She must be a lady of quality," said one gentleman. "A marchioness," said another. "A Duchess," said a third. "By the powers, ye are all wrong," said an Irish officer. "I know the lady well—she is not even a countess." "What then?" was the simultaneous question. "Why, gentlemen, the fact is, she is a discountess!"

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

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